**Kristen gives Dave a birthday show!**

By[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Dave had been surprised when Kristen proposed spending a vacation week in late July in Rockport, Massachusetts; he'd only heard of the Rockport in Maine, and all their previous vacations together had been to bigger cities or better-known tourist destinations like Orlando, Las Vegas, or Hawaii. After he did a little research on the town he thought the smaller scale and generally quiet nature of the seaside town on Cape Ann, north of Boston, sounded like a relaxing place to spend a few days, and being a place where Kristen would spend a lot of her time in a bathing suit helped convince him.

Kristen took care of arranging their flight to Boston, transportation from Boston to Rockport and booking a room. She found a small hotel just across the street from the main beach in town, nothing too fancy but cozy and up to date, with less than twenty rooms. Since pretty much all the restaurants and shops were within walking distance of the hotel she decided to skip renting a car and dealing with the hassle of heavy traffic in an unfamiliar area, planning instead on taking a commuter rail line which went directly from Boston to within a few blocks from their hotel.

The travel went smoothly, getting them to the Front Beach Inn by 3 PM; they changed into their swimsuits and walked across the street for a swim and some relaxing in the late afternoon sun. After a couple of hours at the beach, they strolled into the center of town to find somewhere to have dinner and window shop at the many boutiques and art galleries.

After a fine seafood dinner at the Ocean Vista restaurant, Kristen and Dave headed back to the hotel, noting how quiet the town was getting even though it was barely past 9 PM. Kristen stopped at several spots to take photos of some of the stores and some ocean views visible through narrow alleys between buildings. They had a glass of wine on their room's small patio overlooking the hotel's courtyard and the ocean, amazed at how little traffic there was; by 10:30 there were practically no cars passing by and hardly any pedestrians either. The dominant sound was waves gently breaking on the beach across the street.

The next morning Dave slept in, giving Kristen a chance to browse at the shops along the main drag as well as on a narrow strip of land named Bearskin Neck which extended to enclose one side of a harbor. Despite the ramshackle appearance of many of the buildings on the Neck, Kristen was impressed with the variety of goods on offer and made a few purchases.

After their afternoon beach time, Kristen suggested they try a restaurant she'd seen at Bearskin Neck, almost all the way to the end. The menu looked appealing and the view from its dining room promised to be spectacular at sunset. She and Dave timed their walk to arrive just as the sun was setting. By the time they'd finished their dinner, the sky had gone almost totally dark; after leaving the restaurant they spent a while at a small park at the end of the Neck watching the last bit of orange light in the sky fade to black. It was a perfect setting for a little make-out session and they didn't waste the opportunity.

After a few minutes of increasingly heated kissing and caressing Kristen stood up, saying: "Hold that thought for a little bit, I need to talk to you about your birthday present. You didn't think I'd forgotten that tomorrow is your big day, did you?"

"No, in the three years we've been married you've never missed my birthday and I didn't expect you would this year. I've told you a few times in the last month that you didn't need to get me anything; this trip with you is more than enough for me."

Kristen laughed, telling Dave: "You are hard to buy for; whenever you need something you just go out and buy it, making shopping for you practically impossible. I thought this year I'd focus on an experience rather than buying some gadget you don't need."

He replied, "Like I said, the trip is enough..." before Kristen cut him off.

"I was thinking of a different sort of experience, one you haven't had yet. You seem to have been pretty excited those times I, you know, showed off my body, right?

Dave started to feel aroused just hearing his lovely wife remind him about her handful of adventures exposing herself; he reminded her, "But I did get to see what you did those times, and yes, I can't explain why it gets to me but the sight of you wearing little to nothing somewhere it isn't normal is as sexy as anything I can imagine."

"I feel the same way, I start out completely embarrassed and nervous, sure I won't be able to show anything at all . Somehow it seems the less I'm wearing the more excited and eager to go on I get. That first time you dared me to get naked on our building's roof I thought I'd die of fright but ended up totally into it."

"I remember it well," Dave said, "you were amazing!"

"My point is that you've only had the experience of seeing me do those things from pretty far away; you were a couple hundred feet away from the most intense part of my time on the roof, and in the case of my hotel flashing you were at the other end of a Facetime call; my idea tonight is to do something similar, but this time with you right with me. How does that sound?" Kristen asked as she unbuttoned the top two buttons on her blouse!

"Are you saying you'll get undressed out here, in public?" Dave asked, "This is crazy, but I love it. I love you."

"We'll see, I'm not sure how far I can go tonight, the idea of being exposed out on the street in public is terrifying, but also pretty damn hot! I won't guarantee any real nudity, but I have a couple things in mind that I'm pretty sure I can handle. We can walk back to the hotel and see how it goes."

"Maybe after tonight they'll change the name from B-E-A-R-skin Neck to B-A-R-E-skin Neck!" Dave said as they began their walk; Kristen just giggled. She began to think having Dave along would make her feel more secure, more able to be daring.

After they had walked almost halfway down the neck, Kristen undid another button, this one a couple of inches lower than her bra; Dave saw her bra clearly and also saw Kristen shaking a little. "You okay?" he asked.

"Yes, so far, but there's still a lot of people around the ice cream shops, I'm feeling a little obvious with this many buttons undone and I haven't even taken anything off yet!"

"Take your time, I don't want you to feel pressured." he replied.

"Thanks, but if I don't go outside my comfort zone you won't have much of an experience; I want this to be a birthday you never forget." she replied as she played with the next button.

Just before they reached the main street at the end of the neck Kristen stopped, asking Dave, "Can you hold my tote bag while I have a look in this jewelry shop's window?

"Sure, take your time." he replied, thinking she was actually interested in the jewelry. Eventually, he saw she was using the window as a mirror to make sure nobody was near them, and seeing no people nearby had unhooked her bra and was now working its straps one by one down over her hands! She slipped the bra out through her mostly unbuttoned top, folded it neatly and refastened the lowest couple of buttons.

"Wow, that was smooth!" said Dave, "Do you want to put that away in the bag?

"Nope, I won't be needing it anymore." Kristen said, smiling wickedly as she dropped it into a trash can. "Everything I'm wearing tonight other than my shoes came from a thrift store; the whole outfit cost less than $15.00."

"So it's ALL disposable? Dave asked eagerly.

"Yes, in theory, but no promises." Kristen replied as they passed a small but busy bistro with some small tables on the sidewalk; it seemed to be the only place open all along the main street.

Once they had almost reached the end of the block the bistro was in, Dave was beginning to think the show might be over; he couldn't complain, the setting was pretty wide open to do anything more daring.

Stopping at a gap between two shops, Kristen said; "I love the way this alley is like a frame for a view of that mansion just beyond the beach, take a look."

Dave followed her a couple of steps into the alley to see what she was pointing out, agreeing with her. "I'll have to have a look at it again in the daylight to do the view justice," he said.

Kristen had gone a few more steps into the alley than Dave and was leaning over a railing with only a darkened beach and ocean beyond. She was also right below a light fixture over the side door to one of the shops, giving him and anyone who might be having a walk on the beach a good look at his beautiful wife as she slowly unzipped her skirt and let it slide to her feet. He realized this view in daylight couldn't be any better than the one he was currently enjoying as Kristen bent over at the waist to pick the discarded skirt, making the tails of her blouse ride up to reveal her thong-clad butt; She paused for a moment to look back to see how he was enjoying her show.

Kristen walked back to the sidewalk saying, "Be right back, I just need to throw something out." as she backtracked most of a block before finding a trash receptacle on the sidewalk in front of the bistro! She tossed her skirt into the trash and sauntered back to rejoin Dave's.

Dave thought she seemed more confident with each new reduction in her outfit, but as she drew near to him he saw she was shivering despite it being a warm night. Without the skirt covering the bottom of Kristen's blouse, he also could see that somewhere along the way she had unfastened all but its bottom two buttons. The wind coming off the ocean was whipping her blouse's tails up and most of her breasts were briefly exposed as the mostly opened front flapped in the breeze.

"Shall we continue?" Kristen asked.

"As long as you want to, I'm good!" Dave said.

"I'd like to have a look at the scarves in the shop at the end of the next block," said Kristen, "I might want to buy one or two tomorrow."

"Too bad they're not open now." Dave teased.

"You'd like that, would you?"

"I would if you would. Would you?"

"Maybe...but like this? I can't imagine really doing...oh crap, now I'll have that image stuck in my head, thanks a lot!

"Sorry," replied Dave, "but it is a good image. Show me which scarves you like."

They walked slowly, hand in hand, up to the shop with Kristen's scarves; like most of the shops in this block, there were display windows on either side of the entrance, which was set back a few feet from the sidewalk. Kristen walked in near the door and pointed out several printed silk scarves she was interested in and asked Dave which he liked.

Dave was studying the scarves when he noticed Kristen breathing heavily behind him, almost as if she had just been running. He was going to turn around to see why she was panting when he spotted her reflection in the display window; she was bent over with her ass pointed out at the street and was holding her panties just a little way down her cheeks, seeming to be frozen between continuing with their removal and retreating. "I like the two orange, yellow and white scarves with the geometric patterns," he told her, "but I REALLY like what you're in the middle of at the moment. Can you tell me what you're feeling now?"

"Ohhh, so many things! Fear, embarrassment, nervousness, lust, pride, butterflies in my stomach the size of eagles, shame. A feeling of being unable to control my actions, and not caring. An overpowering wish that some stranger will see me doing this. I'll stop now if you tell me to, but if you don't I seriously doubt I'll be able to."

After a short pause, Dave said: "Sounds like deep down you want to be exposed. As long as it's only a visual treat for whoever is lucky enough to get a look at you, especially when we're hundreds of miles from home, no harm done. Right now I'm loving my front row seat and feeling like one lucky man, so if you'd like to be rid of the panties, I say go for it!"

Kristen groaned a labored: "Thank you..." as she resumed sliding the panties down over her ass and down her thighs; she was a little shocked to hear Dave's phone clicking as he began documenting her dropping them at the entrance to the shop. She stepped out of them, picked them up and waved them at him before stepping back onto the sidewalk to find a receptacle to toss them in.

Just as she rejoined Dave, an elderly man led by a beagle straining at his leash came out of an art gallery a couple of doors down the street and started walking towards them. "If you want to we could avoid him," Dave whispered, "he's not walking very fast."

"No! Not unless you want to. Besides, I'm still mostly covered."

"Then we'll just let it play out." Dave said, giving her gorgeous ass a gentle squeeze.

As the man came near to them the beagle sniffed Kristen's feet and quickly ran around her legs. "Sorry," said the man, "He's too friendly; I walk him late at night because he does this with anyone we cross paths with. Are you folks enjoying the evening?"

"Very much," Dave replied.

"Your town is beautiful." Kristen added.

"Never more so than right now, I'm sure." said the man as he knelt down to unwrap the leash tangled around her ankles. Kristen felt a strong gust she thought probably could whip up her shirttails, front and back. Whether because it was difficult to do or simply because he was enjoying himself, the dog walker seemed to be taking his time unraveling the leash. Whatever the reason it was taking so long, she recognized an opportunity for her most extreme exposure yet tonight. She shuddered as she quickly undid her blouse's last two buttons just in time for another strong gust; this time with no buttons to resist the wind, her blouse flew up well above her waist level for most of a minute as Kristen covered her face with her hands! Her eyes were closed but she knew she was now completely exposed from her waist down to her feet! She could hear Dave's camera clicking away and felt the old man finally finish freeing her legs, hearing him grunt as he stood up, and quietly say, "Oh, my! Very nice..." then more loudly, "I hope you enjoy your stay as much as I already have, good night!" He paused to give them his card, promising a generous discount if they stopped at his shop, then walked away.

Dave hugged Kristen tightly, telling her: "You're amazing! For a minute I thought you were going to take your blouse off completely!"

"Would you have minded if I had?"

"Truthfully? I was a little bit disappointed when the wind died down and the blouse settled back in place. I know I have no reason to complain, you've already given me the best birthday present ever, but I keep picturing you standing on the sidewalk without your blouse or anything else on!"

"Where are you imagining me being nude? At a specific place near here?"

Dave replied, "Yup, I'm picturing you standing at the railing overlooking the beach, right across the street from our hotel."

Kristen said: "We're almost back to the hotel now, you can point out where your fantasy has me completing my striptease."

In less than a minute they reached their hotel's driveway; every parking space was full and the light they'd left on in their room seemed to be the only one lit on the entire property.

"Where would I be standing?" Kristen asked Dave. "And in what position?"

"Right next to that sign listing beach rules, under the streetlight, facing out to the beach." he replied, sounding a little hoarse.

Kristen crossed the deserted street and stood by the sign. "And do I stay like that?"

"You stay facing that way until you've finished taking off your blouse...then you turn to face me."

Despite starting to shake, Kristen asked, "Something like this?" as she turned away from Dave to face the beach and slipped the blouse off both of her shoulders, then pulled her left arm completely out of its sleeve. With only her right forearm still actually inside the blouse, she was now completely naked from Dave's point of view! She slowly turned to face him, draping the garment loosely over her breasts and pussy as their eyes met.

"A lot like that, but you're way sexier than my fantasy."

"But I'm not completely exposed yet, didn't you say I was naked in your fantasy?"

"Yes, you were. Definitely, totally."

"Well, then, I guess I'd better..." her voice trailed off as she let her actions do the talking, lowering her right arm and shaking her blouse's sleeve free. Her last bit of cover crumpled in a pile at her feet as Dave looked on in awe.

The intensity of Kristen's final exposure had kept either of them from noticing the sound of a car approaching, or maybe two cars! Even if she'd wanted to, Kristen would have had no time to cover up before a minivan fully loaded with guys who looked to be in their 20's approached, slowing noticeably as they passed her before picking up speed again and disappearing around the corner.

Seconds later a village police car sped by in pursuit, also slowing as the driver clearly noticed Kristen standing by the side of the road without a stitch of clothing before speeding up to continue his pursuit of the minivan.

"Maybe we should get away from here?" Kristen asked with a laugh.

"Probably time to head to our room," Dave replied, "before that cop comes back!"

"Actually, the tote bag I've had you carrying has a beach blanket in it. Maybe if you come over to my side of the street we can find a dark spot on the beach to share another kind of experience. It is your birthday, after all!"