**Out for Dinner**

By Showife  
  
From the very first time I saw Sam dressed in her new nightie I knew that some how, some way, I had to get her out in public to show her off while she was wearing it.  
  
What really surprised me was that this was actually a nightgown that she had purchased, not something that I had bought with the intention of using it to show her off. Usually when she buys sleep wear it's some type of flannel, or cotton, that's plain and simple. But this nightgown was a deep purple with flowers and some gold stitching throughout. It also had a little bikini g-string panty that matched. When she walked into the room the first time I thought that she was modeling a new dress, but as she came closer and walked into the light I could see through the material and see her nipples behind the sheer material.  
  
Since the nightie was mid-thigh length it was something that could easily pass for a sun dress. It would only be in someone came in very close contact with her that they would see that it was too sheer for a dress, and that she would have very little underneath it.  
  
After weeks of constant begging and pleading she finally agreed that she would wear it out for dinner. But, only to a certain restaurant that was always quite dark, and only if she could wear a coat over it as she went in and out of the building. Since it was fall it wouldn't seem out of place for her to wear a coat so I agreed.  
  
When the evening finally arrived I could hardly contain myself. I had made reservations for 8 pm and it seemed to take forever until it was time to leave. Sam came down the stairs dress in her "new purple dress" and walked to the front closet for her coat. As I followed her into the hallway I realized that although the material seemed to cover her quite well in the front the whiteness of her bare ass showed through the material. Anyone that was behind her would be able to see the single dark line of the g-string that divided thcheeks of her white ass.  
  
I guess that neither Sam nor I had ever looked at her outfit from the backside so I presumed that she had no idea how clearly visible her ass was in the light, and I sure wasn't going to tell her either! I helped her on with her coat and at my request she left it unbuttoned. We had an uneventful ride to the restaurant and when we arrived our table was waiting. When we walked in the door Sam's coat was a bit open at the top and it was evident that she was wearing quite a skimpy dress. Although they offered to check her coat she told them it was a little chilly and that she would bring it to the table with her.  
  
I had requested a table that was out of the way so we were seated near a corner that was quite dark and didn't have anyone next to us. We ordered a couple of glasses of wine and before waiter returned with them I asked if I might help Sam take off her coat. She knew that my asking to help was really my telling her it was time, so she allowed me to fold it over the back of the chair.  
  
Our wine soon arrived and as the waiter explained the evening specials it seemed like he was also trying to figure out what kind of dress Sam was wearing. In a few minutes he returned and took our order for dinner. He seemed to linger a bit longer that he should have so I suspect that he had figured out that Sam's "dress" was quite sheer.  
  
Our salad was brought out by a different waiter who had forgotten the grated cheese. After he went back in the kitchen to get the cheese I was convinced that the word was out to check out the women seated in the corner. He quickly returned and slowly grated the cheese onto the salads. By the time we had finished our salad, and another glass of wine had been consumed, we had four different waiters come by the table to give us service.  
  
I asked Sam if she thought the service here was always so good, or if her dress was getting us extra attention. She just gave me a look and finished her salad. Although her nightgown dress was fully covering her she looked like she was wearing a very slinky, sexy, little slip dress. It was only if you got within a few feet of her that you could see she was not wearing a bra underneath it. By now the coolness of the air conditioning had gotten to her and her nipples were quite hard and they seemed to be trying their best to poke their way through the soft semi sheer fabric that was covering them.  
  
Our meals were finally delivered, by two very attentive waiters, and along with another glass of wine we finished our dinner in relative peace and quiet. Since the tables were covered with long white linen tablecloths I took advantage of the situation and reached over to caress her thigh as she finished eating her meal. By the time she was done I had moved up to her pussy and had moved her panties to the side. She was starting to enjoy my fingers caressing her just as the waiters came to clear away the dishes.  
  
Sam froze as they approached but I kept my hand firmly planted between her legs. They took away the dishes and described the desserts as I continued to stroke her clit with one finger while I had two firmly planted inside her by now very wet pussy. We decided we'd go with a dessert, and only then realized that they were "self service."  
  
There was a huge dessert table on one side of the dining room that was filled to overflowing with just about every kind of sweet you could imagine. As we looked across the room I requested that Sam go over and get her dessert without putting on her coat. Since she'd sat at the table for almost two hours already she should willing to get up and move across the room dressed as she was. She frowned at me a bit, but reached under the table and adjusted her panties a little.  
  
I pulled out her chair and walked close behind her to the table. The room was not very crowded and I don't think that anyone even looked up at us as we looked over the goodies. It wasn't until Sam reached over for some Chocolate Mousse that I noticed her hemline lifted high enough to show the bright whiteness of her ass cheeks. I think she must have also felt a breeze as she quickly turned and retreated to the table.  
  
I was a few steps behind her this time and as I looked at her walk in front of me it was very evident that her white ass was naked under her clothes. We got back to the table and I could tell that Sam had gotten a bit turned by my playing with her pussy under the table and her trip to the dessert table.  
  
As we enjoyed our dessert I once again started to reach under the table and caress her pussy. This time she didn't hesitate at all and opened her legs to me for easier access. As usual I finished my food first, and after one more offer for more wine or water from the waiter, which was declined, I concentrated on getting her excited as she finished up her mousse. Just as she was getting that last spoonful to her lips I started to pull her little panties down. I was wondering just what she would do, but she stopped mid bite and lifted her hips so slightly that no one but me would have noticed. I slipped them down past her knees, and then by dropping my napkin on the floor managed to get them completely off and tucked safely into my pocket.  
  
Sam had given up the pretense of sitting up straight and since the room was quite empty by then she leaned back and enjoyed the attention while she finished her glass of wine. Just about that time the waiter came with the bill. I think that he'd been waiting for just the right moment. But, if he'd have been behind Sam he would have gotten a look at pubic hair, but since he was across the table he didn't see much. I gave him my credit card and asked if the dessert table was open for "seconds" and he said yes.  
  
When he left I asked Sam to go and get me a chocolate mousse from the top self of the table. Since this was where she'd already felt a draft she knew that she might be showing off even more this time as now her panties were in my pocket.  
  
She slowly slid her chair back from the table and after a quick look around walked up to the table to retrieve my extra dessert. As she reached up and grabbed the mousse, she gave me, and any one else that was lookiing, a clear view of the bottom half of her ass cheeks. She quickly turned around and came back to the table with the dessert.  
  
She knew that I wasn't hungry so after eating just a few bites, and signing the credit card bill we decided it was time to leave. I pulled back her chair a bit so she could get up, but instead of helping her put on her coat I held on to it and we started moving to the exit. The lights were much brighter in the foyer and as we left I knew that whoever was there would be able to see through her "dress."  
  
Standing around the front desk was the hostess, and two of our waiters, so after thanking them for the meal we turned to leave. I knew that by then all three of them had gotten a good look at Sam's body through the sheer fabric. So as we moved towards the door I stopped to help Sam put on her coat. She gave me a puzzled look since I hadn't let her put it on before, but stopped and started to put her arms in the coat.  
  
I had already figured that by holding the jacket low enough for her arms to start going in I would the be able to lift the bottom of her dress while she pulled it up around her shoulders. My plan worked better than I ever expected as lightweight fabric slide all the way up to her waist. Although the coat was covering her from the back at least one of the waiters treated to a quite flash of her pussy.  
  
The End