**Party Time, The Prep**

by[**LitEroCat**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=714802&page=submissions)©

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"That's the way you're going to Barry's surprise party—tiny jean shorts and a loose, cropped tank top? Finally going to fulfill his longtime wish to meet the girls?"  
  
"I've caught him peeking down or up my shirts before. I think he met the girls already. Hmm, maybe I should tease him more!" Sue abruptly ran back to our room to change. She returned in a thin, sleeveless Victorian blouse with a high, frilly neck which reached her chin. "This better?" she scoffed.  
  
"I'm sure he'll 'love' it. He's meeting us at the mall."  
  
Barry shuffled impatiently on a mall bench until he saw us. He whistled at the snug blouse on my closet exhibitionist wife and nearly drooled over her hard nipples.  
  
"You got enough buttons there, Sue? Must be twenty of 'em all the way up." Sue smiled confidently and led us into a fabric store. Barry teased, "How about we play a trivia game for your buttons? You guess wrong and I get to open one button or fastener. You then must keep going until you get one right. Then you can ask me questions—same rules." She gave him a scornful look. "Com'on. It's my birthday."  
  
"Your birthday is not until next week, 7/14! " He pouted; she pretended to protest for a moment then grinned her agreement. They ignored me as the third wheel. She leaned over and whispered to me, "Does he really not know his birthday, Bastille Day and National Nude Day are all the same day? We can have fun with that."  
  
Beaming, he asked, "OK, Sue, name the capitals of the first American thirteen colonies." Stumped, she couldn't name any. He turned her toward me and began unbuttoning the blouse in an open aisle. At the third button, she questioned what he was doing. "Thirteen buttons for thirteen wrong answers, simple." Though she started to protest, she agreed and let him unbutton her—she always felt a bet or dare was a point of honor and she 'had' to comply no matter what! It was the perfect kind of excuse which let her submit and expose herself without blame.  
  
Despite all those buttons opened, her blouse was still half closed. Barry pushed it partially open and ran his curled fingers up her bare sternum to confirm she was braless. As his fingers traced along her tit flesh, it grew goosies and her nipples hardened again though still covered. Her mouth puckered as if annoyed, yet she stood akimbo and let him explore her chest.  
  
After a disappointed peek, Sue buttoned them all back up and Barry protested. She grinned, "You didn't say how long they had to stay open, so. . . ." She had him! The only thing she loved better than exposing herself was teasing her exposure. She glimpsed at his crotch and saw it twitch. Was that a sneer I saw? As we wandered the store, I saw him snatch a green-handled scissors before asking his next question.  
  
"Sue, name the exact sequence of planets from the sun." As a space buff, I was sure she knew this. She began with Mars, Merc . . . . "Bzzzz! Nope. That 8.5 buttons." As he began cutting off the buttons, Sue objected that Pluto wasn't a planet, but didn't stop him. He countered that though demoted, it is STILL a dwarf PLANET. Nine buttons flew off before she realized they were gone. Her meager cleavage on display, she accepted her fate with her hands at her sides and watched her blouse slide open.  
  
Barry smiled at her small, rounded mounds. "Nice. Easy one now. . . . List the English alphabet in 30 seconds—backwards." Her mouth dropped. "Go!"  
  
"Umm, z, y, x, w, umm, v, u, t, umm, uh oh . . . backwards? I can't"  
  
"Too bad. But you did get those seven right so only 19 wrong answers." He smiled and stared at the 11 buttons holding her blouse together. She looked around the store and held a male rep's wide open eyes as Barry cut off the rest of the buttons and flipped her top open. Her pert boobs fully exposed, her hard nipples screaming for attention, he stared and whispered, "Finally."  
  
Sue pretended to try to cover up. I chimed in as I lowered her hands, "We're lucky bare boobs are legal in this state. No more buttons, so no more questions."  
  
"Actually, I was careful to say 'or fastener' and I still see two of them." He slid a shoulder strap off her to expose more. She pulled it back up. "How about naming the two Mars moons?"  
  
Again, as an astronomy buff, she knew the answers. "Um, Mutt and Jeff?" She threw it again!  
  
"Nope. Soooo sorry," he pined as he cut through each strap and tugged the blouse off her. She gawked, yet didn't cover up as she was enjoying the public exposure too much. A bet's a bet, so she had to comply. Right? Barry tossed the scrap that was her blouse to the male rep and slipped the scissors back in a rack as we left the store. My wife covered her tits in false modesty as we walked the mall. She was a beautiful sight with her narrow waist and flat abs in just tiny blue denim shorts and sandals.  
  
Everyone staring at her began to embarrass her so she covered her tiny tits again. "Um, Al, is this how she walks with a blouse on too? Not likely. You take one arm, I'll take the other and hold them behind her. I want everyone, me included, to enjoy her cute little tits bouncing." As we pulled her hands back and held them, Barry cupped a tit then twisted and pinched a dense nipple hard. "I've wanted to do that for ages."  
  
She could have easily broken away, instead she twisted and bent in pretense, "Staaaap. I didn't agree to that. How long are you going to force me to stay topless? Can we buy a shirt for me? Al, why are you letting him get away with this?" No need to answer since we all knew she wanted and enjoyed this.  
  
As we swung past the food court on our way back out, with one eye still on her bare chest, Barry spoke up, "Aside from the shoes, I see two more fasteners. So, Sue, here's an easy question to give you a shot to get back at me. Where are Panama hats made?"  
  
Questioningly, she glared at him, knowing that was too easy. "Panama, of course."  
  
"Ohh, soooooo sorry. They're made in Ecuador. Also known as an Ecuadorian hat or a toquilla straw hat, it is a traditional brimmed straw hat of Ecuadorian origin and woven from a plant." As he took his time explaining this, he scanned her body and digitally explored her abs. "I see a fastener we missed." As he drew closer to her and struggled with her jean's button, I saw her grab for the obvious swelling in his shorts.  
  
While she struggled to get under his shorts, he popped her last button and pulled. He gasped suddenly. I had to lean over to see that she had fished his swollen, uncut cock free and was rubbing it against her bare leg. When she pulled it to her side so it was exposed to the public, he quickly shifted it between them again. "See, your holding my cock out like that would get us both arrested. So would sucking your tits in public, as much as I want to do that! Hold it there or put it away as you answer my final question. What sort of sexual practice is Lectamia?"  
  
"Never heard of it. Give me a chance, would you? Or I'll STOP doing this?"  
  
I watched her slowly jerk his cock as his face melted. "OK! Ok. D-d-don't stop. It m-m-means caressing in bed without intercourse. Ohhh, so sweet! Umm, how fast do sperm swim? Miss this and I get to check if you have p-p-p-panties on. Thanks for helping, Al."  
  
"Oh, I think I know this. Two miles per hour. If I'm right, I get to cut off your shorts." She smiled as she lengthened her stokes and puffed out her chest.  
  
"If you were right, you'd only get my shirt. B-b-but you haa-rn't right. They swim 1/8 inch per hour. That's why they need such a short travel distance. You keep playing with my dick while I unzip you." He fully unzipped her jeans and pulled the wings hard apart until they nearly tore. We both looked around her, but couldn't be sure. Her one inch wide landing strip was mostly visible, but no more. She laughed despite publically exposing her pubes and reached back for my swelling cock. Though she stroked it in my shorts in synch with Barry's, she was obviously focused on the new cock.  
  
Barry slipped his hand into her tight jeans and felt around. He followed her trail thru the short hairs and out of sight. By his movement and her lurching, I was sure he found her clit. "Nope. Don't feel any panties yet. Maybe they slid down or maybe you're wearing a G-string?" He pushed deeper as many in the crowds stopped and stared. Her eyes closed and she stopped stroking us. Was his finger in my wife in public? Sue moaned.  
  
"Well, I don't feel any panties, but you are extremely moist and warm. We are skirting the fringes of the law here so let's quit while we are ahead." Nevertheless, I could tell he was fingering her as he slowly withdrew his hand. As if any of us needed proof, he slowly sniffed his glistening fingers before letting her inhale her own sweet fragrance. He didn't offer me any, but did let Sue suck one of his dewy fingers while he sucked the other. Noses rubbing, they were nearly kissing in orgasm.  
  
That's the way we exited the mall—a dick in each of her hands, her tits and pubes exposed. When we got to the car, Barry hid his cock and Sue pouted. "You want to see mine? I need to see yours first. Right here in the lot, pull down your jeans and you can pull down my shorts." Sue looked at me, not for permission, but for me to dare her so she could be blatant. I didn't.  
  
"Sorry, Barry. This is all you get today. Have your medical clearance next week at your party and . . . we'll see." She smirked as she grabbed his cock again for a final squeeze then jumped into my convertible. She loved her tease. We drove eight miles home with the top down and her tits and pubes out. She was giddy all the way. Once home, she pulled him against her to crush her tits flat against him. He managed to cup one as she quickly kissed him on the lips then ran inside, stopping for a brief look at his throbbing shorts.  
  
Dreams do come true. He met the girls, intimately, and dipped his fingers into my wife's sweet honeypot. Better yet, she got to expose herself and quietly orgasm in public. A win-win?