**Pretend**

by[**Vetman**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=21335&page=submissions)©

Although normally pretty conservative, my wife occasionally becomes hyper horny, especially when she drinks. The occasional alcoholic drink to her is the one true aphrodisiac, the more she drinks, the hornier she gets. While I enjoy watching guys looking at Betty and encourage her to dress in sexy outfits, she normally dresses attractively, but conservatively, and is satisfied noticing a man's approving sideways glance. But when she gets horny, she becomes a teasing exhibitionist, excited showing herself off and making horny men lust for her. Betty has a very cute, smiling face, blonde hair and a great body with large breasts and knows she attracts attention.

Over time we have learned each other's fantasies and verbally play on them with each other during sex. These fantasies are rarely acted out, but very occasionally an opportunity arises during one of her hyper horny spells. These times seem to strike more often when we are out of town. I have related stories to her of how horny businessmen are when traveling, so she will pack sexy clothes and short dresses when she accompanies me on a business trip. When Betty gets horny, she enjoys teasing guys by letting the wind blow her short skirt up, bending stiff legged to show her shear panties, wearing slightly shear skirts with no slip, or bending so that guys can see her breasts. She's even allowed guys to feel her up or expose her while drunk or pretending to be drunk, but that's as far as she'd go. She figures that teasing is fun and harmless, particularly since I don't mind, but she swears that she would never have sex with anyone other than me. Some great episodes have occurred on these trips and I hope to relate some in future stories.

The following is a true story from several years ago, when Betty was in her late twenties or early thirties, and was easily one of the most exciting sexual episodes we ever had. It was one of those extremely rare instances when she became so excited and horny that she lost all control and ignored her conservative instincts.

My teenaged nephew was visiting us in Florida for a week to celebrate his graduation from high school. My wife always had thought he was a sweet guy. He was on the shy side and acted very uncomfortable in social situations. Although he said he had dated a few girls, we had seen his awkwardness around girls and suspected that he was still very inexperienced. His innocence seemed to be especially attractive to my wife, who I know was keenly aware of his furtive glances.

I noticed that Betty had changed a little since he had arrived. I guessed that his presence was the reason she was teasing me more than usual and initiating sex at bedtime. On the fourth night of his visit, after having some drinks while out for dinner, I played with her mind during our foreplay by mentioning how I had caught Artie staring at her bikini clad body at the beach and while she was preparing breakfast in her short, silky robe. I made up a little story of how I had seen him peeking at her that morning through our bedroom door while she slept partly exposed in her short nightgown.

She kept saying that she didn't believe me about the bedroom door, but I could tell the fantasy had its desired affect. To increase the sexual excitement while I rubbed her clit, I started playing on the fantasy of her letting him "accidentally" see more. The discussion got her so excited, she suggested that I stop long enough to crack the bedroom door in case he was awake and tried to sneak a peek into our room. Finding the idea as exciting as she did, I quickly cracked the door and returned to the bed to continue massaging her clit. She came almost immediately and noisily and urged me to enter her and fuck her hard. She came again hard, soaking the sheets. As we cleaned up, I again shut the door, fairly confident that my nephew had slept through our little game.

The next morning I was surprised to see the effects from the night before. As she prepared breakfast, I noticed that she wasn't wearing her nightgown under her silky, knee length robe. I watched Artie who at first didn't seem to pay any attention. When she moved in front of the glass sliding doors, however, with the sun behind her, I could clearly see her body through the robe. I caught Artie in my peripheral vision staring at her. After that, I noticed he was keeping a closer eye on her. She displayed her cleavage and upper thighs to him quite often while getting things out of the lower cabinets and setting the table. I remember seeing one quick flash of her cheeks peeking out when she did one of her patented straight knee bends reaching for a pan that she didn't normally use. Despite trying to hide his glances from me, he was only too obvious in his gawking.

That night we again had incredible sex while discussing Artie's peeking at her. During our foreplay, I made up a fantasy for her about letting Artie see her while she pretended to sleep. As our sexual excitement built up, she embellished the fantasy into pretending to be passed out, with me out of the house, so he would feel at ease looking at her. As usual, this type of discussion sent her into a terrific orgasm. We were both so turned on, that we continued to discuss the idea even after I had fucked her to another noisy orgasm. As we developed the details of the scenario more and more, I started to massage her pussy again, but she was too sensitive. I entered her again and as we fucked a second time, we agreed to put the plan into action the next night.

Now, most times these fantasies die in the bedroom, which I fully expected in this case. I was pleasantly surprised that afternoon when she suggested that we make a big show out of drinking heavily. We would consume what looked like a lot of drinks while playing cards, but would substitute water for most of them. She was afraid to play the passed out game we'd fantasized about, but thought we could have some fun if he thought we were drunk. Secretly, I decided this would be more fun if she indeed drank too much.

That evening she dressed in a very sexy sundress that, while not looking overtly like she was displaying herself, showed a lot of skin. I remember catching Artie staring at her several times when I he thought I was looking away, but was actually looking in our wall mirror. After a couple of hours and three or four real Manhattans, Betty had become more "careless". Several times she showed him a lot of cleavage bending to pick up cards that she had "accidentally" dropped. I could tell Artie was taking in the more frequent views of her shear panties as Betty's skirt seemed higher and her legs seemed to fall open more often. Artie talked to her more than to me and he was quick to suggest playing a new game each time we finished.

Betty insisted that I switch to the fake drinks since she was starting to feel too drunk. After consuming several more fake drinks, Betty started to act really drunk, slurring her words, becoming more careless with her legs and having difficulty with her balance. The straps to her sundress kept falling down, exposing a tantalizing amount of her breasts. I also started to act a little drunk. Evidently assuming that we both were getting too drunk to notice, Artie's staring became very blatant. When Betty nonchalantly positioned one foot up onto the chair next to her leg, causing her skirt to bunch at her waist, I particularly remember watching in the mirror as Artie repositioned himself for a better view and stared quite openly at her exposed crotch over his cards.

Betty gave me a clue when she told me in a very slurred voice that she was feeling very lightheaded. So, she really wants to do this I thought. She had been slouched down in the chair, and now let her head drop and closed her eyes. When she didn't move for about a minute, I told Artie that she must be passed out and that now I'd have a hard time getting her to the bedroom. I pretended to try to wake her by shaking her arm and talking to her, but of course she did not respond. I told him that once she passes out like this a bomb could go off and she wouldn't wake up. I intentionally put my hand under her dress and pushed her dress up as I lifted her out of the chair so that Artie got an eyeful of her ass through the shear panties. I had hoped that I might "accidentally" expose her breast as I struggled to lift her, but the dress didn't cooperate. As started to I carry her I told Artie that she was so dead to the world she wouldn't even know how she got to bed and wouldn't wake up until the next morning.

Her acting was pretty good, although I noticed her smiling at me as I carried her to the bedroom. I put her on the bed and closed the door. I let her completely undress her herself. She put on her silky robe, but left it completely open and lay down on her back. Unable to contain myself, I kissed her as I put my hand between her legs and massaged her swollen and very wet pussy. She whispered to me to hurry up and leave, but keep an eye on her through the window, as we agreed, just in case Artie got out of hand. Before I left I opened the vertical blinds on both windows. As I walked out, I left the light on and the bedroom door open just a crack. She had pulled the sheet up to barely above her crotch with her open robe barely covering only one breast, her stomach exposed.

Artie had gone into the guest bedroom to get ready for bed. I told him I had to run to the store for cigarettes and a few other things and that I'd be back in about 20 or 30 minutes. I asked him to stay awake while I was gone and keep an ear out for Betty in case she got sick. He said sure, no problem.

I started the car, drove about two blocks away, parked and jogged quickly back to the house. I walked quietly to the back of the house and peered into the window, shaking slightly from the excitement. I immediately noticed that the door was now open about a foot. I could just see Artie in the dark hallway peering in. I actually was surprised that this was working, and that it had taken Artie so little time to take advantage of the opportunity. I suspect that he planned to look as soon as I said I was leaving.

Betty looked very convincing, still on her back, with one arm at her side and the other by her head and one breast completely exposed. I saw that her legs were spread wide apart under the sheet. I new that she had to be extremely aroused and hoped she could keep up the act. The window was positioned right next to her head. The excitement was so great that I had to pull my cock out and begin lightly stroking it.

As I watched, the door opened further and for the first time I realized that Artie was only wearing his underpants. As if testing the situation slowly, Artie knocked on the door and waited for a reaction. He continued to stare at her and knocked a second time, loud enough that I could here it through the closed window. He called her name. After getting no reaction, he moved halfway to the bed. As he stood staring intently at her breast, he started stoking his cock through his underwear. I remember seeing him suddenly shudder intensely from the excitement. His face was contorted almost like he was in pain. He moved to the side of the bed, bent forward and looked at her breast closely. Because he had knocked, I knew that she was aware of his presence and could only imagine how horny she must be. She looked convincing.

It became immediately obvious that Artie had lost any sense of caution in his heated state as he reached down and moved her robe gently off of her other breast. He stood back, staring and stroking his cock. As we had expected in our fantasy he carefully lifted the sheet and pulled it down to just below her exposed pussy. I could see his hand shaking. I stroked my cock harder as I watched him. I shuddered as I saw him move his face closer to her open, almost completely shaved, swollen pussy. He glanced at her face two or three times to make sure she wasn't awake as he continued to stroke his now exposed cock.

I saw him freeze and start to back away quickly as she moved slightly, bending her leg to open her pussy even wider and turning her head away from him. I knew he had regained his composure when he moved back to the bed. After watching her face for a few seconds Artie reached over and slowly pulled the sheet down below her feet. He stood back stroking his cock and staring at her nakedness.

Then he did something neither of us had anticipated would happen. He bent over her chest and lightly licked her nipple and stood back. When we talked out this fantasy, we had only thought about Artie looking at her. We had never thought that he would have the courage to actually touch her. I wasn't sure she would be able to contain her breathing with this much excitement. Emboldened by her lack of reaction, Artie again brought his mouth to her breast and licked her nipple. He stood up and moved his hand to her breast and lightly traced his finger around and across her nipple, glancing at her face for reaction. He placed his hand over her breast and started lightly squeezing while watching her face for any reaction. Artie's gaze shifted to her crotch while he continued massaging her breast.

Artie moved down her body, bent forward and stared between her legs. He brought his hand up and lightly touched his fingers against her wet, wide open pussy. He withdrew his hand immediately when her leg twitched. After no further reaction, he again brought his hand to her pussy and started lightly exploring with his finger as he moved his head in closer again. I started to get nervous and really excited at the same time. I knew Betty had not planned on the game going this far, and figured she was either out of her mind with lust or starting to get scared.

I remember that sometime during the examination of her pussy his hard cock must have come into contact with Betty's upturned hand laying at her side. He straightened up and must have suddenly become excited by the idea of her hand on his cock. He positioned it onto her open hand and with his free hand moved it back and forth in her palm. This went on for no more than 20 seconds. He looked at her face, which fortunately was facing away from him. I'm not sure that it wouldn't have occurred to him to put it into her mouth had she been facing him. Artie started stroking his cock again and moved back to her pussy.

As I stood watching, he lightly slid his hand up and down the inside of her thighs and across her pussy. He started sliding a single finger up and down along her opening. He continued to lightly massage her pussy for what seemed like a minute or two, glancing between her face and her pussy, all the while stroking himself with his other hand. I saw Betty's legs moving open slightly and wandered if she was loosing control.

My cock almost erupted when I saw from the position of his hand that he had slid his finger gently into her. I remember starting to shake from the intense excitement as he slowly, repeatedly withdrew his finger and slid it back. I saw that Betty was reacting to his gentle finger fucking. Her legs had opened even wider and her head was rolling slightly side to side, eyes closed and mouth open. Artie seemed to really enjoy her reaction, alternating his gaze from her pussy to her face, evidently confident that she was still unconscious.

I knew Betty couldn't take much more, and this was far more than either of us had thought would happen. I decided that I had better rescue her before she gave herself away or before Artie went to far and she would be forced to "wake up". I was nervous at what he might do while I made my way back to the car, but figured he wouldn't have enough time to do too much. I started the car and drove back to the house, sure that Artie would hear the car pull up and frantically race back to the guest room. I shut the door hard as I entered in case he hadn't noticed my car. I moved noisily to the kitchen, opening and closing cabinets to allow him a little extra time to get settled.

I turned off the lights and headed to the bedroom, stopping at the guestroom door on the way. I asked if everything was ok and Artie replied "Yea" in a shaky voice. I said goodnight, walked down the hall and opened the now closed bedroom door. I saw my wild eyed, naked wife, legs wide open, frantically rubbing her clit. She whispered to me "Holey shit that was good!"

It probably took a good two to three hours to come down from the excitement as we recounted our two sides of the story between bouts of intense sex. She told me that Artie had continued to finger fuck her and had actually sucked on her clit briefly with his finger in her just before suddenly covering her and running out. She told me she held on well when he licked her nipple, but almost lost it when he first touched her pussy. She had jumped slightly and made a small noise. She said feeling his hard cock rubbing back and forth in her hand had really excited her, but was really glad he hadn't tried to put it in her mouth. She said she had moaned softly when he first slide his finger up and down on her pussy, and involuntarily let her legs part a little more. She had continued to moan occasionally as he massaged her because she couldn't contain her breathing and couldn't lay still enough. She though it would be believable that a person passed out could be turned on and thought it would excite him more if he thought he was exciting her. When he'd finger fucked her and sucked her clit, she almost completely lost control and knew she had moved and made quite a bit of involuntary noise. She was very close to cumming violently and was thankful that he'd stopped.

The next morning, Artie took a while coming into the kitchen. He acted nervous initially, but seemed to relax once he saw us acting hung over, but otherwise normal. Once he realized he had gotten completely away with his adventure, he became his old self. After that, he seemed to always be staring at Betty, but otherwise the rest of his stay was uneventful.

We of course have since had many intense lovemaking sessions recounting the visit from Artie. I'm sure Artie has masturbated many times reliving his once in a lifetime, incredibly good fortune that night. He had seen a beautiful woman completely naked for probably the first time, and was able to freely explore her unconscious body and excite her without her knowledge. I envied him. It was an experience wish I could have had at his age.

**Pretend Again**

As I described in my previous story, my normally conservative wife occasionally becomes hyper horny, especially when she drinks. The occasional alcoholic drink to her is the one true aphrodisiac, the more she drinks, the hornier she gets. While I enjoy watching guys looking at Betty and encourage her to dress in sexy outfits, she normally dresses attractively, but conservatively, and is satisfied noticing a man's approving sideways glance. But when she gets horny, she becomes a teasing exhibitionist, excited showing herself off and making horny men lust for her. Betty has a very cute, smiling face, blonde hair and a great body with large breasts and knows she attracts attention.

Over time we have learned each other's fantasies and verbally play on them with each other during sex. These fantasies are rarely acted out, but very occasionally an opportunity arises during one of her hyper horny spells. I have related stories to her of how horny businessmen are when traveling, so she will pack sexy clothes and short dresses when she accompanies me on a business trip. When Betty gets horny, she enjoys teasing guys by letting the wind blow her skirt up, bending stiff legged to show her shear panties, wearing slightly shear skirts with no slip, or bending so that guys can see her cleavage.

She figures that teasing is fun and harmless, particularly since I don't mind, but she swears that she would never have sex with anyone other than me. The following is a true story of one of the best of these episodes. While the events related are true, my memory of the exact sequence of the events has become a bit cloudy over time, so I'll admit that some of the small details of the story had to be made up to tell the story. I'll relate other exhibitionist episodes in future stories.

A strange set of circumstances came together to set my wife and I up for a wild time at a local hotel one evening. I had to meet an overseas customer arriving at the International airport late one evening and drive him to a hotel near our local domestic airport. Since we were both departing on a flight to a jobsite early the following morning, I had my company make a reservation for me at the same hotel to avoid the extra driving. Betty agreed to drive into town and stay with me. We planned on a night of drinking and dancing at the swanky hotel's lounge followed by some heavy sex in a strange bed. We hadn't planned on the strange events that occurred.

My customer's flight was scheduled for 7:30PM. Betty was to check into our room when she arrived and expect me at the hotel about 9 or 9:30. Betty planned to meet me in the nightclub after I got rid of the customer.

At the airport, I learned that the customer's flight was running late. As the evening wore on the scheduled arrival time kept slipping. At 9:30 I called the hotel, but Betty was not in our room. They offered to get a message to her in the lounge to expect me there about 10:30 or 11:00. By the time I arrived and got the customer checked in and off to his room and headed for the lounge, it was closer to 11:30.

As I walked in, I was surprised to see Betty on the dance floor with a handsome older man in a suit. They were one of two couples slow dancing and his hand was quite plainly resting on her ass as they danced. Startled, but quickly excited by the sight, I decided to have a drink at the bar and watch her a bit. I was sure she had been drinking for a while if she was letting him feel her ass and decided that I needed to catch up.

There was one other couple seated in the nightclub, four or five pairs of guys and a couple of single guys at tables or at the bar with me. The guys were all watching my wife as though she was the entertainment. When the music ended I watched him lead Betty over to a table to join two other businessmen, one overweight man about the same age as the first and one that looked to be in his late twenties or early thirties. She walked like an intoxicated person trying not to act intoxicated. In addition to the drink she picked up, I could see at least three empty Manhattan glasses in front of her. I knew from experience that Betty got very tipsy on two Manhattans. If that was her fourth (or worse), I knew she was getting very drunk and horny. I could see possibilities for some voyeuristic excitement here and started figuring out a plan to take advantage of what was going on.

The extremely sexy, yet sophisticated party dress she wore was my favorite outfit; one I know she had worn that evening especially for me. I remember feeling a slight pang of jealousy that all these guys had been leering at my wife dressed in my favorite sexy outfit, probably for the last couple of hours. The dress was a thin, silky, cream colored wrap around that was held together only by a tie at the waist. The hem of the skirt ended about 4 inches above the knee. The dress was backless with a thin strap around her neck that expanded in the front to form a plunging, cleavage showing "V." She was obviously braless which allowed her breasts to move around very freely in the silky material. Her hard nipples showed very clearly through the thin material.

As I watched them at the table, the handsome older man was obviously charming Betty very effectively. He was sitting close, hand sliding up and down her bare back, and looking directly into her eyes as they spoke. I was sure he was a master salesman; convincing her that she was the most desirable woman he'd ever met. Watching Betty's expressions, I was also sure she was falling for his lines completely. He had to have been working on her for quite awhile, even with the help of the alcohol, to manipulate her to this level of intimacy. I'm sure if circumstances would allow, he could talk her into bed.

She was paying less attention to the other two who were generally, without exaggeration, leering at her breasts, adding brief comments to the general conversation, and making disguised comments to each other, presumably about her.

The other couple that had been dancing left, leaving about a dozen men and one other couple in the lounge. I watched her accept an invitation to slow dance with a man who walked over from another table and then return to the threesome. I was probably starting my third drink when a fast song began and the younger man pulled her up to dance. Now Betty loves to dance, but is normally a little shy about being the only couple on the dance floor. To be so quick to exhibit herself to all these men meant she had to be drunk and feeling very horny. As they moved onto the lit dance floor, I noticed every guy in the place, except the other couple, had turned to watch. I was about to find out why.

He led Betty through a swing dance in a style different than we usually did. She was following awkwardly from the effects of the alcohol. He turned her quickly around forward and backward almost continuously. He was accomplishing his purpose, which obviously was to make her skirt open and fly out as far and as often as possible for his companions and the other men in the room. I now saw what every other guy in the room had been seeing, and why they were sitting near the dance floor. As her dress flew out, I saw plainly that she was wearing a garter belt and stockings. He spun her so hard at times I also caught glimpses of her skimpy panties as the dress raised and the overlap opened in the front. I was very aroused at the sight of him intentionally exposing my wife to this leering audience. I was sure she had been only too aware of the affect her outfit she was having on the men in the room and had been enjoying teasing them all evening.

The way they were dancing was too strenuous for her after that many drinks and she stopped him before the song ended. They separated and continued dancing apart. He moved in behind her, held her waist and started grinding his pelvis against her. She kept time with him, her hands raised in the air, when his one hand slid down to her crotch. She immediately grabbed his hand and moved it back up. "So" I thought, "she's not that far gone." He worked his knee between her legs causing her skirt to ride up. Knowing how she gets when drinking, I was sure she was excited from teasing these men and was enjoying her skirt rising and showing more of her legs. But I doubted that she was aware that her skirt had opened wide enough to display her crotch. A dozen pairs of eyes were fixed on the sight, including mine. When the music stopped, she moved unsteadily toward the table. I headed out to implement my plan.

I gathered that Betty had felt safe consuming that much alcohol since she had expected me earlier. I also gathered that they were probably aware that I was expected. I thought it would be fun to remove that safety net and see how far she would go. I went to the pay phone, called the front desk. I asked them to get a message to her in the bar that I was still waiting at the airport, may be awhile yet and would call when I was on my way.

I returned to the bar in time to see another Manhattan put down in front of her. Though she protested, she polished off the drink she had and lifted the new one. I was amazed that she was still standing with this many drinks. As I ordered another drink, I saw the fellow from the front desk walk up to her and deliver my message, which the others obviously heard. I picked up my drink and moved to a table that was closer to them and give me a better view of the dance floor. With her back to me, and all the alcohol, I felt sure she wouldn't notice me.

The salesman was again talking to Betty intimately, with his face very close and sliding his hand up and down her back. From their appearance, I got the impression that he may be trying to talk her into leaving with him. She was smiling and saying no to whatever he was suggesting. The younger man was on her left, and obviously staring at her breast through the opening of her dress. I could see the younger man's other hand had moved to her knee and start to stroke up and down on her exposed nylon covered leg. She grabbed his hand when his strokes got too high. "Still under some control," I remember thinking.

When a slow song began, she accepted an invitation to dance from the heavy man. She was weaving badly heading to the dance floor, and seemed to need his support. As they danced, he held her close. I noticed his hand descend to her ass for a few seconds before she reached back and pulled it back up. "So," I thought, "Betty doesn't like you as much." He was persistent though, and kept moving his hand down. She was slow to react, but would finally become aware and move his hand back up and tell him to stop. As he looked over her shoulder at his companions, his hand slid to her ass, clutched her skirt and moved back up to her waist, lifting her skirt and just exposing the bottom of her panties.

The lower half of her two cheeks were just visible as they peeked out of her shear, French cut panties. He held her skirt up briefly for his two smiling companions and turned her for the others to see. He lowered his hand back to her ass and she grabbed him again. Betty was clearly annoyed with him. He managed to lift her skirt again, without her noticing, sliding his hand up to her waist and had half of her ass exposed. He kept her exposed for quite a while, turning her so everyone in the room could enjoy the view. My cock hardened from the intense arousal I felt seeing her ass exposed in this environment to a bunch of very horny guys. Even the bartender had stopped to stare at her.

She sat out the next couple of songs before accepting another fast dance with the younger man. They danced separately for a while with Betty having difficulty maintaining her balance. He moved in behind her again and put one arm around her waist and one on her hip. Again she let him get away with pushing his knee between her legs, which forced her skirt up and pulled it open in the front. This time he used his hand on her hip to pull her skirt further to one side, opening the slit almost to her waist and exposing her shear panties even more. I remember seeing several of the men move closer to his companions to get a better view and were now standing.

When the song ended, one of the guys standing approached her and she continued slow dancing awkwardly with him. He too managed to raise her skirt up in the back without her noticing, but not quite high enough to show her ass. I was amazed at the conspiracy growing between these guys to expose my beautiful, drunken wife to each other so openly.

As the song ended the salesman walked up and cut in. She put both arms around his neck and he placed both his arms around her waist. Betty obviously was more at ease with him, pressing her body close and allowing his hands to roam freely over her ass. He talked to her as they danced, faces barely apart. Betty smiled at him, nodding and I was worried that she might be agreeing to go to his room or in some way get more intimate. He brought his mouth to hers and she responded with a long kiss. As they kissed, she was not conscious of what his hands were up to. By moving his hands alternately up and down her ass, he had inched her skirt up slowly. When she didn't react, he continued until the back of her skirt was all the way up to her waist. Betty was now completely exposed in the back from the waist down, with her ass clearly visible through the shear panties to this room full of smiling, very aroused men. Even the bartender had moved from behind the bar to watch the show on the dance floor. The salesman held her dress up for a while before allowing it to slip down as he went back to massaging her ass. As they continued talking and kissing he kept working her dress back up, displaying her ass off and on for the rest of the song.

As the song ended, he held her arm to steady her as he helped her to the ladies room. After she went in, he returned to the table and leaned forward talk to his companions. I noticed that the other couple had left, but not one of the men had left. Even though it was getting late, not one guy had left. They were obviously not going to miss the rest of this show. I knew her three companions were not to be trusted and were obviously intent on taking advantage of her drunken condition in every way that they could.

I (and every other guy) watched Betty walk very unsteadily back to the table, holding onto chairs as she walked. As she sat down, I saw her reach out and sneak something to her handsome salesman friend. He smiled and pulled her to him. As he gave her a long kiss he held his hand up behind her head and displayed her panties held between his two fingers to his two friends and the others close enough to see. "Christ," I thought, "she's giving him a souvenir." As they continued to kiss with her arms around his neck, I saw him put her panties in his pocket. I remember seeing him stroking her thigh, while she let her legs open slightly. When his hand had advanced to her crotch, I saw Betty pull back from the kiss and just stare lustily in his eyes. She allowed his hand to linger between her legs as the two kissed passionately. She finally seemed to remember the other two men and where she was and pulled his hand away, crossing her legs. Upon seeing all this, I decided to move to a closer table for a better view.

The younger man had moved close to her again, with his arm around Betty's waist and talking to her and his friend. I knew from his position that he was getting a good look at her breast through the opening of her top. After a while, he pulled her up and guided her back out to the dance floor, and every guy turned to watch. By now Betty was really looking drunk and having difficulty walking and concentrating. As they slow danced, he lifted his arm and turned her before holding her close again. As she put both her arms around his neck, he wasted no time sliding one of his hands up under her dress to feel her bare ass. She reacted slowly, but reached back and pushed his hands away, saying "No."

They danced a little longer before he started moving his hands slightly up and down and slowly sliding her dress up. He eased her dress up until he had it to her waist. I remember being nervous and so incredibly aroused watching her. Betty was complete unaware of her exposure as she continued to shuffle along to his lead with her arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder, and her bare ass completely exposed to the leering eyes of a dozen horny guys. I had never seen a more erotic sight, but started to worry that the situation could get out of control.

He let her dress slid down. He stepped slightly back and took her hand from his neck. He raised his arm and turned her under. As soon as she stumbled through the turn, he reversed her and turned her in the opposite direction. The dress had started to open on the first turn, but she didn't notice in time before he turned her in the opposite direction. The dress opened completely, exposing her now naked body. I still remember the sight vividly, particularly her fully exposed breasts.

As he completed the turn he held her hand up to turn her again. Even as drunk as she was, Betty became aware of the wide open dress and finally pulled her hand down to clutch her dress closed. She laughed and acted embarrassed, thinking the opening had been accidental. I didn't know when he had untied her, either at the table or while dancing, but I had no doubt that the turning maneuvers were intended to open the dress he knew was untied..

Her dance companion immediately moved to assist her. As she pulled her dress together, he moved to her side to tie it for her. He tied it in a bow, but left the dress much looser than it should be, intentionally I was sure. She wasn't acting too upset so I was sure she really got a thrill from accidentally flashing these horny guys. He put his arm around her waist for support and guided her back to the table. She was now so drunk sitting there with her legs parted, that she didn't notice that her breasts were very exposed from the sides and front in the loose fitting top. After trying to hold a conversation, she rested her elbows on the table and held her head, eyes closed. Even from where I sat I could see that her top had fallen so far forward that her breasts were completely exposed. Her skirt had become so loose that the opening started just at her crotch.

The heavy man had walked around and was standing behind her. He appeared to be massaging her shoulders, but actually was working her top open in the front and was staring down at her exposed breasts. The salesman she trusted was staring at her breasts and talking to her as his hand slid up and down her thigh. While I couldn't see from my position, I'm sure he was treating his friends to views of her pussy.

The younger man must have slid his hand across her chest and evidently had cupped her breast. Almost as in slow motion, she lifted her head, looked at him and reaching for his arm, pushed his hand away. She stood slowly, using the table as support, and seemed to be trying to think. The younger man ran his hand all the way up the front of her leg as she stood there and was obviously touching her pussy. The salesman had also reached up her dress and was feeling her ass.

Betty stepped back from the table, turned and walked awkwardly toward the bar. I could see one of her breasts had slipped out and was partly exposed. She walked unsteadily up to a pair of men seated at the bar, and asked if he would dance with her. The horny guy quickly took advantage of his good fortune and helped her out to the dance floor. As they started to sway back and forth, her arms around his neck, the guy quickly moved his hands to her ass. He dropped one hand to her thigh and raised her dress to her waist, grabbing her exposed bare ass with the other. She realized what he had done and pushed him back. She said something to him and looked hurt and angry. Her salesman friend had walked up and cut in. The guy quickly relinquished her and moved back to the bar to watch.

Betty put her arms around her "friend" and didn't really dance, but just swayed back and forth to the music. He started kissing her again, with his hands massaging her ass. He of course worked the dress up slowly, and again displayed her bare ass to the, by now, incredibly horny audience. When the song ended, a guy from another table came up and asked to dance with her. He too was all hands as they danced, even sliding his hand under her skirt to feel her bare ass, which Betty didn't react to for a few seconds. Reacting slowly she pulled his hand away, but within 20 or thirty seconds his hand moved back under her skirt until she reacted again. She broke away and moved over to lean on the bar.

I was still very excited, but also getting more worried at the aggressiveness. I decided to put the safety net back in place and left to use the payphone. I asked the front desk to get a message to her that I was on my way and should be there in about 20-30 minutes.

I returned and saw Betty still leaning on the bar, but now accompanied by her three companions standing with her. I stayed close to the entrance watching when the man from the front desk went over to them and relayed my message. They now knew time was running out so I expected they would back off of her. Boy was I wrong.

The younger man took her arms and started dragging her out to the dance floor. She protested that she couldn't dance any more, but he moved behind her and held her waist to support her and started moving her to the music. The other two followed and stood on the edge of the dance floor to watch. I noticed immediately that several other guys also moved to the side of the dance floor that she was facing. I moved closer to the dance floor to watch her.

The song was a faster tune, but she was no longer really dancing. She just helplessly leaned back on her partner, arms at her sides and eyes trying to focus on the far wall and let him move her around. She consciously tried to act sexy a couple of times, raising her arms briefly, but she was too drunk to do much more than stand and let him move her back & forth. Her eyes closed as she tried to move with the music.

Her partner was supporting her with one arm wrapped around he waist and one on her hip. When her arms raised momentarily, his hand moved up from her hip, slipping easily inside her top to rest on her bare breast. Betty didn't seem to notice but let her arms drop back down. When he pulled his hand back, he pulled on her loose top, opening it enough in the front to bare her breast to the leering audience.

Someone in her audience shouted "Yea" as we all watched him pull on the bow, releasing the tie that held her dress together. Her dress started slowly unwrapping. He pulled the skirt to one side as he moved the hand around her waist to her hip, causing the dress to open completely. Her body was now almost completely exposed in the front, with the dress still hanging onto her one breast. Betty's neatly trimmed pussy was now openly displayed to the horny guys standing only 15 feet from her. "Oh Yeah" I heard. "Look at that, what a doll." As her partner thrust his pelvis into her, the dress fell off of her other breast. "Oh yea," again. "Holy shit!" She was now completely naked, except for the garter belt and stockings, which only added to the erotic sight. She still hadn't noticed that her dress was now just hanging at her sides as she continued trying to move to the music with her eyes still closed.

She continued being moved to the music, completely naked for about 20 to 30 seconds, before her partner, unable to contain himself, moved one hand to clutch her bare breast and the other to her crotch. "Yea, get her," I heard. As he clutched her pussy, her eyes opened and she shouted "No, Don't!" She pulled away from him and fell to her hands and knees. I started to move to her as she knelt there, but the salesman had moved quickly to help her to her feet, the dress still open.

"Help me," she told him, looking like she was going to cry as she held one side of her dress across her. I moved back toward the entrance as he and the heavy man helped her back toward their table. She was yelling at the younger man as the salesman helped her tie the dress tightly in place and sat her in the chair. They talked nervously among themselves and to two or three of the other men who had followed them over. One of them called the bartender to get their tab, as the salesman knelt talking to Betty soothingly. Whatever he said had to be good, because she let him give her a long kiss.

They left her sitting there, her head on her arms and walked out of the lounge toward the elevators. Three others followed as I moved to the men's room in the lobby. When I returned two other guys had moved to her table and sat down, probably hoping to pick up where the others left off. I walked up to her and said, "Would you like to dance?" She looked up and recognized me. "John!" I helped her to her feet as the other two watched. I took her bag and helped her to the elevators. As the doors closed she put her arms around me and said, "About time, I'm horny, get me to the room."

I dropped her in the room and went out to the parking lot to get my bag. As I looked up toward our room, I saw the curtains wide open with her displaying herself at the window, arms and legs spread, completely naked. I looked around the parking lot but unfortunately no one else was there to enjoy the sight.

She was so drunk and horny when I returned that I just jumped into bed and moved my mouth to her pussy. I sucked on her clit for a short time until she came very noisily and demanded to be fucked. I entered her and fucked her wildly, with the still vivid sights from the lounge in my head. After I came, I looked down and she was gone, passed out. Not one to miss a good opportunity, I pulled out the sex toys she'd brought for the evening and continued to enjoy her. I watched the large dildo slide in and out of her for quite a while until she started to respond and then I entered her again. She responded with a semiconscious orgasm before passing out once more.

I left her at the hotel to sleep it off the next morning and wearily headed off to the airport with my visitor. It was a tough next day with only about four hours sleep. She's never told me about that night except that three "nice" guys had seen her alone and had been "kind" enough to ask her to join them. I told her, "Bullshit they just wanted to get into your pants."

"No" she insisted, "they were only being friendly." Yeah right. I've never let her know that I was there watching for fear she'd be mad that I let it go on. I'm sure she savors her memories of the night when she was the center of attention while she displayed herself to a roomful of men.