**Second Anniversary**

**by [ShortnSheer](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1126002&page=submissions)**

As I sat on the bar stool waiting for my husband to show up I felt as if every eye in the cocktail lounge was upon me as I wore my present.  
  
It was our second anniversary and my husband had surprised me that morning with two dozen red roses and a large wrapped box. Without waiting to brush my teeth I tore the wrapping paper off. Inside was what my husband referred to as "the outfit."  
  
I didn't know what exactly to say as I held up the sheerest blouse I had ever seen in my life. "Don't worry. I bought you a bra to wear under it," he assured me. The bra turned out to be a lace chopper bra which was designed for display, not modesty.   
  
There was also a matching garter belt but no panties.   
  
Next I removed a spandex micro-mini skirt. It was so short I was certain it wouldn't cover my ass cheeks.   
  
I nervously looked in the box for the rest of my present and found a pair of FMs with 4" heels and a package of backseamed stockings. At the bottom of the box was a silk bolero jacket...everything was black.  
  
"Where did he shop at, Sluts-R-us?" I thought.  
  
"I bought you some make up to go with your new outfit." He handed me a bag containing a tube of blow job red lipstick, a matching bottle of nail polish, and enough blue eye make up for a cheerleading squad.   
  
Dying my shoulder length hair platinum blonde was my idea.   
  
So how did I end up in the lounge of a very expensive restaurant, dressed like a cheap street walker, surrounded by women in designer dresses and men in custom tailored suits? Simple. My husband held up two jewelry boxes and said, "If you wear the outfit tonight you earn the boxes."   
  
Rich had arranged for one of his co-workers to give him a ride in so we could drive home after our rendezvous in one car. That evening, just before he left work he called and instructed me to meet him in the cocktail lounge at six sharp. He assured me it was a dimly lit, romantic hideaway. Instead it was brighter than high noon and packed with predators in suits unwinding after work.   
  
I kept one hand on the back of my skirt when I walked into the bar to keep it from climbing too high on my ass and was extra careful when I sat on the chrome and leather bar stool. Within five minutes I had turned down half a dozen offers to buy me a drink...and a couple to rent me. The comments each rejected suitor made about the hooker with an attitude as they walked away were less than kind.   
  
It was now 6:20 and Rich still wasn't answering his cell phone. So there I sat, in a crowded bar, looking at my watch, getting angrier by the minute, and nursing my second vodka gimlet when a good looking man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me. Is this seat taken?" I was going to tell him I was saving it for my husband but, because I was pissed at him for being so late, turned around and said, "No, please sit down."  
  
"Hi, my name is Brian," he said shaking my hand.  
  
"Hi, I'm Sarah." He gestured for the bartender to refill my drink and ordered a martini for himself. We continued talking until the drinks arrived. I kept turning around to look for Rich while Brian and I got better acquainted. He hung on my every word.   
  
We were finishing our second drink when I noticed how far my skirt had crept up. It seems each time I turned around it rode up a little higher. I blushed in embarrassment when I realized Brian was staring at my bare flesh showing above the stocking tops. When I tried to pull it down he placed his hands on my legs--barely below the skirt's hem--and said,"Please don't. You have magnificent legs."  
  
I know I should have slapped him but, dressed like I barely was, I couldn't expect a man to treat me like a lady. "Thank you I stammered. But I really am waiting for my husband"   
  
Instead of moving his hands away, however, he began to play with the garters and said, "He's a very lucky man." I took a gulp of my drink.  
  
"He's also very jealous."   
  
"Then you had better watch for him," he replied as he slipped both hands up my skirt. I panicked and tried to turn away but he anticipated my move. He quickly stood and forced his legs between my knees. He then turned away from the bar, spreading my legs wide and causing my skirt to bunch high around my waist. I was now fully exposed to Brian. The cold air hit my pussy and sent a shiver up my spine. He was staring at my freshly shaved pride and smiled. Another shiver went up my spine.   
  
I finished my drink in two swallows. Brian signaled the bartender, who had been keeping a close eye on us, to bring me another. He didn't talk for the longest time...he just kept staring. I made no attempt to cover myself.   
  
I noticed a man standing behind Brian elbow his friend and point to my immodesty. I tried to stare them down but they never looked at my heavily made up eyes.   
  
Finally I looked at my watch. It was 6:45. "Okay, pussy on parade time is over." I tried to close my legs. Brian didn't budge. "I'm serious," I protested, "My husband will be here any..." I didn't complete the sentence because he started brushing my pussy lips with his fingers. I could feel myself getting wet as he ran his fingers up and down. His touch was so light, so exciting. I closed my eyes and tried not to think about the leering men watching me act like a slut.  
  
"He leaned forward to kiss me...I opened my mouth and sucked in his tongue. "You shouldn't have done that," I said before he kissed me again. He lifted me by the hem of my skirt and pulled it way up, exposing me to my waist. My naked ass was now on display to everyone behind me.   
  
"If you want me to stop all you have to do is say the word." But I couldn't speak...instead I leaned forward and kissed him. Someone behind me started playing with my ass. I grabbed Brian by the crotch and ran my fingers over his erection. My back door friend slid an ice cube up and down my ass crack. I hooked my heels onto the bar stool and leaned forward to give him easier access to my anus. I was soon rewarded with him slipping his finger in and out of me.  
  
Brian looked over my shoulder and teased, "Is that any way for a lady to behave?" He stepped to the side so my shaved pussy was now on full display to the crowded bar. "Don't move," he commanded.   
  
After a couple of minutes of watching me flaunt my shaved pussy Brian turned and ordered two more drinks. I didn't even blink when two men walked up and took several pictures with their cell phones.   
  
Brian took his time finishing his drink before he returned his fingers to my aching pussy. "Please make me cum," I begged. I felt like a dog in heat...I was losing all control as he shoved a couple in and began playing with my clit.   
  
"Unbutton your jacket," he commanded. I complied allowing him, and the group of men who were watching, to view my breasts. The sheer blouse hid nothing and the chopper bra really accented my rock hard nipples.   
  
"Magnificent. Now take it off," he ordered.  
  
I could not say no. I had it off in a second and was unbuttoning my blouse when I noticed in horror my husband making his way through the crowd. "Please, I begged. That's my husband."  
  
He waited until the last possible second to remove his fingers from my pussy, then licked them as I struggled to compose myself. A couple of seconds later Rich walked up to me and planed a huge kiss on me. "I'm sorry. I smeared your lipstick." he said. "Is he blind I thought as I struggled in vain to cover my naked breasts with one hand and pull my skirt down with the other.  
  
"I'm sorry I'm late. I hope you weren't bored." "No," I stammered. "Rich, I would like you to meet Brian. He kept me company." "Nice to meet you. How about I buy your new friend dinner for keeping my wife safe from lounge lizards?" I prayed he would say no. "Sure, I would love to."  
  
I excused myself to go to the ladies room while Rich got us a table. When I came out--with my makeup restored to extreme slut and my very public private parts as covered as the outfit would allow--the hostess directed me to our booth. It was set against the back wall and as well lit as an airport runway. It also was set up for me to sit between the two men facing everyone else in the restaurant.  
  
Rich gallantly slid out of the booth, stepped behind me and said, "It's warm in here so you won't need that." He grabbed the back of jacket and pulled hard...the single button offered little resistance as he tore my jacket off.  
  
"I'll be right back," my husband said as he walked away (I later found out he locked it in my car's trunk). Brian looked like he was going to drool as my breasts were fully exposed to everyone. I quickly slid in the booth and buttoned my blouse all the way up in a futile attempt to hide my nakedness. His hand immediately reclaimed my pussy.  
  
Brian waited until Rich was almost to the table before removing his fingers then offered a toast from the bottle of wine which he had ordered. "Happy anniversary to the happy couple--he stared at my breasts as he said it. As we clinked glasses Rich snatched the napkin which I had draped over my lap...there was nowhere to hide.  
  
I will admit that wearing a see through blouse gets you better service. It seemed like every waiter and busboy hovered over our table. I blushed as red as the wine as they stared at my breasts.  
  
Almost as if on cue Brian excused himself to go to the men's room. Rich wasted no time in slipping his hand behind me and pulling my skirt up so my naked ass was sitting on the cushion. Okay, just what the hell is going on here I thought. Rich usually goes nuts when a guy even looks at me and now he is practically stripping me in public.  
  
He leaned over, unbuttoned my blouse, fondled my nipples, and said "Truth or dare." "What?" "Truth or dare. What were you and your new friend doing when I walked in."   
  
"Uh-oh. I thought. This is it...he's going to start a fight. I'll take dare."   
  
"I was so excited to see you that I dropped my cell somewhere in the bar. The dare is for you to walk to the bar and ask every man in it if they have found it."   
  
"Please, anything else I begged."   
  
"Okay, then stand up and take your blouse and skirt off. You're eating dinner naked."   
  
"Fine, I'll do it."  
  
"And don't pull the skirt down. I want to enjoy the view."  
  
I passed Brian as I walked across the crowded restaurant...he smiled and licked his lips. Everyone was pointing and staring at me. The black skirt and stockings really made my white ass show. It must have taken me fifteen minutes to work my way through the crowd in the bar--the women were staring daggers at me and calling me a slut. It was easy to spot the married men...they pretended not to look and agreed with their wives that I was a whore while the single guys didn't hesitate to openly molest me. I can't begin to count how many hands went up my skirt. I was so wet my pussy lips offered no resistance to their probing fingers. More than a few invited me into the men's room for a quick fuck. By the time I found the guy who found the phone my pussy was dripping on the floor. For his reward I let him suck on my nipples.   
  
When I returned to the table the men were carrying on like they were old friends. "I ordered a filet mignon for you," my husband said. "Oh, and by the way, Brian told me how you came on to him and let everyone in the bar watch as he played with your bald pussy. Did you come?" I turned bright red. "No, I said sheepishly." "Good than I have the second part of your dare." "What! I protested. You didn't say there was a second part." "Second anniversary-second dare", was his response. "I propose a contest to see who can make you come first...and the winner gets to fuck you first.  
  
"No, anything else," I pleaded. "Okay, then get on your knees under the table and suck us both off."  
  
What the hell. I don't know why but I stood up, pulled my skirt down, and kicked it across the floor. "I don't fucking believe I am doing this." I spread my legs as wide as they would go and said "gentlemen start your fingers." My pussy was so wet that it only took about minute for me to come. Rich declared the contest a tie.  
  
I came so loud that the manager said he was enjoying the show but we would have to leave.   
  
And that's how I ended up breaking my marriage vow to forsake all others, twice, in the backseat of a total stranger's car while my husband watched. Rich insisted he go bareback so he could have a cream pie for dessert  
  
Later that evening, after he had sloppy thirds and fourths, Rich admitted he had been hiding behind some people and watching me in the bar for over fifteen minutes before he "arrived." He said I had made his every fantasy come true.  
  
PS. The diamond tennis bracelet and matching ring were spectacular.