**Stewardess Strips at a Machine Shop**

by[StewardessMasturbationFantasy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2087803&page=submissions)©

I am a US Airline flight attendant but what you wouldn't know from your flight with me is that I am an addicted exhibitionist.  
  
My husband understands this and has supported my exhibitionist fantasies that I sometimes act out on layovers.  
  
But he really surprised me one time by arranging a party with his friend who owns a machine shop just north of the San Antonio airport. When I asked him what that had to do with me, he told me I was to be the entertainment.  
  
"And what does your friend think I'm going to do to entertain and who is going to be at this party?"  
  
He said, "I told him how sexy you can be when you do certain things. I let his imagination fill in the rest but I want you to do this - for yourself and for me. I fantasize about showing you off and, come on, the exhibitionist in you will love it."  
  
Well that switch that tells people not to cross the line between reality and fantasy is very weak in me so I agreed to do it.  
  
It was a very unique setting to say the least - a rather large industrial space that I was supposed to transform into a strip venue. So I did my best but found out that plans had already been made to 'enhance' my performance.  
  
After I danced and stripped nude to music from a decades old radio, my husband gave me his "trust me" and along with three other men, lifted me onto a cork board table where my ankles were wrapped in black stretchy tubing that was attached to weighted cables.  
  
I like to think I'm in pretty good physical shape and I challenged myself to keep my legs together. I even pushed with my arms on my outer thighs but within just a few seconds my feet were a yard apart and the dirty Spanish talk started. They were most entertained by the quivering of my strained and helpless thighs as they watched the cables pull relentlessly out and up not only forcing my legs provocatively apart but raising my butt up off the corkboard, my breasts sliding up my chest towards my shoulders. I couldn't help but wonder if they had given much thought about the weight on the cables. Either way, they were probably pleased with the result.  
  
The strain was a bit uncomfortable but my middle school gymnastics pride did not let me complain. From the words I was hearing, I knew the extreme split of my legs was leaving nothing to the imagination as far as my ass and pussy were concerned. My husband comes around and leans down, the strong smell of beer on his breath, and whispers in my ear telling me how good I look.  
  
He's already slurring his words as he's not one known to hold his liquor, even light beer. He says, "You are so fucking hot with your legs tied and spread. What's it like having so many guys look at your beautiful wide open pussy? I fucking love it.!."  
  
Then he says to me, "Here, you'll love this."  
  
I didn't know what "you'll love this" meant but I quickly found out when he literally took matters into his own hands and reached down and started showing off my pussy even more, if that was even possible.  
  
He says to the guys, "Check this out" and I felt him pull the skin up off my clit completely unhooding her which spurred more Spanish dirty talk - el cono, puta, and la concha. My clit was pepita grande. Mexican men are especially good at dirty talk.  
  
Then with my clit still prominently displayed, he pinched my labia wings and slowly, teasingly, pulled them out, the discussion switching to the light pink shade of my stretched inner labia. Then another pull, this one wider, brings the dirty words all having to do with my vagina.  
  
He pulled my lips quickly out wider and let them snap-back. At home, he and I have fun with 'pussy snap' but I guess he felt compelled to have the same fun here, to the delight of men already enjoying the customized entertainment he was providing.  
  
The whole unexpected and involuntary showing of my pussy was unnerving because I felt a total lack of control but since I had agreed to do this so I felt I had to go along with it. I knew I needed to change my attitude and started thinking about how much I like to fantasize about strangers watching me masturbate and after all, I was pretty sure my husband wasn't going to do that for me that night, so it was going to have to be me. I thought I did come here to strip and masturbate and would have shared intimate views of my pussy. I just didn't envision it being done so graphically for me.  
  
So after I finally accepted that I wasn't going to get out of the cables, I relaxed and pictured what these men were seeing of my body. It helped to trigger the exhibitionist in me. My fantasy mind (along with the two shots of Tequila delivered by my husband) helped me to start masturbating. Once I did, it felt amazingly good from the start. I knew I was going to finger to orgasm.  
  
My husband was in rare form as he stood by my head saying how much he loved looking between my legs and seeing all these guys watching me masturbate.  
  
He kept saying, "Show 'em your pussy baby and show 'em that super clit of yours."  
  
I'll always be able to visualize in my fantasy mind the image of men standing around clutching their Lone Stars and encouraging me as I fingered sensually at first but then soon very deliberately and rapidly until I reached a wonderful exhibitionist orgasm.  
  
After I came, I dropped my arms to my sides. Exhausted and still quivering from the intensity of my climax, my orgasmed and contracting pussy still forced open and, I'm sure, on graphic display. Their dirty Spanish talk continued as I half passed out from a strong need to sleep.  
  
Looking back, the whole evening seemed more like a exhibitionist dream than something that really happened but my husband often reminds me of the talk that still surrounds the event - a real turn on now for my fantasy mind, the memory of it being something that I enjoy masturbating to.  
  
A couple weeks later, he asked me if I'd consider acting out a rape fantasy at the same machine shop. I just looked at him and said, "What's happening to your fantasy mind? You're serious aren't you?"  
  
He reminded me that we'd talked about it several times after he convinced me to masturbate for him and his poker buddies one night when I got in from a trip. He'd already poured a shot of fantasy releasing Tequila so it wasn't too difficult for him. For whatever reason, I come home horny from trips and needed a release and once I started dancing to a particularly good song I didn't want to stop. I looked at my husband who lips to me, "Keep going Baby!"  
  
So I did and danced and stripped nude. Being naked for my husband's late night poker buddies turned out to be more erotic than I thought it would be. I got off to my husband getting off on what I was doing. He directed me to sit on the ottoman in front of him and lean back between his thighs which had me facing his three friends.  
  
"Now spread your legs and tell these boys what you're going to do with your pretty pussy."  
  
I said, "I think they might be able to guess by now."  
  
He reiterated stronger this time, "Yeah but they want to hear it from you."  
  
I knew where he was going and it got me going there too. I told his friends I was going to masturbate for them. I talked while I was fingering and told them I was going to cum; that I wanted them to watch me. I had a most wonderful exhibitionist orgasm.  
  
I sunk into the ottoman and my husband's lap, the long day of flying and commute home catching up with me. I was way too tired to get up and get dressed. My husband caressed my breasts.  
  
It was different with him doing it in front of other men but it seemed right for the setting. I was content and felt safe lying in his lap. Someone got fresh beers and the conversation continued while my husband leaned forward and pulled my thighs back. He was showing my climaxed pussy to his friends. It was the last thing I remembered. I woke up when he was getting up to see his buddies to the door.  
  
The next day, he asked me if I enjoyed getting naked for him and his friends and I admitted that I did. Then he brought up the rape fantasy because he said that I seemed very comfortable with him caressing and touching me in front of his friends, who enjoyed greatly me sharing my sexuality with them but who all left in a serious state of horniness. He told me he was tempted to do more with me in front of the guys but decided against it because, one, I was pretty out of it, and, two, we hadn't discussed anything beyond me masturbating.  
  
I agreed with him and said it surprised me how comfortable I was with him playing with me in front of his friends; that I think I would have been OK if he had sex with me on the ottoman. I couldn't believe I was saying that but it was true. I think I realized that seeing me getting fucked by my husband might not be any more intimate than masturbating for them. Where was that stop button?  
  
About a week later, he comes to me and says he has a good idea. He wants me to consider a scenario that would involve the machine shop. He said it was a place we could use that was no one's private residence yet still private on a Sunday night when it was otherwise closed. It was a place I was already familiar with and it would be men, like his poker buddies, that I was familiar with. He insisted it would have to be more than his three friends for it to be a gang rape fantasy so some of the guys at the previous party would be there. If I was going to do this, it had to be worth it.  
  
I told him it sounded like it had already been discussed and he explained that seeing me bound and submissive on the cork-board table in the machine shop gave more than one man the suggestion that a rape fantasy would make an excellent party theme. I just stared at him knowing that he knew how my fantasy mind worked. It was racing ahead visualizing being taken and held against my will. I thought maybe my Amsterdam fantasy of multiple strangers in one night was fueling my increasing interest.  
  
So my husband coordinated it with his machine shop friend for a Sunday evening. It's when I return from my Amsterdam trip and I'd already be at the airport and near the machine shop and in my flight attendant uniform. He told me that they were very excited to know I'd be arriving in my uniform ... but this will be another story.