Susan - There and Back Again

by stevieraygovan©

~ ~ ~

Susan was the ultimate paradox: a shy, conservative...exhibitionist?

Yes, that about sums her up. Susan grow up in Savannah, Georgia. She was the

only child of well to do military parents. She was raised an army brat, in a

very conservative environment. Her father was a strict disciplinarian with very

firm ideas concerning proper conduct for a southern lady. Her mother was the

perfect southern belle of a wife...June Cleaver, only with a pronounced

subservience and a coquettish streak a mile long. Her warm, sexy "southern

nobility" accent completed the picture of the perfect "proper" southern wife.

It was Susan's mother who inadvertently planted the seeds for Susan's

exhibitionist bent. Yes, her mother was always right there with her incessant

patter about how a "proper lady" should behave but at the same time it was her

mother who was also always encouraging her to dress and behave so provocatively.

Whether it was the constant beauty pageants as a child or the fashion modeling

as a teenager or the push to always be the prettiest cheerleader Susan's mother

always imparted to Susan the idea that her beauty was a uniquely powerful and

even desirable commodity to show off to the world.

"A lady always stands straight and she crosses her legs when sitting," her

mother would say. It was always something like that.

Susan eventually began to ask herself, "Okay, but would a lady also kick her leg

up high and show off her panties to hundreds of boys (and even their fathers!)

at football games? Would a lady strut down a runway in a revealing dress,

showing her body off to leering men who are there to take her picture?" She

learned early on to never openly question her parents' guidance. They were her

parents, they knew what was best for her and she knew she couldn't win anyway.

So, maybe she couldn't question them out loud but nevertheless Susan wasn't

without questions.

Conflicting messages seemed to be the overriding theme of her upbringing. She

was apparently expected to be like a beautiful painting in a museum, or a fine

porcelain doll. She was to be off limits yet always on display.

~ ~ ~

Susan managed well enough as she journeyed through her teen years. She was a

straight A student and she was never allowed to date. Oh, lord no! Her father

would never allow such a thing! Susan would watch her friends flirt with boys

and she'd listen to them talk about their dating exploits and she cringed with

envy. The most she was allowed to do socially was the occasional formal dance at

the base, or maybe a prom date. Always though her "date" was hand picked by her

parents and always her "dates" were highly organized and closely chaperoned

affairs.

Still, there she'd be on Friday nights in fall, strutting her stuff on the

sidelines. Years of dance lessons, amazing genes and all the advantages of

moneyed privilege had given her just an astoundingly lithe body and a

beautifully idyllic look. Her face was Classic Brunette, flawless and heart

shaped with clear, blemish free skin, deep blue eyes and perfect white teeth.

She had dramatic cheek bones and an adorable little cleft in her sweetly angelic

chin. She had a perfect little button nose. Her hair was a luxurious cascade of

silky browns framing her gorgeous face. With her hair up she was the perfect

Evening Gown Girl. Loosen a few tendrils to let them hang down around her face

and she was the perfect teen date movie ingenue. Let her hair roam free and wild

and she was porn star (or cheerleader hottie) perfection. Her face had won her

many modeling contracts on its own but if her face was amazing in its classic

and chameleon like perfection her body was simply downright breathtaking.

5'8", 115 lbs...34D-22-34. She knew those numbers like her own name. They were

her resume. With her mother's prodding she was ever vigilant about maintaining

those exact numbers. Her modeling agent was none too subtle about it too.

Actually though that wasn't quite true, at least insofar as strictly maintaining

all those numbers. More and more lately Susan's agent had been subjecting her to

talk of breast reduction surgery.

"Runway models aren't built like pneumatic Barbie Doll strippers, babe!" her

agent would say. On that score however Susan was adamant. There was no way she'd allow anyone to take a scalpel to what she absolutely knew were her perfectly

formed breasts. Even among the other cheerleaders there was acknowledged envy

over Susan's amazing breasts. Every man (and many women) she encountered in her modeling career could barely tear their eyes away from her breasts. She loved

her breasts and even if it meant an end to her runway modeling career she wasn't

about to give them up.

She also wasn't about to stop showing them off.

"Besides," she giggled to herself, "my breasts are necessary to balance my big

ass!" She knew of course that her ass wasn't "big," at least not in the vulgar

"ghetto bootie" sense. According to the tape measure her ass was perfectly sized

for her trim, toned body. It was just so...prominent! All the other girls teased

her about her "bubble butt" and she knew how beautifully it stuck out from

watching herself in the mirror all those years in dance class. She knew she had

a world class ass and there again was another example of her contradictory

upbringing. Her entire life was seemingly spent shaking her ass while wearing

revealing clothing so she knew from experience the effect her spectacular ass

had on men. Her "tits," as he friends called them, her ass, her tiny

waist...she'd spent her whole life perfecting various ways of displaying and

even blatantly "offering up" her tight, curvy body! How un-ladylike! How many

other seventeen year old girls could say that, she wondered, and then she

wondered even more at the strict upbringing she was otherwise shackled by

compared to all of her less obviously "showy" friends!

"I'm built like a...like a slut! I'm always dressed like a slut! I even act like

a ritualized slut, all for the benefit of...who? My school? That's a laugh! We

cheerleaders, all we really do is offer up teenage...sex!"

Sex. That was a huge issue for her. It seemed that most of her friends were

having sex. They even bragged about it. They even "did it" at parties, sometimes

right in front of each other! Her parents would never let her go to parties and

she was still a virgin. She hadn't even touched a boy yet. The only remotely

sexual contact she'd ever experienced was being felt up by her handlers during

some of her modeling session wardrobe changes.

Susan sighed. She knew she wasn't normal. Looking at her high school landscape

and the way all her friends behaved she wasn't sure if she even wanted to be

normal. Sometimes she enjoyed being different. Sure, sometimes she wished she

could feel what it'd be like to give herself to all the people who stare so

lustfully at her. She didn't even really have a specific sexual desire, not

knowing any better; she just sometimes wanted to see what it'd be like to not be

so "proper." She liked the attention she received and she wondered what it'd be

like if she did more...if she showed more.

More often though she simply enjoyed being different. She was intrigued by the

idea of being something everybody wants yet nobody can have. Yes, she admitted

to herself, she liked that feeling of power. She had to admit it was just like

her mom said. It wasn't just her looks that made her unique. No, it was her

looks combined with the fact that she was unattainable. She'd come to realize it

was a lethal combination, in both directions. The self control she had to

maintain drove her crazy and it drove the world crazy too. She wanted more, they

wanted more. It was always going to be an uneasy détente. It didn't matter

though. Despite her misgivings about the mixed messages she was sending out and

the constant confusion she felt as a result of how she lived her contradictory

life she realized she couldn't simply reject who she was. She couldn't just

decide to be someone else.

She didn't know what she'd do about her situation, and that was also fine with

her. She didn't need to know just yet. She decided that one way or the other

she'd make her way in the world.

~ ~ ~

The next few years were a blur for Susan. To placate her family she stayed

relatively close to home by going to the University of Georgia, in Athens. She

didn't continue cheerleading or even modeling. She simply threw herself into

getting her degree as soon as she could. She did finally go on a few dates here

and there and she even allowed herself to enjoy some mild sexual situations with

a handful of different guys. She got naked with different men and she gave her

first blow jobs. She prided herself on being so good at giving head that she'd

keep her man happy. She discovered that she loved having her pussy eaten, and

even her asshole too. She remained a virgin though. She was that rare woman who

truly was saving herself for her husband. She quickly discovered that this fact

inevitably drove away her erstwhile suitors. No way were college guys going to

do without sex, she discovered, and they always made it abundantly clear to her.

Usually the guy would start off expressing his willingness to be patient but

that was always just a smokescreen. They figured she'd break soon enough, what

with her love for oral sex and her skimpy, revealing outfits. Susan was now a

college co-ed and one of the most beautiful women on campus and she certainly

did nothing to hide her beauty. In fact it was quite the opposite. Once she was

out from under her father's watchful eye her clothing became even more revealing

than it'd been in high school. This fact really drove the college guys insane.

The problem there was that once they'd become convinced she was serious and she

really wasn't going to have intercourse before marriage their tune would quickly

change and off they'd go. Too many other willing fish in the sea.

She was mostly fine with it. It allowed her to get her feet a little bit wet

sexually, without going all the way. She was learning about men, and sex. She'd

discovered orgasms, which she loved, both giving and receiving. Sure, it

frustrated her that guys who were supposedly "in love" with her would suddenly

drop her like a hot potato once they realized they weren't going to get laid.

She knew she had a lot to offer any man, above and beyond fucking! To console

herself she'd tell herself it was their loss, not hers.

In her senior year she started to see a guy who was in her broadcasting class.

David was a very mature guy and he didn't run away.

"No rush," he said. "Whenever you're ready."

In the meantime though they were going at each other like a couple of sex

starved badgers. Everything short of fucking, of course. David felt like he'd

hit the lotto by landing himself the hottest and most beautiful girl on campus.

He ate her ass, tits and pussy so much that for his birthday Susan gave him a

snorkel and a diving mask. David laughed once he realized the joke. On the other

hand Susan had also developed a near obsession with David's cock. She'd felt and

sucked a decent assortment of cocks by this time so she felt like she had some

frame of reference regarding her insatiable appetite for David's cock. It was

just different with David. She absolutely worshipped his cock. She loved how it

felt in her hands and between her breasts and she especially enjoyed the feeling

of it throbbing in her mouth. She could sit there for hours just mesmerized by

the act of sliding the smooth skin back and forth along his hard shaft. She

loved his circumcised cock head. She loved sucking him so much that it wasn't

unusual for them to watch entire tv shows together with his cock never leaving

her mouth. She loved it to death and she only wished it could give her even more

cum to drink. She would gladly drink as much as he could give her. She loved the

taste of his cum and she really loved the power she felt by making him cum.

Beyond all that they were also soul mates. David was everything she wanted in a

man and he was even willing to wait for her.

She'd finally found "the one."

David asked her to marry him and shortly after they both graduated together they

announced their engagement to Susan's parents. Susan's parents gave them their

blessing and they threw a huge wedding.

To Susan, again, the past few years were just a blur.

~ ~ ~

The first year of their marriage was everything Susan dreamed it would be. Their

wedding night sex was amazing and it only got better from there. They were

fucking like newlyweds for the entire first year. He couldn't keep his hands off

her and she couldn't get enough of his cock. She was constantly naked around the

house and with her incredible face and body he was in a constant state of

arousal. For their first wedding anniversary David took her on a cruise. They

talked a lot leading up to the trip and they decided to try to get her pregnant

on this trip.

They rarely ventured outside their cabin the entire trip and David poured load

after load into her unprotected womb.

They received the good news shortly after their return home. As soon as the

ultrasound revealed that they were going to be having a baby boy Susan

immediately went into "Expecting Mom Mode." For the next seven months Susan

became obsessed with preparing herself for childbirth, and for motherhood. David

continued about his usual business but he soon began to notice that his "hot

wife" was morphing right before his eyes into a baby obsessed soccer mom.

Whereas before they'd been nearly ravenous in their appetite for each other now

their sexual frequency was rapidly dwindling. Susan seemed so happy though that

David didn't have the heart to complain. He loved her very much and figured he'd

get his "hot wife" back after the baby was born.

Nope. Didn't happen. In fact things only got worse after the baby arrived. Susan

was no longer running around naked. Hell, forget naked, she wasn't even wearing

pretty things anymore. She was always wearing baggy sweats and frumpy "mom

clothes." Even on those rare occasions when he could drag her out to dinner she

was now wearing boring clothes. Following the birth of their son she'd worked

hard to get her body right back into jaw dropping shape so she still looked

great in her boring clothes but dammit, that's not who he married! He married a

hot woman, not a boring mom!

As time went by he retreated into his own hobbies while she continued to devote

all her attention to being a good mother. Susan and David still continued to

love each other and they still got along just fine but they were slowly growing

physically distant from each other. David in particular was becoming very

unhappy in their marriage. He felt that he'd become little more than a provider.

He still wanted to be a husband and he wanted to have a wife, not just a mother

for his child.

If Susan was aware of the growing distance between them she never let on.

Whenever he'd make a furtive attempt to bring up the subject of their lack of

sex she'd brush it off. She'd tell him to be patient with her, that this was

just a necessary phase she was going through.

Finally after months and months of a growing distance between them it all came

to a head one evening, at a company Christmas party. Susan looked good in her

classy black dress but it was Diane, the company's hot as fuck cougar of a CFO,

who was stealing the show. Everybody had been drinking and Susan had begun to

notice that Diane was flirting with David whenever David would leave her side to

go off and mingle. David would go to the bar to get a drink and there'd be

Diane, leaning on his arm, touching and laughing. David would disappear to use

the restroom and after he'd reappear Diane would abscond away with him to a more private corner of the room. Susan could see Diane leaning forward, intentionally flashing David her magnificent store bought braless breasts. When a slow song came on and Diane pulled David onto the dance floor Susan seethed with anger. When Diane very obviously pulled David into her crotch Susan had finally had enough. She marched over to where they were dancing and she pulled David away from Diane.

"Take me home! Now!" she hissed in a low, venomous voice. As Susan was dragging David away she caught Diane shrugging her shoulders at David, as if to say, "What a pity..."

The ride home was silent. Silence enveloped them when they went to bed. They

didn't speak to each other the next day either. Days passed and before long they

were at least speaking to each other again but it was just perfunctory speech.

Basic necessary civility, nothing more.

One night they were both sitting up in bed. He was reading a book and she was

watching tv. The room became silent.

"What's she got that I haven't got?"

Susan was looking straight ahead, having muted the tv. She just blurted it out.

"You know damn well that has nothing to do with anything," David said. "Besides,

I didn't do a damn thing. She just decided to flirt with me."

"I noticed you weren't exactly fighting her off."

"No, I wasn't. Why would I? It was just talking, and dancing. Lots of people

were talking and dancing. I didn't even ask her to dance, she just pulled me out

there."

"Lots of people were talking and dancing, but not with other women! You were

there with ME, with your WIFE!"

"Funny, how all of a sudden you remember you're my wife. I'm guessing Diane

couldn't even tell I have a wife."

"Like she'd even care."

Silence. More silence. Finally we went to sleep. Well, okay, we finally turned

off the lights and rolled over...facing away from each other.

Two more days passed in silence. It was late at night and we were again sitting

up in bed and the room suddenly became silent again.

"David, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything, for the way I've been neglecting

you."

She looked at me, tears in her eyes. She said, "Do you still love me?"

"Of course I still love you!" he said.

"I've been thinking about it and I realize that you're an attractive man. Of

course other women will want to flirt with you."

"That should've been you flirting with me, not Diane."

"But...but...we're married now. I shouldn't still need to flirt with you, right?"

David looked at her, hard. She looked shocked when he got out of bed and went

into the guest room and closed the door. He didn't return to bed that night.

The next morning David got up and got ready to go to work. When he went into the

kitchen Susan was sitting at the table. Her eyes were puffy and red and she

looked like a wreck in her frumpy old bathrobe.

"David, I..." she began to say.

David cut her off by leaving the kitchen. He went into the den and he grabbed a

picture off the mantel. It was a picture of them together on their cruise. She

was wearing a barely legal bikini and she was laughing as he was carrying her in

his arms. She looked happy as can be, and so did he. He then went into the

bathroom and he grabbed a little portable mirror. He walked back into the

kitchen and he placed the honeymoon picture in front of her, along with the

portable mirror.

"Look, and think about what you said to me last night. Really think about what

you were saying to me about our marriage with that statement. Think about what

we were, and what we've become." With that he turned and walked out the door.

His boss at work had been pestering him to take a trip west to one of their

other branch offices. He wanted David to spend a week slapping that branch into

shape. David went into work that morning and told him, "Fine, let's do it. Send

me out there." Delighted, the boss asked David how soon he'd be ready to go?

David told him to book the flight for the following afternoon.

David returned home that evening. Susan was playing with their toddler son.

David watched them together from behind a corner and he had to smile over how

beautiful they looked together. He loved Susan, of that he had no doubt. He

loved his son too. He just wanted his wife back. He went into the bedroom to

begin packing for his trip. Susan came in at that moment and she gasped when she

saw David packing.

"David! No!"

Suddenly realizing how it must've looked to Susan he chuckled and said, "No,

it's nothing like that. You haven't gotten rid of me yet. I'm just packing for a

trip Stan wants me to take to our office out in California."

"So soon? You're already packing? When are you leaving? Didn't he give you any

notice?"

"Susan, it was my choice. I leave tomorrow night."

"What do you mean it was your choice, and how long will you be gone?"

"I'll be gone a week. I asked him to send me. He's been bugging me forever to do

this and now seems like the right time for me to go."

"Why now?" she said, suddenly feeling very scared again.

"Susan, did you think about what I said this morning? Do you have any idea what

you're doing to us?"

"You think I'm not pretty any more, that's why you put the mirror in front of

me."

"Don't be silly, Susan. Of course you're still pretty. You're absolutely

gorgeous, which is what makes this marriage even more difficult for me with the

way it is now. The point I was making was I wanted you to take a good look in

the mirror at yourself. I wanted you to see who you used to be with me, and who

you've chosen to become. I want you to think about what our marriage means to

you, since apparently you think your role as my wife in this marriage ended the

moment you became pregnant. I'm going to be gone for a week and while I'm gone I want you to think long and hard about who you want to be in this marriage. Do

you plan on ever giving me back the woman I married or do you want to continue

being nothing more than a mother to our son?"

"Is this about Diane? Are you going off to be with her?" Susan was losing it.

"No, Susan, this has nothing to do with Diane, or any other woman. I don't want

any other woman. I'm not going there to be with any other women. I just want my

wife back. I want you to figure out what I have to look forward to for the rest

of my life and when I get back I want you to tell me what that is. If your

answer is that you can't or won't ever return to being the woman I married then

I need to know. One way or the other you need to tell me when I get back."

"Are you thinking of leaving me, David?"

"Susan, I want you to decide whether you've left me. You're the one who

abandoned me. I haven't gone anywhere. I just need you to think about it and let

me know whether that's your permanent decision. I'm sorry, Susan, but I never

signed up for this. I signed up for a marriage, not just fatherhood. If all you

want from me is to be a provider then yes, I'll leave you. I can cut you and our

son a check from anywhere. I don't have to be married to you to do that. I'll

still be there for my son but I'm not going to live the rest of my life like

this."

Susan stood there crying and he turned back to packing. The next day David

kissed her at the door, telling her he loved her. She was holding their son and

he kissed his son goodbye, telling him he'd be back soon and to be good. Susan

stood there shaking and crying. He squeezed her hand and told her again that he

loved her. She sobbed and said she loved him too.

They talked periodically throughout the week. They avoided the bigger issue and

instead spoke only of mundane things about work and the house. Each time they

spoke David told her he loved her and she answered him by telling him how much

she loved him. She told him she missed him and she wanted him back home.

At least they were talking, really talking, which they'd scarcely done over the

past year.

~ ~ ~

When David finally returned home he entered what felt like an empty house. There

was none of the usual noises from his son, the tv was off, nobody was talking on

the phone and he couldn't hear any appliances running. It was utterly silent,

which felt very ominous. He carried his bags into the bedroom and there it was,

a letter on the bed. A knife of sheer terror shot through him. Had he lost his family?

He dropped his bags and with a quaking heart he picked up the letter and read it...

"My Husband,

You can't imagine the depths of despair I've felt this past week whenever I've

thought about the possibility of losing you. You're not just a 'provider' to me,

you're my friend, my lover, my man...my cherished husband. I love you with all

my heart, David. I want to be your wife every day for the rest of our lives.

Yes, I also want to be the mother of our son but I now realize just how badly

I've neglected you and my role in this marriage.

I'm so sorry for what I've put you through, you have to believe me. I know it's

not fair and I understand if you don't believe me but I swear that I think a lot

of why I've acted the way I have ever since I got pregnant has to do with mom

and dad. You know how I was raised, David. I was raised to be a lady in society

and above all else to be a good, caring mother. My parents are wonderful parents

but they're hardly even 'married,' as most people think of marriage. Dad was

gone so often that mom basically raised me by herself and dad was just the

strong, steady hand to guide us when we needed it. Mom and dad really haven't

been a loving couple to each other for as long as I can remember. Mom told me a

long time ago that they once were a close, loving and passionate couple but it

stopped being that way for them about the time she became pregnant with me.

Sound familiar, David?

I can't blame my parents for this, I know that. I'm a grown woman and you've

never been gone the way my dad was always gone. You've been right here by my

side the whole time, loving me; trying to love me. I'm responsible for this mess

I've made, not my parents.

I'm so sorry I've done to you what my parents did to each other. I swear though

that if you'll let me make it right I'll again be the Susan you first fell in

love with, and we'll be happy together again. Please, David, give me the chance.

If you'll give me the chance here's what I propose. Think of it as a game, a

never ending game. Here are the rules:

-I promise to be fun and exciting for you again. I promise to be the 'Diane'

that's been missing in your life. I'll be the woman who dresses up for you and

flirts with you. I'll be the woman who makes other women want you. I'll be the

woman you want. Please, just let me love you again.

-Whatever you want me to wear, wherever you want us to be, whatever you want me to do, I'll do it. Please, just let me love you again.

-Anything you want, sexually, I'm yours. Anytime, anywhere, anything. I'll be

your 'hot wife,' David. I'll be your sexual slave. I'll give you everything you

could ever want from the Dianes of the world. Please, just let me love you

again.

I want you to understand something very important, David. This game I'm

proposing, these aren't things I'm only offering to do in an effort to win back

your love for me. Even if that's all it was about I'd still do it, I love you

that much. That's not what's going on here though, David. Everything I described

there, all those things I want you to do to me, all those things I want to do

for you...I truly want it, just for myself. I want it all, like we used to be.

Think back, David. That's how I used to be for you, wasn't I? I didn't need the

threat of losing you hanging over me to make me do those things, did I? What I'm

trying to tell you is that you won't have to twist my arm to get me to be your

'hot wife' again. Now that I've finally wakened from my emotional coma I

desperately want to be that woman again for you. That's who I was, and that's

who I am, David. I want your cock, I want your caresses, I want you to look at

me the way you used to look at me when we're out in public. David, I want my

husband! I want to be your wife!

Right now as you're reading this our son is staying for the weekend at

grandma's. I'm sitting here alone at our favorite table, at our favorite

nightclub. I'm wearing your favorite slutty dress...and nothing else. I'm naked

and wet underneath this dress. So, no, I'm probably not entirely alone. I'm sure

there are men hovering around me, trying to pick me up. If you don't come to me

right now, believe me, I'll understand. I'll understand that I blew it, and

you've made the decision to leave me. If however you're willing to let me be

your wife again then come to me right now and let us begin the rest of our hot

and sexy lives together.

Your very loving wife, Susan"

~ ~ ~

"Oh my god!" she said, screaming and jumping up from her table to throw her arms

around David. Crying with joy she rained a thousand kisses all over his face and

neck as he held her in his arms there in the middle of their favorite nightclub.

"Oh god, you came back to me!"

"You made a pretty compelling case for yourself," he said, smiling warmly at

her. He leaned in to kiss her, and she kissed him back hard, sucking his tongue

into her mouth.

"David, I'm so sorry!" she said over and over, in between kisses. "I promise you

I'll never neglect you again!"

"Don't think I won't hold you to that promise," he said, enjoying her frantic kisses.

"Please, David, I promise to be everything you want me to be. Just promise me

you'll never leave me!" As she was pleading her case she reached down and

stroked his hardening cock through his slacks. "Promise me you'll never take

this from me!"

"I've missed you, baby, I've missed you so much," he said, melting into her

arms. Their frantic kisses turned into slower, hotter love making kisses. She

was still stroking his cock when her waitress came by to drop off her drink

order.

"I see he came," the waitress said, smiling as she eyed Susan's hand stroking up

and down her man's obviously hard cock.

"Not yet, he hasn't," Susan giggled, slowly and theatrically pulling down his

zipper.

"Have fun, guys!" the waitress said, biting her lip before spinning on her heels

and disappearing back into the crowd.

"David, I can't wait any longer. I need you to fuck me!" She took him by the

hand and she led him through a side door, outside. They were in an alley off the

main street. People were walking by twenty yards away, out on the sidewalk. The

alley was dark but there was a single light bulb burning in the corner of the

alley. It illuminated them sufficiently to provide a clear silhouette to anybody

on the street who might happen to look down the alley towards them. Susan

quickly dropped to her knees and she pulled his cock out of his pants. Wasting

no time she hungrily pulled his cock to her mouth using both her hands. She

inhaled his entire cock into her mouth, moaning loudly as she sucked him in.

"God, I missed the feeling of your cock getting hard in my mouth," she said,

smiling wickedly up at him. She let go of him with her hands and she used just

her mouth to face fuck herself. She made loud slurping noises and her saliva was

dripping down her chin. She was ravenous on his cock and once he was completely

hard she gagged on it as she stuffed it down into her throat. She gagged, but

she didn't stop or even slow down. She was in a frenzy, choking herself

repeatedly on his cock.

"Later, for that," he said, pulling her to her feet. She looked at him with wild

eyes and he spun her around. She placed her hands on the wall in front of her

and then she leaned over and spread her legs. She quickly reached back and

pulled her short skirt over her hips, revealing her bare ass and her hairless

pussy.

"Fuck me, give me your hard cock, baby!" she said, humping her ass onto the head

of his cock. She screamed when he jammed it all the way inside her on the first

stroke, his hips slapping against her ass cheeks. Two teenage guys out on the

street stopped when they heard her scream. They looked into the alley and they

saw the shadows of the two people fucking against the wall of the building. They

hooted and hollered at David, telling him to "Rail that whore!" Susan looked

back at David and they both laughed hysterically. "Oh my god, they can see us!

People are watching you fuck me!" she giggled. "They're right though," she

added. "Rail your whore! Rail her good!"

"I'm gonna cum!" David hissed.

She spun around and grabbed his cock. "In my mouth! On my face! I want your cum! I want it! Give it to me!" She jacked his cock furiously into her open mouth,

begging him all the while to feed her his cum. When he finally started to shoot

she moaned and painted her face with it, sucking his cock into her mouth with

every other jet of pulsing cum. Finally his pulsings slowed and she sucked his

cock gently, deeply, pulling it out and rubbing it lovingly all across her face.

She loved spreading his cum across her face. God, how could she ever stop doing

that, the way she had over the last year or two? She realized once again just

how deeply she loved his cock and his cum and she giggled to herself that she

could very easily allow herself to become his full fledged cumslut. All he'd

have to do is ask. He didn't even need to ask, he could just point and shoot!

Reaching down to rub her slit, she also realized how good it felt to get fucked

again. She just wished she had his cum dripping from her pussy as well as from

her face. She licked her lips to take in more of his cum and she savored his

taste. She almost regretted letting him cover her face in it, she liked having

it in her mouth so much.

"Coulda given myself a lot more to taste and swallow if I hadn't also covered my

face with it," she thought gleefully to herself.

David pulled her to her feet and they hugged. She kissed him, giving him his own

taste. She always loved that he never minded when she did that. She also loved

that he would still go down on her after cumming inside her pussy.

"God, baby, I must've been crazy to let all this go. I missed this so much, I

love it so much. Thank you for giving it to me again," she said, kissing him

deeply and squeezing him tight.

They drove home together and they quickly stripped once they were in their

bedroom. Susan slid down onto her back and she spread her legs for him,

welcoming him home.

"Fuck me all night, baby. I'm yours, your Susan is all yours. Take your wife,

take her any way you want her." She pulled him down into her loving kiss and

they moaned together when his hard cock easily slid deep inside her like a hot

knife slicing through warm butter. "Welcome home, baby, this is your home, right

here, deep inside your beautiful wife's wet pussy," she moaned. Looking at her

was such a miracle again for David. She was crying, openly. She wept as he

fucked her; no, as he made love to her. She never looked more beautiful to him

than she did right then, her big beautiful blue eyes filled with tears, her warm

skin so soft to the touch, her beautiful legs spread open wide to welcome his

cock pumping in and out of her pretty pussy. His wife's pussy, he thought to

himself. The prettiest sight in the world would always be his wife's naked

pussy, welcoming him inside.

"Cum for me, please baby, fill my pussy!" she said, sticking her tongue into his

ear as she slid her hands into his ass crack. "I need to feel your warmth

spreading through me," she moaned. She slid her middle finger into his asshole

and he moaned into her mouth. "That's it," she said, "give it to me. Fill your

wife's pussy with all your hot cummmmmm!"

He exploded deep inside her, bathing her pussy with his exquisite warmth. She

grinded her pussy against him, moaning with joy when she felt him filling her,

feeding her.

"Oh yesssss, baby, that's what I want, that's what I need to feel, your cock

deep inside me, your cum filling me! Thank you baby, thank you thank you thank

you..."

She wouldn't let him leave her. She held him in place with her arms and legs and

she kept him inside her until she drifted off to sleep.

Hours later, he woke up. He was still on top of his wife and his soft cock was

still hanging on for dear life inside her pussy. He smiled to himself as he

looked down at her face. She was sleeping so sweetly. She looked so beautiful

with the moonlight caressing her soft features. Her long brown hair sparkled

with the moonlight sifting through the dancing shadows of the leaves outside

their bedroom window.

She opened her eyes and saw him staring down at her.

"I love my wife," he whispered.

She smiled and closed her eyes again, squeezing her pussy around his cock in

happiness.

~ ~ ~

"Baby, what's on tap for today? I know we've got that party at Steve's to go to

tonight but what about the rest of the day? Grandma's got the baby all weekend

so we're free to do whatever we want."

They were sitting together at the kitchen table. He was in his light robe, she

was only wearing a pair of tiny bikini panties. She hadn't gone topless or naked

around the house in years, he thought to himself. He hungrily eyed her tiny

panties. She smiled and said, "I'd be naked, but I didn't want to lose your cum.

These panties are helping me keep your cum inside me." She spread her legs for

him and sure enough there was a large wet spot in the crotch. She reached down

and slicked her finger across her wet spot and then she held her finger up to

the light. It was moist. She popped her finger into her mouth.

"I don't want to waste a single drop!" she said, smiling happily. "So, my

darling sexy husband, what would you like for us to do today?"

"I'm thinking we should buy you some sexy clothes for the party tonight and then

maybe since it's so nice out we should go down to the river and catch some sun.

How's that sound?"

"Sounds great to me!" she said, hopping up to go get dressed. Moments later she

came back wearing a light blue sundress. She was obviously braless and since

that was one of her oldest sundresses the material was very thin. The shoulder

straps were very narrow and the dress only came down to mid thigh. It buttoned

up from the bottom of the hemline all the way to the low cut neckline. She'd

left the bottom three buttons undone so that her dress was open to just below

her pussy. He could see her smooth, bare thighs and the moist crotch of her

thin, white panties when she lifted her feet into his lap.

"Buckle my sandal straps for me?" She smiled at him as he took in the sight of

her panty covered pussy. When he was finished securing her sandals she playfully

flipped her skirt at him and she said, "Thanks sweetie. Ready when you are!"

The first place they stopped at was a shoe store in the mall. Susan smiled at

him knowingly as she let him lead her into the store, her skirt flipping open

nearly to her crotch with each step.

"You've never shown me off so blatantly to other people before," she whispered

nervously. "If you're planning what I think you're planning I don't know that I

can do this."

"Why'd you put on that old sundress and why'd you unbutton it the way you did,

knowing we were going clothes shopping?" he asked.

"You said 'clothes shopping,' not shoe shopping!" she whispered. "I thought I'd

just be changing into and out of my dress. I wore it for easy access, and I

thought you'd like seeing me in it again! I wasn't planning on having you show

off my pussy though to some shoe salesman! We've never done anything like that!"

"You're still wet down there too," he added with a smirk.

"Damn right I am, and it's your fault too!" she said, punching him playfully in

the arm.

"You know I can see your pussy right through the material, don't you? It's so

wet that the white cloth has become transparent."

"Oh god," she moaned. "What would mom and dad say??"

"They were the ones who wanted you to be a cheerleader, right?"

"Yep!" she giggled. "For all their talk of propriety and the need for a young

lady to maintain her modesty they sure didn't seem to have a problem with some

cheerleader guy hoisting their daughter up above his head, his hand buried in

her panty covered ass! Okay, come on, let's do this before I chicken out!"

"That's my girl!"

"You just want to see my panties again! I just never would've guessed that you

wanted other men to see your wife that way too!" She was smiling now. She was

enjoying this new game.

"They can look all they want. They just can't touch," he answered.

"Sounds familiar enough to me," she giggled. "That pretty much describes my

entire life! Men looking at me, wanting me, wanting to see more, but never being

able to have me."

"You let guys touch you, you told me all about 'em!"

"Well, fine. Eventually I let some guys look and touch! I'm only human you know!

Besides, didn't it work out just great for you? You wouldn't have wanted some

girl who was completely clueless sexually, would you?"

"I'm sure you would've picked it up quickly enough. You're a natural," he said.

"A natural cock sucker, you mean," she giggled.

"That too," he agreed.

They walked around the store, checking out the merchandise. She was checking out

shoes, he was checking out the sales people. Making eye contact with her he

nodded first at the older salesman. He was a middle aged fat guy, albeit very

distinguished looking. She quickly shook her head no. He nodded next to the lady

sales person. She looked like Jane Hathaway from the "Beverly Hillbillies."

Susan laughed and held her hand to cover her mouth and she definitely shook her

head no. Next he nodded at the third and final sales person, a young pimply kid

of about eighteen. The kid looked very uncomfortable in his work clothes. His

pants were too loose and they were nearly falling off his skinny hips and he

looked like his tie was strangling him.

Susan giggled and nodded her head yes.

David moved over to her and then he guided them towards the young kid.

"Ummmm, may I help you?" the kid stammered, trying his best to maintain eye

contact with Susan rather than stare down her gaping top. It was touch and go

there for a moment but finally he was able to wrestle his glance up to her face.

"Those pumps over there in the window, may I try them on in red, in a size six?"

"Sure thing," he said, eagerly scrambling back into the back of the store.

"Sit here," David said to her. She sat down in a seat that faced away from the

counter, where the other two sales people might watch. David sat directly across

from her. She looked quickly around the store to make sure the coast was clear

and then she lifted her skirt and spread her legs, showing David her moist

panties.

"I'm absolutely drenched down there," she mouthed to him. "I can't believe

you've got me doing this! I'm going to leave a puddle in this seat!"

Just then the kid returned with the shoes. He kneeled down in front of her and

he slipped off her sandals. She leaned down to help him and when she did her top

gapped open to reveal her bare breasts hanging free inside her dress. From

David's angle he could see all the way down to her white panties. She looked up

and caught his eye and when she saw where he was looking she startled and put

her hand to her chest, holding the top closed. She sat back up and looked down

at the kid and he'd obviously seen the whole show. He was blushing and

stammering and she blushed beautifully too.

"Thank you," she said to the kid, kicking her sandals off her feet. Rather than

lean down again she let the kid slide the new red pump onto her foot. Holding

her foot up onto his bent knee he buckled the little clasp. Susan then switched

legs and he lifted the other leg onto his other knee. This knee was further away

from her foot so she had to lift her leg a bit to reach his knee with her feet.

With this movement David could now see her panties. She looked at him and he

smiled and she brought her hand to her mouth. She made an "Oh my god!" gesture

with her eyes as she looked at him.

"He looked at my pussy!" she mouthed to him.

"Can you blame him?" he mouthed back, from behind the kid's head. She continued

to hold her hand over her mouth and David could see her sort of snort and giggle

behind her hand. All the while the kid was still sitting between her slightly

spread legs, her one foot elevated onto his knee. He seemed frozen in place.

"See how they feel," David said. She got up and walked a few steps around the

store. She returned to her seat.

"I like them," she said. "Do you also have them in black?"

"I think so," said the kid. "I'll go check."

Once he was gone she looked up wild eyed at David. She pulled her dress up again

to show him her drenched panties. She pressed her finger into the center of her

slit and her pussy completely enveloped her finger through the panties.

"My pussy is completely soaked," she hissed to David.

"Yes it is. It's a beautiful thing," he said.

"He...saw it! He saw my pussy! YOUR pussy!" she added.

"That makes two lucky guys then here today, doesn't it?" he laughed.

"I can't believe you! You're positively evil!" she laughed back.

"You want to see evil?" he said. She looked at him. "I'll show you evil. Quick,

before he gets back, open up the top two buttons on your top and give me your

panties!"

"Are you insane?" she giggled. "He'll be able to see everything!"

"Baby, who cares? The point is I'LL be able to see everything, and we'll both

get to see everything through his eyes. It's perfect. He's totally harmless and

it'll make his day. It'll definitely make my day, seeing your bare pussy beneath

your pretty dress."

"Are you sure that's what you want?" she said. "I said I'd do anything you

asked...wear anything you asked. I'll do it if you want me to."

"I'm sure," he said. "Quick, before anybody sees you."

Susan quickly unbuttoned the top THREE buttons on her top and then she quickly

lifted her ass and pulled her panties down and off. Her top was now unbuttoned

to well below her huge, braless 34D breasts. Her panties were dangling from her

high heeled foot so she giggled and flicked her foot at David. Her panties

landed next to the shoe box, right by her feet. David went to pick them up.

"Leave them there," she said. She was looking at him, a challenge in her smile.

David sat back into his chair.

"You asked for this," she smiled.

The kid returned with the new shoes. He stopped and stared at her wet panties

lying on the floor. He looked up at her and she smiled sweetly back at him.

"You can keep them," she whispered. Susan then leaned down to unbuckle the red

heels. Her top gapped open completely and her bare breasts were staring the kid

in the face. As she pulled on the straps her breasts jiggled beautifully. She

quickly glanced up at David to make sure he was catching her exposure and she

stuck her tongue out at him when he briefly touched his hard cock for her. She

repeated her show when she removed the other shoe and she stayed down in that

position to help the kid slip on her new shoes. Once they were buckled she said,

"You know what, let me try one of each, just to see which one we like better."

So, down she went again and together they removed one of the new black shoes and together they replaced it with a red one. She looked down at her feet, one shoe

red, one shoe black, her bare breasts hanging deliciously just a few scant

inches from the kid's reddening face. Susan was obviously excited. Her large

pink circles were constricted and her raised bumps were very prominent. Her

nipples stood erect and proud. Briefly she reached up with her hand to brush her

breasts, making them bounce. The kid looked like he was about ready to lean in

and take her beautifully erect nipple into his mouth but then she leaned down

further to clasp her ankles together. In doing so she'd pressed her naked tits

into the tops of her bare thighs.

"What do you think, sweetie?" she said. "Do you like them?" They couldn't tell

whether she was talking to the kid or to David. For that matter they also

couldn't tell whether she was asking about her breasts or the shoes.

"Ummm..." the kid started to say, until David cut in with, "They look great,

honey. Fabulous."

"Which color do you like better though?" she asked. "The red?" and she leaned

back into her chair and lifted her foot up high, completely exposing her wet

pussy. "Or the black?" Now she lifted her other feet, making sure to move it

around the kid's head so as not to stab him with her sharp heel. In doing so

she'd completely spread her legs for his and David's benefit.

"Or maybe you'd prefer both together? That'd be an interesting look, don't you

think?" She put her feet and knees together and she lifted her feet high in the

air, wiggling them around together. The backs of her thighs and even her ass and

asshole were exposed. Her pressed together pussy was smiling up at David and the

kid from between her thighs. Even pressed together as they were her pouty inner

lips extended past her puffy outer lips. She was so obviously wet, to the point

that the backs of her thighs were shining with moisture beneath the harsh glare

of the store's lights. She was literally dripping. She sexily looked down around

her raised legs to watch the kid watching her as she reached down and swiped

some moisture from her pussy. The kid gasped.

"I think you're good for both," David said, shocked and thrilled at her brazen

display.

"Okay then," then said. "We'll take both sets!" She looked down at the kid,

expecting him to get up. He looked up at her with a pained expression.

"Oh, you poor sweet dear!" she said. "Here, use these," and she reached down and

handed the kid her wet panties. The kid looked around the store to see where the

other two sales people were and since the coast looked clear he jumped up and

ran into the back of the store. He was holding her panties over his crotch.

"Oh my god, he came in his pants!" she giggled.

"Again," David said, "can you blame him? I would've too, if I were him! You were

amazing!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying this," she said, smiling at him. She wasn't being

sarcastic. She really was glad since she didn't know for sure how'd he'd respond

to their first ever adventure of showing her off completely to someone else. She

was relieved that he took it so well.

"What about you?" he said. "You've gotta be enjoying this too. I can see how wet

you are."

"Knowing you're watching me, the both of us knowing I'm only doing this because

you want to see me like this, yes, it's driving me crazy. I've never shown off

like this before!"

"It was hot though, wasn't it?"

"Baby, I'm on fire. Yes, it was totally hot. I can't believe you had me do that

where someone else could watch me but thank you. I loved it."

"Are you wishing we'd done stuff like that before?"

"You know I would've, for you. My parents would disown me if they ever found out

I was showing my naked pussy and my naked breasts to strangers but you know I

would've done it for you if you wanted me to."

"That's not what I asked," he said, smiling his own challenge back at her.

"Okay, fine. No, it doesn't bother me that we didn't do it before. No regrets. I

was happy with how we used to show me off. I've always liked showing off, even

before I knew you. I was raised to be a show off, you know. I'm glad though that

we did this now. It's not important that we didn't do it before. What matters is

what will make you hot for me now."

"It also matters that it makes you hot too, you know," he said.

"I know, and it does. Of course it does. I just showed myself to a total

stranger, right in front of you. All I ask is that you don't turn me into a

total slut, okay? I only want to be with you. I don't mind if you want to show

me off. I love it, I really do, but please don't let it go beyond that. Please

don't let other men fuck me. You know I'll do it for you if that's what you

really want but I don't want any other men to have me. My pussy belongs to you,

only you."

David was nodding to her and he was about to speak when the kid returned.

"I'm...sorry about that!" he said, barely a whisper. "You can have the shoes for

free, okay? Just don't report me, please?"

"Sweetie, we wouldn't dream of reporting you!" she said, reaching down to cup

his chin as he looked up sheepishly at her. "You're fine. Thank you for the

offer but we'll pay for the shoes. We don't want you to get in trouble. You

didn't do anything wrong. You were sweet."

Looking up at her with adolescent wonder he said, "Thanks! Uhh, thanks!" He rang

us up and we were on our way.

Next up on the agenda was an outfit for the party later that night.

"Honey?" she said to David, "Why don't we skip the clothes shopping and just

head home. I have an idea of what I plan to wear tonight. I'm sure you'll

approve. We can just lay out by the pool, we don't need to go all the way to the

river."

"Fine by me. Whatever you want," he said.

They were both laying out by the pool, David naked and Susan topless but wearing

a tiny thong. They both loved the little thong tan line she'd get at the top of

her ass and over her hips and pussy. Sometimes she'd maintain a little landing

strip, which looked awesome against her thong shaped tan line. Other times, like

right now, she was shaved completely bare. They both loved either look on her.

The doorbell rang.

"Expecting anybody?" she said.

"Not that I can recall," he said. He got up to put on some shorts and then he

answered the door. A minute later he was back. "It's the flooring guy. He says

you made an appointment with him a couple weeks ago to come out and re-do our

kitchen floor."

"Oh, shit, I did," she said. "Sorry, I completely spaced."

"Understandable. You've had a lot on your mind lately," he said, gently.

"Yeah, I have," she smiled back at him, grabbing his crotch. "A whole lot."

"Want me to get rid of him?" he said.

"No, it took forever to get him out here. I'll see him. We need a new kitchen

floor. Our old floor is hideous. Tell him I'll be there in just a minute. Go

grab me a top though first, 'kay?"

David ran into their bedroom, using the side door off the patio. He grabbed the

first top he found and he ran back out to her and tossed her the top. He then

went into the house to tell the guy his wife would be there in a second. A few

moments later Susan walked in. Dave didn't see her enter the kitchen since he

had his back to the entry way but from the reaction of the flooring guy he knew

she must've come into the room. The guy's face went slack and all he could do

was stammer an hilarious "Uh...hell...hello!" Susan smiled and offered her hand,

saying, "It's Eddie, right? You're Eddie, the guy I talked to from the flooring

company?"

David turned to acknowledge Susan's entrance. She smirked at him, letting him

know he was a dumbass. "Nice choice! Jesus!" she quickly mouthed to David.

Susan stood there in the kitchen wearing nothing but her tiny white thong bikini

and a threadbare cut off t-shirt that she usually only wore to clean the

bathrooms. It was a relic from her college sorority days, a joke of a top that

her future sorority sisters made for her to embarrass her during a pledge week

dare. She had to wear that top outside to wash their cars, right in broad

daylight on the front lawn of their sorority house. It had been doctored by the

girls to where it only came down a few inches below her huge breasts. Her

breasts were so large that the bottom edge of the material draped out and away

from her flat belly by a good six inches. They'd also trimmed the neckline and

the armholes down to a nearly obscene degree. The sides of her breasts were

nearly completely exposed and the neckline was cut so low and the shoulder

straps were cut so narrow that only her large aureloa and nipples were covered.

The shirt was so old and beat up that it was also fairly see through, even when

dry. Wet, it was completely transparent.

Her sorority sisters thought it'd be a real hoot to make the rich debutante

chick with the porn star body have to wear that ludicrous top around a bunch of

horny frat boys. Oh yeah, they also added the word "SLUT" to the little shirt,

in bright red script...right above her left nipple.

That was many years ago. She kept the shirt as a joke and she ended up using it

for dirty house work when she was all by her lonesome. David had seen her wear

it a couple times but that was it. That shirt was already fairly old and

threadbare back when the sorority girls made it for her. Now, years later,

following a million more washings? It was pure erotic comedy. In fact she only

wore it these days as a means to have a little fun distraction whenever she had

to do drudgery work. Just wearing that top always made her laugh, especially the

"SLUT" moniker.

Now here she was, standing in her kitchen in her "SLUT" top and a thong bikini

that offered far less coverage than most of her panties. She was standing there

practically naked in her kitchen, talking to some shlubby middle aged flooring

guy. To top it off her goofy husband was right there smirking at her!

This was getting to be absurd, she mused to herself.

"I didn't know," David mouthed back to her. She rolled her eyes at him.

"Whatever," she thought. After her performance at the shoe store this would be a

piece of cake.

Susan and Eddie talked business and David sat at the kitchen table listening and

watching. Eddie would get down on his knees and point out something about their

kitchen floor and Susan would bend down too and together they'd point and debate

back and forth. At one point Susan caught David staring at her and smirking at

Eddie. He raised his eyebrows at her in challenge and she smiled and blew an

answering kiss back at him.

"Okay," she thought to herself. "He wants a 'hot wife,' I'll give him a 'hot

wife!'" She stuck her tongue out at him again and then she joined Eddie down on

the kitchen floor. She tucked her knees beneath her and she leaned over across

Eddie's lap to look at his clipboard diagrams. Eddie couldn't help but look

right down her top and with the way Susan was leaning on only one hand her top

had shifted and one large breast was completely exposed. Susan pretended not to

notice, and so did Eddie. Eddie continued rambling on about square footage costs

and up charges for different materials. When he started talking about the

shaping of the tiles in the irregularly shaped corner of the kitchen over by the

kitchen table where David was sitting Susan scooted on over on her hands and

knees to where Eddie was pointing. She looked up at David and smiled as she

approached him and then when she got to the kitchen table she lowered her upper

body to slither herself into the corner of the kitchen. She was on her hands and

knees, her legs spread, her ass high in the air and her bare breasts completely

exposed from behind, hanging down outside her tiny top.

"Are you talking about these tiles, these triangulated ones?" she said, looking

back over her shoulder at Eddie. She was poised in her sexiest position, ass

high, legs spread, holding herself up with her hands. Her huge tits were hanging

down below her silly top and her thong was wedged deep into her ass, baring her

entire ass to Eddie. She reached back to pull the string out of her crack, to

reposition it. Eddie and David were both treated to a quick but explicit glimpse

of her thong tan line, her pink asshole and her beautiful pussy slit.

"Yeah, those tiles. I gotta charge a little more because everything has to be

hand cut to fit that corner."

David had to hand it to the guy. Somehow the guy was maintaining his cool. He

had the perfect ass and the huge pendulous tits of a young hot wife porn star

staring him in the face and still the guy was able to maintain his professional

decorum. David wondered what might happen though to the guy's professionalism if he weren't there? For that matter David also wondered whether Susan might put on a similar show for the guy if he weren't there? Considering Susan's lifelong

penchant for exhibitionism it certainly made for an interesting thought.

Eventually Eddie said he had to take some measurements and that he'd be back in

a few minutes with his work stuff. He told Susan and David that he'd need about

a half hour to do the measurements and to come up with her best price. Susan

offered to help him move the kitchen table and chairs out of the way and she

even stated doing it, which again made for an absolutely amazing sight as he

bare breasts continually bobbled in and out of her tiny top. Eddie laughed and

said thanks but he could handle the physical labor and he'd call them back into

the kitchen when he was done.

Susan and David went back out to the pool, to continue their sunning.

"Smooth move, Ex-Lax!" she laughed, once they were alone outside. "Could you

have picked a more obscene top for me??"

"Hey, I was in a hurry! I just grabbed the first thing handy, which I found

sitting atop your dresser. I didn't even look to see what I grabbed!"

"Of course you didn't," she said, smiling at him. "C'mere." She motioned him

into her arms and once she had him on top of her she kissed him and said, "It's

okay, honey. That was fun. If you want to keep showing me off then I guess I'd

just better get used to it, huh?"

Laughing, he said, "Baby, I'm serious! I didn't mean for that to happen. I

didn't know he was coming over, I didn't know what top I grabbed, I didn't know

you'd come walking in bare assed with your awesome tits hanging out...it was all

an accident!"

"I know, I know! I'm just teasing you, sweetie! I could've easily gone into the

bedroom and thrown something else on. He would've waited while I throw on a

normal top and some normal shorts. I did that for you, obviously! You enjoyed

it, didn't you?" She was leering at him now. She had zero doubt about whether

he'd enjoyed it or not.

"Here," she said. "Since we have a half hour before he needs us let's go back to

what we were doing when we were so rudely interrupted!" David climbed off of her

and she rolled over onto her stomach. She pulled her top over her head and

tossed it to the side. She was naked again on her stomach, excpet for her tiny

thong.

"Why don't you rub some sunscreen on me?"

"Susan, you know he can see you if he just looks out the kitchen window, right?"

"Yeah? So? You like that idea, don't you?" she said, looking up at David. He

knew she had him there. "That's what I thought," she said, lifting up to reach

the bottle of sunscreen. She reached back to him, handing him the bottle.

David set about rubbing the cream into every available nook and cranny of

Susan's body. Susan moaned appreciatively no matter where he stroked her but she responded especially favorably whenever he'd run his hands beneath her to cup

her breasts. She also would arch her back and raise her ass to him whenever he'd

stroke her ass or pussy. Every so often he'd glance over at the kitchen window

and sure enough, often as not Eddie would be sneaking peeks at them.

"Don't look now but we have an audience," David said to her.

"Oh really? Ol' Eddie just couldn't resist looking, huh? How much do you plan on

showing him?"

"How much do you want to show him?"

"It's your call, baby. I told you the rules. It's up to you. I'm your 'hot

wife,' I'll do whatever you want me to do, remember? I'm fine if you don't do

anything more. I'm fine if you fuck me right here in front of him. Always

remember that, baby. I'll be whatever you want me to be."

"I know," he said. "Thank you. You're perfect, you know that?"

"No I'm not, but thank you for saying it. I love you so much."

"Sweetie, just go ahead and enjoy your sunshine. No need to go overboard. Thank

you for everything so far. You're just amazing." He leaned down and kissed her

back and she purred. He rolled over to his own lounger and together they both

dozed off.

A little while later Eddie was calling to them. They woke up and David walked

into the kitchen. Susan sat up for a moment, gathering her wits about her. She

stood up and started to follow David into the kitchen when she suddenly

remembered that she was topless. She stopped and leaned down to pick up her

silly little top. She started to put it back on and then she just laughed and

said screw it. She dropped the top back onto the table and she walked topless

into the kitchen.

"Woah!" Eddie exclaimed. David laughed out loud and applauded!

"Whatever," she said. "It's not like you guys haven't already seen me anyway.

That top you gave me was pretty much useless." She poked David in the ribs and

then she sat down in his lap, wriggling her naked ass against his hardening

cock. He wrapped his arm around her.

"So, Eddie, what did you come up with?" she asked.

Amazingly enough Eddie gave Susan a much lower price than he'd originally quoted

her. Imagine that!

"Eddie, how long will the job take and how many people will be here doing it?"

she asked.

"We'll get it all done in one day. It'll be just myself plus one other guy. If I

tell him you'll be here he might even show up on time too!"

"Oh, I'll be here, with bells on!" she said, smiling at them both.

~ ~ ~

That night Susan and David went over to their friend Steve's parents' house for

a holiday party. All their friends were there, plus all of Steve's relatives.

Steve always had a crush on Susan and for that matter so did Steve's father.

Susan had always been flirty and playful with Steve. Knowing how much Steve and

his father loved to flirt with her she always dressed especially sexy whenever

she went to their house. Since this was a holiday party she stepped it up a bit

with her latest outfit. Knowing that Steve's mother would also be there, along

with Steve's grandparents, she did have to keep it toned down somewhat.

Still, she was a knockout. She wore her hair down and she wore some large hoop

ear rings. Her skirt was a red peasant design that came down to mid thigh. It

was an elaborately frilly wrap around skirt with the split displayed over her

left thigh. It was loose and flouncy and she looked absolutely spectacular in it

but it wasn't overly short or revealing. She still felt sexy in it though

because she was pantiless and her new red heels only made her long, smooth legs

and her incredible ass look that much more outstanding. It was the top though

that was really hot. It wasn't actually meant to be worn as outer wear. It was

lingerie. It was a tight white belly shirt made of gauzy stretch lycra. It had a

lace pattern which only somewhat obscured her braless breasts. The top was

fairly low cut but it didn't need to be especially low cut to do the job since

it was already semi sheer. The tiny spaghetti straps left her tanned arms and

shoulders deliciously bare. She wore a single silver bracelet around her right

bicep. The back of the stretch lycra half shirt contained much less of the type

of opaque lace embroidery that helped to keep her at least somewhat decent in

front. It was completely see through in back, which is why she couldn't wear a

bra with it.

Between her long raven hair, her hoop ear rings, her wild peasant's skirt and

her belly baring stretch lace top the overall effect was that of a super sexy

gypsey woman. Perfect.

The party was a huge success, with loads of great food, laughter and dancing.

Steve and his dad nearly went into cardiac arrest when Susan danced with them

and even Steve's mother told everybody who would listen how beautiful Susan

looked. Steve's too old to give a fuck grandmother went so far as to blatantly

cup Susan's breasts and bobble them for everybody's amusement. She then said in

her thickly Italian accented English, "Now this is a beautiful-a woman and

these-a are a real woman's a-breasts!" Steve's mom bellowed out, "MOM! Take your hands off the pretty girl's breasts! Did you even ask for her permission to play

with them?"

And so it went. Susan was beaming all night. She was definitely the belle of the

ball. She could barely find a moment's rest, so many people wanted to dance with

her.

Finally the party started to wind down until the only people who were still up

were Susan, David, Steve, Steve's father and a friend of Steve's named Joel.

Everybody was playing a board game and Joel kept teasing Steve about how he

couldn't pry his eyes off of Susan's breasts long enough to pay attention to the

game!

"Awww, lay off poor ol' Steve," David said. "She's decent. It's not like you can

really see anything. Only the back of her shirt is really see through. Besides,

do you blame the guy?"

"Yeah, chimned in Steve's dad. "What are you, a half a fag?"

"Actually I was wondering about her top," said Joel. "The way her top is made,

I'm kind of wondering if she doesn't actually have it on backwards?"

"What do you mean?" said Steve.

"Well, look at it," said Joel. "The back of the shirt is higher than the front,

and look how the straps taper down in the front vs. how they taper down in the

back. Usually with a belly shirt the back part is lower and the straps taper

down and widen more in the front."

"That's true," said Susan. "Also this top came with no tag. Maybe you're right,

maybe I do have it on backwards."

"Switch it around and see," I said.

"Okay," she said. She went to the bathroom and she came back a minute later with

her shirt spun around. Now her neckline was higher and more of her back was

exposed but her bare breasts were staring right at us from beneath the totally

see through white lycra.

"Let's see the back," said Steve. She turned around and everyone added their two

cents as to how it looked.

"So, which way is better?" she asked everybody.

"Let's see it again the way it was," said Joel. She took off again. A moment

later she returned and her top was back in its original position.

"Well?" she said, looking down at her breasts and then at everybody's faces.

"I'm not sure which way is right but I think it looks best the other way," said

Steve, smiling like a gibbon.

"Yeah, I think it's okay to wear it either direction," said Joel, sharing in

Steve's glee.

"I'm not sure either," said David. Susan laughed and then she leaned down and

punched him playfully in the chest.

"Try it one last time the other way," said Steve's dad, pushing it as far as

she'd let 'em push it.

"You guys are impossible!" she laughed. "Oh, whatever..." Rather than do another

lap back and forth to the bathroom she simply turned her back to the men and

reachng down she crossed her arms and pulled her top up and over her head right

there in front of them. Unfortunately for her she was facing their glass patio

door and everybody could see her bare breasts in the reflection of the glass.

Her breasts juddered beautifully when she managed to pull the top over her head

and with the way she had her back arched her pouting breasts sat up perfectly on

her chest. Her nipples were bullets and she caught David's reflection in the

glass. She smiled mischievously at him. She cocked her sexy hip and then she

took her time looking for the mysterious missing tag in the top. Lifting the top

up and looking through it, turning it this way and that way, at last she

appeared satisfied that indeed there was no tag to be found. Defeated, she

finally gave up and pulled her top back down over her head. Turning back to the

group before she even had the shirt pulled down completely she treated the men

to a tantalizing shot of her bare bouncing breasts before she managed to pull

the top completely down. Not that it mattered though since her top was again on

backwards and therefore completely transparent. Her aureolas were shining

through to such a degree that she appeared to be topless. Her nipples were so

erect that her top only managed to exacerbate her sexy ouevre. It merely

highlighted rather than obscured her gorgeous treasures.

"I think I'll just leave it like this, okay? This way seems to work fine. It's

more comfortable this way too," she said. She was smiling at the men, enjoying

this game like no other. These guys were all so sweet and they all had to

pretend like absolutely nothing was going on even as they were all staring at

her deliciously bare and very taboo breasts.

This was the very definition of her, laid bare: beautiful beyond compare while

also being utterly unattainable.

It was after 2:00am now and Joel said he needed to hit the road. Steve's dad

bade everybody a good night and Susan gave everybody a big hug. Steve, David and Susan adjourned to the den to watch some tv. Steve laid on the floor at the foot of the couch and Susan and David sat together on the couch.

After a few minutes Susan climbed up into David's lap, facing him and straddling

him. She was just beginning to kiss him when Steve turned back to ask them which

video they wanted to watch.

"You pick it this time," said Susan, never looking back at Steve. Steve popped

in a funny old Van Halen tape and he settled in to watch it. Meanwhile Susan had

settled in for a serious make out session with her husband. She was still

straddling him and Steve's feet were up on the couch since he was laying on the

floor right below them.

Before too long David pulled Susan's top up over her breasts and he was sucking

on her nipples while she made circles across his crotch with her bare ass

beneath her peasant skirt. She took David's hands and pulled them to her ass.

"Touch me," she whispered. She looked back down at Steve, who now appeared to be asleep. Smiling at her husband she pulled her top completely off and she reached down to release his cock from his jeans. Pulling his mouth back onto her breast she lifted her pussy up onto his cock and she impaled herself on it. She giggled when Steve's foot slid acros the couch and kicked her in the ass and then she leaned down and whispered to her husband, "Fuck me, baby. I've been so horny all day and all night with all this teasing, just fuck me now, please."

She rose up on her knees and she slammed herself down onto his cock. He tried

not to groan out loud and she buried her face into his shoulder to help silence

her scream.

"Fuck, baby, your cock is so hard inside me! I fucking love you cock! Can you

feel how wet I am for you?"

Feel her? He could literally hear how wet her pussy was! With every dropping of

her hips onto his crotch her pussy would make a sweet little squelching noise

when his cock would hit bottom. Up and down she went, imploring him to keep

squeezing her ass as she fucked him.

They'd been fucking for about five minutes when Susan noticed movement to her

left. Looking over her shoulder she saw Steve's dad in the kitchen. He was

getting a glass of water and she pretended like she hadn't noticed him.

"Steve's dad is watching us," she said to David, kissing him and whispering into

his mouth. Still she kept fucking her husband.

"How do you know? Where is he?" said David.

"He's in the kitchen. I saw him go in there to get a glass of water and with the

nightlights they have in the kitchen I could see his face. He was watching me

fuck you. He doesn't know I saw him." Arching her back and cupping her breasts

she leaned back and chanced another quick glance into the kitchen. She turned

back to David and moaned into his mouth as she twisted her pussy on his

throbbing cock.

"He's still there. He's still watching us."

"What do you want to do?"

"Just keep fucking me! I don't care who sees us, we're married! Just never stop

fucking me!" Susan started to slap her ass violently up and down on David, who

helped her by taking her by the hips and tossing her up and down like she was a

rag doll.

"I'm going to cummmm, baby, make me cummmm!" she moaned, this time out loud where anyone could hear her. David felt his own orgasm building and he began to pump harder into his hot wife, slapping her ass as his sap was rising up his shaft. The squelching sounds of her pussy were getting louder and so were the

slapping sounds of their bodies banging together. With a long, loud squeal she

enjoyed a gorgeous cum when she felt his cum filling her pussy. Without looking

back to the kitchen or down to the floor to Steve she flopped down on the couch

in a spoons position with David. Topless and unconcerned she pulled a blanket

over them and she pulled him tightly against her body as their breathing

returned to normal. He leaned down and kissed her eyes, her cheeks and her lips

and she reached back to hold his head against her face.

"Thank you for finally coming home, baby," he said, kissing her lips.

Looking at him and seeing the love in his eyes she began to softly cry. "David,

I'm so glad to be back. Thank you for letting me come home."

He held her and kissed the tears that ran down her cheek. He whispered to her

and she touched his face. Their breath softed and deepened and together they

finally fell asleep.

Susan was home again, warm and happy in her husband's arms.

~the end~