**Tangerine Orange Dress**

by[Mrbojangles10999](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1735386&page=submissions)©

**Tangerine Orange Dress Pt. 01**

*The tangerine orange dress was incredible.*
It wasn't too tight, but it was snug enough to make obvious her large teardrop shaped breasts, narrow waist, flat tummy and sultry hips. It was made of some whispy, expensive-looking material. I'm sure the material would be sheer if it weren't for the orange slip she wore beneath. It had a high neck and long sleeves, even though it was clearly so thin and light that it was meant for warm weather.

She wasn't wearing a bra, so the enticing bounce of her large C-cup breasts as she walked was impossible not to notice. Even with the slip, the shape of her semi-hard nipples poking against the very smooth hang of the fabric against her body was obvious and tantalizing.

The best part of the dress was that it was short, too short. When standing here in front of me in her high heels, this incredibly sexy, though otherwise skin-covering dress, hung to just barely below her crotch. Her toned, medium-brown legs seemed to go on for miles and miles from her lovely high heels, up her toned calves and firm thighs before disappearing behind the dark orange whisp of the dress.

The result of all of this, with so little actual skin visible above her legs, but the teasingly thin material making the naked body beneath easy to imagine, was, like I said before, tantalizing. You just knew that she was naked underneath, even though you couldn't see any actual flesh - except of course for her legs, all of her legs.

"I told you that this was too short," Valentina broke the silence.

"I can't wear this around town. This is only for vacations where no one knows us... or around the house," she finished alluringly.

She was right, of course, This was the sort of dress that would cause men to turn their heads to gawk and either end up walking into something or perhaps getting slapped by their own wife.

I also knew that she rarely wore panties. She wanted to avoid panty lines. I had my own reasons for supporting her decision. With how short this dress was, she would be giving an eyeful to anyone lucky enough to be looking when she sat down or crossed her legs. There would be no way to avoid it.

Of course, being the horn-dog that I am, all of this made my dick incredibly hard.

She looked at me. I hadn't answered her comment from before.

"Panty check," I commanded. This was an old saying I had with Valentina from early in our marriage. It was, quite simply, a sexual command for her to lift up the front of her skirt of dress so that I could confirm that she wasn't wearing panties.

She was very obedient to sexual commands. With a smile, her hand came across her body and fingers wrapped the hemline just in front of her barely hidden pussy. The dress was so short that she didn't have to lift much. If I hadn't been hard before, than I certainly was now. She stood before me, everything like I described before about the shape of her incredible body teasing from below the thin, orange material. But now, with her hem held up, revealing her perfectly manicured, landing-strip dark brown pussy hair. The black color of her trimmed landing strip contrasted nicely with the cappuccino brown of her skin.

She smiled sexually as I stared. Even with 14 years of marriage, Valentina was such a sensual woman, and had taken such incredible care of her body, she could get me aroused, and I mean very aroused, this easily.

"Turn around," I now commanded. She dropped the hem of her dress and obediently spun her body around, looking back at me over her shoulder.

"Does my ass look good?" She asked.

My eyes, the bulge in my slacks, and I'm sure what must have been a stupid stare down towards her round ass cheeks was all the answer she got.

The view from the back was just as good as the view from the front. The orange material of the dress hung off of the curve of her ass and hips perfectly. The bottom of the dress was long enough to cover her ass, just barely.

I stepped forward and my hand found her round ass cheek and slid across the orange, smooth material of her dress. Stopping my hand, I gave her ass cheek a strong squeeze, as if kneading bread dough.

"Mmmmm, I like that," was Valentina's response. I liked it too and so I kept playing and squeezing.

After a moment of squeezing, I stopped that and moved on to another fun activity.

With my thumb, I found that spot right at the top where her ass cheeks come together and her tailbone is closest to her skin, and pressed. This was one of those erogenous spots on her body that I had learned over time. Her hand flew back and pushed my hand away as my thumb massaged.

"Babe, you're getting me moist," Valentina protested, though without much actual protest in her tone.

I slid my hand down her ass, my fingers seeking the nirvana of her pussy. With the palm of my hand still squeezing her ass through the thin material of her dress, my finger found the hemline and curled inward towards her womanhood from behind.

This, she didn't protest. Instead she reached back and rubbed the bulge in my slacks.

Simply by curling my finger, I could run the tip back and forth from back to front of her pussy lips, just barely grazing her sensitive area.

"Oh my god that's hot," Valentina breathed.

I had to agree with her. It was hot. To be stroking her pussy as she stood in front of me, fully clothed, was the exact sort of tease that I love. I could imagine doing this in public, perhaps on a crowded subway or even standing out somewhere with people passing by in front of us. They would guess that I had my hand on her ass, but wouldn't see my finger dancing back and forth, gently parting her pussy lips, as we stood in front of them.

Of course, I would be whispering something dirty in her ear as I did this, turning my body towards her so that the passersby couldn't see the bulge of my erection. Valentina would have to stand there, with my finger stimulating her pussy in wide open public, while holding a poker face so as to not give us away.

With these thoughts, my other hand slid up the side her body and found her breast. Stroking the thin dress material, I found that her nipple had gone from the earlier semi-hard to now rock hard and very prominent.

We stood in our bedroom, with one hand massaging her breast through her dress while the other squeezed her ass and my finger just barely pushed inside of her, stimulating her just right. She had been wrong about one thing. Her pussy wasn't just moist, it was soaking wet with her warm juice.

"Baby, you have to stop touching me or else fuck me," she said, even as she bent forward slightly and suggested the answer she was looking for.

What was I to do but oblige? We didn't even have to pull her dress up but only have her bend over a little farther to get it out of the way of my dick as I entered her from behind.

I slowly pushed deeper into her, enjoying the feeling of my dick disappearing inside of her wetness. As we fucked, very slowly, I told her about my little fantasy of touching her in public. I shared with her that people would be looking because she is so gorgeous and the dress so suggestive, but that they wouldn't know I was finger fucking her. I asked her how she would play it off so that we wouldn't get caught. Her only answer was that it sounded fun to give it a try.

Of course, in this fantasy, she wouldn't entirely mind if it was a guy that figured out what was going on, and stopped to watch. For that matter, I wouldn't mind either. The notion of other men getting sexually excited by my Valentina had always been one of my biggest turn-ons.

As we continued our slow, deliberate pace of fucking, we talked about this fantasy guy knowing that she was being fingered, even if he couldn't exactly see. We talked about us knowing that he knows, and still trying to "play it cool" so that no one else would notice. She described how his hardening dick would be visible through his pants and how turned on she becomes when she gets a strange guy hard.

With my hands slowly squeezing her breasts, I reminded her that her hard nipples would be visible as they pushed against her dress material and how this mystery guy would see them. How anyone that looked would see them. As she started to shudder towards an orgasm, I told her that, for the benefit of this fantasy man, I would give her the "Panty Check" command out there in public.

She would have to lift up the front of her short orange dress, showing this man her naked, lovely pussy, as I fingered her from behind. She would have to be sneaky so that no one else saw. I told her how this mystery man would be thinking of nothing else other than fucking her. With these words, she orgasmed. Her body tensed and her head turned to the side as she moaned loudly.

I kept my dick buried deep inside of her as she had her orgasm, but I stood still. I wanted to enjoy the feeling of her pussy muscles quivering around my hard dick. However, to help prolong her pleasure, I did give one of her one ass check a very hard slap.

"Ooooooh," replaced her moans as the sting spread through her body and her pussy continued to squeeze me.

As she returned from her "trip to the moon," I resumed the very slow pace of fucking her from behind. Although slow, my pace was very strong and with each thrust my balls pushed up against her. She loved when my balls pushed up to her. The roundness of her ass pushing back against me and the wet warmth of her pussy had me close to cumming myself.

I continued to talk and remind her why I had told her to put this lovely orange dress on. She had an appointment to go, alone, with a man. This is no make believe man like the fantasy we just made up, but a real live man.

Valentina is a property manager and he a painter. She had to walk with him through a very large, vacant, home to inspect his work. I wanted her to go dressed exactly as she was now, except of course without my dick inside of her. I wanted her to get his dick this hard.

Valentina, despite her earlier protests about not being able to wear this brazenly short dress around town had a weakness. She had always been more agreeable right after a good orgasm.

In order to not push for an answer too soon, since it might still be "no," I changed the topic ever so slightly. I asked her to describe the first walk through the house she had taken with this same painter, to decide what work needed to get done. This got her distracted and clearly kept the moment going.

As she continued pushing back against me in our slow fucking rhythm, she retold me the story she had shared a couple of days before. I had first learned of it the evening after work, when grabbing her ass while kissing her, I had noticed that she was wearing panties. I scolded her for wearing panties and she laughed and said that she had come back home during the day to put them on because of the wind.

On that day she had been wearing a completely different dress. It was a brown and white dress that of course she looked stunning and classy in. That dress had a form-fitting top but a 1940's style bottom with folded pleats that widened out from her slim waist to the hemline, below her knees. Although, as a beautiful woman, she looked great in the dress, there was nothing inappropriate or revealing about it. In fact, she had told me that she thought, that even though the material of the dress was very light and summery, she thought she looked like a bell the way it widened out on the bottom.

The painter was a young man, early 20's but handsome, she said. They hadn't met before but he worked for a painting company in town that she knew. Meeting contractors at various vacant homes for quotes and later to inspect the work was a normal part of her job. This was supposed to be a typical walk through a vacant house on a typical day.

As fate would have it, on the first day that she had gone to meet this young painter, it had been windy. As my dick slid back and forth inside of her, my hands now squeezing tightly on her hips, she recounted how it started. As she was walking towards him to introduce herself outside of the home, a very strong gust of wind had surprised her. The way she described it, the wind completely lifted up the skirt part of her dress to so that it almost covered her face. I sort of pictured that famous Marilyn Monroe photo standing over a grate blowing her skirt up. Except that Marilyn had known the wind was coming and held her skirt down. Valentina hadn't.

Of course, she wasn't wearing panties at the time. In my mind I imagined that I was the young painter and I drew a mental picture of this very sophisticated, professional-looking sexy woman walking towards me. Of course, I would already be enjoying the view for what it was. But then, for the wind to suddenly come up and expose her from the waist down, her sexy high heels, her long toned legs and of course, her dark pussy hair would be one of those "doesn't happen in real life," sort of fantasy moments. I'm sure, like most guys, he had noticed her looks immediately and mentally sized her up for sex. What guy doesn't? Then only a few seconds into seeing her walk towards him, he was treated to a "wardrobe malfunction" view of her naked pussy.

If he hadn't wanted to fuck her when he first saw her, her certainly wanted to after that view.

Valentina described to me how he had turned his head away nervously, but not his eyes. It was as if he was torn between "being a gentlemen" and looking away and also being a healthy young man that enjoys the site of a naked woman.

We continued our slow fuck, and she became even more turned on as she described in great detail his facial expression as he was suddenly horny, embarrassed, not sure what to do next, and who knows what else. Apparently he had developed an instant bulge in his white painters pants as well. It was what Valentina called a "peek-a-boo" when she saw a man whose dick was hard in public.

As an incredibly gorgeous, experienced woman in her early 40's, Valentina was very confident. She had quickly pushed her dress back down and, acting like nothing had happened, introduced herself to the young painter and started the walk through the house.

The way she described it, he, like most men with the blood rushing to their "other head," wasn't doing so well with thinking clearly with the head right behind his eye balls. Being young like he was, he didn't have the same degree of confidence as she. Instead, he had plenty of testosterone. So, as they walked, he didn't do such a good job speaking as he seemed to be very distracted and unable to concentrate. He also couldn't remember to make eye contact but kept now staring at her body.

As we continued our slow, delicious, fuck, both of us becoming even more and more turned on by her story, she reached back between her legs and started to very gently tease my balls as they swung back and forth. The tickle of her gentle touch was excruciatingly enjoyable. My hands alternated between squeezing her hips and rubbing her breasts. All the while we fucked, she was still wearing the too-short tangerine orange dress and heels. Nothing else.

She strayed from her story long enough to remind me that, if I came inside of her, my cum would be slowly dripping down her legs for the rest of the day. If that happened she couldn't wear this dress out with no panties. Someone would see.

She didn't need to say who that "someone" would be. She already had the appointment in a little while with the young painter.

"Get back to the story," I breathed, enjoying the moment.

"He wanted to fuck me," she described. "As we walked around I kept catching him staring at me with that look."

"What look," I asked as my dick pushed deep into her.

"Sex look, like he couldn't think of anything else. Young guys don't know how to hide it," she added, sounding very proud of herself. She especially liked to tease younger guys since their lack of experience made their reactions more obvious and she could easily take control of the situation.

By now our own rhythm had adjusted as I held her hips tightly and kept her squeezed against me. Our hips moved together as I shifted in different directions, my penis rubbing against different spots within her.

Although I love the site of Valentina naked, there is just something so hot about fucking her while she's clothed in her dressy work clothes. I can feel her round ass against me, and see its shape against the orange dress, but not actually see her nakedness. This somehow makes it feel like I'm fucking and dominating a very important alpha female business woman and is very exciting.

"He only saw my pussy for a moment, but I knew he wanted to just bend me over and fuck me. He couldn't even think straight," she uttered, sounding very proud of herself.

I felt my own excitement building towards orgasm as I imagined this guy desperately wanting to fuck my wife.

"It's like we're all just animals, acting on impulses," she breathed.

"He saw my pussy and wanted to just fuck me. He couldn't even think straight. I could see the bulge in his pants and my pussy got so wet," she purred.

As I try to hold back from my own orgasm, I have to ask,

"Did you want to fuck him?"

The first answer was a loud squishy noise as I pushed back into her again. Even though we were still fucking very slowly, her wetness was impressive.

"His bulge was huge. He must have a big dick," she answered.

"I tried to act like I didn't notice it. But it was so big, going way down his leg."

"Right before we were done, I stared at his bulge on purpose. It was hard to ignore it. When he saw what I was doing I just looked straight back in his eyes and smiled. He just stood there, like he didn't know what to do next."

At this I couldn't hold back my own orgasm any longer.

I spun Valentina around. She knew the routine. Sucking dick is a special passion of hers. I pushed my dick into her mouth and held her head. As she looked up at me, I asked if this is what she had wanted to do to him. Her smile was the last straw for me as I shot my own backed-up load down her throat.

As she swallowed my cum she had her own second orgasm. This was turning into quite a good little session.

"Oh shit," she said, standing up, "I'm running late."

"It looks like you're going to get your way since I won't have time to change into a different dress," she smiled.

All I could do is smile as I fondled her again, enjoying the feel of her soft breasts and erect nipples through the thin material of her dress.

She looked down to where my hands caressed her sensitive nipples.

"They're still going to be hard when I get there in a few minutes," she motioned down to her nipples.

"Wouldn't that be horrible?" I smiled.

Pushing my hands away, but smiling, she turned towards the bathroom.

"I better go clean up before I leave," she said, giving my dick a last squeeze.