**The Dinner Show**

by Showife (showife@hotmail.com)

We'd had quite a nice time attending a convention over

past weekend. As usual it was a break from the long

Midwestern winters and since we were away from home I'd

taken the opportunity to expose Samantha a couple of

times during the past few days.

She'd been a good sport about the adventures I'd planned

and was quite willing to flash every time that I

suggested we try it out. However, tonight was the final

night for the convention and as usual everyone attended

a big dinner at the hotel. All the guests would be

seated at those big round tables that hold ten people.

The seating arrangements were random and it was very

unlikely that we would be sitting with anyone we knew.

Sam just couldn't quite believe it, "Y-you want me to

wear this? Without anything underneath it?" she asked me

for the second time, as she held up a soft white blouse

that was almost transparent. "Whoever's sitting at our

table will be staring at my breasts for the whole

evening."

When I explained to her that was exactly what I was

hoping would happen she blushed a bit and said that she

didn't think she could deal with people sitting that

close and staring at her nipples for such a prolonged

time. I encouraged her to go and try the blouse on, and

then after modeling it for me we could make the

decision.

I think that she already knew that as soon as she put it

on it was a done deal and she finally said she would and

started to get dressed.

After Sam had tucked it into her skirt she turned to me

and walked back and forth in front of me as she tried to

look in the mirror to see how sheer it really was. I

think that if she'd have been watching me closely she'd

have known just how transparent the blouse, because I

was immediately turned on by seeing her in the blouse

'and' knowing that she would be wearing it out in

public. Sam's nipples were very visible through the

fabric, as were the tan lines that crossed the tops of

her breasts.

After examining herself in the mirror she slowly turned

to me and exclaimed , "It shows an awful lot of me,

don't you think."

Actually it couldn't show "A LOT" because Sam's only a

32A, but in addition to showing her nipples and tan

lines it also clearly showed the complete shape of her

sweet little tits.

When she said that she didn't think she could 'go like

that all evening', I suggested that she could start out

by wearing a little jacket over the blouse at the

beginning of the evening and then after we were seated

at our table - and she was a bit more comfortable - she

could then take off the jacket.

Sam seemed to think that this would be a better idea and

quickly went to the closet for a jacket.

I appreciated her choice as it was a jacket that didn't

button up or fasten in the front and it left a couple of

inches open in front so it was easy to tell that she

wasn't wearing anything beneath her sheer blouse.

Sam seemed to be quite comfortable dressed this way and

since nothing was showing yet she was ready to go down

for dinner. I guess that it was a good thing that we'd

settled on the jacket, since there was quite a long wait

to get into the banquet room and we ended up chatting

with many people that we knew before we eventually found

our table.

When we were finally seated Sam was relieved to see that

we were in a rather out of the way spot toward the side

of the room. (Of course I planned that.) However, as the

table started to fill up she became a bit tense when a

couple of men that we had talked with the day before

took the chairs across the table from us. Sam knew that

the people who sat in those chairs would have a perfect

view of her and she had been hoping that it would be

somebody she didn't know, and who wouldn't know her

name.

Eventually our table was full and much to Sam's relief -

and mine too - since I was afraid she might chicken

out, we didn't know anyone else at our table. While the

dinner was served Sam quickly downed a couple glasses of

wine to help calm her nerves. By the time the dessert

course was being served the business program was

beginning.

After the usual greetings and self congratulations a

video presentation was introduced. As soon as the lights

were dimmed I figured that this would be a discreet time

for Sam to take off her jacket. She must have also been

thinking the same thing as I only had to reach over and

tug the hem of her jacket lightly and she immediately

began to take it off. Since she didn't want to attract

too much attention she simply folded it onto her lap.

The next few minutes were agony for me as I waited in

eager anticipation for the video to end. It seemed like

an eternity, but in just a few minutes the house lights

went up and the affect was startling. I had thought the

blouse looked sheer up in the room, but here under the

bright lights of the banquet room it was even more

transparent than it had been up in the room.

If Sam had known just how clearly it was showing off her

sweet little breasts I'm sure that she wouldn't have

agreed to wear the blouse to the dinner. It was very

evident to anyone at the table that Sam's breasts were

being displayed for anyone with eyes.

It didn't take long before the two men that we had

previously talked with - and who were sitting directly

across the table from us - lost all interest in the

speaker and began to concentrate on my lovely wife's

breasts.

Sam was trying to concentrate on watching the program

and avoiding any kind of eye contact with the others at

the table. It wasn't long before all of the others at

the table had also discovered Sam's tits.

For about 30-minutes the speakers droned on with one

special guest after another being introduced. So far Sam

had managed to keep from making eye contact with anyone,

but she was beginning to have a hard time trying not to

notice their stares.

It became particularly evident as the man sitting next

to her gave up all pretense of paying attention to the

program while he stared intently at my wife's chest out

of the corner of his eye. Her blouse was so sheer he

really didn't have to look very hard to get a really

good view of her little breasts.

The guy that was sitting next to me was at the table

with his wife and he was starting to get a bit

embarrassed as his wife poked him when he would look at

Sam too long. Finally, at his wife's urging, he leaned

over and said something to me about Sam's blouse being

"awfully sheer." He said it loud enough that a few

others at the table, including Sam, also heard him. When

I remarked that I had asked her to wear it because I

liked to see her perfect breasts. He became all

flustered and his wife eventually dragged him away from

the table.

This caused a bit of disruption at the table, which

finally forced Sam to have to look around the table

instead of just staring at the stage. She quickly saw

that all of the men had their eyes locked on her chest

and she blushed quite deeply. She took another big drink

of wine and looked over to me for some kind of

direction.

I leaned over and kissed her, and loud enough for most

of the men at the table to hear, told her she looked

really beautiful tonight, just the way I liked. With

that she simply leaned back into the chair and closed

her eyes for a few minutes while everyone stared at her.

Although they were looking at my wife I was watching

everyone's reaction to her being on display like this.

Most were enjoying the show, while they had the chance,

and a couple of the younger men even made eye contact

with me and nodded or saluted with their drinks. One of

the two men we'd met the day before was doing his best

not to look but kept stealing glances anyhow.

I was just about ready to let Sam put her jacket back on

when I realized that the guy sitting next to her seemed

to be busy with his hands under the table. I leaned over

and asked Sam if he'd reached out to touch her, but she

nodded her head no. When I told her that it seemed like

he was jacking off under the table she opened her eyes

and looked first at me, and then over at him and peered

down toward his lap.

Although he was being very discreet it was obvious to us

what he was doing. I whispered a couple of words of

encouragement in Sam's ear and with a Madonna smile she

picked up her jacket and put it back on.

Needless to say the faces around the table looked a bit

disappointed. It seemed like the situation was getting

too close to the edge of losing control, so I suggested

that we leave.

When we got up a couple of the other guys protested and

one wanted to follow us, but we quickly moved away.

While we were waiting for the elevator Sam pulled open

up her jacket to see how sheer her blouse looked in the

bright light.

When we got into the elevator she asked me if I was

satisfied with her performance that evening, and also

said that she was glad she hadn't known how visible her

breasts really were through the blouse or she wouldn't

have had the nerve to go through with it.

I told her that she had made me happy, and I suspected

- others was well - and reminded her about how much I

liked to show her off and how much I enjoyed watching

her show herself to other people.

Sam said the blouse had almost been as revealing as if

she'd had been sitting there totally exposed. She

commented about sitting in a public place for so long

with her breasts exposed had really made her horny

though. That was all it took for me to get naked and

show my lovely lithe wife just how turned-on she'd made

me that evening at dinner.

END