**The Dress**

by [nigelfannypatter](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=838904&page=submissions)©

My wife, Kim and I, were getting ready to go to dinner and a movie to celebrate our anniversary last week. She told me that she had a surprise for me and to wait in the living room, that she would be out in a few minutes. Kim has become much less inhibited, since that night at the grocery store a few months ago. She knew that it turns me on when she shows her tight body and once she tried it, she found that it made her hot also.

I sat in the living room, wondering if I was going to be treated to another show. I didn't have to wait long. Kim appeared from the bedroom wearing a yellow silk dress. It was a very thin, flowing dress with a hemline that started halfway up her thighs and the neckline descended deeply between her breasts. It was not the movement of her breasts that clued me in that she was not wearing a bra. It was the faint shadows of her nipples through the fabric that hinted at the missing garment. Her legs were bare, opting to leave her pantyhose behind also.

I let out a long whistle of approval.

"I'm glad you like it," she breathed sexily. "You don't think it's too much."

"No, it's definitely not too much," I replied, trying to see if she was wearing panties under the thin silk.

She did a quick spin and her hemline flew up and confirmed my suspicions. All she was wearing was the dress and her yellow strappy sandals. I felt that my pants were suddenly too tight. It was going to be a fun night.

It was an unusually warm evening, so Kim decided against a sweater or wrap. Just her and the silk. I opened the door and we walked out into the sunlight. As soon as she stepped into the sun, I could see that the material of her dress looked even sheerer. I could see the light pink of her nipples contrasted against her pale skin and the faintest hint of her auburn racing stripe. Happy Anniversary indeed.

I opened the car door for her and she demurely swung her legs in. Always the lady. By the time I rounded the car and got in, she had pulled her dress out from under her so that she was sitting with her bare ass against the seat. She had a huge grin on her face and I knew that she was feeling frisky.  I quickly pulled out in the street and within five minutes we were on the freeway. I had the sunroof open and the windows down causing a lot of wind in the car. Kim's dress kept blowing around and periodically would flash a delightful expanse of bare thigh. The top of her dress was very loose fitting and the wind likewise played havoc with her neckline. It was hard to keep my eyes on the road with the repeated fleeting glimpses of my wife's anatomy. We drove for a while, Kim pretending not to notice her dress misbehaving. We made small talk, as she kept her eyes straight ahead, even when I began creeping up on a big truck.

I know. It's the oldest cliché in the book. Wife flashes trucker. But when presented with the opportunity, I wanted to see what she would do.

When we approached it, the wind coming off the truck blew Kim's dress even more and lifted the right side of her dress exposing her right leg from her hip down. She was sitting with her hands in her lap, so nothing too intimate was showing, but her entire hip was uncovered almost to her pubic hair so you could tell she was not wearing panties. She did not miss a word of her small talk, but I could see her sneaking glances over at me to see if I was watching. I was.

We pulled even with the driver, just as he glanced down into the car. He saw my wife sitting with her entire right leg exposed up past her hip. She sat looking straight ahead, but never breaking her train of thought. Every few seconds the wind would whip her dress over and cover her up, only to flip it back again and bare her hip and the side of her ass cheek to the truck driver. For the next few miles, the truck driver paced us, watching the wind play peek-a-boo with my wife's thigh. The whole time, Kim kept her hands in her lap preventing her dress from exposing too much. She knew what she was showing and she was enjoying it.

Eventually traffic picked up and the truck fell away behind us. Kim's breathing had gotten quicker and more ragged. A blush had crept across her face and down her neck. Most of the traffic we passed could not see into our car, but any pickup trucks or big rigs have no trouble seeing if they wanted to. Kim just sat there and let the wind have its way with her dress. We pulled even with a rather large pickup truck with huge tires.

Kim took a quick peek to see if the driver was looking, then she lifted her hands to brush her flyaway hair from her eyes. As soon as she moved her hands, the wind lifted her dress up to her stomach. Her pale thighs and red pubic stripe was exposed to the truck driver. She looked strangely prim sitting there, knees together but exposed to the waist. I saw the truck swerve slightly as he stared at my half naked wife. I decided that distracting the driver of such a large truck was not the safest thing and accelerated away.

Kim's breathing was much quicker and her cheeks were very flushed. Smiling, she replaced her hands on her naked thighs, without readjusting her dress. The wind continued to whip her dress around, but with her hands in her lap, it was prevented from covering her naked things.

We drove the last few miles with her dress pulled up past her waist, but there were no more tall trucks. We took our exit and pulled into the restaurant parking lot. I leaned over and gave her a long, deep kiss and slipped my hand inside her neckline. I caressed her breast and she let out a quiet moan. She loves it when I touch her breasts. She can cum simply from me sucking her nipples.

I got out and opened her door. She paused before putting her right leg out. Her dress was still up around her waist and she waited until her foot was firmly on the ground before swinging her left leg out also. I was treated to a very brief view of her pussy, spread open and glistening with moisture. Then she was out of the car, her dress falling back into place as if nothing was amiss.