**The New Dress**

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Last month I bought a new summer dress I thought was real pretty. It was black with thin shoulder straps and it had little flowers all over it and buttoned all the way up the front and rode about 6-inches above my knees. The only thing wrong with it was that it was slightly sheer. I haven't worn or owned slips in years and ended up having buying a black one for the dress. I wore the dress that Friday night out to dinner with my husband, Mike. He liked it, it was short but not too short and said I should wear it often.   
  
A couple weeks later I had the chance to wear it again. My husband's office was having a retirement party for the owner after 40 years in the business and his eldest son was taking over. Mike and I had been I a frisky mood playing grab ass around the house and yard all Saturday afternoon. I surprised him when wore just a thin white tank-top and my red string bikini underwear as I helped him wash the car in the driveway that afternoon, of course he just had to get my shirt wet so my tits would show through but then again, but then I was hoping he would. That evening, after my shower, when I got dressed, I purposely did not put on any underwear, except the slip. I was planning on teasing him all night. I'm glad it was a breezy night because it was so warm outside in the large backyard at the owner's house where the party/barbeque was held.   
  
The breeze made it bearable because that slip kept sticking to me. I told my husband about the slip sticking to me and he told me to just go to the bathroom and take it off. I told him I really couldn't do that because even since the dress was dark colored, the dress was so thin that people might be able to see though it. He asked me what I had on under it. I smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek and said "nothing!" He smiled and placed his hands on hip and slowly slid it around saying it was naughty girl and he loved it when I dressed like this. I had never gone without underwear until my husband talked me into it a couple years after we were married. Now I seem to be doing more and more often, much to his pleasure and lately mine.   
  
It was around 9pm when we decided to leave. I had enough if that sticking slip and told my hubby that I needed to go to the little girls room before we left. I removed the slip and checked how much could be seen in the mirror. It wasn't to bad, but it was see-thru and decided I couldn't walk out like that in front of all my husbands' friends and co-workers. So I slipped the slip back up but left the straps down off my shoulders so I could slide it down easier when I got to the car. You should have seen Mike's face when I did a little shimmy dance in front of him and the slip fell to my ankles. I picked it up and tossed it to him. He smiled and walked up to me and kissed me as he grabbed my ass and squeezed. I love having my ass squeezed and he knows it. As he rubbed my ass, he said he loved it when I went commando and wished I would do it more often. I told him I would consider it if he treated me like this every time I did it. He stepped back and told me to turn around slowly. I did and he said as dark as it was he couldn't see anything though the dress.   
  
After we got in the car, I noticed we weren't heading for home and asked were he was going. He smiled and said to 'Roxanne's'. Roxanne's is a nice bar and dance club across town. We've been there a couple times and have enjoyed ourselves. I knew what his answer would be when I as asked if he wanted me to go in like this. I'm not much of an exhibitionist but I have done a little bit. I've worn some very short dresses knowing I would be flashing my panties when I danced with him and he loved it. The sex was always great when we got home. That is one reason I enjoy showing off for him once in awhile, THE SEX!  
  
I had hardly ever gone braless or intentionally showed my panties or tits before we married. But in the five years we've been married, I have found myself beginning to enjoy the looks from the unknown men. Mike started by getting me to go out braless for him before we were married. I liked the way it turned him on and I enjoyed getting him excited. Plus I like him playing with my tits and being braless made it easier. He liked to see my nipples hard and often pinched my nipples in public, which I secretly enjoyed him doing. He finally got me to wear my thin white t-shirts braless in public, which I quickly found out I enjoyed. My nipples got so hard when I seen some guy noticing my lack of a bra and my nipples showing though the shirt. I now often go out braless, with Mike and by myself. He got me wearing thinner and thinner shirts out in public braless and I enjoyed it. I knew people could see the dark circles of my aureola through the shirt and I enjoyed the double takes and stares I got. It always got me worked up and I usually ended up screwing Mike as soon as we got home, or and I ended up masturbating when I got home when Mike wasn't there. If he was he got attacked.   
  
I bought myself a sheer black blouse on the spur of the moment one day and a short black flare skirt to go with it one day. When I got home I modeled it, braless of course for Mike. He loved it of course. Mike talked me into wearing it out Saturday night. A person could easily see both my breast through the shirt. I wore that shirt, the short black skirt and white bikini panties that night. Mike asked me to wear the white panties because it would make my ass more noticeable when he spun me around on the dance floor. I had a lot of fun that night. That was as closest to being topless in public I have even been. I also enjoyed knowing people were seeing my panties as we danced. I know Mike enjoyed it because he had a hard-on all night. I know because I had my hands rubbing that bulge all night, well he started it by groping my tits in public. Oh my, I discovered just how much I liked it when people watched him as he fondled my tits in public that night.   
  
He then got me wearing shorter and shorter dresses. Letting people see my panties became another fun thing to do. A couple months ago, Mike brought home a deep plunge shiny sequin halter dress that just covered my ass. He gave me that dress and a pair black g-string panties one Friday night and took me to 'Roxanne's. Mike made sure a lot of people seen my bare ass by pulling up the dress as we danced. Whenever I sat down I made sure to keep my legs spread a bit, as per Mike's request, so people could see my little g-string covered crotch. By the time we left for home I was very horny and forced him in the backseat of our car in the parking lot of 'Roxanne's where we had our first taste of public sex. I'm hoping for a repeat session tonight and much more public sex during the rest of our marriage.   
  
But tonight as Mike drove towards 'Roxanne's, I secretly unbuttoned 5 buttons at the bottom of my dress and a couple at the top. This left 6 or 7 buttons still buttoned up. I was getting excited at the thought of possibly exposing my shaved pussy while dancing. Nobody but Mike has seen my pussy, this will be a new first for me, and I am not at all turned off at the idea. Just the opposite, I am getting excited at the prospect of letting strangers seeing my pussy. I hadn't even considered letting someone see my pussy in public before but now I am actually looking forward to it. I can feel the wetness between my legs already!  
  
Once we got there and got out of the car, Mike notices the adjustments to my dress. I look down and see that it is unbuttoned to the bottom of my crotch. I ask Mike if it is too much. He looks down and ask if I really want to show that much. I look down again and say, "Yea, I think I really do. I just hope you don't get mad at me if I show to much." He kissed me and said he couldn't get mad at me even if I got naked. I told him, "I don't think I'll get naked, but I might get close. But if I do end up getting naked, be sure to get my dress. I don't want to lose it."  
  
Well, I did get naked; the dress 'accidentally' (cough, cough) came unbuttoned as we danced. Every few minutes either Mike or I would undo another button on my dress, then we would unbutton a button on his shirt, until it was completely unbuttoned and just hanging off my shoulders. I danced that way for about 15 minutes until I was asked to leave. I could feel wetness from the orgasm I had while dancing bare chest to bare chest with Mike on the dance floor, it running down my legs as we left. As I turn to leave, I shrugged my shoulders and let the dress fall to the floor. I walked out proud and happy wearing nothing but a smile and white sandals. Mike had my dress in his hands and the backdoor of our car open as I got there. He climbed in pulling his pants down as I arrived. I simply climbed in, straddled him and impaled myself on his 7 inches of wonderfully hard cock, not even thinking of closing the door. All I wanted was a good fucking and I didn't care if anyone or everyone watched. I remained naked until the next day. I now found I love being naked in public.  
  
I have a feeling this dress is going to see a lot of use. Mike and I are planning to wear it out in broad daylight, without the slip! We just haven't figured out where yet. But I know I want to and am going to.  
  
I also want to wear it out one day by myself, maybe out grocery shopping. There are a few cute bag boys I'd like to showoff to. I go to this grocery store near my house at least once a week and they already seem to fight over who gets to take my groceries out to the car. I love to wear a thin little top that my nipples show through whenever I go just to tease the boys. Right now I'm getting ready to go get a few things and am going to wear an almost sheer halter-top and my short black flare skirt and no panties. I have enjoyed letting the poor boys see my panties a few times already as I bent over in some of my shorter skirts and dresses to put my groceries in the car. This will be the first time wearing such a short skirt in pubic pantyless and I am looking forward to it. Mike has brought out the exhibitionist slut in me and I like it! I can't wait till I bent over to put groceries in the car and see the bag-boys' face when he sees the promise land instead of my panties. I'm getting wet now just thinking about it.   
  
I think that after I put groceries away and take care of myself and after Mike get home from work. I will get him to take me dressed, as I am to get some new shoes. I'm sure Mike will enjoy seeing the shoe salesman get a good look up under my short skirt at my bald pussy. I've read stories of women doing this and now I want to try it. I'm even thinking of touching myself as the salesman watches.   
  
Last night I ordered a couple of tiny 'Wicked Weasel' bikinis online. I can't wait until they get here so I can model them for Mike. And I am sure he will want to take me to the beach as soon as he can. I think I will enjoy being almost naked in public. I just hope Mike's heart can take it when I get the little suits wet and they become transparent in public. I've also read about clothing optional resorts around the U.S. and am thinking about asking Mike if we could go visit one while we are on vacation in Florida this summer. Just thinking of running around naked all day outside in the sun sounds like fun.