**The Request**

by[newfictionwriter](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1280251&page=submissions)©

"No, I'm not doing that!" she said firmly. She put on her robe and gathered her clothes to go take her morning shower.  
  
"Just think about it, you never know you might actually enjoy it," he said with that stupid smirk of his on his face.  
  
"I'm not going to change my mind!" she stated as she hurriedly left the room.  
  
She couldn't believe his latest request. He was always asking her to do things she was uncomfortable with. Things "good girls" never did! There were so many she couldn't even recall them all, but she never gave in. As she walked to the bathroom she determined that she wasn't budging this time either.  
  
She removed her robe and stood in just her panties. She stepped on the bathroom scale and was pleased to note that she had lost 3 pounds this week. Stepping off the scale she totaled up the weight she had lost in the last couple of months. She was delighted when she realized that this made 20 pounds altogether. "Alright, I'm down to 150 pounds. Not bad for a 5'5" 45 year old."  
  
She stopped as she was walking past the bathroom mirror. "Not looking too bad," she said to herself as she ran her hand down her flattened stomach. She turned and faced the mirror. "Hips are still too wide and the butt is still too big," she said as she slapped her hips and rounded butt cheeks in succession with her hands. "And these boobs are too small," she said as she cupped her 'B' sized breasts. "If only I could take it from here," she thought as she again slapped her butt cheeks "and put it here," she thought as she roughly grabbed her breasts. She sighed and gazed at herself in the mirror.  
  
She noticed that her nipples had become slightly erect at the rough handling. Her nipples that were normally quite large were now even larger. They stood out from her small pert breasts making her dark areolas quite noticeable.  
  
"That's right," she thought to herself, "that's one of the things he's asked me to do before. As if I could go without a bra! My mother would drop dead if I ever left the house without a bra. Besides, with these nipples they would poke a hole through my shirt." She gasped as she covered her nipples with the fingertips of her hands. "Wow, my hands are cold," she thought. Her nipples hardened even more and her breasts firmed up from the cold.  
  
"When they're like this they don't look so bad," she thought. She cupped them again and smiled to herself. "I can see why he wanted me to send him a picture to him of them with my phone that time I was away for 2 weeks. No way was I doing that! Who knows where it could show up someday?"  
  
"Oh, I also remember that time he wanted me to flash them at him when we were at the beach when the water was so cold you could clearly see every bump. I can't believe I actually considered that one! He looked so eager and excited that I thought about a quick flash. But then I decided that there were way too many people on the beach."   
  
She realized that she had been unconsciously rubbing her breasts as she had been standing there thinking. She laughed as she realized it and remembered the time he wanted her to pleasure herself while they took that long drive to the mountains. Once again, she had been tempted to give in. Not only to please him, but also because she had already been aroused. The thought of spending a weekend at that beautiful cottage by the lake in the mountains alone together, without the kids, had excited her.   
  
She remembered that she had teased him a little bit. She had put her hands on her breasts and began gently massaging them. She said in a coy voice, "You want me to play with these?" She laughed out loud as she remembered that he had almost driven off the road over that. Then when he huskily whispered, "Yes," she began squeezing them a little harder. "Do you like this?" she asked. He swallowed loudly and said, "Yes." "How about this?" she asked as she began lightly pinching her hardened nipples. He could only nod his head. She turned toward him grasping the bottom of her shirt. "Do you want me to take this off?" she teased.  
  
Before he could answer she noticed a man in the car in the next lane. If he was to look over he could see right into their car. It was then that she chickened out and said "I don't think so," and put her hands down. The look of disappointment on his face was painful for her to see. It was only later that she realized that she had actually gotten moist between her legs just from the teasing and rubbing she had done.   
  
Looking at herself in the mirror, she stopped caressing her hardened breasts, she thought to herself, "Hmm, who knows what might have happened if I had continued?"  
  
Noticing the time, she quickly slipped out of her panties and turned the shower on. Doing that reminded her of the one time she had actually gone without panties. He had asked her dozens of times, but this one had been her own idea.  
  
They were attending an actual ball and she had purchased a beautiful gown for the occasion. Putting it on that night she was disappointed to find that it clung so tightly to her body that her panties were clearly visible. She tried a number of different styled panties, she even tried that thong that he had bought her and asked her to wear several times. She would have worn it that night, even though she considered it "dental floss that rides up the butt crack", but it didn't look right either.  
  
She decided to go without anything underneath. Immediately she had begun blushing. "My mother would have certainly not approved! She would have called me a 'Hussey!'" She determined that no matter what, her mother could never know!  
  
She decided that she wouldn't tell him either. At least not yet! "Who knows what that might lead to?" she thought.  
  
Everything had gone well and no one had even noticed. At one point while they were slow dancing she whispered in his ear, "I'm not wearing any underwear."  
  
"What?" he had said entirely too loudly. "What do you mean you're not wearing any underwear?"  
  
"They didn't look right with this dress," she said.  
  
"Well...um...uh...how...I mean...uh...what does it feel like?" he stammered.  
  
"Not really any different," she lied.In truth, it was exciting almost dangerous.  
  
"Uh, okay then, I guess," he said.  
  
As they continued to slow dance she felt him growing harder. "Feels like you're getting a problem," she said with a smile.  
  
"I just can't believe that your pussy is right there naked under your dress!" he breathed out softly. He pulled her closer to him. She was pressed tightly against him. Soon his cock was grinding into her hip bone as they danced.  
  
"Easy there," she said. "You're gonna end up making a mess."  
  
"Yeah," he said. "I just can't believe that you aren't wearing any panties!"  
  
The music ended and they went to sit down. She noticed he hunched over and walked quickly to the table. Once there he slid his chair pretty far under the table. He was covered with the long flowing tablecloth up to his stomach.  
  
They weren't the only ones at the table. An older couple they didn't know were seated across from them. She began to make small talk with them.   
  
As they sat there talking she was distracted by the fact that her lover seemed to be boring a hole in her dress with his eyes. He was staring right at her crotch area, not even looking at her face. She was about to say something when she noticed that he had his hand under the tablecloth and his arm was moving back and forth. She was surprised to realize that he was stroking himself under the table. She looked at his face and could tell that he was enjoying it.  
  
"What are you doing? Stop that!" she demanded in a harsh whisper. "You're going to get caught!"  
  
"I don't care! The thought of your beautiful pussy so close to the outside is driving me crazy!"  
  
"Well I don't want to get embarrassed and thrown out of here."  
  
"I don't care!" he said again.  
  
She sat there with a frown on her face looking all around to see who was taking notice. To her puzzlement she realized that no one was even paying attention. The couple across the table were engaged in their own conversation, something about some investment opportunity he had found. Everyone else was dancing or drinking or just talking together all over the huge ballroom.  
  
She turned her attention back to him. She saw that his movements were beginning to get a little faster. "He's really doing this right here," she thought. "And no one even notices!"  
  
She began to become aroused. She squeezed her thighs together tightly. The feeling was amazing. She crossed and uncrossed her legs a few times. Then she opened and closed them slowly. Each time letting her legs fall open a little more and each time squeezing them together tighter. She began to squirm her ass around in the chair. She was getting hotter and hotter. She felt her wetness begin to seep into her dress where her ass rubbed against the chair.  
  
He noticed what she was doing. "Move your chair under the table and join me," he said.  
  
She shook her head no.  
  
"C'mon," he said. "No one will see."  
  
She wanted to say "no", but her need for release was quickly approaching. She slid her chair forward and pulled the tablecloth up over her lap.  
  
"Hike your dress up," he told her. "And I'll help you out with my other hand."  
  
Clearly excited now, she began inching her long gown up. First to her calves. Then to her knees. As she slid the dress up into a bunch above her knees she could feel the cool air of the air conditioning mixing with the heat coming from her pussy. The sensation was invigorating.  
  
He put his hand on her thigh and began sliding it toward her furry wet cunt. She opened her legs as she pulled her dress to her hips.  
  
"There you two are," said the host and his wife as they approached across the ballroom floor. "We were looking for you."  
  
Immediately she bolted up in her seat and hurriedly pushed his hand off and her dress down over her knees. She noticed that he had removed his other hand from under the table.  
  
Blushing furiously she said, "Yes, well, I'm not feeling well. We were just getting ready to leave." She stood and took his arm. They left quickly.  
  
That had been the closest she had ever come to giving in to one of his requests. She remembered that they had fucked like two dogs in heat when they got home that night..  
  
As she stepped into the shower she could feel the warmth and wetness between her legs. "Wow, thinking about that night has really gotten me hot!" She put her hand down to her mound. Her lips were swollen with excitement. She began to rub her hand over the outside of her womanhood. She could feel the juices seeping out of her. She inserted one finger between her lips and began sliding her finger up and down the inside of her slit. Her wetness was making everything silky smooth. She let out a little yelp as she accidentally brushed against her clit. The feeling was electric! It was as hard as a rock and standing straight out. She brushed it again with her finger. Her breath caught in her throat.   
  
She began brushing against it more often as she trailed her finger up and down the inside of her dripping crack. Faster and faster she stroked. Finally, she began twirling her clit in circles with her fingertips. She brought her other hand down to the opening of her hungering pussy. She began circling the rim with her finger. She gently inserted the tip of her middle finger and gasped at the feeling. Wanting more she plunged her finger in. The sensation was delightful and she shuddered slightly. She began working her finger in and out of her hole.  
  
She started rubbing her clit even faster with her other hand pressing down firmly on it. Meanwhile, she slipped her ring finger inside to join her other finger. She moaned with pleasure at the feeling. She began panting as she increased the tempo of both hands. Soon her hips began thrusting as she plunged in and out of herself.  
  
She joined a third finger to the two already inside her. She felt filled with her fingers stuffed inside thrusting deep as she fucked herself. She could feel the orgasm beginning to build deep inside her.  
  
By now she was making soft little noises and gyrating her hips. She stepped back slightly and the warm water from the shower sprayed over her breasts, stomach and pussy. Her knees almost buckled at the pleasure.  
  
She joined her pinky finger to the other three and began moaning as her orgasm built. Faster and faster she went. She could feel that she was almost there. Deeper and harder. Almost there...and then finally it happened. It felt like a wave washing over her. Crashing hard against the shore. She cried out in pleasure, "Oh, Fuck!" Her knees went week and her pussy spasmed as she came. It seemed to last forever. Finally she was spent. She removed her hands and sat down on the shower floor.  
  
"That was fantastic! Why didn't I ever try this before?" she thought. "Oh that's right, because he wanted me to do it. Maybe he does have some good ideas after all. In fact, I think I'll try his latest request and see how it goes. Hmm, what shall be the subject of my first erotic fiction story..."