**The Towel Ch. 01**

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My wife Kim had become more uninhibited over the past few months. It all started with a trip to the supermarket, where she surprised me by showing off to the deli counter guy. Then she walked the dog late one night completely naked and even emailed me from her office at work, her panties and skirt in a pile under her desk. She even flashed her pussy to one of her coworkers. Up until now, all of her exposure had been controlled and somewhat planned, but last week she was caught by surprise.

I had invited a couple of friends over on Sunday to watch some football. About an hour-and-a-half before the game, Kim was sleeping late, when Larry called. He was running some errands in the area that he just finished and asked if it was alright if he dropped by a little early instead of going all the way home just be come back an hour later. I told him that was fine, and anyway it gave us an excuse to start drinking early. A few minutes later, Larry arrived and we popped a couple of beers and started watching the pre-game. I didn't think to go and wake up Kim and tell her of Larry's early arrival.

After a few minutes, I saw Kim walking down the hallway toward the living room where Larry and I were sitting. Larry was sitting on the left side of the room and did not have a view of the hallway leading to our bedroom. From his vantage point he could not see Kim yet, and like wise Kim didn't see Larry. Now I should have alerted Kim about our guest, but the second I saw her, I knew that I was going to let Kim find out for herself. She walked into the living room wearing only a rather small white bath towel. Her hair was still wet from her shower and her skin glistened with moisture. It took her a few moments to realize that Larry was there. Those few moments afforded Larry with a great view of Kim. Her towel covered her from a few inches above the nipples to no more than two inches blow her auburn pubic hair.

Facing away from Larry, Kim walked obliviously across the room toward me. "Hey ya Tiger," she said, standing on her tiptoes and planting a good morning kiss on my lips. Her ass cheeks were just slightly peeking out from under the towel, a detail that I am sure Larry noticed immediately. Her kiss lingered for a few seconds, allowing Larry to openly ogle Kim's half exposed cheeks. Kim finally broke the kiss and turned to go in the kitchen. Noticing Larry, she gave a little squeal and shooting a deadly glance back my way, ran back down the hall. With each stride, her towel revealed more of her pale ass cheeks than they hid. Larry gave me a rather sheepish look and stammered something about being sorry about that. I told him not to worry; I was going to bear the brunt of Kim's ire when (and if) she came back out. We sat watching the pre-game and drinking beer. I wondered if Kim was truly pissed or just a little annoyed. My answer came a few minutes later.

Kim came walking back down the hall, her hair dried and makeup applied, but still wearing the towel. She glanced over at Larry, who was looking at her with a wide eyes and an open mouth. I think he thought she was going to come out screaming. She walked past the two of us with a wry smirk and continued into the kitchen. We heard the fridge open and close, and then the pop of a beer can. Kim walked back out daintily sipping her beer. Her towel firmly tied around her naked body. She had dried off, done her hair and makeup and then put the towel back on. This was looking interesting.

"You should have told me we had company," Kim said offhandedly. "I looked terrible right out of the shower with my hair all stringy and no makeup."

"You looked great," Larry offered a little too enthusiastically. "I mean ... sorry I dropped by a little early."

"I am doing the laundry right now," Kim offered up a little lamely. "I hope you don't mind me hanging out like this for a few minutes until my clothes are done."

This was a pretty lame excuse, but neither one of us was going to call her on it. I think Larry didn't even comprehend what she was saying. He was too busy concentrating on her exposed freckled cleavage. A little self conscious, Kim had pulled at the towel trying to make sure that it was covering her treasures down below. This caused the top of the towel to expose a few inches more of her breasts. She didn't notice, or at least she didn't let on that she was aware of the extra exposure. That was just fine with Larry, who kept glancing at me to see if I was getting pissed at him.

Kim plopped down on the couch next to me with Larry sitting on her left, in a chair about 5 feet away. She immediately crossed her ankles demurely, ensuring that nothing scandalous was showing. But this move caused the left side of her towel to fall away, exposing the side of her leg all the way up to her bare hip. Kim sat, watching the pre-game show as we sat watching Kim. I could see that Kim was a little nervous sitting there in just a skimpy towel. But I could tell she was excited, by the way her nipples poked against the damp terry cloth. My mind raced. It was about forty-five minutes until the other guys were going to show up. How much will she show before then? Was this as far as she would go? Would she need a little encouragement?

"Kim, could you get me the remote," I asked her, not looking at her but staring at her bare hip where her towel had fallen away. "It's over on the television." She stared at me for a moment.

"Sure thing, Honey," she said in an exaggeratedly sweet voice.

She stood up quickly, somehow managing not to expose her womanly charms to either of us. She slowly walked past both of us and stopped in front of the television and very slowly made an overstated move to pull down the bottom of the towel to "preserve decency." This caused the top to also pull down and about half of her pale breasts were peeking out at us. The towel covered her nipples, but just barely. If she "preserved decency" any more, she would definitely be indecent. She then grabbed the remote and brought it over to me. After batting her eyes and asking if I needed anything else, she sat down. She crossed her legs again, but this time as she sat, she slid forward causing the towel to slide from under her. Now her bare ass was sitting directly on the couch with the towel bunch up behind her. She was not showing any more than she did before, the fact that she was sitting, bare-assed on the couch, caused Larry and I to need to each shift positions a little to relieve some pressure. I looked up at the clock. Thirty minutes until the other guys arrived and her little show would surely be over.

We sat chit chatting about nothing, each of us ignoring the fact that Kim was sitting casually between us, almost naked. At one point, she put her feet up on the ottoman in front of the couch and slouched down a bit. Her towel stayed put as her body slid down an inch or two. Since her towel was already bunched up behind her, we could see her left hip and most of the side of her naked ass cheek. The left side of her towel had slid completely off her lap, leaving only the right hand corner to cover her sparse pubic hair. Her towel was tied under her left arm but was gaping open on that side, leaving her essentially naked from her foot to her ribcage on the left side. I could see Kim's breathing was becoming more shallow and rapid. She was very turned on. We all were.

"Does anyone need anything," I asked getting up and walking to the kitchen.

From Larry's position, he could see most of the left side of her naked body, although her breasts and pussy were covered. Standing in front of Kim though, her charms were on open display. I could see her tiny slit peeking out from under the terry cloth. Her thighs were glistening with moisture and it was not from the shower. If Larry got up, he would be in for quite a sight.

"I'll have another beer," Kim asked in her exaggerated little girl voice. "It is pretty warm in here, isn't it?"

"Yeah, warm," Larry ventured barely able to put two words together. He could hardly keep himself from staring at Kim. As laughable as it seemed, he seemed unsure that I was aware of Kim's exposure. Every time I looked over at him, he would pretend to be watching the television. He spent most of the time ogling Kim out of the corner of his eye.

I went in the kitchen and grabbed two beers from the fridge and waited a minute or two to see what Kim was going to do next. Reflected in a large picture we had hanging on the wall, I could see the whole living room. Kim was still slouched on the couch with her legs on the ottoman. Larry was openly staring at my wife, who was pretending to watch television. Occasionally, Larry would look over to the doorway into the kitchen to see if I was coming back. But I could see Kim glancing up at the picture on the wall. She could see my reflection and knew I was watching.

Giving me a wide smile, she rolled over to her right to get the remote I had left sitting on the arm of the couch. She only held this pose for a second or two, but it was enough to give Larry a great view of her completely bare ass. When Kim sat back up, the right side of her towel had also partially fallen away from her lap and a few inches of red racing stripe was peering out at him. Kim made an effort to look interested in what else was on TV, but Larry was not taking his eyes off of Kim's partially exposed pussy. She sat there, half her pussy on display to my friend for a minute or two before I decided to come back in. Larry didn't even pretend to watch TV this time. It was too obvious that Kim was intentionally showing off and there was no way I was not going to notice. I calmly handed Kim her beer and cracked mine open and sat down. She took a big gulp and rested the cold can on her exposed hip. The condensation from the can, ran down her hip and down between her creamy thighs. She gave a little shudder and slowly dropped her left foot and rested it on the floor. With one leg on the ottoman and the other on the floor, her thighs were spread a good foot and a half apart. Her very wet pussy lips were on complete display and glistening in the afternoon light.

All thoughts about the game were forgotten as Kim reached up and untied the knot holding her towel together. It slid down her body revealing her firm breasts and erect nipples. Her slightly trembling hand wandered across her thigh and brushed the outer lips of her sex. She let out a deep moan and closed her eyes.

The doorbell rang. The guys! I looked up at the clock ... the game was starting in a few minutes. Kim let out a strained yelp and jumped up, leaving the towel lying on the couch. Naked, she ran past Larry and down the hallway to the bedroom.

**The Towel Ch. 02**

That was a close one! I had invited a few guys over to watch the football game last week. One of the guys, Larry, dropped by a little early and caught my wife just out of the shower in just a towel. When she walked in front of Larry in her towel, it was an honest surprise for her. She was not expecting anyone that early, never mind I didn't warn her as she walked out. Kim was enjoying her uninhibited adventures increasingly over the last few months. In fact, showing her body off was becoming quite a thrill for her (and me also). So after she recovered from the initial surprise of it, she decided to give Larry a bit of a thrill. Over the course of the next hour, she slowly showed more skin, until finally dropping the towel totally and sat there naked. She had just started to stroke herself to orgasm in front of Larry, when the doorbell rang. The other guys had arrived. That startled Kim, and not intending to put on a show for everyone I knew, she jumped up and ran. Larry and I watched as her jiggling bare ass as it disappeared down the hall toward the bedroom.

After watching Kim's bouncing ass disappear into our bedroom, I let Jim, Alan and Tom in and they all sat down. The game would be starting in a few minutes. Since I still had a raging erection, I excused myself and went to the kitchen to get the beer and chips. The vision of Kim sitting naked on the couch between Larry and I was still fresh in my mind. Kim had gone about as far as I thought she would ever go. I thought her close call would mean that our fun would be over, for a while at least. When Kim rounded the corner, I knew I was wrong.

She had been in the bedroom for about five minutes when she appeared. She was wearing a pair of baggy white sweat pants and a football jersey. Now at first glance, this is not a very sexy outfit. But these sweat pants were a pair that Kim only wore when we were alone. They were old and the elastic was stretched out making them very loose fitting and constantly slipped low across her hips. She would wear them when she wanted to turn me on, and she must have been thinking just that when she picked that outfit. The white football jersey was made of that lightweight mesh material. As she got closer, I could see that she was at least wearing a white t-shirt under the jersey, but it did nothing to hide the movement of her braless breasts.

Kim bounced up to me in the kitchen and planted a wet kiss on my cheek. She looked uneasily into my eyes, waiting for me to say something. I knew she was feeling guilty about parading naked in front of Larry. Hell, she was close to cuming in front of him. Now, that the heat of the moment had passed, she was looking for my approval to continue playing, this time in front of four of my friends. Part of me was unsure how I felt about it, but the part of me that was pressing against Kim's thigh had made up its' own mind. Kim looked down at my erection and giggled. She ran a single finger along my turgid length and pivoted around and pranced out of the kitchen. Her beautiful ass bounced, as her sweat pants were already riding low across her hips, not quite showing her hipbones. With the mood Kim was in, it was just a matter of time before those sexy hipbones made their appearance. I was left wondering what else might make an appearance before the football game was over.

I rounded up the beer and headed out to the living room. I could hear Kim already engaging in conversation about the upcoming game and some idle chitchat. Jim, Alan and Tom had made themselves comfortable on the couch that Kim had been sprawled out naked across not fifteen minutes ago. Larry still had a sheepish look on his face every time I caught his eye. But that didn't keep him from staring at Kim's breasts as they moved under her jersey. If the other guys had noticed, they were being very discrete about it.

We all sat and made chitchat until it was time for kickoff. Kim was sitting to my left on the chair facing the couch and every few minutes, she would casually run her hand along my leg and brush against my penis. This had the effect of keeping me in a constant state of semi-erection. I didn't know what she had in mind, but I was sure it wouldn't be as blatant as stripping down and masturbating in front of all these guys. But, then again, I would have said the same thing before her little show for Larry and me. Her nipples were straining to show through her t-shirt and jersey, a fact that was not lost on the other guys.

The game started and for the first quarter, we all concentrated on football. Well, almost all of us. Kim continued to surreptitiously rub my erection with the back of her hand. She was definitely planning something, but was playing it slow. Just as the quarter ended, Jim and Alan got up to use the bathroom. Alan went in the bathroom just off the living room and Larry asked to use the one in our master bedroom. Kim was quick to tell me to go ahead and then followed me into the kitchen. She came up behind me and gave my erection another squeeze and she whispered in my ear with her little girl voice, "I am too hot, you wouldn't mind if I lose the t-shirt under this jersey would you?" Looking down at her shirt, you could see through the mesh but it was tight enough to not be incredibly obvious. I smiled at her, seeing her breathing was getting deeper and her cheeks were starting to flush. She was excited.

"Why would I mind," I said. "Didn't mind when you started to finger fuck yourself in front of Larry and I?" She shuddered when I said finger fuck. "I can't wait to see what you have planned now."

She smiled and walked down the hall to our bedroom.

I got the beers and waited for a minute for my raging hard-on to subside a little. I didn't need my dick entering the room before I did. I passed out the beer and settled down in my chair just in time to look up and see Kim walking back down the hall. Her breasts were jiggling with every step and I could see the shadows of her nipples even in the dim light of the hallway. Her sweat pants had slid low across her hips, allowing her hipbones to peek over the top of the waistband. She was gorgeous.

Kim plopped down next to me, all eyes in the room were watching as her breasts practically jumped around under the light mesh jersey. In the brighter light in the room we could just make out the pink circles of her nipples, which were standing very erect under our collective scrutiny. It was just then that I noticed Larry walking out from our bedroom and back into the living room. I had forgotten that he was using our master bath. Kim had just come out from changing in our room. I wondered if he saw Kim changing. With the show he and I had just received earlier, it was nothing that he hadn't seen before. Larry gave Kim a very guilty look and grabbed another beer.

The game continued and it was obvious that Kim was loosing interest in football. She had been slouching in the chair next to me for a while before sliding herself up again. This caused her sweatpants to slide further down her hips until I was sure her thin strip of red public hair would be showing. All that was visible was a good six inches of pale skin beneath her bellybutton. Her hips were bared, allowing the roundness of her ass to show from the side. I could see that Larry had noticed Kim's exposed flesh immediately and it didn't take long before the other guys were sneaking glances at my wife's exposed hips and the shadows of her rosy nipples.

Kim pretended to watch the game, but her ragged breathing and hard nipples betrayed her arousal. She was reveling in the hidden attention she was getting from the five men in the room. Her neck was red and flushed and I could see she was very slowly rubbing her thighs together. She glanced over at me and mumbled something about the heat. She lifted the hem of her jersey up and away from her skin and began rubbing her cold beer bottle against her stomach. Her shirt was about eight inches away from her body, exposing the lower half of her pale breasts. She was now uncovered from the bottom of her breasts to just above her public hair. It was a glorious expanse of naked flesh and everyone in the room was drinking it in. Putting down her beer, Kim stretched her arms over her head and flexed her long legs. Her breasts strained against the white mesh and showed her hardened nips very clearly. The loose waistband slid down as Kim arched her back, allowing just a hint of her auburn curls to peek out. The more Kim showed, the more ragged her breathing became. There were five hard dicks in the room and Kim knew it was because of her.

She held that pose for a few moments, and then jumped up declaring she needed another beer. She gathered up all the empties from the coffee table on a big serving platter and headed for the kitchen. Her shirt had fallen back into place, but her sweatpants continued their journey lower on her hips. The upper half of her ass cheeks were on display as well as about four inches of crack. The sweatpants threatened to drop to the floor with every step. As she disappeared in the kitchen, she asked Larry if he would give her a hand. He quickly shot me a worried glance. I just looked at him a shrugged my shoulders. She was in charge.

He jumped up and hurried to the kitchen. After a few minutes of things bumping around and glasses clinking together, they emerged again with fresh beer on the platter. Kim's sweatpants were a little higher on her hips but still showing a lot of skin below the belly button. Everyone got a beer and we watched the remainder of the first half. Kim sat cuddled up to me watching the game, but still making sure to give my hard on a furtive nudge every now and then.

At half-time, everyone got up to use the bathroom or to refill drinks. At one point, Alan and Jim were in the bathroom and Larry and Tom were on the back porch smoking a cigarette. Seeing we were alone at the moment, Kim jumped up and started stretching and her pants fell straight to the floor. She stood there smiling at me, completely naked from the waist down.

"Ah, that's better" she said breathlessly.

"Why stop there?" I asked, making it sound like a challenge. "Why not lose the shirt too. You still have a minute or two before they come back."

She looked at me with a slight grin. She knew that I thought she wouldn't do it. She just smirked and pulled the jersey off and stood in the middle of the living room completely naked with four other men in the house. I could see she was shaking slightly, and she was flushed from her neck to her breasts. Her nipples stood out like hard pebbles against her pale skin. At any moment, the guys could walk back in a catch her in her naked glory.

"When I went in to get the drinks with Larry, something happened," Kim confessed in a quiet voice. She looked up at me and continued, "I had the tray of bottles in my hand and there was no where to put it down. The counter was full of food and dishes. I stood there with my hands full. Then I felt my sweat pants slip a little. I asked Larry if he could take the tray for me, because my pants were falling down." She told her story in a quiet, yet excited voice, seeming oblivious she was standing in the middle of the living room completely naked.

"He just stood there looking at me blankly like he didn't know what I was talking about," she continued. "I said, 'Larry, please take this tray or my pants are going to fall down ... and I am not wearing panties.' I think I had added that last part as more of a dare, than a warning. He just stood there looking at me with a kind of cute, confused look on his face. I turned away from him to find somewhere to put the tray, and that's when it happened. My pants slipped off my hips and fell to the floor. I was naked from the waist down. He could see my bare ass." Breathlessly, she glanced out toward the deck where Larry and Tom were smoking.

"I stood there for a few seconds, then I felt his hand on my ass. His touch was very tentative. I didn't want to make a scene, so I had to be quiet. I kind of felt bad for teasing him earlier in the living room and in the bedroom. 'I'll make you a deal,' I told him. 'If you take the tray from me, you can touch me for one minute.' I know that was bad of me, but I had been teasing him and getting him all hard. You both were hard in the living room. I could see it.

"He reached around and took the tray from me. I was so hot watching him put the tray on the floor; I wanted him to touch me. Then I felt his hand on my ass and then he ran his fingers between my legs. I was so wet; his fingers were coated with my juice. He touched my pussy, even slide one finger in me and I almost came. Please don't be mad. I was just so excited from all of you guys looking at me. I couldn't help myself." She was looking at me to see if I was mad at her. "I stopped because I thought that if he made me come, you would be mad."

"Are you mad?"

I almost laughed. She thought I would be mad because Larry had almost made her come, not because he had his fingers in her pussy. I guess I should have been mad, but my penis had other ideas. I took her hand and placed it on my iron hard erection. "Does this answer your question?"

She stood there naked, breathing hard, looking into my eyes. It was a stand off and she wanted to show me that she had the nerve to stand there naked. Any minute, one of the guys was going to walk in. Kim's eyes darted toward the kitchen, effectively breaking the spell, and then reached down and scooped up her shirt and pants. In a flash she was dressed again. She had just pulled her pants back up when Alan walked back in the room. Kim sat back down, but not before giving her pants a little tug to send them back down low around her hips. She was not done yet.

After a few minutes, everyone got situated again and the game started back up. Jim, Alan and Tom were seated in chairs in the front of the room and Larry and I were on the couch in the back of the room with Kim in between us. Soon we were all immersed in the game. Well, almost all of us. Kim kept stealing glances at Larry, who was sitting to her immediate left about a foot away. She nudged me with her elbow and lifted her arms over her head in a very exaggerated stretch. This caused her sweat pants to drop a little more, exposing all of her flat belly and about a half inch of her thin strip of auburn goodness. Her jersey also rode up her torso, leaving about two feet of bare skin from just below her breasts to just above her pussy. Larry did not miss a second of the exposure. Larry's eyes about bugged out of his head when he saw Kim's red pubic hair peek out from under the waistband of her sweat pants. But his eyes never left her pussy; a pussy that his fingers had been inside just minutes ago.

Kim held that pose for a second or two, before dropping her arms and sitting up straight on the couch. This caused her sweat pants to slip further down. Now her pubic hair was almost completely on display, as was about half of her ass cheeks. Alan, Jim and Tom had their backs to Kim little show. This fact must have emboldened her somewhat, because she looked over at Larry and pulled her sweatpants down to about mid thigh. Her pussy was completely exposed to Larry and I. Kim's breathing was rapid and shallow. She was very excited. I could see her thighs were already slick with the juices. She didn't waist any time sliding her fingers between her slippery lips. Larry shot me a nervous glance, a look of uncertainty across his face. I nodded to him reassuringly and went back to enjoying Kim's performance. Kim was determined to finish what the other guys had interrupted earlier. She made quick work of pleasuring herself, cuming almost immediately. Her thighs clamped together, as she rode the wave of pleasure between her two rapt admirers.

She sat in the afterglow of her orgasm for almost a full minute before one of the teams on TV scored and the other guys erupted in yells. Kim pulled her pants back up in lightning speed, narrowly missing being seen by the others. I think if the team had scored two minutes earlier, Kim would have been too far gone to care and everyone would have had a chance to see her in the throws of passion.

Kim got up and excused herself to go to the bathroom. As she passed in front of Larry, she reached out and ran her, still wet fingers across his lips. I'm sure he could taste her pussy still on her fingers. Larry shot me another look. All I could do was shrug and laugh and try to hide my throbbing hard on.