**Tracy Uncovered**

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Even though Roy tells me I'm a prude, I'm really not. No, not really. For example, um...well, I sometimes lay by the pool and...okay, when we're alone, like after a nice dinner at home and a few glasses of wine, I'll let him feel me up at the dining room table and then when we're cleaning up and loading the dishwasher, I let him feel my breasts from behind.  
  
So, I think I'm pretty loose in the sex department. I mean, I have a friend, Lois, who cooks the meal in the nude then serves it naked and sits with her husband at the table naked, oh, she just is a naked freak. I mean, she's a bit much.  
  
Now, to Roy, my hubby, he'd love all that. Guys just want to push the envelope all the time. He's always telling me to dress more provocatively, sex it up a bit. I know one thing, I'd never, ever take him with me when I'm shopping for swimsuits. No way. I'd come out of there with something weighing under an ounce. Oh, and with my nipples, I'd be red at the beach, all right, all from blushing.  
  
Oh, these nipples. My curse, if you ask me. My blessing, if Roy is asked. Ever since before I even had boobs, still when I was a kind of skinny flat-chested kid, my nipples would spring out at the absolute worst times. I try to ignore them and there they are, again, popping out saying, 'look at me, look at me, I'm horny, I'm turned-on, I'm thinking impure thoughts.'  
  
But to Roy? Every time my nipples get hard and pop up, he wants one in his mouth. Now, this was lovely when we were dating and engaged and even first married. But he just loves to set up situations where my nips get erect and then he's all over my boobs. I've been meaning to ask his mom if she only bottle fed him when he was a baby. Maybe that's it.  
  
So, anyway, he's always after me to loosen up, that I should recognize that I have a beautiful body. That I'm desirable, sexy, attractive. Well, I've tried. Well, I've kind of tried. It's not easy. I was brought up to be a fine, wholesome young lady. Now, married, I'm supposed to be a slut. Like Roseanne Jameson in eighth grade. She was a slut. I think she had every seventh and eighth grade boy's dick in her mouth, maybe with the exception of, oh, what was his name, he was such a..., well who cares.  
  
So, hubby wants a slut and I've tried. Even went out to dinner with friends once and he talked me into leaving my panties home. The whole evening, I sat there thinking of nothing else but my pussy being bare naked under my dress. Oh, Roy loved it; he made sure we walked behind our friends so he could reach up under my skirt and cop a feel. Typical, huh?  
  
Now, I'll be honest. I do get sexed-up when I do these things. And, yes, our sex is terrific when I'm extra aroused from these episodes. In fact, our best sex is when Roy has me pushing the skin exposure envelope. So, why don't I just do it? Do it on my own? It's just so hard. I know I'm a grown woman now, not the little girl in the white frilly dress at Easter. I know all that. It's just hard to do.  
  
So, this summer, he started early.  
  
"Look, hon, we're going to the beach and I'm taking one of the prettiest women who will be there."  
  
"Oh, I was hoping you'd take me," I quipped.  
  
"Yeah, ha, ha. You're avoiding the subject as usual."  
  
"So, maybe I should just sunbathe nude this year? You'll pay my bail?"  
  
"You're avoiding the issue."  
  
"Okay, yes, I am. I mean, what good does it do for me to go braless or show a little more skin?"  
  
"Well, it makes me hard as a rock and you'll get more benefit from that."  
  
"So, I turn on half of mankind just to give you a hard-on?"  
  
"Then, I give you the hard-on, get it?"  
  
"Sounds like I'll get it, all right."  
  
"Okay, when you feel sexy, do you like the feeling?"  
  
"You know the answer already. Sure, I do. It livens up the bedroom."  
  
"Well, how do you feel when a man looks at you and you know it's a sexual look?"  
  
"Makes my panties damp. I get your point, it's just hard to do."  
  
"Okay, but will you try? On our vacation, can I take the Tracy who is a bit of a slut, a bit of a hottie? The Tracy who knows she turns guys on and enjoys it?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess."  
  
"Come on, hon, really mean it."  
  
"Okay, yes, I'll loosen up and flash a little flesh. I really will."  
  
Well, now I've said it. And I know Roy will expect a different Tracy on vacation. Well, maybe it'll be fun. Yeah, I'm going to try. I love him, and, yes, I'll try. And, it is more fun in the bedroom.  
  
So, the first Saturday in August, we got in the loaded car and headed out to the beach about two hundred and eighty miles southeast of home.  
  
Since our big discussion about a month ago, Roy got a few concessions out of me.  
  
I wouldn't wear a bra the whole week, I'd get at least half my butt tanned and that I have to concentrate on the fact that I am a desirable woman to my husband and to a great many other men as well and then act in a manner that bolsters that belief. A tall order. But I promised.  
  
The night before, we had picked out what I would wear on the trip down. Well, Roy picked out what I would wear on the trip down. It had already been decided that bras were out, so we set aside a nice pair of hiphugger panties, a blouse, and a short skirt. I just knew he would want the skirt. It was the shortest one I owned, one I almost never wore.  
  
So, we were off and up onto the highway when my dear husband reached over and put his hand on my knee. Here we go, I thought. And, he began rubbing my thigh back and forth and with each stroke along my leg going up, he also slid my skirt hem up toward my hips. He may be cute but subtle, he's not.  
  
"Slip your panties off, hon."  
  
How did I know this was coming.  
  
"I'm enjoying the fresh air enough, thank you, dear."  
  
"Remember what we're doing. Getting you to believe in your attractiveness more."  
  
So, I reached down and pulled them to the floor.  
  
He surprised me as he kept softly stroking my thigh. He didn't jump right to my pussy. He just kept caressing my leg with his hand. I had shaved my legs extra carefully last night and I knew they must feel silky and sleek under his touch. I'll bet he's getting hard.  
  
After a while, his hand would graze my pubic mound, just gently brushing my bush. The brushes with my pussy became a little more frequent as we drove along and I slumped down in my seat a bit. I must admit, it was turning me on. My skirt was now up two-thirds to my waist and it was feeling better and better.  
  
Then after about an hour, Roy reached over and unbuttoned the top three buttons of my blouse and spread the neck open a bit. Now, you might think, aha, cleavage. Well, I have pretty nice breasts, nice B-cups, but they are not close together. So, I really don't have much in the way of cleavage unless I wear the right outfit. I have one top that when I wear it with the right bra, it makes me look like a streetwalker. Yes, Roy loves it but I won't go out of the house like that. Inside the house, yes, it brings on an instant bedroom session and I can always count on it when I'm feeling a bit in need of some loving.  
  
Any way, we drove on and soon he was unbuttoning my shirt all the way and then pulled it open.  
  
"Come on, Roy, guys in trucks and SUVs will see my boobs."  
  
"Look, if I see any children or women ahead, I'll pull it closed. If it's just guys, well, give 'em a treat. I mean, the truth is, that I want to see your boobs. If some other guy sees them, then, lucky him. But I get the benefit."  
  
Roy did pull my shirt over a bit so I wasn't just totally exposed, though anyone driving by us in a truck or SUV could see my breasts. I must be honest and say that it was turning me on. My nipples were popped out and the surrounding areoles were all puffed up. And I could feel a tingle in my panties. Well, I wasn't wearing any but you know what mean.  
  
"Just close your eyes and relax. Think about how sexy you look standing naked in front of your mirror at home. How desirable a woman you are."  
  
His hand was now rubbing and petting my left breast as we drove along. I did have my eyes closed, some of it was that I didn't want to see anyone leering at my nakedness but the other part was having my eyes closed and dreaming about how sexy a woman I can be and could be.  
  
As we drove along, I was sure that some people must have seen my breasts, especially when Roy was fondling the left one. The odd thing, though, was that I wasn't particularly embarrassed but more turned-on. This rather surprised me but it also convinced me that perhaps, oh, just perhaps, there was a tiny trace of exhibitionist in me after all. Hmm.  
  
Then, Roy asked me a question that would stay with me for the rest of the week, "If a man can see your breasts, which would you rather have, that he really didn't care to look...or that he wanted to look?"  
  
Damn. In a way, I hate questions like that. He knows very well what my answer is. Of course, the latter. I mean every girl or woman wants to be desired, to be looked at.  
  
"Well, I think any woman would want to be looked at."  
  
"Okay, now, would you rather they just kind of peeked at your breasts, then turned away or would you rather they stare?"  
  
"What's the difference, really?"  
  
"Well, if they peek and then turn away, it would seem that they didn't think your breasts were worth getting caught looking at them. But staring means they really like what they see enough to not care if they get caught staring or not."  
  
"Okay, you've got me, yes, I guess so. Happy, now? I can't believe I just said that. But, yes, I would."  
  
"Answer my question, fully, hon, please."  
  
"Oh, yes, yes, I would rather they stare at my breasts unashamedly and with desire just the way you do. Better?"  
  
"Oh, much better. I wish you could see your own desirability the way I see it."  
  
"I'm trying, hon, it's just a lot of years to get over. I mean my boobs and my pussy are in the fresh air. That's pretty good, huh?"  
  
We drove a bit further, then Roy said, "Just relax and don't move. There's a bunch of guys in the SUV along side of us who are greatly enjoying your breasts."  
  
I felt a chill and asked, "How do you know?"  
  
"Well, every time I speed up or slow down, they do too. And, they just all gave you a thumbs-up."  
  
"You're making this up, Roy. I'd hear their truck. Caught ya."  
  
"Don't believe me, take a look," and I turned my head right and there were five guys all crammed together along the left-hand window and the driver up front taking as many looks as he could and still stay on the road.  
  
"Oh, Roy what..."  
  
"Remember what you just said about men looking at you. Besides, they've already seen your breasts and the fact that they're still staring is a complement to me for my choice in women and to you for the beauty of your body."  
  
I left my shirt open, even though I really wanted to pull it closed. After all, they've seen my boobs in all their glory anyway. And my nipples were as erect as I had ever seen them. Even after Roy sucks them. I couldn't bear to look over at them though I could make out some of it out of the corner of me eye. And what I didn't want to say to Roy, at least right at that moment, was that, yes, it was turning me on. Oh, yes.  
  
As we drove on, I could tell that they were staying right along side us, then Roy reached over and started playing with my left breast.  
  
As I lay back with my eyes thankfully closed, I did let a few soft moans escape which I hope wouldn't drive my husband to new heights of exhibiting his wife's nakedness.  
  
He did move his hand down and was back to stroking my leg, though this time, his hand was a bit farther over on my slit. He had my skirt about up to my hips and it was feeling so good, that I just automatically opened my legs a bit.  
  
What I didn't know at the time, though Roy would soon tell me, is that the guys in the next lane had found paper and pencil and each were making signs with 9's or 10's on them, and holding them to the window. Even, one guy, Roy told me, added two zeros to his nine and gave me a nine hundred.  
  
"Oh, Roy, this is not fair," I murmured as he worked a finger inside me. I usually never go for any sexual shenanigans in the car and here, I've got my legs apart as he's finger-fucking me along the Interstate.  
  
"Mmm, we need to stop so you can finish this. But, for now, you've got to stop doing it. Those guys may see."  
  
I didn't know that my skirt was up beyond my pussy and the guys next to us were getting finger-fuck lessons from us and when Roy took his hand away, they got a nice shot of my naked pubic area. I felt our car speed up and soon heard honking in the distance behind us.  
  
Still with my eyes closed, I asked, "What was that?"  
  
"Oh, it's your friends saying goodbye, they just took the exit." I opened my eyes and saw that my skirt was up near my waist, I looked over at him, about to speak, and he said, "You told me to move my hand. I didn't realize your skirt was quite that high." I didn't believe him for a minute. And, the really odd thing is, I simply didn't care. Six guys got to look at my boobs and pussy, well, okay. Hope they enjoyed. Maybe I was changing, well, a little, any way.  
  
His hand went back between my legs and his finger was feeling better and better rubbing all around my inner labia and just inside my pussy where it feels so good. I was plenty wet, oh, plenty.  
  
"Oh, god, I can't believe we're doing this in the car. Oh, oh, oh, Roy, you are not being fair. Oh, just keep going, shit, I just don't care who sees me, even a van full of nuns, just do it, oh, do it."  
  
By now, I had my feet on the dashboard, knees wide apart and he was fingering me in and out, pressing his palm over my clit and circling his finger inside me.  
  
"Oh, oh, oh, god, oh, here it comes, oh, don't stop, oh, just don't stop now, oh, OH, OH, OOOH, OOOH, OOOH, OOOH, OOOH, oooh, oooh, oooh, oh, oh, oh, I can believe...oh, that's so good, oh, just keep...don't stop, just, oh, yes, oh, Roy, oh, wow."   
  
I had been bucking and humping and just lost control. I just didn't care at all about anything but my pussy. Oh, and did it feel good. The feelings continued to echo through my body as he slowly continued with his finger.  
  
About an hour down the road, when I had my feet back on the floorboard and was jacking Roy off with my left hand, he said, "Well, when you had your orgasm, there were no nuns in a van but there were three very interested and entertained hunters in the truck next to us."  
  
When we got to the hotel, we went to the desk, quickly checked in, took the key, went up to the room where Roy spent quite a lot of time in bringing calmness back to his very turned-on wife. It took several tries before I would let us go have dinner and bring our bags to the room. We both agreed it was a stellar start to our vacation.