**Vicki Lets Loose and Loves It!**

by[clemluvsplayin](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1373803&page=submissions)©

I have always had a wide exhibitionist streak running throughout my consciousness. Consequently, I adore women who flaunt their bodies and tease/perform to arouse and thrill themselves and their partner. This story is a true recounting of one of my most memorable and exciting adventures.

When I was married, what was difficult for me with my wife, Vicki, was raised as a very conservative, "good little girl" Catholic. So her demeanor and behavior were actually shy and reserved from day to day. Yet, when she drank, and once in a while sober, she sometimes became flirtatious and provocative. There was this little gesture.... she would blink slowly, and when her eyes opened, one would open before the other. It was kind of like a reverse wink that just took my breath away, and from what I could tell, most other men's who experienced it as well. So I was always torn, longing for the temptress, yet often rebuffed by the old maid.

Now, to describe her, I'll use some simple, yet hopefully revealing imagery. Vicki is not "beautiful" by most standards, though she is attractive for sure. What I found alluring was her jet black hair, blue eyes, and olive complexion. In color analysis, she's a "Winter." She wears contrasting colors well, looks good in black or white, and particularly ravishing in a bright, cool red. She's the kind we all envy, who can take a dark tan very easily, almost by walking past an open window on a bright, sunny day. Her body was not remarkable, yet feminine.... A cup breasts, alluring shape, a bit of a bubble butt, and nice legs. However, one thing I always found irresistibly attractive was, when she did wear high heels, she had a very sexy and comfortable looking walk. Some women obviously struggle in heels, Vicki took to them with ease and projected confidence in her sexy stride. I'm not sure she realized it, perhaps it was just innate, but I know I wasn't the only one who noticed.

This particular adventure occurred on New Years Eve the year she was 30, not long before our first child. We had played with friends a few times, one couple in particular with whom we had all wound up naked a couple times, though no swapping. Anyway, I had asked Vicki a number of times to loosen up and flaunt more. When she did, she usually wound up enjoying it, but the conservative roots often tugged at her and kept her from feeling comfortable letting go. For this holiday we had bought a New Years Eve package at the Holiday Inn Vanderbilt in Nashville, TN. We had a room on the back side overlooking the parking lot. It was on the third floor just over the pool, and about 3 rooms away from the back entrance to the hotel. We had reservations for the party in the Commodore Lounge and arrived at the hotel around 5:00. Our plan was to relax and take a nap after being on the run all week, then head to the party about 10:00. It wasn't anything flamboyant, just some snacks, party favors, and a Champagne toast at midnight.

Things unfolded as planned, and Vicki was in good spirits, raising my hopes. We started getting anxious to party around 8:00. Now, I'll explain the options. You see, Vicki had brought 2 dresses, and had agreed to leave all her underwear at home. One dress was a bright, multi-colored print of slinky material that was flattering, yet not all that revealing. It was the kind that clings and flows sensually. The other was a very simple shift with an oval neckline and 3/4 length sleeves, the hem stopping above the knees. She had worn it a couple times before, but always with a slip, as it was quite sheer. Tonight she had brought her bright red fuck-me pumps, a wide red belt, and bright red costume jewelry - bracelet, large dangling earrings, and a large beaded necklace. The accessories would look great with either dress, and, believe me, I was hoping for the best, but prepared to accept her choice.

We had brought a bottle of wine, so I opened and poured. I sat with her while she applied bright red nail polish to her toenails and put on her Lee Press On nails that made her attractive hands really shout sex appeal. I loved watching her carefully lay out each nail to ensure it was the right size for that finger, then applying them one at a time. We were almost finished with our third glass of wine when I said I would jump in the shower first. I came out of the bathroom in short order and donned my silk shirt and lightweight wool trousers, sans underwear, plus a nice pair of loafers with matching belt. I'm no Adonis, but I felt attractive enough and she obviously appreciated my appearance and the Paul Sebastian cologne I was wearing.

Then I mustered the courage to make my first request. "Vicki, I would like to open the curtains before you shower, and go sit in the car to watch you get ready." (I had parked in a back row with the car facing the building) She glanced at the curtains, back at me, and asked, "You're always scheming, aren't you?" I grinned and hoped for the best as I walked over and opened the drapes to reveal the double sliding glass doors that opened onto a balcony with a metal railing. We could clearly see the parking lot, the cars, and a few people going and coming. As I turned back, her expression did not reveal her thoughts, but she didn't protest, so I just hoped for the best and got my coat to head for the car.

By the time I settled in and turned the radio on softly, she was already out of sight, apparently in the bathroom. After several minutes, she emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her hair and one around her body. My mood sank a bit, but I just watched as she went to her bag and pulled out her hairdryer and brush. She then walked to the lamp by the glass doors and turned it off before heading back toward the bathroom. Now the only light in the room came from the lighted bathroom and the ceiling light by the hall door. It wasn't bright, but she had been clearly visible walking across the room. After only a couple minutes, my heart lept almost out of my chest when she walked out of the bathroom nude!! She walked over in front of the dresser and plugged in her dryer before standing there in all her glory drying her hair and fluffing it with her brush. I thought I had died and gone to heaven as my heart pounded in my chest. Just then, I noticed a couple of college age guys heading toward the back entrance. One looked up and spotted her, nudged his friend and pointed, then they slowed and enjoyed the view as they walked toward the hotel a bit slower. Over the next 20 minutes I saw maybe a half dozen people spot her and watch her naked performance in the room. She took her time, and seemed to enjoy herself.

What happened next is indelibly etched in my memory. She finished with the dryer and laid it on the dresser. Then she walked over to the hanging cubby hole and retrieved her black sheer dress. Could it be? She took her time removing it from the hanger and then slowly and sensually worked it over her head. I was both stunned and thrilled to see she was at least checking it out! When she had it on she smoothed it down and then stepped barefoot up on the bed to stand in front of the dresser mirror and look at herself head to toe. As she turned and twisted to check out the back, I had a real sense that she was getting into it. What would have been a fairly quick determination seemed to take quite a while, with her looking, then looking again, almost as if she was admiring and studying her appearance, as well as putting on a show. Suffice it to say my mouth was dry, my dick was hard and pulsing, and my heart was pounding in my ears. How could I be this lucky? When she stepped down from the bed, I jumped out of the car and headed to the entrance. On the way there I saw her slipping on her pumps. She was going for it!!

By the time I got to the room she had put on the belt and jewelry and was applying her bright red lipstick in the bathroom. A couple dabs of Shalimar and she came out smiling somewhat nervously, held her hands out a bit and slowly turned, asking what I thought. "I am absolutely speechless!" I replied, "you look stunning!" I hurried to get my coat off and usher her to the door before she changed her mind. As we walked down the hall I noticed and was overly impressed that she was walking along like nothing was out of the ordinary, arms at her sides, though as I glanced down I could clearly see her nipples, and when I leaned back a bit, could see the top of her butt crack. OH MY GOD, I was excited!!

We entered the elevator and I was really anxious because the lobby doors open right across from the clerk's desk in a fully lighted lobby. When the car stopped and the doors opened, I must admit I was slightly relieved that nobody was right there at the moment. We exited the car, turned right and walked the 30 feet or so to the club entrance. I noticed a few people do double takes, but nobody gawked or frowned, so I felt emboldened. We entered the club well after 10:30 and it was packed. No tables available and people a couple layers deep all around the bar. We made our way away from the entrance in the darkened room and headed toward the short side of the U-shaped bar. Vicki asked me if I wanted a drink and I said, "Sure," with a bit of a curious tone. She asked for a card and, when I handed it to her, she walked over to a group of younger males who were quite festive, and excused herself as she pushed her way through to the bar. I watched mesmerized as she put her hands on their shoulders or waists to move them aside, yet didn't hesitate to rub against them as she shimmied her way in.

They hadn't noticed me watching, and a couple took some liberties, brushing her breasts or booty with their hands or arms, and when she didn't protest, I noticed a couple of guys look at each other excitedly. After she ordered, she leaned one elbow on the bar and put a heeled foot up on a bar stool rung, allowing her dress to slip sensually about halfway up her thigh, which was quickly noticed. The guys started chatting her up and she smiled widely, obviously enjoying herself. So, she flirted, I gawked, the guys stalked, and after a while she excused herself to return with the drinks. When she reached me, she leaned up to my ear and said over the music, "That was fun, did you enjoy me playing?" My beaming smile said it all, so she left me and headed back to the group of guys.

When Vicki flirts, it is a sight to behold, so I just stood and watched. I was mesmerized as she took every opportunity to touch and allow herself to be touched. She eventually looked back my way, raised her empty glass, which I mimicked, and then shortly she brought me round two. As she lingered a bit, she glanced back to see if the guys were looking, and they were, so she asked me to hold her drink so she could go to the bathroom, which was just across the hall from the club entrance. I watched intently as she returned and I noticed her smiling at the guys. As I looked their way, one had a shocked look on his face, apparently noticing for the first time in the darkened room that her dress was sheer and she had nothing under it. I swelled with pride as she winked at me, took her glass and headed back to the guys.

This process continued until the Champagne toast. The guys took every chance to cop a feel or rub against her. I noticed at one point the guy behind her rocking gently in time with the music into her butt, and she was gently swaying along with him. I was about to burst, so I headed over and asked if she wanted to head to the room. To this day I regret not asking if she wanted to invite any of her new friends up with us. But alas, I was dancing about the edge of my sanity by this point, so she sensed, I guess, that it was time to go. We were both a bit tipsy as we exited into the lobby light and made our way to the elevators. When we stopped in front of the doors, Vicki was holding my arm and looking up at the elevator floor indicator when I noticed a lady, who was with her husband and also waiting for the elevator, turn and check out Vicki's dress, as women do. That's when she realized it was sheer and her mouth literally opened as she slowly looked my wife up and down, standing in a hotel lobby with her nearly naked body totally on display. Her gaze obviously lingered on Vicki's breasts, and then her pubic hair. When the doors opened we all got on and I was thrilled as the woman whispered in her husband's ear and out of the corner of my eye I saw him checking it out. We exited first, all too soon, and I was almost panting as we walked to our room.

Once inside, Vicki quickly had her belt off, then shucked her dress. All she had on was her shoes and jewelry as she walked boldly over to the glass doors. There were no lights on in the room, but the parking lot lights made her clearly visible from outside as she stood there looking out over the pool. She put one hand up on the wall at the door's edge, turned her head back and asked, "Well, are you joining me?"

I finally found the gumption to move and fumbled my way out of my clothes before hurrying over to her. Cold came off the glass as I walked up and began caressing her while standing behind her, stroking her breasts, very taught nipples, tummy and thighs as she sighed and looked down at the entrance, watching a couple coming up the walk, who glanced up and noticed us. They stopped and stared openly. Vicki said, "I need you to fuck me right now!" She turned and backed up to the door jamb, still in view of our audience, and pulled me to her by my erection. She guided me to her sopping pussy and lunged at me as I entered her. I was looking in her eyes as she gasped her delight and pleasure, then turned her head to make sure they were still watching. "Fuck me for our audience!" she panted as she began moving like a wanton woman, mad with lust. Her first orgasm hit quickly, maybe even surprising her, and she groaned, closing her eyes. Then she opened them and looked back to ensure they were still watching. "More!" she demanded. We stood there fucking for several minutes before the couple finally moved on toward the doors. Vicki had at least a half dozen orgasms there on display, relishing her brazen flaunting and turning us both on immeasurably. The entrance traffic wasn't heavy, but several people noticed and watched us. I came explosively, groaning and gasping for air as my knees went weak.

The next morning we were both hung over, and the conservative wife had returned. It was obvious we were not to talk of the night's exciting adventure, so I had enough sense to keep my mouth shut and just appreciate the hell out of the experience. Those times were too few and far between, however there were a few more, and if the feedback and votes warrant, I'll share some more of our true exploits.