**Wife Exhibitionism - How it Began**

**by [showife](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=559225&page=submissions)©**

**The Beginning of Showing Off**

This is how it all began, how I found out I enjoyed having her nude, showing her to others, and took advantage of various situations in the beginning. This short should help fill in the blanks of how it all began. Yes, this is a true story.

My desire to exhibit her body started during our dating years (long ago). We would usually end up the evening somewhere parking in the car. Before very long she would be stretched out across the front seat for as long as possible while I fondled her nude body. When it was time to get her home before curfew (she was only 16 at the time) I would drive through my home town, and then through the town where she lived with her still nude on the front seat beside me.

She would quickly pull on her clothes as we turned into her folks driveway. If we got there early, or if her parents were not up, we would often sit there and start messing around again. Many times I'd get her naked again before she had to go in the house. Once while she was totally nude her brother drove in behind us and she had to make a mad scramble to get covered up.

During her last year of high school she spent part of the time as a live in nanny, and many weekends she'd have to baby-sit. After the kids were in bed we usually ended up in her room with her completely naked on the bed (she wouldn't consent to sex before marriage) as I enjoyed playing with her body.

More than once the boys would get up and peek through the crack in the bi-fold door to see her naked. A couple of times they were too loud and gave themselves away so I'd have to chase them back to bed. I often wondered how many times the father took advantage of the same situation and peeked through the door as she was changing clothes.

We would occasionally double date with one of my friends, and it was during these dates that I realized I enjoyed showing her off. We were sitting at a drive-in movie and I noticed my friend kept glancing in the rear view mirror to catch a glimpse of what we were doing. He was being pretty subtle about it and didn't realize that I had seen him look into the backseat.

Even though I had taken off her bra, up until that time everything was still well covered. But, seeing that he was so interested immediately made me want to show off her titties; so as we continued to make out in the back seat I slowly unbuttoned her shirt and eventually opened it wide.

Sam was a bit surprised by this, but after seeing that they were busy in the front seat she simply closed her eyes to enjoy what was happening. It wasn't long before I saw Brian take a quick look in the mirror, and then a much longer look as he could see her bare tits. He stared almost long enough to make his date wonder what was going on so quickly went back to her.

He did keep looking in the mirror through the rest of the evening as I rubbed and pulled her little tits. I couldn't believe how turned on I was, I was ready to explode! This was a new level of excitement for me. It was only later in life that I realized this is the moment where my strong desire to expose her was awakened.

Afterwards my friend repeatedly asked us to go to the drive-in with them Sam didn't like him very much so I was never able to give him a good replay of that night. We did have a few moments here and there when we had gone somewhere else that he would be driving us back to her house, or my car so I could take her home. During those times I always made sure he got a little look at some skin.

I always told her how good she looked and that I was so proud of her nude body that I wanted to show her off. She wasn't too happy with the idea of my choosing to let people see her nude and thought that it should be enough when a bit of accidental exposure happened. So I had to leave it like that for the awhile.

Not too much later. just after she turned 18, I began taking nude photos of her. I bought her a Polaroid camera as a high school graduation present and by the end of June I had used it to photograph her totally nude. She was nervous about the photos, and who might see them so I offered to take them home with me.

Since the picture taking started before we were married, it was easy to continue on and off through the years. Unfortunately she destroyed those early ones since she felt they were improper, because they were taken before we were married. Over the years I've had the opportunity to share her photos with many people, and Brian was finally able to see her completely nude in this way.

Since those very early years I have always tried to leave the curtains open just a little bit more than they should be, or anything I could think of so someone might see her by accident. I've did every thing I could think of to make it an "accident" that someone might see she naked body. I must admit that I was quite creative in those early years and although she pretended not to notice Sam was well aware when a motel curtain not closed, or her bikini top would accidentally be tied to loose so it would fall off her little tits.

The house we lived in for many years had only sheer curtains on the windows and since the children were little we usually had sex in the living room while they slept upstairs. I don't think she realized how much you could see through those curtains as she never worried about them. The house was less than 25 feet off the sidewalk and I usually tried to have sex on the living room couch with her sitting on top bouncing up and down.

The last week we were living there I went out to the side walk while she walked around the living room nude, turning various lights on and off. It really didn't matter which light was on because no matter which one she clicked on; it was easy to tell that a nude women was walking around in the house. I had always enjoyed our sex in the living room and with at least one light on I suspect others did as well.

After I came back in I explained to her how clearly I could see her, and could easily distinguish her dark nipples and pubic hair. She seemed to be a bit embarrassed by the thought, but it was too late now. Even though she was embarrassed we did have sex on the couch again that night, with her sitting on top.

This time she could not deny that anyone passing by the front of the house would be able to tell a nude women was bouncing up and down on somebody's cock. I never did get a chance to ask the neighbors about how much they might have seen, but we lived there 5 years and often I could hear voices outside while we had sex.

Those were the early beginnings, after we left that neighborhood I finally admitted to her that I'd always wanted to show her off, and wanted to do it even more now that she was aware of what had been going on. She also admitted that she'd known the curtains were sheer, but not as see through as they really were, and figured that others could perhaps tell what we were doing.

We also talked about our dating and other times where we both knew that she was being shown off intentionally, and not accidentally. She also admitted that it was easier for her to comply with what was happening, and just go with it, than it was if she knew about it from the beginning.

The story "Showing Teacher's Titties" happened a couple years after we left this house, and that was the start of her showing off directly to anyone.

**Showing Off Teacher's Titties**

*Although these were indeed her students in high school all of them were past the age of 18, and many well into their 20's.*

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Some years ago we had an opportunity to live and work in a Caribbean country for one year. During this time we both worked in a high school, but Sam's English class was by far the most popular class in the school. Many of the students were eager to learn the language well, so she offered an after hours tutoring class in our home to some of the more advanced students. It just so happened that this group was made up entirely of boys, by boys I mean from 18-25 years old.

Although she had to wear formal clothes for teaching her classes as soon as she got home she got more casual and often changed into a tank top and shorts. I happened to come home early one day, during the middle of one of these home study sessions, and sat in the living room with the students. Sam was busy helping each of the students with their questions and would often come over to one of them to see which words they were giving them trouble. When she leaned over to check one of the students papers I was treated to a complete view of her bra clad titties.

She isn't very busty, a 32 A/B so when she bends over her shirt falls far enough away that anyone could see both breasts clearly, in fact you could look all the way down to her navel! I was surprised that she was showing so much, and wondered if this was what made her class so popular! I enjoyed watching for the next half hour or so as she bent over to help the students, or refill their water glasses, and her shirt would fall open to expose her little tits. Without exception they all tried to look down her shirt without her catching them. I enjoyed the show she was putting on, and especially the reaction she was causing.

After the students left I told her that she was being quite an exhibitionist for her students. She asked what I meant by that, and I took her into the bedroom and had her bend over in front of the mirror. She gasped at the sight of her chest being so clearly exposed and stood up quickly. She was blushing and didn't seem to know what to say. I think she knew all along that she was showing off, but hadn't realized how much. This was also one of the loosest tops that she wore.

Since she seemed speechless I suggested that it was too bad she was wearing a padded bra, like she always wears, that didn't reveal very much. It would have been a much better show if she'd have been wearing one of her sheer "dress up" bras, or to even go braless would be better.

Nothing much seemed to change the next weeks, and even though she knew she was exposing herself when she bent over she continued on doing the same things, and wearing the same clothes.

It just so happened that about a month later, on the morning of her special afternoon class day, while she was getting dressed her bra clasp broke and she only had one of the sheer ones to put on. (Naturally, I had helped to make sure it was broken). Since she was in a hurry she quickly got dressed, in a very modest blouse, and took off for school. I didn't say anything to her, but was convinced that she would somehow change her bra, or not wear a loose tank top, before her afternoon session. That day ended up being a busy one for me, and although I wanted to see what she was going to do, I couldn't get off in time to sit in on her class.

When I did finally get home everyone was gone, but I was surprised to see that she was dressed in a loose tank top, and was still wearing her sexy sheer bra. I asked about the class, but didn't bring up her attire. During the weeks that followed a pattern was established where every day that she had a class at the house she would always put on one of her sheer lacy bras. This would often be the only day of the week that she wore them. It seemed to be having a positive affect on her as each night after her class she was always eager for sex.

She was starting to get comfortable with this, so I began to compliment her each morning on her choice of underwear, and each evening reminded her how hot she looked.

Finally I managed to get home early one day and have a chance to sit in and visit with her students. That morning she had picked out a white lace bra that was quite sheer. It seemed that the students had more trouble than usual, as all of them needed her help with the words. I could see that as she bent over her breasts were completely exposed to each of the students; and although they were covered, her nipples clearly showed through the sheer white fabric. This bra was the sheerest one she owned, and she had also changed into the loosest tank top she had, so she was completely opening up her little lace covered titties for viewing. She knew what was going on, and when one of the boys lost his train of thought after asking her a question she actually started to laugh.

Later that night I asked her about it, and she seemed to think it was pretty funny. I guess she doesn't understand the affect a teacher can have on a male student. I had enjoyed the show, but wanted more, so I asked if she'd try it braless sometime. She didn't want to try it, she said that even though the bra was sheer she still felt dressed with it on. I encouraged her to try it sometime soon as our time in the country was almost at an end. After a lot of pestering she did finally say she'd think about it, but wouldn't promise anything.

It seemed that luck was on my side because that weekend one of the boys stopped in for a short visit. Sam was dressed for a casual weekend and wasn't wearing a bra yet since we'd just finished breakfast and she hadn't dressed for the day. She says that it was "without thinking" but soon after he sat down in the living room she leaned over to look at something and gave him a complete view of her bare breasts. She did this again two or three more times before she realized that his focus was not on the book, but on her breasts. She started to blush and seemed a little flustered by it all. I had been watching all of this and started to chuckle at her sudden discomfort. She excused herself, and went into the bedroom to find her bra. I followed her in and quickly talked her into staying dressed like she was, since she'd already shown him everything by now what did it matter, and he was enjoying the show more than I was.

I don't know if it was my persuasion, or because this was one of her favorite students, but she went back into the living room without her bra. She spent the next hour or so helping him with his school work, and every 5-10 minutes she would get up and bend over his text book to help him. I sat across the room pretending to read a book, to cover my hard on, as I was enjoying the show she was putting on for both of us. Finally she told him that it was time to go. He had barely gotten out the door before she pulled off her shirt and shorts and jumped on top of me on the couch.

After we had sex we talked about what had just gone on, and how we both had enjoyed what happened. I encouraged her to try it during her class, since she seemed to get turned on by it, but she said she didn't dare show off to the whole group. Since we were leaving in another month I had to work fast to figure out a way for all of the students to get the same opportunity that the one had. This happened during the last class she had at the house.

I made sure I was home that day, and since we were leaving in just a couple of days the class had been turned into a little party instead of a normal tutoring class. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't convince Sam to go without a bra that day. We had talked about it, but she was just too nervous about it. However, she was wearing her sheer white bra, and the loosest top she had. I made her bend over a few times to check out how much showed, and was pleased that I could clearly see everything down to her waist. I even had her bend over in front of the mirror so she would know how much the students would see. This caused her to blush, and actually quiver a little bit, but she just straightened back up and didn't change her clothes.

Soon the students showed up, and she was busy talking and laughing with them all. Since they were seated and she was standing she easily managed to bend down to talk with most of them, even though they didn't have any school books with them. Not too long after they had arrived all of them had gotten several looks down her shirt. It was also quite an emotional time as all the students had brought some type of little gift or going away card for her.

When Sam came into the kitchen to talk with me about getting the food and drinks served she was quite choked up over the gifts and good wishes they gave her. We hugged a little and I suggested that she should really consider giving them a gift they'd always remember. While saying this, and encouraging her to be bold, I unhooked her bra and slide the straps off her shoulders. She didn't say anything but simply pulled her arms through the straps. I slipped her bra off and stuck it in a kitchen drawer so it was out of sight.

I went into the living room with some plates of food while she stayed in the kitchen to get up her courage. I was beginning to wonder if she had put her bra back on, or if she was even going to come out. So I called in to her to bring out the rest of the treats. Although the students didn't know it at the time, both Sam and I knew I was talking about her bare breasts. She quickly came out of the kitchen with the rest of the food and since I could see her hard nipples poking the front of her shirt I knew she was braless.

By now I was sitting with the students watching to see what Sam would do. She came into the living room with her plates of food and bent over to offer some to each of the students. She went around the room rather quickly, and when she got to me she served the plate the same way so I could see how she looked. She stayed just a little longer bent over in front of me as I looked down her shirt, and then winked at her and told her she was putting on a great party.

I could clearly see all the way to her waist, and both of her little titties hung down completely free from any obstruction. The students all had a view of her tan neckline, the almost bright white of her breasts and the dark reddish brown of her already hard nipples. She quickly went back into the kitchen, and when she didn't come out right away I thought I'd better check on her to make sure she wasn't getting dressed again. When I got in she was still dressed the same, and was holding another plate full of food to be served. She was taking some deep breaths, she said it was to get up the nerve to go back in the living room; but she finally did go back in with more plates of food.

What a treat it was for me, for almost the next two hours, to watch as my wife moved from student to student offering food and refreshments to everyone so they could continue to look at her bare breasts. As time went on she seemed to get more comfortable with it and would spend increasingly longer moments bent over each one. Everyone was getting pretty intense by then as it had become quite obvious that all the students were turned on and most of them had given up trying to hide their erections. I'm not sure who was more turned on, them or me.

But, like all good things it had to come to an end and since it was becoming dark the students began to leave. Eventually only her three favorite students remained and we all sat around the living room for one last time to chat. Sam came and sat by me on the couch and all their eyes seemed to be glued to her chest. I finally decided that we'd played games long enough and asked them if they enjoyed looking at my wife's bare breasts. When I did this Sam blushed and turned her head, and the guys all looked embarrassed as they tried to look anywhere but at her titties.

So I asked them again, and they finally answered that yes they had enjoyed looking at her. I asked them a few more questions and soon found out that they'd never seen a white woman's breasts before. They seemed to be amazed at the whiteness of the skin of her breasts. Soon they were talking about how beautiful she was, how wonderful she looked, and any other compliments they could think of to give her. By now Sam had started to recover her composure so I suggested that she clear away their dishes. While doing this she gave each one of them one long look down the front of her shirt and told each of them how much she had enjoyed getting to know them and having them as students.

I figured I'd better end this now so as I ushered them to the door I told them to make sure to remember this day, and remember their teacher, and they all assured me it would never be forgotten. I'm sure they still dream about her to this day.

Once they were gone Sam came back out and asked me why I had asked them about her like that. For lack of a better reason I offered that it seemed like the right thing to do at the time. I asked her if she was mad, she wasn't, but had wondered if we had gone too far that day. I suggested that she had made lifelong memories for all of them, but she wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not.

We've never been back to that country, so we don't really know how things turned out. I often wonder how far things would have gone if we would have stayed for another year. I'm sure that Sam made it very difficult for whoever the next English teacher may have been.

**Out for Dinner**

From the very first time I saw Sam dressed in her new nightie I knew that some how, some way, I had to get her out in public to show her off while she was wearing it.

What really surprised me was that this was actually a nightgown that she had purchased, not something that I had bought with the intention of using it to show her off. Usually when she buys sleep wear it's some type of flannel, or cotton, that's plain and simple. But this nightgown was a deep purple with flowers and some gold stitching throughout. It also had a little bikini g-string panty that matched. When she walked into the room the first time I thought that she was modeling a new dress, but as she came closer and walked into the light I could see through the material and see her nipples behind the sheer material.

Since the nightie was mid-thigh length it was something that could easily pass for a sun dress. It would only be in someone came in very close contact with her that they would see that it was too sheer for a dress, and that she would have very little underneath it.

After weeks of constant begging and pleading she finally agreed that she would wear it out for dinner. But, only to a certain restaurant that was always quite dark, and only if she could wear a coat over it as she went in and out of the building. Since it was fall it wouldn't seem out of place for her to wear a coat so I agreed.

When the evening finally arrived I could hardly contain myself. I had made reservations for 8 pm and it seemed to take forever until it was time to leave. Sam came down the stairs dress in her "new purple dress" and walked to the front closet for her coat. As I followed her into the hallway I realized that although the material seemed to cover her quite well in the front the whiteness of her bare ass showed through the material. Anyone that was behind her would be able to see the single dark line of the g-string that divided thcheeks of her white ass.

I guess that neither Sam nor I had ever looked at her outfit from the backside so I presumed that she had no idea how clearly visible her ass was in the light, and I sure wasn't going to tell her either! I helped her on with her coat and at my request she left it unbuttoned. We had an uneventful ride to the restaurant and when we arrived our table was waiting. When we walked in the door Sam's coat was a bit open at the top and it was evident that she was wearing quite a skimpy dress. Although they offered to check her coat she told them it was a little chilly and that she would bring it to the table with her.

I had requested a table that was out of the way so we were seated near a corner that was quite dark and didn't have anyone next to us. We ordered a couple of glasses of wine and before waiter returned with them I asked if I might help Sam take off her coat. She knew that my asking to help was really my telling her it was time, so she allowed me to fold it over the back of the chair.

Our wine soon arrived and as the waiter explained the evening specials it seemed like he was also trying to figure out what kind of dress Sam was wearing. In a few minutes he returned and took our order for dinner. He seemed to linger a bit longer that he should have so I suspect that he had figured out that Sam's "dress" was quite sheer.

Our salad was brought out by a different waiter who had forgotten the grated cheese. After he went back in the kitchen to get the cheese I was convinced that the word was out to check out the women seated in the corner. He quickly returned and slowly grated the cheese onto the salads. By the time we had finished our salad, and another glass of wine had been consumed, we had four different waiters come by the table to give us service.

I asked Sam if she thought the service here was always so good, or if her dress was getting us extra attention. She just gave me a look and finished her salad. Although her nightgown dress was fully covering her she looked like she was wearing a very slinky, sexy, little slip dress. It was only if you got within a few feet of her that you could see she was not wearing a bra underneath it. By now the coolness of the air conditioning had gotten to her and her nipples were quite hard and they seemed to be trying their best to poke their way through the soft semi sheer fabric that was covering them.

Our meals were finally delivered, by two very attentive waiters, and along with another glass of wine we finished our dinner in relative peace and quiet. Since the tables were covered with long white linen tablecloths I took advantage of the situation and reached over to caress her thigh as she finished eating her meal. By the time she was done I had moved up to her pussy and had moved her panties to the side. She was starting to enjoy my fingers caressing her just as the waiters came to clear away the dishes.

Sam froze as they approached but I kept my hand firmly planted between her legs. They took away the dishes and described the desserts as I continued to stroke her clit with one finger while I had two firmly planted inside her by now very wet pussy. We decided we'd go with a dessert, and only then realized that they were "self service."

There was a huge dessert table on one side of the dining room that was filled to overflowing with just about every kind of sweet you could imagine. As we looked across the room I requested that Sam go over and get her dessert without putting on her coat. Since she'd sat at the table for almost two hours already she should willing to get up and move across the room dressed as she was. She frowned at me a bit, but reached under the table and adjusted her panties a little.

I pulled out her chair and walked close behind her to the table. The room was not very crowded and I don't think that anyone even looked up at us as we looked over the goodies. It wasn't until Sam reached over for some Chocolate Mousse that I noticed her hemline lifted high enough to show the bright whiteness of her ass cheeks. I think she must have also felt a breeze as she quickly turned and retreated to the table.

I was a few steps behind her this time and as I looked at her walk in front of me it was very evident that her white ass was naked under her clothes. We got back to the table and I could tell that Sam had gotten a bit turned by my playing with her pussy under the table and her trip to the dessert table.

As we enjoyed our dessert I once again started to reach under the table and caress her pussy. This time she didn't hesitate at all and opened her legs to me for easier access. As usual I finished my food first, and after one more offer for more wine or water from the waiter, which was declined, I concentrated on getting her excited as she finished up her mousse. Just as she was getting that last spoonful to her lips I started to pull her little panties down. I was wondering just what she would do, but she stopped mid bite and lifted her hips so slightly that no one but me would have noticed. I slipped them down past her knees, and then by dropping my napkin on the floor managed to get them completely off and tucked safely into my pocket.

Sam had given up the pretense of sitting up straight and since the room was quite empty by then she leaned back and enjoyed the attention while she finished her glass of wine. Just about that time the waiter came with the bill. I think that he'd been waiting for just the right moment. But, if he'd have been behind Sam he would have gotten a look at pubic hair, but since he was across the table he didn't see much. I gave him my credit card and asked if the dessert table was open for "seconds" and he said yes.

When he left I asked Sam to go and get me a chocolate mousse from the top self of the table. Since this was where she'd already felt a draft she knew that she might be showing off even more this time as now her panties were in my pocket.

She slowly slid her chair back from the table and after a quick look around walked up to the table to retrieve my extra dessert. As she reached up and grabbed the mousse, she gave me, and any one else that was lookiing, a clear view of the bottom half of her ass cheeks. She quickly turned around and came back to the table with the dessert.

She knew that I wasn't hungry so after eating just a few bites, and signing the credit card bill we decided it was time to leave. I pulled back her chair a bit so she could get up, but instead of helping her put on her coat I held on to it and we started moving to the exit. The lights were much brighter in the foyer and as we left I knew that whoever was there would be able to see through her "dress."

Standing around the front desk was the hostess, and two of our waiters, so after thanking them for the meal we turned to leave. I knew that by then all three of them had gotten a good look at Sam's body through the sheer fabric. So as we moved towards the door I stopped to help Sam put on her coat. She gave me a puzzled look since I hadn't let her put it on before, but stopped and started to put her arms in the coat.

I had already figured that by holding the jacket low enough for her arms to start going in I would the be able to lift the bottom of her dress while she pulled it up around her shoulders. My plan worked better than I ever expected as lightweight fabric slide all the way up to her waist. Although the coat was covering her from the back at least one of the waiters treated to a quite flash of her pussy.

**The Dinner Show**

We'd had quite a nice time attending the convention the past weekend, as usual it was a break from the long Midwestern winters, and since we were away from home I'd taken the opportunity to expose Sam a couple of times during the past few days. She'd been a good sport about the adventures and was quite willing to flash every time that I suggested we try out something.

However, tonight was the final night for the convention, and as usual everyone attended a big dinner at the hotel. All the guests would be seated at big round tables that held twelve. The seating arrangements were always random, and it was very unlikely that we would be sitting with anyone we knew.

She just couldn't quite believe it, "you want me to wear this, without anything underneath it,?" she asked me as she held up a soft white blouse that was almost transparent. "Whoever's sitting at our table will stare at my breasts for the whole evening." When I explained to her that was exactly what I was hoping would happen she blushed a bit and said that she didn't think she could put up with people sitting that close and staring at her for such a prolonged time. I encouraged her to go and try it on, and then after modeling it for me we could make the decision. I think that she already knew that as soon as she put it on it was a done deal, but she finally said ok and started to get dressed.

After she had tucked it into her skirt she turned to me and walked back and forth in front of me as she tried to look in the mirror to see how sheer it really was. I think that if she'd have been watching me closely she'd have know just how transparent the blouse was as I was immediately turned on by seeing her in the blouse, and knowing that she would be wearing it out in public.

Her nipples were very visible through the fabric, as were the tan lines that crossed the tops of her breasts. After examining herself in the mirror she slowly turned to me and exclaimed that "it shows an awful lot of me." Actually it couldn't show a lot since she's a 32A, but in addition to showing her nipples and tan lines it also clearly showed the complete shape of her little titties.

When she said that she didn't think she could "go like that all evening" I suggested that she should start out by wearing a little jacket over the blouse at the beginning of the evening and that after we were seated at our table, and she was a bit more comfortable, she could then take it off. She seemed to think that this would be a better idea, and quickly went to the closet for a jacket. I appreciated her choice as it was a jacket that didn't button up or fasten in the front . It left a couple of inches open in front so it was easy to tell that she wasn't wearing anything beneath her sheer blouse.

She seemed to be quite comfortable dressed this way, and since nothing was showing yet she was ready to go down for dinner. I guess that it was a good thing that we'd settled on the jacket since there was quite a long wait to get into the banquet room, and we ended up chatting with many people that we knew before we eventually found our table. When we were seated she was relieved to see that we were in a rather out of the way spot toward the side of the room. However, as the table started to fill up she became a bit tense when a couple of men that we had talked with the day before took the chairs across the table from us.

She knew that the people who sat in those chairs would have the clearest view of her, and she had been hoping that it would be somebody that she didn't know, and that didn't know her name.

Eventually our table was full, and much to her relief, and mine too since I was afraid she might chicken out, we didn't know anyone else at our table. While the dinner was served Sam quickly downed a couple glasses of wine to help calm her nerves. By the time the dessert course was being served the business program was beginning. After the usual greetings and self congratulations a video presentation was introduced. As soon as the lights were dimmed I figured that this would be a discreet time for Sam to take off her jacket.

She must have also been thinking the same thing as I only had to reach over and tug the hem of her jacket lightly and she immediately began to take it off. Since she didn't want to attract too much attention she simply folded it onto her lap.

The next few minutes were agony for me as I waited in eager anticipation for the video to end. It seemed like an eternity, but in just a few minutes the house lights went up and the affect was startling. I had thought the blouse looked sheer up in the room, but here under the bright lights of the banquet room it was even more transparent than it had been up in the room. If Sam had known just how clearly it was showing off her breasts I'm sure that she wouldn't have agreed to wear it to the dinner tonight. It was very evident to anyone that looked at her that her breasts were being displayed for them to look at.

It didn't take long before the two men that we had previously talked with, and who were sitting directly across the table from us, lost all interest in the speaker and began to concentrate on staring at Sam's breasts. Sam was trying to concentrate on watching the program, and avoiding any kind of eye contact with the others at the table. It wasn't long before all of the others at the table had also discovered Sam's tits.

For about 15-20 minutes the program droned on with one special guest after another being introduced. So far Sam had managed to keep from making eye contact with anyone that was sitting at our table, but she was beginning to have a had time trying not to notice their stares.It became particularly evident as the man sitting next to her gave up all pretense of paying attention to the program while he stared intently at her chest. Since her blouse was so sheer he really didn't have to look very hard to get a complete view of her little breasts.

The guy that was sitting next to me was at the table with his wife, and he was starting to get a bit embarrassed as his wife poked him when he would try to look at Sam. Finally, at his wife's urging, he leaned over and said something to me about Sam's blouse being "awfully sheer." He said it loud enough that a few others at the table, including Sam, also heard him. When I remarked that I had asked her to wear it like this he got all flustered and his wife eventually dragged him away from the table.

This caused a bit of disruption at the table, and finally Sam was forced to look around the table instead of staring at the stage. She quickly saw that all of the men had their eyes locked on her chest and she blushed quite deeply. She took another big drink of wine and looked over to me for some kind of direction. I leaned over, and loud enough for most of the men at the table to hear, told her she looked really great. With that she simply leaned back into the chair and closed her eyes for a few minutes while everyone stared at her.

Although they were busy looking at her I was busy watching everyone's reaction to her being on display. Most all were enjoying the show while they had the chance, and a couple of them even made eye contact with me and nodded or saluted with their drinks. One of the two men we'd me the day before was doing his best not to look but kept stealing glances anyhow.

I was just about ready to let Sam put her jacket back on when I realized that the guy sitting next to her seemed to be busy with his hands under the table. I leaned over and asked Sam if he'd reached out to touch her, but she nodded her head no. When I told her that it seemed like he was jacking off under the table she opened her eyes and looked first at me, and then over at him. Although he was being very discreet it was also obvious to us what he was doing. I whispered a couple of words of encouragement and instruction in Sam's ear, and with a bit of a smile she picked up her jacket and put it back on. Needless to say the faces around the table looked a bit disappointed.

It seemed that the situation getting to close to the edge of getting out of control so I suggested that we leave. When we got up a couple of the other guys protested, and one wanted to follow us, but we quickly moved away. While we were waiting for the elevator Sam pulled open up her jacket to see how sheer her blouse looked in the bright light.

When we got into the elevator she asked me if I was satisfied with her performance that evening, and also said that she was glad she hadn't known how visible her breasts really were through the blouse or she wouldn't have gone through with it. I told her that she had made me happy, and reminded her about how much I like to show her off and how much I enjoyed watching her show her breasts to a table full of people.

She said it was almost as revealing as if she'd have been sitting there totally exposed, and commented about sitting in a public place for so long with her breasts exposed. I suggested that maybe we should try it that way the next time, and she remarked that she wouldn't put it past me to try that the next time!

**Let's Go for a Ride**

Let's go for a ride; with a surprise ending

Oh yes, this really happened!

One night a couple of years ago my wife and I were sitting on the couch and enjoying each other's bodies before moving into the bedroom for sex. We'd been kissing and touching for well over an hour when she asked me "what would I like to do?" After not too much thought I suggested that we go for a ride dressed as we were. She thought about it a minute and said ok. It was 11 pm.

I should mention that at the time I was driving a older model luxury car that had a big front bench seat that was almost like a couch. This was the same car we had in the "Driving through Duluth" adventure.

This made it possible for her to sit right beside me so I could easily play with her tits with one hand as I drove. Without much preparation we got the keys, and my wallet for a drivers license and started out of the driveway.

She was wearing a set of long sleeve, long leg flannel pajamas. Nothing very sheer or sexy, but something that was easy to unbutton, and had a loose elastic on the waist. I had on a T shirt and a pair of flannel pants. We barely made it out of the drive way before I started to caress her tits and stroke her body.

We only had 2 blocks to drive before we came to a main street that took us to the freeway entrance. By the time we got on the freeway her shirt was completely unbuttoned and her tits were showing in the streetlights of the road.

She was still feeling a bit self conscious about being exposed in public so I had planned a route that would bring us down a well lit freeway, into a more residential area that was still pretty much a highway, and then into a dark rural area where I had planned to get her totally naked. Then we would suddenly exit back onto a well lit 4 lane highway where anyone near us would be able enjoy looking at her nudity. By then I knew she would be so turned on that she'd happily ride in the car totally nude.

By the time we'd traveled the 10 miles on the freeway her shirt was pushed down around her waist and I'd started to try and slide off her pants. As soon as we exited and no one would be along side of us she allowed her pants to come off and even slipped one foot out of them. We traveled through the residential area, passing through a couple of commuter communities while we met several cars who should have had enough light to look through the windshield and see my wife's naked tits.

Finally we drove into the darker rural areas and she allowed me to completely remove her shirt and leaned into me as I continued to play with her tits.

By now she was getting quite turned on since it was dark and a remote area she actually had both feet up on the dash. I was driving quite slow as I worked her sopping wet pussy with my right hand and drove with my left. This part of the drive was the most enjoyable as in between my stroking her pussy and playing with her tits she would lean over and suck on my cock for a few minutes now and then and then put her feet back up on the dash.

By now, for all practical purposes, she was totally nude, except she still had her pajama bottoms around one ankle. Soon we were coming back into an area with more housing, and many more street lights and as I had thought by that time she was too turned on to care if some one might see her nude. There was also starting to be more traffic, but I stayed will within the speed limit and didn't drive too slow.

I noticed a car pull out of a side street and start to follow us and before I could say "there's a cop behind us" his flashing red lights came on! My wife quickly scrambled to try and twist her pajama bottoms around and pull them up and then get her shirt back on before he walked up to her side of the car and shined his flashlight through the window on her.

Just about the time his light flashed across her chest she managed to get both arms back in her top but didn't have a chance to button up until after his flashlight was shining on her chest. All I had to do was pull my shirt down and I was covered up.

The cop seemed to find the situation a bit funny, and wasn't irritated at all. Especially since he may have thought he'd be pulling over some young, perhaps drunk kids, instead of a couple in their 40's.

Most of the time he talked to us he kept his flashlight shining on some part of my wife's body, and after briefly looking at my license had her get out of the car so he could ask her if she "was all right" or "being forced to do anything she didn't want to do." Fortunately for me she was also amused by then or could have really made my life hell by telling the cop I had kidnapped her or forced her into the situation.

He seemed to keep shining his flashlight up and down her torso while they talked outside the car and then he finally let her get back into the car while he wrote me a ticket for a cracked tail light which had given him reason to stop me.

Needless to say we never did get back on the well lit 4 lane highway with her being nude, that's where I had planned to really show her off. I'm not sure how many people had gotten a look at my naked wife that night, I think the cop got a look of at least one bare breast, maybe both. Others we passed or met on the road should have also been able to enjoy the view of her naked tits. It just didn't work out to the finish as I had planned.

I don't have the big car any more and it hasn't worked to get her into a smaller less comfortable car to try the same experiences. (Damn those center consoles anyhow) I think maybe I should have kept that car as we had several fun experiences while driving in it and several people got to enjoy looking at her bare tits as she sat along side of me while I drove down the highway.