**You Really Want Me To Do That?**

by[magmaman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=424353&page=submissions)©

Sally looked at Carl in shock, she was not sure she heard him correctly.  
  
"What?" She asked.  
  
"Just a little bit, it would be a kick." Sally saw that her husband's face was flushed, and he glanced nervously at the two men sitting at a table right in front of them.  
  
The little cafe was not busy, the two of them had stopped in for a bite to eat. Since this was a coastal tourist town, the place had Crab, Shrimp, Clam chowder, and it was clearly on the rustic side.  
  
Sally had been surprised when Carl selected seats along the wall, that section was raised two steps and had a series of short tables which were made out of what appeared to be simple sanded boards. It was almost like a counter but the seats were on a long bench, also simple boards, polished by thousands of behinds sliding in and ou of them.  
  
At least the chairs all had cushions, and Sally mentioned that.  
  
"No, let's sit up here." He told her, guiding her by the elbow.  
  
So the two of them sat against the wall facing the room. Sally saw the two men sitting at the table directly in front of her in the center of the room.   
  
It was obvious they were working men, they both wore heavy denim clothing, the one man had on rubber boots that were folded down, the other wore black high top work boots.  
  
The one man was much older, his face heavily lined from years of working in the Sun. His smile was natural. The younger man looked to be barely into his 20's, he had very broad shoulders and it was clear he was heavily muscled even wearing the thick workman's shirt.  
  
She saw they noticed her when she and Carl walked in. Sally had seen those types of looks before, her long dark hair, slender figure and pretty face often got noticed.  
  
That part she didn't mind, in fact normally she liked it, although today the dress she had on caused her to be completely aware of people around.  
  
The material was multicolor and covered her nicely clear to level with the top of her knees, but it was very thin and nearly translucent if the light was behind her.  
  
Carl had suggested she wear this dress, saying it was going to be hot. He was correct about that, it was close to 90 degrees outside.  
  
The cafe had air conditioning but it was one of those water coolers which helped at first but created so much humidity as to be close to useless.  
  
Already the dress was beginning to stick to her body. All she had on underneath it was a pair of thin panties and a light sports bra, so Sally was aware that her nipples had formed bumps in the soft cloth the moment the initial chill hit her.  
  
The men looked up, the younger one on the left stared, the older man grinned at her.  
  
Sally flushed but there was nothing she could do about it, and when she and Carl took their seats, it was almost a relief to have the table top between herself and the two men.  
  
She reached down and tucked the hem of her garment snugly between her legs, since she saw from the angle that their eyes were almost level with her knees.  
  
The waitress brought some Tea, they ordered a bowl of the famous chowder which arrived quickly. It was delicious, then followed quickly by a large plate of fried Shrimp which they shared.  
  
"Hey, see those two guys?" Carl leaned close and whispered to her as she ate.  
  
"Yes, why?" She asked.  
  
"They keep trying to look up your dress." Carl snickered softly at that.  
  
"They can't see anything." Sally told him.  
  
"I know, but why don't you relax your legs a little bit, give them a peek?"  
  
"What?" Sally asked in shock. She knew very well that Carl liked her to wear pretty clothes, and out on the beach trips her bikini was one of those barely adequate kind.  
  
That was actually fun, others were dressed similarly so she wasn't on her own, and Carl always was up and raring to go when they got home from one of those trips.  
  
Sally felt proud of her body, now close to 30 years old her tummy was flat as a pancake, her smallish bust was high and firm.  
  
But deliberately give two complete strangers a peek at her panties?  
  
This was something new.  
  
"Just a little bit, it will be a kick!" Carl whispered to her.  
  
"I can't do that." Sally whispered back.  
  
"Sure you can, nobody knows us here. Make it look like an accident." Carl added.  
  
He was right about that, they seldom saw anyone they knew on their trips to the coast.  
  
"So what do you want me to do?" Sally asked him.  
  
"Relax, let your legs open up a few inches." Carl grinned at her.  
  
Sally flushed but did as her husband asked. The thin material was sticking to her legs, so the motion lifted the hemline some.  
  
She pointedly did not look at the two men, but she saw out of the corner of her eye when the older man noticed he could see part of her blue panty.  
  
That caused Sally to shudder slightly, a reaction she didn't completely understand.  
  
It was like the time on the trip before, she had reached down to get a cold beer out of the cooler and a slightly chubby man sitting not 20 feet away was looking at her.  
  
Sally knew that man had seen her nipple for just an instant, and she had flushed bright red as he smiled.  
  
Carl had seen that too, he grinned broadly but said nothing.  
  
That was just an accident, this was different, deliberate.  
  
When the older man said something to the younger one, they both were then looking. Sally quickly closed her legs.  
  
"Don't do that, let them have a look." Carl whispered again.  
  
Carl reached down and gave her right thigh a stroke, this caused her dress to ride up quite a bit. Then he reached down with his left hand and tugged the material on the side of her dress, so that it no longer hung down in the way so far.  
  
"What are you doing?" She hissed at her husband.  
  
"Just having some fun, go ahead and tease these guys some, OK?"  
  
Sally nibbled at her lower lip, then let her legs fall open, a bit more this time. She knew the crotch of her panties were snugged up tightly against the sparse hairs on her well trimmed lips.  
  
She thought she felt herself dampen, if so then they would see that.  
  
She again quickly closed her legs.  
  
"Come on, honey. Don't spoil it." Carl said.  
  
"You really want me to do that?" She whispered back.  
  
"Yea, it will be fun to see how they react." Carl told her.  
  
"God. I suppose I should go take my panties off so I can show them everything?"  
  
Carl looked at her and grinned.  
  
"No way in hell am I going to do THAT!" Sally took a teasing poke at his arm. She went back to eating some of the Shrimp, while leaving her legs partly opened.  
  
Sally knew the two men could probably see glimpses of her panties, that was exciting in a way but she wanted it to appear like she had no idea.  
  
Carl was actually breathing heavily, she knew very well he was turned on and now she could hardly wait for them to get back to their motel room.  
  
It seemed to take forever for them to finish eating, they drove over to the room they had rented and barely got inside before Carl had his hands on her bottom.  
  
Sally pushed Carl down in a chair, then went over and sat down facing him.  
  
"Want to see how much those guys saw, honey?" She giggled, opening her legs, teasing him. Carl's mouth worked a few times, then he could no longer stand it.  
  
He grabbed her, and tugging her panties to the side, jammed his stiffness inside her.  
  
In the nearly decade they had been married, that was the fastest that Carl had ever climaxed that she could remember. But he didn't withdraw and leave her hanging, he pressed even deeper and rubbed his pubic bone against her vagina, finally her legs were plastered as wide as they would go and he was mashing against her.  
  
Her own peak was blinding, she had orgasms many times before but nothing like this.  
  
The sheer nastiness of it all set her off in a way she didn't ever remember.  
  
Lying there panting, she looked at her husband, finally muttering, "Wow!" He laughed, delighted with her obvious enjoyment.  
  
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Later, as they sat and watched a TV show, Sally had to bring it up.  
  
"What set that off?" She asked Carl.  
  
"What set what off?" Carl replied, knowing very well what she meant.  
  
"You know darn good and well what I mean!" Sally protested.  
  
"Oh, that. I guess you got all hot and bothered showing off your pussy to a couple of complete strangers, huh?"  
  
"That was your idea, not mine! And besides, they couldn't see anything but my panties." Sally protested, feeling herself flush again at the thought.  
  
"So? My little girl is a naughty little thing, next I bet you want them to look right at your hairy snatch, maybe even show them those pretty titties, I bet?" Carl now had that teasing tone in his own voice.  
  
"You would like that, wouldn't you? You pervert!" She teased right back.  
  
"Yea, I would." He grinned at her.  
  
Their eyes met, Carl's hand came over and stroked her breast and they were at it again.  
  
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The next morning, Sally was brushing her hair in front of the mirror, wearing just a soft pair of shorts.  
  
"Want to go to breakfast?" Carl asked.  
  
"Sure, where?"  
  
"How about that chowder place we went to yesterday?" He asked.  
  
"They serve breakfast?" She asked, looking his way.  
  
Carl was grinning.  
  
"Oh." She said.  
  
"Want to?" He asked.  
  
"Ok, I guess so." She reached for a pair of slacks.  
  
"Why don't you wear that pretty printed miniskirt you have, with the matching halter top?" He asked.  
  
"That is for wearing over my bikini bottoms when we go to the....OH! God, really? You want me to wear that?"  
  
"Yea! And no need for the bikini." Carl grinned.  
  
"Carl, my ass is going to be hanging out." She smirked at him.  
  
"Yea!"  
  
Sally laughed.  
  
"Remember, you asked for it!" She told him, reaching in her bag for her bikini cover up.  
  
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The little cafe was packed, the two of them had to wait in line to get a seat. The waitress seated them at one of the center tables, it was all there was.  
  
There was no way to do anything, not really. The only way anyone could see anything would be to get down under the big table.  
  
They had their breakfast, then wandered over to look at the noisy Sea Lions. Sally leaned over the railing to look down at them, not even thinking.  
  
Carl stepped up beside her, reached down and patted her bare behind, she had almost forgotten about that. She reached back and tugged at the miniskirt which did nothing at all, blushing. Glancing back, she saw a young couple holding hands, the guy was smirking.  
  
Later they went down and walked on the beach, Sally wanted to sunbathe but the breeze was chilly and she didn't have her suit.  
  
Sunday evening they packed, ready for the short trip home since Gene had to work Monday of course.  
  
"Want a bite to eat before we head out?" Carl asked her.  
  
"Sure, where?" Sally asked, closing the suitcases.  
  
"How about we stop at the casino on the way?"  
  
"No, every time we do that, you lose your shirt." She laughed.  
  
"Well, we could go to that little cafe and get the sea food plate, maybe split it?" He asked.  
  
"Sure, if they are open."  
  
"They will be, they are open until 10 tonight."  
  
"You checked, huh?" She laughed.  
  
Carl just grinned at her.  
  
Sally reopened her suitcase and dug out the same thin dress she had worn there a day or so earlier.  
  
Carl sat and watched as she slipped on her sports bra, reached for a pair of silk panties. She glanced over at Carl he didn't say anything.  
  
He did lift one eyebrow when she placed the panties back in her suitcase, then tugged the thing dress over her head.  
  
"Going commando, huh?" He grinned.  
  
Sally stuck her tongue out at him, then smiled broadly.  
  
"You did ask for it." She told him simply.  
  
Carl smiled, then went and loaded the car. A few minutes later they were on their way to the waterfront.  
  
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There were just two couples sitting at a table over in the corner when Carl and Sally walked in.  
  
Carl steered her again to the seats by the wall facing the room. He ordered, the waitress came back quickly with a pot of coffee, told them it would be a few minutes.  
  
The two of them were talking when the door opened and a man came in. He looked around, then instantly walked quickly to the center table, sat down facing them.  
  
It took Sally a moment to realize it was the same older man who had sat across from them the day before.  
  
This time he was dressed nicely, in a sports shirt and clean blue jeans. Looking up, he caught her eye and smiled, which caused the wrinkles on his well tanned face to increase quite a bit.  
  
"Isn't that the same man who was here yesterday?" Carl whispered to her.  
  
"Yes, I think so." Sally answered, suddenly nervous.  
  
"He probably is hoping to get another peek at your panties." Carl snickered.  
  
"Except I don't have any on." Sally whispered back with a titter.  
  
Just then the waitress approached the man, she asked him something. He turned and told her that it was slow and they had only been getting about two to the pot, Sally assumed he meant they were catching Crab.  
  
That was when Carl broke in and asked him about it.  
  
"Yes, Dungeoness." He answered.  
  
"We watch that show called "Deadly Catch." Carl said.  
  
"It ain't quite that way here, thank God." The man answered.  
  
They fell silent for several minutes.  
  
"I saw you guys in here the other day." The man said, glancing down at Sally's legs.  
  
Sally blushed slightly.  
  
"Pretty good show, poor Gary wasn't worth a damn all day after that." He grinned broadly. Then he looked at Sally.  
  
"Don't be embarrassed, I liked it." He was still smiling.  
  
Sally had no idea at all of what to say, this man was certainly bold.  
  
"Another little look would be nice, honey. It brightens up an old man's day." He was leaning forward slightly now.  
  
Carl was now flustered, it was clear this man knew Sally had done that deliberately.  
  
"It's OK, my late wife and I? We used to...do things. Been a long dang time now." The man suddenly looked sad.  
  
Just then the food arrived, he fell silent. Sally picked up a Shrimp, slipped it into her mouth.  
  
"I probably caught that one for you." The old man grinned again. Sally had to laugh at that.  
  
"They sure are delicious." She looked the man right in the eyes. He looked right back, a pleasant expression on his face. A sudden urge to just expose herself, let the man look flooded over her.  
  
"Carl? Can I?" She whispered to her husband.  
  
Carl nodded.  
  
Sally let her legs fall open, she saw the man's eyebrows raise. She knew very well that where he sat he could see right up her dress. He took a deep breath.  
  
Sally opened her legs a little bit wider, he stared, then broke out in a huge grin.  
  
"Now you got the idea, miss." He told her softly, staring right at her crotch.  
  
Sally felt herself go damp, she reached down and hiked the hemline of her dress up to the top of her thighs.  
  
They sat there like that for several long moments, not saying anything. Glancing down, Sally saw the overhead lights in the center of the room were shining directly on her lower body. She worked her hips one at a time, scooting herself forward, splaying her legs as widely as they would go.  
  
Unable to stop herself now, she slipped her fingers downward, then spread her lips open wide.  
  
The man just sat and stared, the same constant smile on his face.  
  
Then the waitress came out of the back so Sally sat up quickly. The man got his meal, sat there looking at it. Then he looked up at the two of them.  
  
As soon as the waitress left, Sally opened her legs again.  
  
The rest of the meal Sally played peekaboo with the older man, he was watching her intently.  
  
In her entire life she had never done anything like that at all, and the sheer naughtiness of it had her so turned on that she was right on the edge of climax.  
  
Over the next half hour, Sally flashed her most private parts for the man as Carl and the older man sat and watched her antics. Then at one point she glanced around, the waitress was in the back, the people over in the corner were engrossed in conversation.  
  
Sally reached up and tugged the bodice of her top and sports bra down, displayed both of her breasts to the man. Then not wanting to get caught, she covered herself and sat back up.  
  
"Damn, you are one hell of a hot woman!" The old man told her quietly.  
  
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Finally the old man finished his meal, he got up and went to the main counter, paid the waitress and left, giving the two of the a short wave.  
  
When Carl got up to go pay, the waitress told him it was all taken care of, which was a surprise.  
  
"Dale told me to give you this." She told Carl, handing him a business card.  
  
"So who is that guy?" Carl asked her.  
  
"Dale owns the Sea Shepherd, it's a 60 foot fishing boat. He is sort of a fixture around here." She smiled.  
  
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On the way home, they were quiet for miles.  
  
"That was something else, I didn't expect you to show him quite that much." Carl told Sally.  
  
"I don't know, he just seemed?...It just felt...right? Especially since he said that he and his late wife used to....It was exciting, nasty?"  
  
"Yes, I caught that part. So what do we do when we come back down here?" Carl handed her the man's business card.  
  
"I don't know. Maybe we will get a free boat ride?" Sally laughed.  
  
Carl found that funny, he laughed with her.  
  
"You know, honey? I didn't expect things to be quite that...blatant?" Carl patted her bare leg.  
  
"Well, remember, it was your idea." Sally told him.  
  
"Yes, I guess. But maybe we better forget about any boat ride." He laughed.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I have a feeling that with that guy I might end up having to steer the boat!"   
  
Sally giggled at that comment.  
  
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"Honey?" Sally asked a few miles later.  
  
"What, babe?"  
  
"Pull off at the next rest stop, OK?"  
  
"Why? It's only 20 miles to our....OH!" He grinned at Sally.  
  
"Pull in to the dark end." She told him with a catch in her voice.