**Deana Exposed**

by LostDreamer79

**Deana Exposed Pt. 03**

*Deana goes on date with Pete filled to showing and groping.*

Monday morning Randy was shaking Deana awake at 5:30, "come on baby, we need to get going, you need to drop me off by 6:15"

He had finished tying his tie as she sat up and stretched, Randy smiling seeing her big young looking D+ size tits stand out on the chest, he never tired from looking at them. "Here put this robe on, your coffee is on the counter you can grab it on the way out."

Deana picked up the robe he had tossed her, holding it up looking thru it as she tried to find the sleeves, then headed to the kitchen, knowing that was the third time he tried to wake her up.

She straighten the robe out to skip it on her naked body. He smiled at her when she came down the hall pulling it on.

It was one of the few robes she still owned anymore, having sent all the frumpy ones to Goodwill. This one of the remaining ones was her short red sheer one that almost covered her ass, it had come with a matching sexy nightie and G-string panties. Deana had purchased it a few years ago before a trip to Orlando for her husbands birthday. She fumbled with the sash trying to wake up enough to tie it.

Randy handed her the coffee cup, grabbed her phone and wallet, then ushered her out the door to the truck. He opened her door and watched her climb in, the robe open down most of the center due to her big boobs, her breasts and nipples visible swaying under the thin satin material.

She drank her coffee on the way to the airport. Randy quizzing her about her plans for Wednesday, encouraging her to have fun, get selfies and he wanted details of her adventure on Thursday especially about Pete showing her off. He kept looking over at her body on display under the sheer robe, he never tired of looking at the profile of her big boobs.

Pulling up in the drop off lane, Randy parked in the busiest spot he could find to give his wife a send off he would remember. He hopped out and told her to walk around the back so he could grab his suitcase and give her a kiss.

Not suspecting anything she slipped out, shut her door and pull the two sides tight over her body in the bright lights of the drop off zones over hang. Deana's cleavage showing from the center, just no way to hide it. She already knew her cover was minimal and people would see what wasn't underneath it, she really didn't care, she actually enjoyed the mischievous exposure.

As soon as she stepped out she started drawing attention with her big boobs and hard nipples showing through the sheer sexy robe, not to mention the robe stopping just above the bottom of her ass cheeks. Walking to the rear of the truck she smiled at some of the oglers, some snapping pictures of her.

Randy dropped the tailgate and pulled his luggage from the back. Setting it down he gave her a big hug, "you are one sexy momma!"

Then as he stepped back he pulled the sash loose allowing the robe to drop away from her boobs, leaving the garment hanging to her sides. She pretended to look shocked and embarrassed, but left it open. He slipped his arm inside at her waist, feeling her bare back and pulling her close feeling her big boobs against his chest. Make sure to close that tailgate!" He grabbed his bag and rolled it toward the sidewalk looking back at her, just as many others were doing.

She knew he had planned this since at least before he woke her up to exposure this morning. She reached out and lifted the tailgate, slamming it closed. "Bye baby, love you!" She turned toward him waving to him, her exposed right boob jiggling drawing a lot of admiration, and phones pointed at her as she headed to the drivers door.

Stepping up on the door rail she hopped in sliding across the bench seat. A bit more awake now, she lowered all the windows, her husbands shenanigans had made her quite horny.

After her trip shopping and the drive home last week with the big trucks and their drivers watching her, she had a desire to show off on the way back home.

At the first red light after leaving the airport property, she looked down at herself. "Fuck it!" Then wiggled her arms out of her robe, "I don't want them to miss anything!" Tossing what little she had in the way of clothing on the passenger side of the bench seat.

"Whooooa Fuck Me!" She looked over to see a jacked up Jeep riding next to her and a much younger guy looking over at her. "I want a piece of that baby, pull over and let's fuck!"

She laughed, "where?"

"Follow me to my place!" He yell back.

Deana shook her head no, "I only fuck strangers in public!" She kept driving, eventually hitting the Interstate heading the opposite way from home to extend her wickedly exciting exposure.

And then her phone, laying in the seat with her wallet, dinged. It was Randy's ring tone so she opened up the text message "hay baby, I hope that robe is still untied, you need to stop and get gas, you won't make it home!"

She looked down and sure enough, he had set her up once again for more exposure. There was an exit coming up, she turned the phone toward the red robe on the seat, snapped a picture, sending it to him.

Before he replied she was getting off the Interstate at one of the less popular exits, but there was an old gas station. Before she pulled in her phone binged again, "fucking leave it there while you get gas and send me a picture!"

She laughed, "how did he know I was going to do that!"

She pulled around, there were a few other vehicles at the other pumps, she parked on the far side away from the other vehicles with the truck facing the highway. Then Deana grabbed her debit card and phone, opened her door and left it that way to somewhat hide her naked body. She snapped a quick picture of herself standing next to the side of the truck and the store in the background.

She walked to the pump, slid her card in and activated the pump. When she went to open the gas cap cover she remembered the truck door had to be closed for the door to open. She laid the nozzle down and went and closed the door. Just as slammed the door shut a guy in a pretty slingshot three wheeler pulled in.

He stopped next to the second pump on the other side of the island where Deana was parked. Hopping out to make sure he saw what he thought he did, he peek around the pump. Deana had just started filling her tank.

He just stared a bit at the incredible profile of her round ass, flat tummy and big firm heavy boobs, she looked like a naked porn model standing there. "Well that's something you don't see at the gas station every day! Gives new meaning to if you got it flaunt it and baby you got it all!"

She giggled out a "thank you," to the older guy. He just recked of classy wearing nice clothes, impressive jewelry, but not gaudy at all.

"Ever drove a slingshot before, you look as if you would enjoy it?" He leaned against the gas pump looking Deana up and down. She was standing there with a hand on her hip waiting to finishing filling up.

The handle finally clicked and she put the nozzle away. "How far can I drive it?"

"Dressed like that, as far as you want young lady, but you need to come finish filling up this thing first while I supervise."

"It would sure show me off on I-95, to everybody!" She walked between the pumps over on his side, standing proud letting him get a good look.

"I see your married, happily?" Looking at the expensive wedding ring and diamond on her left hand.

"Quite happy, but I have recently discovered I love being an exhibitionist, so to speak and my husband encourages it, which I think you may have picked up on!"

"Well you definitely don't mind sharing your body with admirers that's for sure!"

She giggled at his comment, "I got to go to work today one of my guys is off, I have to cover for him and my husband who is out of town, so I got to pull double duty. And I already have plans for tonight."

"Well that's quite disappointing, I could watch you all day, you are fucking incredible! I have been trying to get my wife to take a ride the way you are dressed but she won't go for it." He looks her up and down again.

"How about you meet me at the Harley Shop off I-95 tomorrow morning around 8:30, 8:45 and we can spend the day exploring the Keys!" Deana giggled.

"And what will you be wearing tomorrow?" He asked.

"Not sure, but it won't be much, I mean it's difficult to flash people wearing clothes you know!" She giggled again like a teenager. "Hand me your phone for a sec," she told him.

Then she added her phone number, her name as "Sexy Naked Chic", then held the phone out and snapped a picture of herself for her contact picture, only able to get her face and tits. Then sent herself a text message with the picture so she had his number.

"I hope your wife doesn't see your phone if I text or call!" She laughed.

"I hope she does, I'd love for her to get some ideas like showing off the way you do! She's is actually a bit younger than you, not quite the body you got, but she is a looker, she was just as wild as you before we got married."

Deana just giggled, "I'm sorry to hear that, but text me if anything changes, I got to get going." Then got back in her truck and headed for her house to grab clothes for work. Before getting on the interstate she sent her husband a series of pictures from the gas station.

She laughed while getting back on the interstate, "you are turning into a really slutty housewife, he wanted one, and now he has one!" She changed lanes getting all the way to the left lane so truckers could see down into her truck seat and her. Deana was anxiously watching for truck drivers to notice her as she passed them, giving them a wave if they look down at her seeing her big bare boobs and lack of bottoms.

The drive seemed like a short one with her having fun showing off her body. Pulling up in her driveway, she grabbed the robe, her empty coffee cup and headed inside. She didn't even bother to check if any neighbors were out, no longer caring.

Going straight to her closet she found her overall dress and grabbed a white eight inch wide tube top. Stopping in the kitchen she poured the coffee left in the pot into a mug and microwaved it. While she was waiting she slipped on the bib overall dress and stuffed the tube top in the back pocket.

Her husband loves the overalls now that she wears it without a top or bra under it, her nipples rarely stay under the bib now that they aren't constrained. He always enjoyed the open sides and back of the old outfit. When the microwave dinged she quickly poured the coffee in the travel cup and was out the door.

She choose to drive her car again loving the open air and her lack of clothing lately.

She arrived late but her warehouse assistant had things under control. She yelled out a good morning heading up front to answer phones and do office chores. He just waved back as she headed to the front to work on payroll, accounts receivable and deal with vendors that occasionally called or showed up to see her husband about carrying their products.

The poor guy just stood there, unable to say a word watching her big boobs barely covered. A generous amount of her boobs showing from the sides, along with her tanned back and her sides exposed from the unbuttoned waist of the old bid type overalls, the type where the straps cross in the back and then over her shoulders to the bib leaving a lot of exposed skin.

From the office she kept an eye on the camera feeds for the warehouse and yards in case Travis got busy. There was usually another guy and Deana working the warehouse, today he was steady with clients but never got overwhelmed.

It was almost lunchtime when Travis buzzed up front asking for a hand, and telling her there was a truck backing up to the rear loading dock.

She started to reach for the tube top she had tossed on Randy's desk when she got there earlier that morning. Then decided to forgo it, knowing her outfits had already increased foot traffic and sales significantly.

She transferred the main line to her cell phone and headed to the back. As soon as she walked through the door the five customer's and the delivery truck driver turned to see her entering the warehouse. There were several comments and mumbles coming from them seeing her almost bare jiggling boobs, they paid little attention to the lower dress part with the buttons at her waist left undone showing off her hips and her long tanned legs.

"Hi, are you my delivery driver?" She asked the guy standing to the side holding a bill of lading?

"I'll be whoever you want me to be ma'am!" He smiled looking at her chest.

The two of them headed to the loading dock, as Travis and the clients watched her mostly bare back, the open sides revealing her lack of panties, exception tanned legs and incredible ass wiggling away. One of them asked Travis if she was the owner, he smiled and told him, "naa, she's sleeps with the owner, she's just the warehouse manager, my boss and I love my job!"

Deana asked the guy if all the pallets were hers, he told her all but the front two. She then headed to the fork lift and told the driver there was waters up front in the mini frig and air conditioning if he wanted to get out the heat.

"Lady I ain't going no where if you're the one unloading my truck!"

He watched her climb up on the forklift, and when she sat down it the relaxed bib causing her firm boobs to completely be on display from the sides, he could see all the way through the bunched up bib and her exposed taunt nipples. When she whipped the fork lift around to go inside the trailer he smiled seeing her lack of panties with her knees apart sitting very unlady like.

When she turned to back up with the first pallet he was ready with his phone. With Deana twisted around, it pulled her left breast completely free of the bib. "Hope you don't mind, but no one would believe me if I told them."

She just giggled, "I don't mind at all, it seems to be good for business!"

She made quick work of the seven pallets, the guy snapping several pictures of Deanas exposed body. She stopped at the back of the trailer asking for her copy of the paper work. "Can you sign this one, and add your name and phone number?"

She laughed, "I'm married, I shouldn't be giving out my number to guys from work you know," then handed him back his copy. Her name signed on the the recipient line, then printed and a phone number below her signature. Deana gave him a wink before heading over to drop the last pallet and go help Travis.

By the time she was done and had the fork lift plugged in, Travis was almost done with the one customer and had two waiting. They just stared in disbelief at the sexy warehouse manager who was wearing so little and exposing so much.

She introduced herself and helped the next guy waiting. He had a Will-call order and he was wrapped up quick, keeping an eye on the bib of her overalls the whole time. The guy kept taking quick glances down the back at her bare hips and the curve of the top of her ass in the loose dress. Deana telling each of them she hoped to see them back soon.

Travis told her, "Deana, with you wearing that, they will be back after lunch."

"Speaking of lunch go ahead a head out, I'll cover until you get back."

She didn't have to tell him twice, he had been working his butt off all day and was out the door. As soon as he left Deana started breaking down the pallets, checking in product and putting them on the racks.

A bit later she heard, "Damn Ms. Deana, you need to pay attention to who is coming into the shop!" She turned to see one of the guys she calls Mickie, his real name is Michael. He was looking up her dress, she was up on one of the roll around ladders arranging boxes. She could feel her right boob slipping from under the bib as she twisted to see who it was.

"What fun would that be for you?" She giggled.

She climbed down, "what can I get for you today?"

"Whatever Brandy called in, she said there was an order ready, I volunteered to come pick it up! She needs to come take some customer service lessons from you!"

Laughing at him, "what don't all your warehouse managers dress like this?"

"Only you Ms. Deana!"

"Well my husband said it would be good for business, seems to be working for us!" She grinned at Mickie knowing he was watching her side boobs and peeking nipples.

"Oh yeah, I told Brandy to only order from y'all now, I love stopping in to see what you're, not wearing."

"Well thank you, I try to please!"

"Have you considered doing those deliveries of the big orders yourself instead of the chubby guy? Or maybe even hire another hottie like you to do it, word would spread fast your know!" He gave her an evil grin.

"Can you imagine me showing up on a job site, it would shut it down and cost you money," Deana giggled.

"I'd pay it to see you jiggling out the top of that dress any day, and I know what's under the hem and it looked incredible!"

Deana laughed, "next you would want me to show up naked on your job sites!"

"Would you?" He smiled at her, "I'd pay a 10% up charge for that shit!"

She cut her eyes at him, "depends how big the order is! Here sign this, your order is on that pallet over by the door." As she watched another customer walking in gawking at her overalls and side boobs, "hay, can I help you?"

This goes on for a few more customers, Deana not thinking it would be this busy during the lunch hour. But all the exposure to these men was having an effect oh her. She could feel the dampening between her thighs. Imagining how and where Pete might fuck her later that evening, or maybe that truck driver would call her later. Day dreaming about showing up at a truck stop to fuck him, maybe with an audience.

Travis finally returned and took over the counter allowing her to return to her husbands office to finish up the work she was doing.

It was near closing time when she finally finished up the financial reports she had been working on. Excited still thinking about her date she called Travis and told him to lock up that she was done for the day.

She locked the front door on the way out, watching the cars passing on the busy road out front, she was tempted to just drop her skirt right there, having already decided to take it off on the way home to show off her body. Realizing her new found fetish to be quickly getting out of hand, but she didn't care, it made her excited inside in a way she had never felt before.

Sliding into her mini cooper, she dropped the top. While it was slipping into the boot, she released her two straps to her overalls, the bib instantly fell away leaving her topless.

She back out and headed home, giving little waves to people who noticed and appreciated her exposure.

At the first stop light she was able to quickly wiggle out the dress by arching her back and slipping her legs free. The women next to her watch just giggled and gave her a thumbs up before the light turned green.

Deana enjoyed the honks, waves and yells on the way home. The ride only increased the excitement she was experiencing, knowing that when she went out in a few hours she wouldn't be wearing much more than she was driving home in.

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After getting freshened up, she flipped through a few outfits on hangers in the closet. She pulled out a skirt and matching top Randy had ordered for her to wear on vacation. Holding it up she could see thru the two layers, knowing it would be extremely revealing she knew this was her outfit for the evening.

Deana got dressed in the thin gauze like short mini skirt, it was hanging low on her hips and had a matching narrow top with spaghetti string straps. The top had two similar thin string ties holding it closed, it felt a bit primitive on her with the open center showing off her cleavage, she was loving the feel.

Deana heard a motor cycle as she added gold jewelry around her waist, ankle and a necklace along with several rings.

The Harley had pulled up in the drive way. Peaking outside, it was Pete, she wasn't aware they were going to be in his bike and not in his truck, this changed the dynamics of the evenings events a bit, but she was ready to party and show off.

Deana thinks back to telling him he could show her off however he wanted, this may take it up a few notches, she thought to herself and giggling, running her hands over her bare tummy and up under the narrow top giving her boobs a squeeze knowing she will be showing them off at some point that evening.

She looks at herself in the mirror, seeing thru the skirt and top with no panties or bra to ruin the presentation, thinking how close to naked she is going to be tonight.

Deana knowing the breeze is going to be rearranging her outfit all night, if not blowing it off her body, she giggled to herself again, her excitement building.

She headed to the kitchen knowing her ride was there, taking her heels with her to put them on.

Seconds later there was a knock on the kitchen door. Deana called out for Pete to come in as she was pulling her clear resin heels on.

Entering he saw Deana's tits jiggling under her loose short top just shy of showing off her under boobs. He stared at her boobs, free of support and her nipples quite visible under the thin material.

Deana's cleavage was on display from the wide gap between her breasts with the two relaxed thin ties keeping her top closed.

Pete was pleased to see her pussy lips spread with her holding her left leg up, because of her lack of panties.

"So were we going for dinner? I hope I'm not too under dressed!"

She smiled as he replied, "nope not at all for our first stop, let's get going!" He took her hand leading her out the back door to his Harley.

She looked at the bike then at him, "I don't think there is a lady like way to do this!" She giggled.

"Just hike it up and swing a leg over!"

"There is nothing to hike up silly! And when I sit down I'll be a bit, well you won't miss much!"

"Well you did say I could show you off however I wanted!" Giving her an evil grin.

Pete grabbed the handlebar as she stepped up on the peg and swung her leg over, sitting back on the narrow rear seat.

"Now that's what I'm talking about!" He said staring at her little skirt now high on her hips, her thighs spread with the bike between her legs with no way to conceal herself. He slipped a finger through her spread lips then giving it a taste. "This is going to be fun!"

Deana leaned back as Pete climbed on on front of her and cranked the powerful rid. He headed out, trilled to have such a beautiful half naked woman riding on the back, that wasn't his wife for a change.

Deana had no idea where they were going, she was just excited to be so scantily dressed and on display on the back of Pete's Harley.

Nearing the old warehouse district that had been converted to micro distilleries, themed restaurants, and sports bars, she was liking the idea of being at such a popular night life venue. Pete stopped in front of an old machine shop, still had the sign painted over the entrance and big store front windows.

Pete parked among a good number of other motorcycles, there was a lot of people drinking beer and talking waiting to go inside. The people immediately took notice of the very busty blonde on the back of Pete's old customized 1989 heritage.

Pete purposefully parked among the gawkers to show off his prize for the evening. During the ride over, the skirt had worked a bit higher showing off her smooth bare hips and lack of panties. She hadn't realized her ass cheeks were completely exposed until she reached back to tug the skirt down.

As soon as he shut down the motor he stepped off leaving Deana on display with her thighs spread wide open. She laughed using her left hand to cover her exposed pussy acting embarrassed in front of the guys making comments, telling her not to bother covering up and asking Pete who his babe was with the pretty pussy, knowing Deana wasn't his wife.

Deana swung her leg over and made adjustments to her skirt, even though her outfit was see thru, including her hard nipples visible poking against the loose gauze like material.

Pete took her hand and they made their way inside. It was a busy sports bar, televisions lining the walls in the front section and a opening into the back where a dance floor would have been had it been a dance club, but instead there was a boxing ring and seating for several hundred guests.

"We got an hour or so to kill before the first bout, let's get some drinks! They do amateur boxing here on the weekends, it's something different and guys like to show off trophy wives and hotties on their arms if they have one." Pete's eyes taking in Deana's big swaying breast as they approached one of the bartenders.

"Hey Peter, what can I get you and this gorgeous honey to drink? Love the outfit sweetheart, it screams confidence and look at my tits!" The bartender laughed obviously having no filter.

Peter laughed too along with others around them, "this is my neighbor Deana, she was lonely tonight and wanted to show off her shit. So here we are!"

The bartender telling Deana not to be shy, and show all she wanted to!

"I want a margarita if I could and a shot of the good stuff to start with! And thank you, I just hope I'm not over dressed for this place!"

The big biker looking bartender held his hand out, "I am Henry and if anyone gives you any shit you let me know, we love guys showing off their trophies and damn you are a 1st place model for sure!"

Pete, Deana and his friends all talked and told jokes while ogling Deana hoping her top would fall away for better peeks, even with the loose strings, her big boobs managed to keep themselves concealed.

Finally an announcement was made that the first bout would start in twenty minutes. Pete took her hand, "come on, guys with pretty ladies get the front row seats, those are the padded ones!"

Walking into the already crowded arena area, Pete paraded Deana to the far side to make sure everyone got a look at his sexy arm candy. Pete knew some of the people already seated were getting peeks at the bottom of her ass cheeks topping off her long tanned legs as they passed. Those looking before she passed could see her under boobs jiggling from the short top.

After being seated, Deana made several attempts to pull her skirt down to cover herself, but every time she moved it crept up a bit too much so she kept her knees tight together.

Soon the lights went down, two boxers and a referee entered the ring and the first match was announced, Deana having never attended a boxing event was clueless but just went along with the crowd. Just before the bell rang three dolled up young ladies in short robes came from behind them and took the saved seats on the front row to the right of them in the next section over.

After a short conversation in the ring between the two opponents, they touched gloves and the bell rang.

The two guys battled it out for a few minutes and the bell rang and they backed away. That's when one of the young ladies doffed her robe and head up to the ring then was handed a sign bearing the number "2" on it. Two guys held the ropes open for her as she slipped into the ring. The guys all cheers as the pretty college age young lady wearing a very minimal green g-string bikini did a few laps holding the sign up.

Afterwards the two guys punched it out when the bell rang signaling the beginning of the next round.

Then the beginning of round three was started off by a petite chesty red head in a tiny pink g-string bikini, the crowd cheered her more than the fighters.

Deana told Pete she was going to get herself another drink from the bar, even though there were waitresses working the crowd. He smiled at her whispering, "don't touch the skirt when you get up this time, let it ride!"

She just grinned knowing what he desired. Knowing she better hurry before the bell sounded she stood up and quickly headed for the isle to the bar on the opposite side of where they were seated. Walking fast she could feel her breasts bouncing under the thin top, knowing she was showing off a bit of her ass cheeks, she just didn't know how much.

She heard several comments as she passed the people seated in the first couple rows as she made her way around the two sections of chairs. She knew she had their attention.

Exiting the arena area she finally reached back to feel most of her butt cheeks were uncovered, in the front she had managed to conceal her damp pussy, just barely, then realized those seated most likely got a peek of her bare slit.

Deana tugged the skirt down a bit as she entered the more illuminated bar area looking for Henry. He waved at her seeing her boobs bouncing from across the bar.

She jiggled up to the bar, literally making sure Henry noticed her tits swaying under the thin top. "Can I get another margarita please," pushing her blonde hair back over her shoulders, flashing a brief view of her under boobs.

"Of course you can, I love giving beautiful barely dress women alcohol that makes their clothes fall off! You want extra tequila right?"

Deana laughed, "honey I don't need tequila for my clothes to come off!"

"Well from what I can see there is not much to come off, and it's quite impressive!" He slides her the drink as the third round ends, several more people head into the bar for drinks.

Deana heads back to her seat walking against the flow of people, most of the eyes were fixed on her swaying breasts under the sheer top. Deana could feel the excitement building from being ogled by the men and women as they passed her.

When she got to Pete the skinny round girl in the tiny G-string bikini was coming down the steps. Deana stood in front of Pete and his friends, smiling as they looked up her short top at her under boobs and long legs, the skirt barely covering her bare pussy was making her tingle with excitement.

When the bell rang she turned and sat back down. "How am I doing?" She leaned over asked Pete.

"Well you definitely have everyone's attention. But you keep pulling that skirt down, I love seeing that ass and your smooth pussy, all the guys here do as well, they actually asked to see more of you if that's possible," Deana giggled as they watched the two guys slugging it out for the last round.

Laughing, "so you want me to loose the skirt or wear it around my waist?"

"Oh hell yeah, but not yet, maybe later, you don't want to go causing a commotion quite yet!" He smiled at her.

Giving him an evil grin, Deana reached up and pulled the thin string of the bottom bow holding her top closed. It caused the thin material to separate just a bit more showing move of the curves of her big boobs. "Does that help any?"

"You make that top tie looser and you nipples will be peeking out, just saying!" He smiled at her as the bells rang ending the first bout of the night. They paid no attention to who lost or won, heading out to the bar again with the crowd.

Deana could feel the strings bouncing off her skin as her boobs swayed walking among the admirers. "Nice ass!" Someone said from behind her, realizing she had neglected the little skirt, the tequila obviously effecting her judgement. She just giggled and thanked him for noticing.

After getting drinks, Deana was surrounded by men as they all chatted, many knowing she wasn't Pete wife. Some of the men asking her where she danced. She wasn't sure what they meant at first then realized they thought she was a stripper. She was enjoying the attention swirling the sting from her top around her finger pulling the thin material from against her chest occasionally showing more bare boobs to tease them.

An announcement was made that the next bout would begin shortly and to please make their way to their seats. Pete this time putting his hand on Deana ass to steer her back to the arena. His hand dipping down to her upper thigh then back up bringing the bottom of the skirt with it as he ran his finger deep into her ass crack. Then giving her bare ass cheek a squeeze, he smiled at her causing her to giggle.

When they arrived at their seats Deana realized Pete had also cause the front of her skirt to ride up as well, she leaned over toward him, "the kitty is loose!" Then sat down leaving the skirt high on her hips making no attempt to cover herself this time. "You know your friends think I'm a stripper right?"

He laughed, "why not, you could make a lot of money at it, some titty bars have amateur nights you know!" She tried to ignore him but was intrigued.

The next bout was short, ending quickly at the beginning of the second round with a technical knockout. Deana had been enjoying watching the round girl teasing the crowd swishing her mostly bare ass for her captive audience between the two rounds.

Giggling she leaned over to Pete, "imagine if I was up there, I got a bit more ass than she does, I wouldn't want any strings around my waist or in my ass though!"

He and others hearing her smiled and agreed. Telling her she should give it a try. She was quick to tell them she didn't bring a bikini and they were much younger than her, making excuses.

They returned to the lobby where the bar was, Deana did tug her skirt down a bit, but left the bottom half of her cheeks bare for Pete and his friends, the tequila was working it's magic.

There was a delay between bouts, ring staff had a bit of blood to clean up after the last bout. None of the guys around Deana seemed to mind, a bit drunker and braver they were trying to convince Deana to expose more of her body to them. She just laughed and giggled at their begging.

When it was time for the next bout, Deana waited to grab another drink before heading back. Henry was already mixing it for her before she asked. While waiting she untied the top strings and tied it back as loose as she could with the strings she had to work with.

Grinning at Henry the whole time as he watched her antics, he set her drink on the bar as she snugged up the bow. "You could have at least shown them to me before you tied it back!"

She laughed, "I haven't left yet," giving him a wink.

Walking holding her drink she could feel the top bouncing off her chest and wiggling about over her unsupported breasts. The feeling of more exposure only heightened her excitement growing between her thighs.

The announcer had just finished introducing the boxers when she sat down. They again watched the match up, she found the action a bit boring but enjoyed the looks she was getting from all around her, crossing and recrossing her firm tanned legs.

She giggled watching the skinny first round girl holding up the number 2 sign above her head, not quite enough boobs to make them bounce, "I want to do that!" She told Pete.

"Those girls are paid to do that, now sure you can just take their place." He tried to whisper to her.

She watched the next bout and when it was over she downed her drink and told Pete she would be back. Again drawing attention as she walked around the ring and headed to the bar to chat with Henry. A few guys making comments again about her big tots, under boobs and nice ass, one guy telling her to show the rest of her boobs.

She made it to the lobby before the next round stated. Henry saw her coming and asked, "you want another already?"

Smiling at him, "no not yet, I want to be the round girl for the last fight! I promise the crowd will like it if you let me!"

He laughed, "you don't have a bikini under there do you?"

"Do you want me too?" She gave him a wicked grin. "Or I could wear what I have on and show off a little more each round!"

"You mean like strip in the ring?" He smiled, she could tell he was thinking hard about her suggestion while he looked her over.

She tilted her head smiling at him and pulled the top string loose, her top moving apart not quite exposing her nipples.

He picks up a walkie from the register, "hay Roland, come to the main bar."

While waiting Henry made Deana another drink sliding it across the bar, leaving it where she would have to reach for it.

Just as he hoped the right side fell away, as she backed away the strap fell from her shoulder to her almost her elbow. "That's what I'm talking about!" Henry smiled.

Roland came up behind Deana not really noticing her top, his eyes transfixed on her ass peeking from the bottom of her skirt. "Hay, what's up?"

This is a friend of Pete's, she wants to gift him with a show of her being the round girl for the next bout."

Deana turned to see Roland behind her, " Oh damn nice tits, I mean really nice tits lady!"

Deana just giggled, "oops, sorry was just teasing Henry, I didn't mean to let it all hang out, not yet anyway."

"Damn no need to cover those up, but we have girls we hired for tonight. We can't pay someone else to do it."

"I didn't asked to be paid, Pete wants to show me off tonight, I figured I'd make his night, maybe show a bit more each round. Never know might be good for business!"

"How much, a bit more each round?" Henry asks.

"You tell me how much you will be ok with!" Deana giggled.

Roland tells him, "we used to do those wet T-shirt contests and they got a bit raunchy some weekends, I'm good with what ever you're wanting or willing to show!"

"I promise I won't disappoint anyone, let the little girls know I got this for the last fight tonight, I will be sitting in the next section over in the front row from them." Deana pulled her top back over her breasts and then headed back between rounds to where Pete was sitting. She was enjoying the looks with her top still hanging open, even though her nipples remained covered for the most part.

The last round finished and the ring announcer announced a thirty minute intermission before the main event of the evening. Deana giggled as he watched Roland chatting with the three younger round girls, sitting in their silky robes.

They didn't look too upset, there was some head shaking and smiling, apparently they were told they still get paid. Roland motioning to one of the waitresses telling her to get them drinks.

Pete stayed there with Deana, having a view inside her top at her hard pink nipple, the thin material having slipped away from her boobs while sitting down. She noticed him staring, "like the view do you? It's about to get better!" Then giggled as a few of Pete's friends stopped to chat with them, more checking out the scantly dressed lady with him exposing most of her large firm boobs.

"View, better how, what are you talking about?" He asked, while Deana just sipped on her margarita, smiling at him not caring people were staring at her tits.

The bell sounded letting everyone know the match was about to start. The guys ogling Deana reluctantly took their seats as the boxers and officials entered the ring.

It was only a few minutes later and the bell sounded again and the two boxers went at it, neither one really having an advantage. There was a little cheering when one or the other landed a good blow, and then the bell rang ending the round.

Deana stood up and told Pete, "that's my cue and she headed towards the steps, giving her skirt a tug down as she got there.

One of the staff held his hand out to help her up the steps, smiling at her as her big boobs came into view as she reached out for his hand. He and another guy stepped on the bottom rope and lifted the center rope for her to cross into the ring, that was her first big show.

Deana's top fell away exposing her boobs to a lot of cheering spectators. Stepping into the ring was like getting on the Harley, no lady like way to do it, flashing everyone behind her, letting them know she was lacking panties tonight. That brought even more cheers. Roland and Henry watching knew immediately this was a great idea.

The guy handed her the big number "2" sign and when she lifted it above her head it pulled her top to her sides exposing most of her firm boobs and hard nipples.

She did her first circle, adding a bit more swish to her hips which made her tits bounce a bit extra, also making the top slide on and off her boobs, the crowd continued to cheer and applaud her show.

Continuing around on her second circle the extra swishing was causing her skirt to creep up again. When she came around the guy at the ropes waved her on to do a third lap for the cheering crowd. She looked down to see Pete snapping pictures of her.

She just giggled and kept walking knowing her nipples were in and out her top. Deana could feel her ass cheek peeking out more. The increase in cheering was also a hint she was exposing more making her a bit more excited with her effect on the crowd.

Coming around the two guys opened up the ropes once more to allow her to exit the ring. Handing off the sign she ducked down and was through the ropes, her top falling away again bring a bit more louder cheering.

She hurried down the steps holding the guys hand again, laughing as she got to Pete, "how was that?" She sat down next to Pete gleaming with pride in herself.

"Damn you got some nice bouncy tits, they looked great from here, I understand now why Randy wants to show you off more these days!"

"So you're saying you approve of his wife being naked in public?"

"You're damn right I do! I am loving it and so is everyone else!"

She just laughed turning to watch the very last of the round, the bell sounded and Deana stood up, turning to Pete, "here don't loose this!" And dropped her top in his lap. Deana walked proudly taking the hand of her helper once more as he stared at her now bare breasts, she made her way into the ring.

Once again the crowd cheered, clapped and yelled to Deana as she flipped her hair back behind her shoulders and hoisted the sign above her head. She did the three laps again, enjoying the feeling of being topless in front of so many cheering people for her daring exposure.

Pete just stared watching her big tits until she passed each time then watched her lower ass cheeks as she pranced away from him. Again snapping more pictures of her.

Finishing the last circle Deana exited the ring walking down the steps once again to Pete with a big grin on his face. "Told ya you could show me off, how am I doing?"

He held out her top, "fucking unreal!"

"Naa, I'd just have to take it off again in a few minutes. Besides, it kinda awesome being the only topless woman in the building! Do the girls box topless?" She giggled seeing Pete still staring at her tits. "Hay, snap a few pictures of me and send them to Randy, next time I'm up there, he isn't going to believe this shit!"

He was quick to comply telling her, "I have gotten a few already of you holding up the signs."

She did some posing in her seat while Pete took a few more pictures, other guys were snapping away too. Watching the clock, she reached down to her waist lowering the short zipper on her skirt. She was dying with anticipation waiting for the bell to ring.

Finally she heard the "ding, ding, ding" and stood up. She smiled at Pete then gave her hips a little wiggle and her skirt dropped to her feet. The crowd immediately started cheering even before she got to the steps.

Pete could only watch her bare ass walking away towards the steps and then into the ring. Pete raised his phone, hitting video this time. The cheering was almost deafening. She was obviously a hit with the clients of the fight club.

The thrill was building as Deana strutted around the ring, making sure to wiggle her ass and bounce her tits doing a few complete turns for the crowd as she walked in circles.

Time flew by, she wanted to stay longer but she had made her three laps around the ring. The guys once more held the ropes open for her to step through and down the steps.

She just giggled, momentarily covering her bouncing boobs with her arms until got to Pete, "so how the fuck was that?" She asked Pete.

"You are something else thats for sure!" He wasn't about to offer her the top or skirt keeping them tucked in his jacket pockets. Looking over at her wearing just her sexy heels and body jewelry around her ankles, waist and neck.

The match ended with a judge's decision and a little applause as the arena started to empty out into the bar area. Deana stood up waiting for her skirt and top. Pete smiled at her, "yes?"

"I can't just walk around the bar like this silly," she laughed holding her hand out.

"Oh hell yeah you can, you said however I wanted, you are rocking it right now!" He gave her an evil grin as those listening in, more ogling Deana, all agreed she was fine just like she was.

She rolled her eyes a bit, "ok, I did say however. Just send pics to Randy so he knows what he is missing!"

"No problem!" Pete put has hand on her waist guiding her toward the bar, sliding his hand up and down her bare smooth skin, sliding lower to her bare hip and ass feeling only the thin gold chain around her waist, then back up again taking in her nude body. He had to adjust himself with his stiff cock at a bad angle in his jeans.

Back in the bar she is handed another margarita, people, mostly men crowded around her and Pete, getting close up glances of her bare breasts and round bare ass. Several phones pointed at her taking pictures and video of her. Some of the people, men and women posing with her for photos.

Roland come up to them, "hay sweetie, can I get your contact info? I'd like to chat with you about coming back for our special matches if you're interested!"

Several cheers and clapping encouraging her to repeat her performance later. She reaches for his phone, not wanting to give everyone her phone number. Roland has a hard time looking away from her bare tits only feet away. She does some tapping then stretches her arm out to snap a selfie of herself for the picture in her contact card in his phone.

He smiled when she handed the phone back seeing her smiling face and hefty tits in the little picture at the top. "You interested in performing for parties too, I can hook you up, finding grown ass women as hot as you is difficult sometimes!"

She laughed, "I don't know about grown yet but we could chat!" It dawned on her again she was standing in the bar surrounded by people totally naked, the tequila affecting her thoughts and thinking.

Pete finally asking her, "ready to move on to our next stop?"

"Can I have my clothes back?"

"Yeah that's probably a good idea,"

He replied reluctantly.

Handing her the top after she had already stepped into the thin skirt. She slipped on the top leaving the front untied.

Deana gave Roland and Henry hugs before they headed out the front door.

Outside Pete asked her, "you want to ride three blocks and hunt a parking spot or are you good with walking to the club?"

She just giggled, "what's the worst that can happen, I flash a bunch of people on the sidewalk?"

"Well you may have to walk back naked! How about that?" Pete laughed at her.

"So you are saying I have that option if I want to?" She turned heading across the street looking back at him, letting her top slip off her tits, the straps then dropping to her elbows.

He caught up before she got across the street taking her hand. "Denise and I have had fun in the club we are going to next, it gets a bit wild at times so be open minded!"

Walking they both watch heads turning with Deana's top flapping a on the sides of her boobs, flashing people as the walk. Not to mention her long bare legs and almost too short sheer skirt. Even the younger college guys were making snide comments about her bouncing tits and ass cheeks peeking out. Deana wasn't offended at all, enjoying even the rude comments.

A half block away she started to feel and hear the bass coming from the club ahead. She took the opportunity to pull her top back up to somewhat cover her loose breasts. There were several other scantly dressed women in the short line to get into the club with their boy and girl friends. Some smiling and watching as her and Pete walked up the steps to get in the line.

The guy at the door was just checking ID's and ogling the young ladies, just enjoying his job.

When they got to the door, the doorman knew Pete and asked for Deana's ID, knowing she was well over 21. She looked at him, reached up and pushed the strings off her shoulders, "will this do?" As the straps dropped to her elbows once again baring her firm breasts..

He just laughed, "y'all behave in there!"

Pete just shook his head laughing at her behavior, as they headed inside it got dark quick, and when Deana started to pull the top back on Pete told her, "just take that off and give it too me!"

"Are you serious?" She giggled.

"I am quite serious, you won't need it in this place, it's a bit of an exhibitionist and swinging crowd. You will fit right in!"

"No fucking way, why didn't I know about this place already?"

"Why weren't you a slutty house wife until now?" Pete laughed, grabbing a handful of her ass finding the skirt already a bit high on her cheeks.

They made their way to a railing a few feet about the recessed dance floor and tables below them, pausing to let their eyes adjust.

The lighting was quite dim, most of the lighting in the place coming from the bars and the lights of the dance floor and stage area where there were two sexy female DJs.

The dance floor as packed with people moving to the thumping speakers surrounding the interior of the building. Pete lead her to the opposite side of the club, Deana was trying to make out the other people hanging out at the railings but there was just not enough light to really see.

As they rounded the corner headed across the front of the club, she just held onto Pete's hand tight knowing if she let go she might not find him again because of the number of people and lack of illumination. That's when she started feeling the touches as she had to pass against people in the tight mass.

Pete let her fall behind a bit, but hung onto her hand so she was two arm lengths behind him. Having walked his own wife through this area he know it was where the swing crowd and other perverts hung out. His wife having told him in the past, that's where the groomers hang out.

Deana quickly realized why Pete took her top as hands ran across her breasts, her legs some feeling up her thighs and ass.

Pete had to pause as they got to the next corner, Deana no longer following.

Deana used her free hand to grab a hand cupping her bare pussy. She wasn't stopping them but holding the hand in place as an exploring finger found just the right spot flicking her clit. Pete eventually pulling her along not knowing why she had stopped.

They finally arrived at the crowded viewing area where Pete forced her toward the railing to watch the dance floor. Pete reached around cupping both her big bare breasts and playing with her rock hard nipples. "Fun so far?" He yelled to her pressing his face into her hair.

She responded by pushing her ass into his hard cock pressed against her ass crack. That was when she caught sight of a woman on the dance floor sandwiched between several guys, more than two best she could tell.

She too was topless, at a minimum, she couldn't tell with the guys around her, she was enjoying letting them grope her body, that was quite obvious.

She leaned back into Pete, "I want to be her, that redhead down there!" She yelled to him.

"I know you do! Unzip your skirt and give it to me!"

"Are you going to strip me?" She asked with anticipation.

"Stripping you fucking naked my slutty girl friend!" He replied.

She didn't hesitate and reached down to remove her skirt. Pete continued to maul her breasts as Deana danced and moved her ass to the beat of the music.

Pete turned her around and pushed her down to get the skirt, while Pete held her down, his hand searches for the skirt while she reached up to hand him the skirt, leaving her facing his crotch. She knew what he wanted and unzipped his jeans pulling his dick free.

She wasted no time wrapping her warm mouth around his cock and started giving him the blow job she promised him in her front yard several days ago. Not realizing it at first while she had her hand wrapped around his growing dick, but as soon as she took him in her mouth she discovered he was much bigger in girth and length than her husband. She did her best take as much of the larger cock as she could.

Pete knew he would fuck her again before the night was over, but getting a blow job surround by strangers by this beautiful woman was unreal. He held her head as she bounced back and forth taking his full length deeper down her throat without a gag. A few people around them could make out what was happening and watched as the strobes and rotating spot lights flashed on her naked body.

A guy next to Pete ask him, "you sharing?"

Pete laughed, "put it in her hand and see what happens!"

He waste no time pulling his dick out and taking her hand from

Pete's side wrapping it around his already grown member. He smiled as she gave it a squeeze and started stroking him.

Pete had been in this same situation with his own wife a few times before and knew it was acceptable in this bar they were in, but he had never stripped his wife like he had Deana.

He was a bit disappointed when she pulled her mouth away before he had cum in her mouth, but quickly realized she was now blowing the other guy as well while continuing to stroke Pete. She began going back and forth servicing them both. Pete couldn't believe how slutty his best friends wife had become.

Pete could tell the other guy was loading up her throat as he held the back of her head forcing himself as deep as he could get. The guy pulled away and disappeared as Deana went back to sucking Pete cock, rapidly stroking him wanting another load down her throat.

He felt himself getting closer, as bad as he wanted to fill her mouth he pulled her back holding a hand full of her hair and unloaded on her face.

Done he let her get the last few drops in her mouth before pulling her to her feet. He lead her to the steps and gently pushed her ass towards the dance floor wearing her facial.

He smiled watching her naked body fade into the crowd of dancing clubers. He lost her almost immediately as she walked deeper with her arms in the air among the partiers.

It was a good forty-five minutes later when she came back out looking into the people standing at the railing. The people watching and looking down into the crowd of guys and a lot of barely dressed women, some having lost garments at the hands of the groomers. It is acceptable and expected in this club, it's why the older single women come to the establishment. Women, especially older deprived, come to this club to be stripped, groped and hook-up.

Pete watched her ascend the steps walk up into the dimly lit observation area. He just stayed back to watch her make her way through the crowd nude. Reaching out to touch people as she felt her way through the crowds, some responded reaching out to her as well, a few enjoying the feel of her big round soft breasts or bubbly ass.

She made her away around almost to the front door before Pete reached out for her shoulder. "You planning to go outside like this or were you going to grab one of the complimentary tank tops on the way out?"

She just laughed at him, "why would I want a tank top? But I am ready to get out of here, those people down there were incredible, I lost count how many times they made me cum!"

"Well here, you got to but these back on before we leave, would hate for you to get arrested for public nudity!" Handing her the skirt back, the top in his other hand.

Pete held onto her arm as she stepped into the thin skirt then tugged it up. "It's a damn shame to cover up those tits!" Handing her the top. Like last time she slipped it on leaving it untied.

"I am coming back to this place, with you or Randy or both, or maybe alone she giggled. And next time I will leave wearing less than I wear in!" She grinned at Pete and he knew she was serious.

Pete took her arm leading her out the door and down the steps to the sidewalk headed back to where the bike was parked. He kept looking over at her with her big boobs swaying free from her top, watching as other people gawked and pointed her out to others. It made her feel empowered to draw some much attention and she loved it.

Arriving at the bike, the crowd had thinned to a few small groups of people still chatting in the parking lot. She heard someone say, "hay look it's the round girl!"

It made her giggle, "yeah it's me, do you want me to come back and do it again?" She turned facing them, a hand on her hip causing her top to come off her boob.

"Hell yeah! You fucking rocked it tonight!" One of the others said.

"Well let Roland know he needs to make me a good offer!" She said walking towards the bike.

Followed by Pete, Deana watched them as she hiked the short skirt up her hips, then swung her leg over, the skirt going almost to her waist.

"Holy fuck, you're riding like that?" One of them asked as Pete climbed on in front of her.

She laughed, "oh lord no!" Then crossed her arms and pulled the top up over her head and off. Then leaned back, "I'm showing these girls off on the way home!" Then dropped it over Pete shoulder.

He stuffed the small wad of material back into his pocket again and they headed off with her skirt above her hips showing off her ass cheeks.

Deana felt exhilarated riding almost naked on the back of the Harley, no way to hide her big tits even if she wanted too, there was just too much of the loose sweater meat there. Pete only hoping they don't get stopped by the police.

It was too late for there to be much traffic on the roads, which was a good thing. Deana had reached around and was playing with Pete's dick on the way. The ride seemed to be over before it started. Time flys when you're having fun.

Pete pulled up in Deana's driveway. He dropped the kick stand and climbed off. Looking back Deana had already began playing with her juicy pussy, "where are we going to fuck?" She asked him.

"You climb off that bike and I'll do you right here!" He laughed.

"You're on!" She swung her leg over and turned around. Pete was trying to hurry to get his pants open to plow her from behind. He reached between her legs feeling her pussy already dripping with her own juices, he assumed it was just hers, from the evenings antics.

It was easy finding her waiting opening with her laid over the bike seat. He easily slipping deep inside her hot squeeze box after only a few strokes. She was so horny she started trusting her ass into his crotch with her hands on the bike seat for stability while she was fucking him back.

Grabbing her tits he was enjoying watching her ass ripple with each thrust as he and her pounded like animals into each other. She was enjoying Pete stretching her pussy with his bigger cock than she was used to.

She thought he would never cum, he continued to pound her from behind, thankful he didn't want to try has ass, even though she had already had a few fingers probing her anus on the dance floor.

She laughed to herself as she watched neighborhood cars passing on the street only forty feet or so away in front of her house. She felt so naughty being fucked and buck naked in her driveway except for her skirt bunched up around her waist, Pete using it as a handle to fuck her.

Pulling her tight with his hands grabbing her waist, she could feel his cock swelling deep inside her then a massive release of warmth inside her. He kept doing shorts strokes until he was depleted.

Deana started giggling as Pete slipped from her pussy. "Well that was fun! I think I'll be walking a bit sore tomorrow, maybe we can do this again one day!" As she turned around, "still have my top?"

He pulled the tiny ball of material from his pocket and handed it to her. "Yeah I am thinking a trip to the mountains with the guys would be a good time, cabin in the hills, no neighbors, just you and the guys!"

"What about your wife, she going to come too? I might need some back up!" Deana giggled.

Pete laughed at her, "yeah I might give her to the guys to play with, two naked hotties on the back of Harleys riding the Tail of the Dragon would be awesome!"

Deana wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a big wet cum tasting kiss, "you drive home safe now!" And walked away toward her back yard.