

A Night Out

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This is what happens when my wife drinks too much.

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My wife Diane is a typical 24 year old young woman in every way, except for the fact that she has grown more and more sexual as she gets older. She is beautiful, five foot six inches, 127 pounds carrying a 36C chest with shoulder length auburn hair. She inherited her long, sexy legs from her mother's side of the family. She loves to dress to show off her great shape that she works hard at the gym to maintain. Sometimes, she undresses to show off her incredible body. We have experimented with a variety of sexual situations and had some very exciting outings. Diane is an exhibitionist and loves to show her body off when the proper opportunity presents itself. Her first exhibitionism experience was at the Double Tree Hotel in Atlanta and had really gotten her into showing more and more of her assets. We also had experienced outdoor sex in an SUV and really enjoyed the adventure. We always looked forward to different opportunities for Diane to show off her body and maybe enjoy a different kind of sexual activity. Some would say she was a slut, a whore or worse because of her behavior, but since we both enjoyed these types of adventure, others would label us as swingers. Whatever way you look at these situations, it is something we both enjoy and look forward to exploring more and more encounters. One evening we had both gotten home from work a little late and decided that we would go out to eat rather than spend the time and trouble of preparing a home cooked meal. We had been planning to take the next couple of days off extending into the weekend so we had no reason to rush home. Diane disappeared in our bedroom to change cloths and I fully expected her to reappear wearing some sexy little outfit. Instead, she came out of the bedroom wearing a fairly conservative outfit, including a pleated denim skirt and a white button up blouse with the top two buttons unbuttoned. The two buttons revealed that she had a Victoria's Secret Miraculous Push-Up bra was displaying two of Diane's best assets. The bra is also thin enough to show her pierced nipples with her hoop piercings and the gold chain the linked the two hoops. We live in a small town North of the Tampa Bay area, so we decided to travel there to have supper at one of the better independent restaurants rather than one of the chain style restaurants. We have a favorite restaurant located on the water with a casual dining deck that affords a great view with a little bit more privacy than the main restaurant. We arrived a little after the dinner hour rush and requested a table on the outside deck. We were shown to a table off to the corner of the deck area with only a limited view to the inside of the restaurants main dining area. There were only a few other couples dining

outside and were scattered along the deck. Since we were seated with no waiting, I told the server we would like to have drinks before we ordered our meal. He complied by bringing our drinks and leaving a menu. Our server was probably in his mid-thirties and had a pleasant personality. Diane was in a frisky mood and practically chugged her drink and began looking around for our server. She saw him at another table and waved him over. "Are you ready to order?" he asked as he approached. His eyes wandered over Diane's exposed chest area as her boob continued to jiggle from the effort to gain his attention. "No," Diane blurted out. "I need another drink before we order." "Sir?" He was looking at my barely toughed drink and then at me. I shook my head no and replied, "I'm fine. But you may as well bring her two more Tequila Sunrises as she will probably just chug the next one." "Excellent!" he responded as he turned to leave. Turning to Diane I urged her to practice a little restraint in her drinking. "We're off for a few days starting tonight and I want to have some fun," she offered with a fake pout. "You're driving and worse comes to worse, we can always get a hotel room." "Okay!" I said throwing my hands up in a feeble attempt at surrender. Our server, Stephen returned with Diane's drinks and we ordered several appetizers and side dishes to complete our meal, rather than order entrees from the menu. Diane wanted a wine with her dinner so she ordered a bottle of Pinot Gris to accent her Italian Grillo. Dinner was served and we enjoyed a lighthearted conversation about our upcoming time off. Diane had finished her drink and started on the wine as she ate. Her words began to slur as she continued to drink. Since I would be driving I had switched over to sweet tea so I was enjoying her little inebriation display. After we had finished eating she continued to polish off the wine by herself, as we had ordered deserts. We were enjoying the evening on the water Diane surprised me with a question. "Want to play Truth or Dare?" "What?" I asked in total surprise. "Why do you want to play that?" "I just do." she said casually. "Okay, you start." "Truth or Dare?" she coyly asked. "Truth." "Have you ever been with a prostitute?" She leaned forward as she made her inquiry watching my reaction. "Nope. Never have, never would. Don't know what you're getting." "Okay, your turn." "Truth or Dare?" I asked fully expecting her to answer Truth. "Dare!" she replied falling back into her chair. "Take off your bra." I dared her. And as only women can, she reached under her blouse unfastened her bra and pulled it out through the sleeve. She threw it at me just as Stephen was returning to check on his station. When Diane realized he had probably witnessed the entire episode she started giggling which resulted in her newly freed boobs to shake. I was sure that Stephen was getting an eyeful from the unbuttoned opening. Diane pulled herself together long enough to order another glass of wine. "Don't you think you've had enough?" I asked cautiously. "Bring me coffee with the wine." Great, I was thinking to myself. Now she would be a wide awake drunk on the way home. "Back to our game. Truth or Dare?" "Truth," I declared again. "Have you ever been with a call-girl or an escort?" "Why the sudden interest with paid sexual services? Between you and our outings I think I am getting plenty of action. Why pay for it when I can have it free?" "Meagan just told me she had caught David using his credit card to pay for an escort service when he was in Texas. It just got me wondering." "Wouldn't do it. The pictures shown on escort services websites are not always accurate. The girl who shows up can be anything from crack heads with goons waiting outside to undercover cop stings. No thank you. Now, Truth or Dare?" She thought about it for a minute and replied, "Dare!

You want me to take my panties off now?" I chuckled at her question and could only manage to nod my head yes. She surprised me by looking around and realized there were only a couple of other couples out on the large deck. She stood up and reached up under her skirt, pulling her thong out and tossing it at me before sitting back down. Apparently no one noticed her little display. When she sat down she turned her chair so she could put her right in my crotch. She tugged her skirt up to let me see her nakedness. As I realized she had also undone "Like what you see?" she teased in a ever increasingly slurred voice. "Yes," Stephen responded from over her shoulder. "Very nice." We had both forgotten Stephen would be returning with her wine and coffee. Diane didn't make an effort to cover up which confirmed to me just how drunk she was getting. Her lasered area appeared to reflect the moonlight from the almost full moon. Diane looked up to see Stephen shift his gaze from her crotch to me and then back to her. He just smiled at her in an impish way. "Don't worry. You're not the first couple to get adventurous out here late in the evening. It is a romantic view," he just continued talking as he set the wine glass and the coffee cups on the table as well as the bill for the evening. And then he was gone. Diane finished her glass of wine and added cream and sugar to her coffee before draining it. I nursed my cup of coffee for a couple of minutes before deciding it was time to leave. I stopped by the register to settle up while Diane visited the ladies room. When she came out she had fixed her hair from the slight breeze damage and her makeup as well. She looked incredible as I realized she had also undone another button on her blouse. Now when she turned her boobs were almost completely exposed. Her chain clearly dangled between her breasts as she walked. We made it back to the car and she came to my side and gave me a long hard kiss, burying her tongue down my throat. She grabbed my crotch and boldly stated, "Why don't you just fuck me right here and now," Now it was my turn to reach up and under her skirt and stroke her pussy. "How about we stop at a secluded spot on the way home and I fuck you there?" I whispered in her ear as I continued to play with her. Another couple was leaving the restaurant catching us so Diane ran around to her side of the car and yelled, "Hurry. I'm horny." We had barely pulled out of the parking lot before Diane started misbehaving. She reached across the console and began stroking my cock through my slacks. She received an almost instant response as my cock grew hard quickly. "What are you up to?" I asked looking lovingly into her beautiful green eyes. "I told you I was horny. I'm just getting you ready," she responded in a slurred voice. "Well, unless you're going to fuck me while we drive home, you better stop doing what you're doing." I heard myself speaking but wasn't sure I really wanted her to stop. She stopped her playful misbehavior and sat back up in her seat with a very distinct pout on her lips. She crossed her arms across her chest and exhaled a deep breath. She didn't say anything, but rather just sat there pouting. As we headed up the Interstate Diane kept making sounds as she was trying to clear her throat. At first I thought she was going to say something but then I realized she was trying hard to clear her throat. "Do you need something to drink? I have a bottle of water left over from earlier today. It's not cold, but it's at least cool and wet." She was nodding her head yes as she reached for the bottle in the console. She unscrewed the lid and took a drink. She lowered the bottle and took a quick breath before taking another sip of water. "Better?" I asked. "Yes. But I would really like a cold drink instead." "I can get off the Interstate and grab something from the 24 hour

convenience store a couple of exits up the road, if that's good for you." She nodded her head and I continued up the Interstate a couple of exits before pulling off and heading for the Nationwide chain convenience store. As we pulled into the parking lot and pulled into the parking space directly in front of the double doors. As the car came to a stop, Diane opened her door stating that she would get her own drink. I handed her some cash before she stumbled out of the SUV. She took a short break to arrange herself after she had closed the car door. The gold chain strung between her boob reflected the florescent lighting that illuminated the store. I shook my head as I thought about her more than slightly drunken condition. She swayed as she walked the short distance to the door and almost lost her balance as the door swung wide and she stumbled inside. Realizing she might have a slight problem in her condition I followed her into the store. There was a young man mopping the floor in front of the food prep area who had turned to watch Diane stagger through down an aisle at the direction of the clerk behind the counter who had been restocking the cigarette display. Neither of them appeared to notice my entrance to the empty store as they make facial gestures to each other directed in Diane's direction. I stood by the doorway as Diane emerged from one of the aisles and approached 'Kenny' the young man mopping the floor. Her chain was clearly visible as were the nipple rings to which they are attached. Kenny, holding the mop handle in both hands eased over just enough to block Diane's path. He turned towards 'Jahab' the clerk behind the counter and gave a him a big grin before he spoke to Di. "I like you piercing and your chain," he stated with a slight leer. Diane looked down at her chain connected to her boobs, set the bottle on the display shelf, reached up and pulled on the chain which exposed even more of her beautiful breasts than had been previously exposed. She was running her hand back and forth along the chain which exposed each breast fully as she ran her hand along the length of the chain. "Thank you," she slurred. "You should get your vagina pierced and get a longer chain to connect them to you tits," he chuckled looking towards Jahab before leering back at Diane. As he turned his attention back to Diane she was lifting the front of her skirt to expose her clean lasered pussy. She reached down and tugged at the little balls that held the short bar that pierced her clit. "My pussy is pierced. See? And I have a chain that I wear that connects all three. I have to wear a hoop, though, when I wear that chain," she babbled on as she continued to touch herself. Now Kenny had built up a little more courage and said in a very suggestive voice, "I like your shaved pussy, too! It's nice." He stepped closer to Diane. Diane reached up with both of her hands and pulled Kenny's right hand free of the mop handle. She bent his arm as she angled his hand towards his face. With his hand open, Diane used his hand to stroke the side of his face. She moved her arms up and down a few times, before removing his hand from his face. "No," she began, "That's shaved." She lowered his hand, still held in both of her hands, until she slipped it under her short skirt. She brought his hand under the skirt and began moving his hand up and down along her pussy. "That's lasered," she stated smugly. She continued to move his hand under her skirt. She closed her eyes and leaned into Kenny and his caressing hand and murmured a slight moan. Kenny suddenly realized that Diane had released his hand and was stroking herself from her hips to just under her breasts. He continued his caress with a bigger intensity which caused Diane to inhale quickly and release a long, sensual 'Uh!'. Letting go of the broom handle still in his left hand,

he stepped to his left and circled around behind Diane. He used his left hand to begin an assault on her right breast. Kenny had slipped his hand under Diane's loosely tied blouse, freed her right boob and started tugging on the nipple piercing. Both of his hands were working at a feverish pace which was definitely having an effect on Diane. She had reached around behind herself and was grinding her ass into Kenny's crotch while holding him in place. After a couple of minutes of grinding, Diane took her hands off of Kenny's sides and was reaching between herself and the young man dry humping her. You could tell by her movements she was trying to unzip his pants. Kenny stopped his assault long enough for Diane to free his cock from its denim confines. Now, she was reaching behind her as she bent her body enough to give Kenny a good view from behind allowing him to slide his cock into her pussy which had to be dripping wet from all of the sexual activity. "Oh! Yes!," she practically screamed raising her head up as his cock slid home. He grabbed her hips and began pounding his cock into her, looking up and suddenly seeing me. He paused briefly as I waved my hand as if to give consent. He resumed his pounding of Diane as she was doing an imitation of a rag doll in reaction to the pounding of her pussy. "Oh, God! That feels soooooo good. Harder, harder," she encouraged. "Yes, Yes, Yes." Jahab had been watching from behind the counter as I had been but he walked quickly from behind the counter and stepped in front of Diane who was bent over, holding onto herself with both hands behind her knees. He had pulled his cock out of his pants as he came across the open area, grabbed a handful of hair, pulled Diane's head up and forced his cock into her mouth. With the wide activity continuing it was almost impossible to keep his cock in her mouth, so Diane let go of her grip on herself and Jahab's cock in both hands. She was pumping it furiously as she opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue and started licking the head of his cock. I watched in almost disbelief as my wife was forcefully fucked inside major 24 hour convenience store by the two clerks at a little after 2:00 o'clock in the morning. She was in the middle of the open area between the register area and the display shelves. Kenny was pounding her from behind, although he had slowed the pace a little to allow for Jahab to get in on the action. Diane was still working on Jahab's dick, mostly with her hands but taking the head into her mouth and apparently giving it little love bites. Diane pulled her head free and began giving Kenny directions on how to bring her to a climax. "Slow down, slow down," she repeated. "Long deep strokes," she directed and Kenny complied. He had slowed his pace and was pulling his cock completely out of Diane's pussy before making it slowly disappear inside her. She was feverishly pulling on Jahab's tool and his knees were beginning to buckle as he was reaching his boiling point. "OOOHHH GOD, YES," Diane screamed out as her body convulsed in spasms as she came. "Yes, yes, yes," she reiterated as she continued to ride Kenny's cock to the finish. Kenny had collapsed onto her bent over form as he completed his fucking of my wife. As her hips slowed to a stop, she was working Jahab's cock until he yelled he was going to come. She pointed his cock to the side just as he erupted in satisfaction, his juice squirting towards the condiment counter. Just as all three were finishing up the light from a set of headlights swept across the storefront, as a new customer was pulling up to the store. All three disappeared between the shelves trying to straighten up the appearances and clothing. Diane was less than in control of herself as a result of the alcohol and the recent intense assault. She was staggering around

between the shelving looking for the drink she had originally come in to purchase. She really paid no attention to her dress or appearance, just where her beverage had gone. Not finding it or remembering what happened to it she walked back to the cooler and grabbed another drink. With her drink in her hand she staggered up behind the newly arrived customer who was at the register purchasing cigarettes. He had apparently not noticed her before and her approach attracted his attention. He turned towards Diane whose right tit was still exposed and her denim skirt folded in front revealing her mound. Kenny, who was now behind the register made eye contact with Diane, raised his eyebrows and nodded his head in her direction. Thinking he was acknowledging their recent tryst smiled stupidly back at him and winked. Kenny shook his head and again nodded towards her. The new customer had been looking back and forth between Diane and Kenny watching the misunderstood nonverbal communications. "Here. Let me help," he said reaching up and grabbing the two sides of Diane's open blouse. "I think this is what he was trying to tell you," he continued as he began buttoning Diane's blouse. I noticed he had his hands spread across her tits as he buttoned the three exposed buttons. He ran his hands down across her boobs as if to straighten out the wrinkles, coping a cheap feel along the way. "Oh!" he spoke in a false surprised voice as he took the folded hem of her skirt in his hand and folded it down. His hand lingered there long enough for him to let his fingers play with Diane's still dripping pussy. The look on Diane's face confirmed the thought. "That better?" Diane simply nodded her head and hummed an 'uh huh.' As the customer made his way towards the door his eye caught mine and he realized his actions had been observed by someone. "She's drunk," he explained as he walked by. "I know, she my wife," I responded without turning my head in his direction. He quickened his pace and left the store, watching me as he entered his car and backed out. As he pulled out Diane walked up and asked if I was ready to go. "Yep" was all I could manage. "Come back ANYTIME," the two clerks spoke out in unison as we left the store. As we walked out I took her hand and escorted her to the passenger side of the car, opened the door and helped her crawl into her seat. I reached up and caught her head in my hand, pulled her towards me and kissed her deeply. "I love you, very much, you know." "I love showing off for you. Did you enjoy the show?" "Hell, yes!" I almost yelled, closing the door "But when we get home you better be ready for more!"