**Deana Exposed**

by LostDreamer79

**Deana Exposed Pt. 01**

*Conservative wife becomes husband's toy.*

Deanas Birthday

My wife had always been a bit of a flirt as well as a tease who doesn't mind doing a bit of flashing when she has had a few drinks. I love watching her wearing somewhat revealing or see thru tops like white mens tank tops, thin lace or microfiber. I really enjoy the cropped ones that show off her flat tummy. She prefers showing off her tits more than her pussy when the mood strikes her.

Y'all know the type, just a lot of fun to have around at bars and parties. Problem is, it happens quite rarely and sometime I have to beg or offer compensation for her to let her hair down.

Her 40th birthday was coming up and I was trying to figure out how to make it special, more for me than her. I asked one of my best friends Pete for ideas or suggestions. He is also the same guy who came up with the idea of a male stripper for her 35th birthday party at a local sports bar. He and his wife are a lot on the wild side, so as you can imagine he has a great imagination.

At her 35th party we made sure she had more than her daily allowance of tequila shots in hopes she would be a willing participant in the debauchery.

Having been adequately fed enough alcohol for her to loose her inhibitions, we luckily ended up with both her and the stripper putting on a show, with him in a thong and her in just her tiny lace G-string panties dancing for the crowd. The onlookers cheered for the panties to come off but she wouldn't give them up on the dance floor.

Stan ended up holding her button up romper hostage in exchange for her panties. Another shot of tequila and not wanting to be naked anymore, Deana give them up at the table. I was so proud seeing her standing there naked in front of my friends, acquaintances and total stranger as Stan made her do a few turns for us before giving her the romper. She acted embarrassed but I could tell she was eating up the attention.

With her in her late thirties, I and others admit she is still quite a hottie, 36C's with a slight slope to her tits from one child many years ago and gravity. They are still an awesome set of knockers. She's about 155 pounds, nice hips and ass that look great in her wicked weasel bikini bottoms, she will only wear when we are out of town or maybe alone off shore in our boat. The matching tops are completely inadequate for her boobs, which I love especially when she is spilling out of them.

Recently I had been getting the desires for bigger adventures and well almost like mid-life crisis stupidity. I had no desires for other women but I had thought of showing off my gorgeous wife even more, maybe sharing her with others. That shit fucks with your head.

So back to her birthday, it was decided we invite three other couples including Pete and his wife and go downtown dancing and drinking to celebrate her 40th.

Pete and I agreed we should do our best to show her off as much as possible for our enjoyment, he has always had the hots for my wife. I also had a few plans of my own for her exposure and a sinister plot to change our life style and future adventures as well.

I got her a thin white cotton button up sundress. mid thigh length spaghetti strap for her birthday to wear out for her party. I really liked the low back and sides that showed off her side boobs a little, and also would allow for the thin straps to be easily helped off her shoulders should the opportunity arise.

The night of her party the guys all sent me their pre-planned excuses why their wives couldn't make it so I could pass them on to Deana.

I told them all just meet at our house, car pool if they can because I was dropping them off at their houses after her party, knowing they would be drinking heavy and I would be the designated drive and photographer for the night.

Deana was a little sad when she found out she would be the only female in our group. She also knew we would still have fun and would be getting 100% of the attention from my pervy friends.

It's was about 9:30 when she had finally finished getting ready as we waiting in the kitchen for her.

Deana come to the kitchen where Pete, Stan and myself were sipping beers waiting for her and Trey to arrive so we could head out. Deana downed a few, maybe four shots with the help of Pete, of Patron to get her buzz on before we left. The effects of the Patron had her nipples poking hard against the thin cotton dress. tequila has that effect of her.

She looked incredible in the white dress that I had picked out, her little white G-strings pantries showed through the thin cotton material like, "look at me!"

They appeared to be the similar or same ones she wore last time we took her out for her birthday. Thankfully she had forgone her bra, the dress would have looked a bit tacky had she tried to wear one.

The top two buttons of the dress left open. As I had hoped, she hates anything right around her neck. The low back of the dress showed off her tanned back and the revealing sides exposed the side curves of her heavy jiggling boobs and the fact they were unsupported.

They poured into my truck for the ride with Deana up front with me and the three guys in the back. The guys talked trash, mostly about her hard nipples asking if she would open her dress and flash them. They flirted all the way to the club with her giving trash talk right back to them.

It was Pete's idea we head to a dance club called Level Up, known for its college crowd, drunk females in very short skirts, tops that occasional flashed too much skin, girls dancing occasionally in their bras or other pieces of lingerie and if you're lucky a top flung across the dance floor, sometimes by boyfriends.

It was close to 10:30 by the time we got downtown, parked and walked to the club. Deana walked between Pete and Trey, both still begging her to flash her big boobs to passing people and cars before we got the the club, she just denied them the show and laughed at them. We all knew she needed a few more shots of tequila and the game would change.

Once inside, the music was loud, the dance floor lit up with flashing swirling lights and there was a growing crowd for young adults and several of the thirties and forties age crowd. We caught a waitress and ordered tequila shots for everyone except me, I got a

Pepsi. I gave her a card told her to open a tab for us. As she was turning to leave I told her to make one of those a double for the birthday girl.

While we waited a girl came by with a tray of Jell-O shots, Stan got eight of those, two apiece. In no time they were left with little empty plastic shot cups.

Shortly after that the tequilas arrive and they do a toast to Deana for her birthday. I just watched as she downed the double shot of dark tequila, no salt, no lemon or lime chaser. Almost immediately I could tell her nipples had responded to the tequila again like they always do, hard and poky against the thin top of her dress, when the bright lights would hit her just right the dress was almost see thru showing off her pink areoles. I wasn't the only one who noticed, the guys all smiling at her and me.

When the same waitress was making her way back towards the bar Pete ordered another round just like the last one.

We continued chatting and people watching until the second round arrived, not sure if it was needed, Deana already had that "I'm buzzing" smile on her face. I knew our plan was coming together.

After the second tray of tequila arrives and was consumed, Trey grabbed Deana's hand and they were off to the dance floor. We moved to get a bit closer to the dance floor to watch her. While we were watching a table next to the dance floor opened up and we grabbed it.

Trey held her close from behind grinding into her ass, she was ready to party and pushed back into his crotch. She was laughing as she whipped his face with her long blonde hair. Trey's arm was around her stomach rising a little at a time to up under her jiggling and bouncing boobs.

We were all watching and hoping she would stop moving her straps back to her shoulders when they would drop down.

She didn't seem to care about Trey holding her so close, she was enjoying her dancing with him on the crowded dance floor. After a few songs that just blended into continuous dance beats, she finally pulled him toward us for a break.

"I need something to drink, my head is spinning!" She demanded.

I knew she was already over her limit, it was time to add my own my own mischievous plan to the mix, I wanted her to loose all her inhibition's.

I went and got her a pink drink with double the alcohol, for the guys a few Coors to drink, and me another Pepsi, leaving her to her admirers. I enjoyed seeing she was gaining more admires than just the guys that came with us.

On the way back I put my slutty wife plan into action, I had acquired a dose of GHB and made it into a powder not wanting to use a full dose, I added a tiny bit to her drink.

When I handed her the drink, I smiled seeing one more of her dress buttons was open to about where her bra would have been, had she been wearing one, her cleavage was exposed a bit more and she didn't seem to care. We laughed, chatted and pointed out slutty young barely dressed college girls to each other and Deana in hopes of giving her a bit of a challenge.

When she was about done with her drink Pete took her to dance, she handed me her glass and was off with a smile on her face. He got behind her as well, pulling her right against him, his hand already under her right boob feeling the weight of of it against the back of his hand, then moved his fingers inside the top against her bare skin.

After a few more twists and turns I noticed what looked like two more buttons undone. When she moved just right we could see inside her top enjoying the view of the exposed curve of her bare left breast swaying barely under her top. She was losing the straps even more and was still quick to replace them to her shoulders each time.

When the song seemed to change for the third time they left the dance floor, I watched as she redid one button on her dress, leaving the two additional buttons open to almost her belly button. Showing off a bit more of her tanned cleavage from the center.

She took her drink back from me and finished it off, then crunched on the ice. She asked for another drink, she was drunk at this point but I knew she needed that extra to push her over the edge. So off I went to get them all another round. Knowing these guys are already hungry to see more of her.

When I got back she was out dancing with Stan, he was facing her this time with his leg between hers, it was obvious she was grinding into his thigh. I also noticed her dress was unbuttoned well below her belly button now with a strap about to fall off her shoulder, if that happens there is no longer anything to hold the top up. Her boobs were already slipping in and out her dress top as she moved flashing her hard pink nipples. We weren't the only ones who had noticed her exposure, I saw people pointing her out to others, and I was enjoying it!

Two songs later and here she comes, buttoning her dress back up. "Baby, why are you doing that?"

She just giggled, "your friends are trying to strip me other there!"

I smiled at her, "so? Let them, it's your birthday, enjoy the attention!"

She stopped at the button just below her belly button. Her boobs holding the dress away from her chest a bit showing off her tanned under boobs and center cleavage.

She was about halfway through the drink when Pete dragged her back out to dance. I turned to Stan, "go take her panties off her!"

He just smiled, "it will be a pleasure!"

Pete got in front of her this time, I am sure to watch her boobs bounce and jiggle. Just as they started dancing Stan came up behind her sandwiching her between them. Deana put both arms up around Pete's shoulders. I smiled watching him slide his hand between them briefly. He then reached down with both hands and began sliding them up the outside of her bare thighs, then under her dress raising it just a bit exposing more of her sharply tanned thighs.

In one quick motion I saw the white strings fall down her legs to her feet. Stan stepped on them and the three of them moved away from white lace on the floor, leaving her panties at their feet.

She just laughed with her mouth open realizing what had just happened. She looked over at me like I had something to do with it, I just shrugged my shoulders. I acted like I was sipping her drink and added a bit more of the powder.

When they separated a bit she reached down instinctively to tug her dress down now without her protective tiny panties. When she did the left side of her dress dropped away, the strap catching at her elbow.

Stan thinking quick grabbed her hands, holding them down to prevent her from fixing her top. Cheers for her could be heard around the bar as she danced half topless. She didn't try and pull away, she just kept dancing.

I lost count of the songs, when they left the dance floor she pulled the strap back up to her shoulder. But didn't bother buttoning the open dress back up, that now only had three buttons left holding the dress in place at the bottom.

When she got to me she gave me a long wet kiss, "you happy now? And who was that playing with my ass after Stan left?"

I laughed at her, "we are getting there! And I missed who was playing with your ass."

She just giggled, "y'all planning on stripping me here in the club for my birthday? Oh and who ever was behind me has a finger that smells like a wet pussy!"

That told me she was drunk and buzzing from the added ingredient to her drink, she never says pussy in public. I reached for her dress releasing the bottom button, "what if we do strip you for your birthday, wouldn't be the first time!"

She just giggled, " I got to go pee!" Then turned to leave.

I reached for her arm, "put on a show on the way back for me!" Then kissed her again, giving her ass a squeeze. We all watched her wiggling her ass walking across the bar, her long blonde hair bouncing off her back. I was hoping one of her straps would drop.

It was a few minutes later and Stan told me to "look!"

Deana was walking toward us, right strap to her elbow her bare breast swaying as she walked, the left about to drop any second. When she knew I was looking she rolled her other shoulder down dropping the strap, then crossed her arms.

Her crossed arms was the only thing keeping her dress from dropping to the floor as she walked toward us topless. Her big boobs bouncing and swaying with each step. There were several cheers and woohoos from men and other women encouraging and approving of her display.

When she got to us she busted out laughing lifting her arms to around my neck pushing her tongue between my lips.

When she broke the kiss, she whispered to me, "I am so fucking wet and horny you can't imagine!"

I kissed her again and told her, "go dance again with Stan and show me!"

She giggled and smiled at me while grabbing Stan's hand, pulling him to the dance floor. From the back I could tell the right side of her dress had already dropped to her elbow again.

She was facing us with him behind her, we all watched as Stan reached around releasing the last two buttons. My mouth dropped open as the dress parted exposing her bare body underneath the cotton dress, even the curves of her waist and hip exposed. The right side hanging to her wrist now.

I just smiled and gave her an approving nod.

She laughed and pulled her wrist free letting the dress fall away behind her, as the weight kept carrying the dress off her other shoulder she caught the strap in her her left hand. She reached out letting Stan take it from her leaving her naked. Everything was falling into place. I started snapping pictures of her.

I was surprised she didn't rush off the dance floor, instead kept on dancing in the crowd. Stan kept up with her as she danced with several other people, guys and girls. A few reaching out a touching her ass and boobs briefly.

I was in awe as she let a girl who was much younger than her grope her big globes with her petite hands. The girl lowered her mouth to my wife's nipple taking it between her lips. I knew she was in ecstasy mode when she took the girls head in her hand holding the girls face to her breast. I had no idea what else was going on with her, it wasn't visible from where we were. Stan and myself like a few others were snapping pictures.

Stan eventually came over to us still carrying Deanas dress and handed it to me. "Damn she looks incredible naked!"

I just shook my head and smiled, "don't she though! Wish she was like this more often for us!"

She finally came back to where we were waiting, after the song ended. I just held out the dress so she could slip her arms back through the straps, "now look who is wanting me to cover up?" She laughed sliding up on a bar stool.

She left the dress unbuttoned and grabbed her unfinished drink off our table. The dress open down the center, one of her tits revealed and the bottom of her dress hanging down the outside of her thighs and hips.

Grinning I asked her who her new girlfriend was?

She laughed, "oh you saw that?"

"Oh hell yeah, you looked like you were really enjoying it!"

She just giggled at my comment, "you have no idea!"

I stepped between her legs leaning in to kiss her, using my own leg to get her to spread her thighs so I could show off her bare pussy to the guys, she totally complied keeping her knees apart after I moved, I could tell she was at the point of no return for the evening.

After we finished off another round of drinks, Deana being ogled by damn near everyone on the club, she grabbed Pete's hand, "come on the let's dance some more!" She slurred out.

I called out to him, "try and keep her dress on her this time!" No idea why I said that because I enjoyed watching her round bare ass and swaying tits last time.

As soon as they started dancing I saw his hands go under her dress at her hips and grab her ass. It wasn't long and she was riding his thigh, when she dropped her head and left shoulder back the dress fell away totally exposing her left side from her thigh all the way up. Damn she looked incredible, I almost forgot that it was my slutty acting wife I was watching as my dick got hard.

Two more guys joined them, getting behind her. She didn't object as one of them was grinding into her ass, she actually reached back pulling him closer. The other guy pulled the right side of her dress off her shoulder and down her arm. Pete caught the white dress as it slipped from her left hand.

The two new guys wasted no time groping her big bare tits and ass. She held onto Pete's hands, then pulled the one without the dress down between her legs. He didn't have to be told and slipped his fingers between her thighs disappearing into her pussy lips.

I could not believe my mostly conservative wife had turned into a total slut on the dance floor in this bar, but I was enjoying her show with the three guys exploring my wife's body unimpeded.

It wasn't long when I saw the look on her face and she pushed the hands from between her legs, they made her cum in front of everyone and could not take the probing anymore. She said something to Pete and he pulled her away from the other two bringing her back over to our table.

When she got to the table she just grabbed hold of the table top to steady herself, "shit my legs are like jello, who were those guys, one of them was running his cock between my legs trying to fuck me out there. He even tried to push into my ass!"

Pete was wiping his hand on her dress, "that's what kept hitting my hand, dude your wife gushed my hand out there!"

I was again shocked, she has never been a squirter, but she has never been this drunk in a club naked while being felt up and groped by multiple strangers either.

Pete and I helped her back into her dress again, even though I didn't really want to. After we got her dress on and a few buttons done, different guys kept coming by wanting to take her out to dance. I knew that would be a bad idea, so I told them not tonight.

After a few more drinks, Deana was hammered like never before, she told me that the dam as about to bust and she needed to go to the ladies room. We watched as she staggered away towards the restrooms. I kept an eye on her until she went into the ladies room.

I kept looking through the crowd for her to exit, and after what seemed a bit too long, Pete and I went to check on her.

I asked a girl coming out of there was a blonde in a white dress inside. She told us no, ain't but two stalls and she was just in one and the other was empty.

We did a quick scan of the dance floor and rest of the club but didn't see her. We went over and got Trey and Stan to help look for her.

Trey decided to go inside the ladies room just in case to look for her, she wasn't there. He heard a commotion inside the men's room when the door opened.

There she was, bent over with a guy I front of her with a hand full of her curly blonde hair fucking her face, another guy was pounding into her from behind. Two more guys were waiting their turn with cocks in their hands getting themselves ready to step in. He just watched briefly not believing what he was seeing, her big tits swinging each time the guy pounded into her pussy. He smiled to himself watching Deana doing a gang bang and snapped a few pictures to help him remember after he sobered up.

He looked around and saw her shoes against the far wall and her dress in a heap under the sink. He saw Stan and waved him over. While waiting he snapped a few more pictures of her, she looked quite incredible bent over taking two cocks.

Another guy asked Trey if he was in line for the blonde. Trey told him no and to move on the party was over. Then he and Stan pushed the guys off Deana, "she's done guys, time for her to go home!"

They grumbled, one guy wanting to fight them. Until Pete and I walked in, "what the fuck are you guys doing with my wife!" The place cleared out quick.

Deana as a site, she had gotten a few face fulls of cum, it was in her hair and running off her face. No telling how many guys had used my wife in the men's room, but it seemed she was a very willing participant.

Stan got her dress, one strap was ripped and the three buttons that were buttoned were popped off.

While I cleaned up her face with wet paper towels the guys tried to dress her. One strap holding the dress in place and a few buttons that were left held it closed and on her body.

We made our way out the club and to the truck. Deana insisted on riding in the back seat between Trey and Pete. When she was getting in she tried to hike her dress up a bit, then the strap fell making it longer, she then pulled the front loose and dropped the dress off, "fuck it, it's ruined anyway!" Then climbed in naked once more.

Right after we left the parking lot I heard Deana ask one of the the guys, "you want to fuck me too?" I looked in the mirror and Pete was playing with her tits, pulling on her hard nipples.

"Dude, can we, ah, fuck you wife back here? I mean he's got my dick

out already and...!"

I watched her move to Pete's lap and her hand was already handling his cock so she could drop down on him.

"What you asking him for?" As she slipped down farther on his cock there is no resistance from her already well used pussy.

Realizing her birthday outing was turning out better than I had expected. All I could do was adjust to mirror to watch my horny wife riding my buddies cock behind me.

Deana started pounding herself up and down on Pete before he or I could agree, the guys all watched her big boobs bouncing and swaying to her own rhythm, her ass smashing into his lap, she was getting quite loud.

"You going to fuck us all baby?" I asked her. Driving towards Pete's house since he is already fucking her and will be spent.

She just smiled at me in the mirror.

Trey just moved closer and grabbed her tits, squeezing her big globes, pinching and pulling her already hard nipples. "Damn you got some nice tits Deana! I have always wanted to do this!" Trying to hang on to them as she bounced up and down on Pete's cock. Stan was in the front seat with his phone pointed at my wife.

With Trey closer she was attempting to fish his cock free but the bouncing was making it difficult. He was more than happy to help her out opening his jeans for her. It was now easier for her to reach out and take his already stiff cock in her hand.

There was a lot of moaning and groaning come from the back seat followed by an "oh fuck!" Deana stopped bouncing and pushed down hard on Trey's lap.

She wasted no time dismounting his gooey cock and climbing onto Stan's cock that she had already been stroking.

I had to adjust the mirror to continue to watch my wife fucking my other friend. It was only a few minutes more and I was pulling up in front of Pete's house.

I stopped to let him out, realizing he had been videoing Deana as well. "Send me that video, I'm going to need it later!" He laughed thanking me for sharing.

Next stop was obviously Stan's house. When we got there he was still bouncing her up and down on his cock, she was no longer an active participant, barely able to focus on what was happening.

When he blew his wad deep inside her, he just rolled her over onto the seat. She was moaning and mumbling not really able to hold herself up. I told Trey get in the back and have at her if he wants her.

He hopped out, jumping in and immediately pulling his cock out and pulling her to her knees. I took a few pictures of him pushing into my naked wife in the back seat. I then held the phone pointed at them while I drove.

I smiled telling him, if all goes well we can do this again. She won't remember a thing and I'll use that to get what I want, I just need your video too.

Pulling up at Treys, I had to wait again, leaving the head lights on parked in the driveway hoping his hot wife might come out to see what's going on and want to party, knowing she swings in several different ways.

I opened the truck door to get pictures from a different angle of her bringing fucked.

Trey finally pushed as deep as he could releasing his seed in her worn out pussy. When he stepped back out the truck he stopped to get a few picture of her oozing spread pussy, I had to do the same thing. Then shoved a shop rag under her to catch the cum dripping from her open gaping used hole.

We closed the doors and shook hands, "Im game to do this again, just let me know, maybe we can get Bee to play too!" We both laughed as I was getting back in to head home.

I backed the truck into the driveway and opened the door. She was a bit gross, cum in her hair, on her face, dripping from her cunt down her legs. I just pulled her out and carried her limp body to a lounge on the deck. I got a few more pictures of her face and legs spread. That's when I got the idea to do what she wasn't usually keen on.

I rolled her over, put a cushion under her belly and spread her legs.

I stripped, got behind her and rubbed my cock in the cum oozing from her pussy. I rolled the head of my cock around her asshole then started to ease inside her ass.

She didn't move, so I pushed deeper making her moan a bit but she was still passed out. Once I was in about half way into her I started wearing her ass out. She continued to moan a few times during my short use of her ass and exploded, the cum was seeping out as I kept stroking until I went soft.

I laughed at her snapping a few more pictures of her dripping ass before leaving her there to sleep it off.

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The next morning I was at the kitchen bar when she staggered through the back door. "Glad you decided to make it home!"

She looked at me a bit confused, "you left with the guys, I had to get an Uber home. Where is your dress?" Pretending to be upset.

"I, I'm not sure, I don't remember anything."

"Look at you, looked like you had a good time, your face, in your hair, on your tits, and dried cum between your legs! Were you selling that shit last night?"

"Oh My God, no baby I would never! I don't remember last night, what did I do? I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look at yourself, I didn't do that to you last night!" I opened the picture of her in the men's room and showed her. "Is this you? That's your dress on the floor."

I opened the picture of her ass in the air with cum seeping from both holes. "Look at this, you don't let me do this too you..."

She hung her head and started to sob. "I really can't, I would never, I don't understand how I would ever..."

I got up and gave her a hug, "go back outside and use the pool shower to clean that spunk off you, we can talk in a little bit."

"But the neighbors can see..."

I cut her off, "we can talk later, after you a bit more presentable."

She hung her head and walked outside. I could hear the sound of a weed eater or a blower close by, hoping it was one of the guys next doors. I saw her looking around for the neighbors. We have them to the the right, left and three behind us that have a partial views into our backyard.

Damn she looked good standing out by the pool showering off with the sun shining down on her naked wet body. This was something I had only seen her do a few times and it was under the cover of darkness with all the patio and pool lights off. That's all about to change starting today.

I grabbed a hand towel and a gator aid then headed out to the table with the umbrella and a few chairs. When she was done I motioned her over. She was looking down, her arms now hiding her big wet tits and pussy.

"Have a seat," I pointed toward one of the patio chairs, and opened the gator aid bottle handing it to her. "And move your arms, you had no problem letting everyone see and touch you last night." I knew I was being a bit of an ass towards her, but I had too in order to make my plan work.

Her face turned red as she tried to say something but nothing came out her mouth.

She sat back, her attractive but slightly sloped boobs across from me, I was loving the look. "Honey the guy that lives behind us is looking this way! Can I at least go get something to cover up with?" She asked.

"Na you're good, but you can raise the umbrella, the sun is in my eyes."

She hesitated, then stood up reaching over to crank the handle, her boobs wiggling as she raised the canopy over us. "is he still watching you?"

"He has stopped what he was doing and is staring at me!" She whispered.

"Well you are pretty damn hot for your age, and going forward, I expect to see more of you. Just like last night and now!"

"What? More of me? What are you talking about?"

"I have always told you that your body rocks, and last night you shared it, visibly and shockingly physically, with a whole bar and most loved it! I by all rights should be upset with you, but I surprised myself and found myself a bit aroused and excited by your exposure." I showed her more pictures of her being felt up on the dance floor sans her dress, by the younger cute hottie.

She looked at another picture I was showing her, a look of fear on her face. "I don't remember doing that, how could you even let me do that?" She asked, her head dropped in shame.

"Well it was your birthday and I figured you wanted to party hard and make it memorable. And to be honest, you looked fucking hot as hell in that crowd naked!"

She raised her head cracking a slight smile. "I'm so sorry how I behaved, I am so ashamed, I promise it will never happen again." A few tears ran down her face.

I smiled at her, "I think that's where you are wrong, I expect it to happen a lot more, we are going to change your wardrobe, and you will be that wild woman a lot more often and a lot more places! And out here in the back yard, no more bikinis unless our daughter is here maybe some of our friends, you will have to ask before putting one on."

Deana's mouth fell open, shocked by what her, she thought just as conservative husband, had just said.

"Oh and since you're a stay at home wife, I'm going to need you to start filling in a bit more than you have been and learning to manage the warehouse shipping. Jake is retiring and I need you run things back there a while. And in the theme of the new you, we are going to dress you like you are tending bar in a biker club! I have an idea to boost sales and you are going to be part of it!"

She had a look or horror on her face, but knew her years of marriage were on the line and I had more than enough proof of her infidelity.

"But I don't really have anything like that to wear."

He smiled at her, "well you can go to Goodwill, or start ordering off those Chinese website popping up all over Facebook, they got lots of cheap and slutty outfits. And all those old lady bras and panties, trash them, you can keep a few of the lace and sheer bars to wear as tops, but not under anything anymore."

"Baby, you can't expect me to run around in public half naked, or are you?"

"Yes I do expect it and I am looking forward to it!"

In her mind she knew she was trapped and had to play along.

I knew the new Deana was about to be introduced to the world.