**Deana Exposed**

by LostDreamer79

**Deana Exposed Pt. 02**

*Deana starts working for husband & gives in to showing off.*

Deana Starts New Job

It had been a month or so since Deana had started learning the complete operations of the warehouse for her husband's electrical supply company.

She had also got into the habit of wearing less and showing more. Even giving her husband road head on the way home from work, while naked in the front seat of their truck. She knew he was letting truckers look down as her ass and puffy lips as he mauled her tits, which only increased the intensity of the her excitement, leading to her enjoying him showing her off more and more.

Deana knew more about the electrical supply business than she realized. She had helped keep the company running during COVID when help was difficult to find or the employees they had were out sick with family or sick themselves.

Just before everything went to crap, Deana actually managed the installation of the new inventory and accounting software system for the firm, something she was quite familiar with and helped her learn the mechanics of the business.

Working with the retiring warehouse manager, he stayed on just long enough to help her become more familiar with the actual operations and the secrets.

He left after about two weeks leaving her on her own to learn the rest of what she didn't know about inventory management, shipping and receiving, and get to know the regular clients.

While learning her new job she also dressed as her husband had asked in hopes of increasing sales and return clients. She was liking the short shorts, mini skirts, thin, low or cropped tops, sometimes short dresses they both were ordering for her, running up a sizable bill on the credit card buying cheap Chinese clothing. All while getting used to no longer wearing bras or panties, sometimes being a bit forgetful when she was trying to do too many things at once surprising g clients and staff.

Over the weeks she began to notice some guys stopping by daily instead on once a week, like they had been when she first started.

While actually starting to enjoy the looks, flirting and attention she was getting from her customers in the hot humid warehouse, while she was pulling product and loading bulk items. She was yearning the looks on their faces when she would accidentally give them a view of her braless boobs, or lifting boxes into the back of a truck wearing one of the loose cropped tank tops feeling the bottom of her top brush across her nipples.

On some occasion when she knew she had shown a bit too much, like her husband had told her to do, she would think back to the pictures of herself the night of her party, dancing naked with the woman on the dance floor and when she was bent over naked in the men's room taking on two guys at a time. She would fantasize what it would be like to do it and remember it all with some of these guys.

She had no idea why but the scenes kept running through her mind, wishing she could remember, making up her visions of being there in her mind. Knowing deep down, in the past it had been foreplay talk with her husband and maybe that's why she let it happen.

Deana began thinking about wanting more and more to remember or even let it happen again maybe, so she could have a memory of unbridled sex with strangers.

Eventually little fantasies started popping into her head as she helped some of the young hot guys placing orders as they stared at her jiggling tits. Them taking her in the isle, bending her over a create and using her as a sex toy. Or even meeting them on a job site and letting them have their way with her in unfinished buildings.

It was a few weeks later and she realized how much her fantasies had led to her actually being the one initiating sex with her husband, not just in the bed room, but in the kitchen, in the pool, by the pool, in his office, on the way home, a time or two in parking garages after a date night.

Her usually being naked at home most of the time didn't help the situation, she had actually become accustomed to being nude around the house.

When they got home on Wednesday evening there were a few Amazon packages at the side door to the kitchen.

After pouring herself a glass of Moscato, she opened the flat package to find a sexy and very short pleated skirt, one of the items her husband had been buying her, she liked the minimal little outfits as well the last few months.

Eager to try on the skirt, she wiggled out of the jean shorts she was wearing and stepped into the skirt as her husband came in from bringing the trash can up from the street. She was wearing a button up vest with the shorts, a top Randy had also ordered. It was low cut and showed a lot of pushed up cleavage.

"Damn that looks sexy on you, you do know you have lost a few pounds too, that ass is getting tight!" He told her.

She ran her hands over the back of the skirt, "a bit short don't you think?" She giggled.

"Oh yeah, quite short, you can wear it Friday and that fluffy black cropped tank top too."

She giggled, "yeah I have noticed some of the other guys like that one too, especially when I am lifting things!"

He smiled at her, "and why is that?"

She sipped her wine, "because my nipples show when I lift my arms!"

"You didn't tell me that," he grinned.

"You didn't ask!" She snipped back at him. "I need to run to Publix, need anything?"

"Not that I can think off, everything should be in the shopping app."

She took another sip of wine, grabbed her purse and headed out the door. Her husband watched the short palettes bouncing off her ass as she walked out the back door. He now realizing just how short it was on her, not leaving much material hiding her ass cheeks.

She hadn't drove her red and black convertible Mini Cooper in a week or so and decided to take it instead of the big truck. Deana loved the feel of the little car when she drove it. Fast, hugs the road, wind blowing around her, just fun to drive.

She hopped in and put her seat belt on, realizing just how short the skirt her husband had got her was on thighs. She lifted it up and saw if it were any shorter she would be on display to other drivers.

The seat belt rode just above the hem not leaving any room for error if she wiggled too much. Dropping the top while putting her hair up using a scrunchie, she then gave the tiny skirt a little tug to try and cover a bit more of her bare thighs from onlookers but it didn't help.

As soon as she pushed in the clutch and stretched her thigh the material rode up, she giggled to herself, "this is what he wanted, fuck it, let it show if it wants too!" Shifting into reverse she back out the car port and down the drive way into the street.

The breeze felt good as she drove through the neighborhood looking down occasionally to see how much was showing. The skirt had eased its way higher to the exposed the creases where her hips and thighs came together, she made no effort to hide her exposure.

Out on the main highway through town she stopped at the red traffic light pulling up next to a jacked up blue Ford truck, the guy driving it didn't appear to be much older than her daughter who was away a college. The guy did a double take looking down at Deana sitting much lower than he was. She caught him looking down at her and smiled.

"Don't mean to be rude but, those are some pretty legs you got there ma'am!" He smiled at her.

Deana looked down knowing he could tell there was nothing under the tiny skirt. She smiled back, "well thank you, but don't you think I am a bit old for you to be flirting with?"

"Oh please, what are you 30 maybe 32?" He asked as the light turned green.

She sped off giggling to herself, looking down again at what she had just showed the younger guy.

Everyone knows if you get caught at one red light the odds are not in your favor, sure enough, light turns to yellow as she approaches then red. The truck eases up next to her again, a bit closer this time.

Deana looks up at him smiling. She knew wearing the new skirt may lead to a bit of ogling by strangers, but this was starting to get more exciting than she had anticipated.

Grinning he called to her, "show me more!"

She laughed at his request, "more of what?"

"More of you, I want to see more of you!"

She giggled giving him an evil smile, she was starting to enjoy this new game. The light turned green and she was off again. This time he stayed closer to her Mini Cooper.

Deana glanced over at him, he was still watching her, his smile was sparking a fire inside her. The thought of this young stranger actually seeing even more of her fostered her excitement. She has never got to see her admirers before with Randy playing with her. When she looked up the light went from yellow to red again causing her to quickly down shift to stop as she moved over into the left turn lane.

The guy looking over at her hand hiding her laughter as the truck comes to a stop next to her once again. "Let me see, I want you to show me what's hiding under your vest. Those shouldn't be wore buttoned up you know!"

She looked over at the lights, the green light had turned yellow for opposing traffic, she smiled and reached to her vest popping the top button free, she felt her boobs expand a bit out the opening with the new freedom. As she reached for the next button smiling at him the turn lane arrow turned green and she drove away leaving him to continue straight as she made her escape.

Her heart was pounding, hand was shaking, she wished maybe she had opened her vest faster, after all, she was a fit and sexy lady. The work in the warehouse was helping her improve her fitness, firmness and sculpting on her muscles and curves.

Arriving at the Publix, she rebuttoned her vest before stepping out, there was just too much cleavage with a hint of pink areola peeking over the top of the vest, as sexy as she felt it was a bit much.

Walking inside she saw her reflection in the big store front window, Deana realized just how extremely short the skirt was on her thighs. She knew she would have never allowed her daughter to wear something like this on a date or to school, but damn she looked good in it.

She reached back and could feel the lower curve of her ass cheek. "Holy fuck, how could Randy let me leave the house like this, but he did say more of me though so I guess this is what he meant!" She whispered to herself, "I'm going to fucking own it!" Deana grabbed a cart, dropped her purse in the child seat and headed inside.

She was enjoying the stares, gasps and ogling from men and women. There were even a few winks from guys and a few isles later a young red head woman that commented, "love the skirt, commando I hope!"

Deana felt herself blush as she kept walking. Turning to go down the next isle there was the little red head again, her skin tight white tube dress showing off all her curves. As she approached she too gave Deana a wink, "I would be if it were me, it just feels so naughty wearing so little, like in this dress!"

She was right it did feel naughty which was quite exciting knowing a wrong move could reveal her secret.

In the wine isle, her Dublin brand Muscadine wines she wanted were on an upper shelf, she looked around then reached for the bottles she wanted knowing her ass cheeks were going to show, as grabbing four bottles. Her heart beat speeding up knowing she could have been seen.

She skipped the next few isles and went to the dairy section to finish up her shopping. Stopping at the coffee creamers she opened the door and had to bend over to get the larger size container on the bottom shelf.

She grabbed the bottle and stood up, then heard the girls voice, "yeah I knew you would be, I love it, not even a little thing!" Deana blushed again having accidentally flashing the younger female her bare ass, maybe more.

Deana grabbed a few more things on the way to the register, feeling a bit embarrassed and quite excited at the same time, wondering who else's may have seen her. She hurried through a self check out and headed out to her car.

She dropped the bags in the passenger seat and walked around to the next row over to drop off the cart in the rack as the red head walked up. "You are an attractive and ballize lady, I love your style. If you would like to go out to party sometimes, give me a call. I enjoy showing off as well!" The girl handed Deana her business card and walked away.

Deana was speechless as she read her card then looked up, "well she does have a cute ass and I love that hair!" She laughed to herself, then got in her car and cranked it up. She tried to slow her breathing not realizing how excited she had become.

She thought back to the guy in the truck, now this red head, and the other guys the past few weeks flirting with her, am I really that desirable? All I have done is dress slutty! She giggled to herself.

Deana left the parking lot and at the light she decided to take the long way home. Turning left she continued away from her where she lived. She looked around and unbuttoned the top button on her vest. Her big boobs jumped out again. "It sure feels good to be so sexy looking and wanted by strangers, this shit is getting fun," she said out loud.

Approaching a dump truck she giggled to herself. Reaching up she released the next button, and took a deep breath as both breast popped out, almost totally free of her vest with a little bit of lift provided by the vest still under her exposed breast. Her hard lite pink nipples free to feel the breeze as she kept driving North.

Passing the truck she held her breath not daring to look up, until she heard the driver toot the air horn.

Deana couldn't help but looked up, smiled she gave him a wave and sped on. She busted out laughing realizing she has just completed her first intentional flash all by herself, and it felt exhilarating. She was now wanting more of that feeling. Looking for more trucks as she approached the turn to head to I-95.

She made the left turn and headed towards the interstate, her hand shaking again she reached down releasing the next button. The vest gaped open even more. Getting closer to the on-ramp, "fuck it!" She released the last two buttons, the tight vest jumping to her sides, "well the guy said vests aren't supposed to be worn buttoned!" She laughed out loud proud of her youthful looking breasts.

It wasn't long before she was passing trucks headed south towards the port. Now she was looking up to see who was noticing her exposed tits. She would give each driver a little wave if they happen to look down.

She was really enjoying showing off her boobs and bare legs but her exit was coming up way too soon. She shifted lanes and got off the interstate her heart still pounding in her chest from the excitement.

Deana started to button her vest now in the stop and go traffic, but decided to leave it open and enjoy the freedom until she got home.

It seemed to only take minutes, which was disappointing. She pulled up in her driveway and shut the car off, opened her door, leaned over, grabbed her purse and grocery bags. Then contemplated her vest, which was still unbuttoned. She giggled and headed inside to surprise her husband.

Going to the back door, she pushed the door open with her ass and went inside, "hay baby I'm, Oh Shit!" There stood her husband and Trey drinking beers staring at her big bare breast exposed from between the vests two panels.

With her hands full she couldn't cover up. With a big grin on her face she giggled, "Hay Pete, how's Kim doing?" When continued to the kitchen bar setting the bags and her purse down. She could feel her face was red, but she was feeling so naughty.

He just stared at her boobs like he had never seen them before, with Deana making no effort of hide her chest. Actually enjoying the excitement of showing off her tits to her husbands friend.

She went about putting up the dairy items she had purchased, and refilling her wine glass while she was at the refrigerator. Both men watching her firm tanned legs and barely covered ass when her back was to them.

She finished putting up the other items then Deana walked to her husband, gave him a quick kiss, "I'm going to the pool for a bit and get some sun." Then went out on the deck with her wine glass in hand. She stopped at the railing, set the glass down and slipped off her vest draping it over the rail, grabbed her glass and continued to the pool lounges topless.

Both men were speechless watching Deana walking away, her bare back, curvy waist and the tiny skirt wiggling on her hips.

"Fuck you wife is incredible, look at those tits swaying from the sides!" Pete said not even looking over at Randy.

"Ain't she!" He replied.

She set her wine glass on the table, reached for the button on the side off the waist band, lower the small zipper and then dropped the skirt on the concrete.

Retrieving her wine glass, she sat back on the lounge with her knees up to get sun, feeling the warm rays against her naked body. It felt different then when she had sinned before knowing Pete and Randy were watching her.

"Damnit, I could stare at her all day but I got to get going," Pete told him.

"Well I am sure she would be offended if you didn't say good bye!" Randy smiled at him.

"I think you're right!" And the two of them headed out to the pool.

She turned to look hearing them walking up, making no move to cover her boobs or bring her knees together, the sun shining on her pussy to tan her inner thighs.

"Hay Deana, didn't want to leave without saying bye!"

Both of them looking down between her legs at her spread pink lips.

"Yeah I would have been offended if you hadn't, next time bring Kim with you, we could hang out and tease y'all for an afternoon."

"Yeah I don't know if she would be up to sunning like you do!"

Randy smiles and tells Pete, "just take a picture and show her how Deana lays out, you never know!"

Deana grins up at him, "go ahead, I don't care."

As he pulls his phone out, Deana drops her left knee away a bit more, making sure he gets a good shot of her wet pussy and a hint of her opening. After he snaps a few Deana brings her knees closer, "those were for you, now take one to show her."

They laugh at her giving him a picture or three for him to jerk off too.

"Ok I got to get going before I make a wet spot in my shorts!"

When he turns to leave Randy motions for her to walk him out front. Deana gasps a bit covering her mouth pretending to be shocked, then smiles at Randy's evil suggestion.

"Pete hang on, I'll walk out with you!"

He turns and sees her already up and stepping over her skirt walking toward him. He just stares at her big swaying tits and naked body coming toward him like it was a natural thing.

They chatting about an end of summer pool party on the way out front. Randy snaps a few pictures of his wife's naked ass and Pete walking away. He wasn't sure how far she would go so he followed.

He somewhat expected her to stop at the back corner of the house, maybe as far as the front corner just in view of the street. But she surprised him continuing to the street where Pete's truck was parked. Randy continued to snap pictures of his nude wife in the front yard.

A car passed and beeped the horn at her, instead of covering up she waved at them causing her tits to giggle.

When they got to the truck, Pete had her lean against it so he could get a few more pictures. Randy was smiling as he watched her do a few poses including her groping her own boob flicking her nipple for him.

She then gave him a hug and a peck on the cheek. Randy could see she was telling him something. He looked back at Randy, asked her something, and she shook her head yes.

Deana proudly walked back across the yard not caring if the neighbors saw her.

"What did you two agree too over there?" Randy asked her.

She grinned at him, "I told him when you are out of town next week, to come get me for dinner and I'd wear just a bit more than what I'm wearing now. And on the way back he could show me off naked where ever he wants while I sucked his dick!" Then walked past Randy to go lay out a bit longer.

Randy watched her walking away, a bit shocked by what she just said, wondering if he had created a monster.

Later that evening she was at the sink washing dishes when Randy came up behind her. He reached around and grabbed her naked boobs. "So you really going to dress slutty and fuck Pete." He asked kissing the back of her neck.

"What you don't think I will? I might let him fuck me in public, whatcha ya think?"

"No, it's not that, you will do whatever you make your mind up to do. You said you were not going to wear much, what are you thinking of wearing to show off this body of yours?" His right hand dropping down between her legs playing with her clit.

She moved her feet apart a bit as she tied to finish the dishes. "You know that lace mini skirt and the match little cropped top with the string straps you got me?"

"That one is totally see thru, you would wear that out without me?"

She squirted a little while he was hitting just the right spot, starting to breathe heavy. "You said show off my body, that one will do just that!" Pressing her ass into his hard cock under his shorts.

"I like it, you will be practically naked in that, like you are now!" He unbuttons his shorts and lowers the zipper letting his shorts drop. Then starts rubbing his cock up and down between her ass cheeks.

"Ummmmm that feels good back there. Can you think of something less I could wear, that would be easy to strip off if needed?" Pushing back against his cock as he massages her tits and clit.

"I am sure I could find or buy you something as long as you text me what you're doing when you go out."

"What if he strips me in a club, I could wear that home, you seem to like me being naked in public!" She lifts up on her toes feeling the head of his cock against her ass hole. "Ohhh shit we need some lube if you're going there!" She pushes putting pressure on her sphincter.

He reaches around her grabbing the Dawn off the back of the sink. Putting some on his fingers he quickly lubes his cock and her anus. Placing himself back where he was. Deana is still trying to finish the last few glasses when she feels him increase the pressure as she tries to relax, leaning forward, "you better go fucking slow back there or I'll rip your dick off!

Randy eases in just a bit as Deana digs her nails into the stone counter top. "Oh shit that's fucking different, keep going, if I say stop to fucking betterrrrr... oh fuck keep going."

He grabs her hip with both hands as she bends more dropping a glass and the scrubby into the water. "Oh I have been wanting to do this for fucking ever!" He manages to get out.

She pushes back impaling herself even more, Randy slowly pulls back a bit them pushes back inside her ass, this time his hips met her ass cheeks. He just stands there motionless, "you ok baby?"

She slowly moves her hips back and forth fucking his cock with her ass.

Randy can't help but pick up the pace reaming her ass, pulling out a bit and them slamming back as deep as he can. "Oh fuck keep doing that, just fuck my ass as hard as you want, you have no idea how incredible this feels!"

"Tell me how good it feel baby!"

"If I had something in my pussy I would be totally in heaven right now, fuck I have been missing out!"

"Something like another cock, maybe one in that pretty mouth too?"

"Baby you are reading my mind!" As he slaps his hip against her ass. "I would totally do that for you right now!"

He laughs at her, "careful what you wish for!" He grabs her hips and pulls her tight unloading deep into her colon. Deana's hips continue to try and fuck his cock until he slips out her ass. She turns around and starts kissing him passionately her tongue exploring his mouth, hungry for more. "Let's do that again right now!"

He laughs, "baby you know that's not going to happen, maybe later?"

"Asshole!" Then turns around finishing the dishes, "maybe I need to go find me a boy toy!" she laughs back swishing her ass at him.

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Friday morning Randy got up and showered as Deana was making coffee. She brought him a cup and headed to shower herself.

After she dried off Randy watched her getting dressed, her new short skirt that set off her Wednesday evening adventures and a very blousy black cropped tank top. It showed off a lot of her flat tummy from just below her big firm boobs to her curvy waist line. He noticed if she leaned over any at all the loose front would fall away from her chest flashing the bottom of her boobs.

He was getting hard just watching her scantly cute outfit as she headed down the hall to refill her coffee cup so they could get going.

On the drive to work he kept looking over at Deana's long exposed legs almost to her hips. She was dressed for a Friday, her help was off of Fridays because it's usually quite slow so only one person is sufficient behind the sales counter, not to mention it would be overtime for them, she had insisted on a nice salary. It was just her in the warehouse and they only work half days on Fridays just like a lot of her contractor clients do.

It was around 10:30, she was behind her four foot tall counter typing away on the keyboard and printing out will call orders for next week. Deana caught sight out the corner of her eye, there was a customer coming into the warehouse, "hay, what can I do for you?" Then she froze seeing the smile on the guys face.

"Morning ma'am, I am Dave, here to pick up an order for Murphy's." He told her then looked at her a bit closer. "Do I know you? Have we met before?"

"No, I don't think so, have you ever been here before, maybe that's it?" She knew exactly who he was, he was the driver of the big blue truck watching her driving to Publix. With her hair down he just could not picture how he knew her.

She felt a strange tingle between her legs, the same excitement she felt when she wished she had let him see her unbutton her vest a few days ago. She feared, or maybe hoped, as soon as she stood up he would recognize her long tanned legs and the skirt she had wore two days ago.

She looked through the stack of papers finding his invoice. A stickie note attached to the invoice in her own handwriting that said "2 1/2 inch conduit it shed." She giggled to herself knowing she wasn't dressed to operate the fork lift.

"You have a flat bed truck?" She asked knowing most of the order was on a pallet near the roll up door.

She was looking over the papers, the guy was watching her big boobs moving freely under her thin short tank top. "Oh, ah, no it's a box truck actually." He was distracted momentarily.

"Well back it up to the door and we can unload the pallet into the back, but I need to hang on to the pallet, then we have to go around back to the shed for the pipe." She stood up watching him gimp away wearing a big black medical type boot. She shook her head knowing this guy wasn't going to climb up in the back of the truck. He said he wanted to see me two days ago, guess he is in for a treat, she thought to herself.

As soon as he was outside she buzzed up front and told her husband to keep an eye on the warehouse, she had to go to the shed. Then grabbed the invoice, along with a clip board, then walked around the counter to the fold lift. Her guys usually did these loads for her, but today it was on her.

By keeping an eye on the warehouse meant to watch the cameras in case someone showed up for merchandise. Not even thinking he would be watching her climbing in and out the box truck.

Climbing up on the folk lift, there is no lady like way to do that, nor to operate it. She giggled to herself sitting with her legs apart, her little skirt too high on her thighs, and the steering wheel in the way for her to close her knees. "He wanted me to wear this and show off, this kid is getting the Full Monty today!" She said out loud to herself.

Thinking back to his cute smile and hungry eyes from Wednesday, she was thinking thoughts she shouldn't be, knowing that her husband may be watching on the security cameras.

She wheeled around to the pallet and picked up as he was backing up to the warehouse door.

As soon as he came around to the back of the truck to open the door, "I know exactly who you are! And you are wearing the same skirt today, and much nicer I have to add!" Looking almost chest level to her lap he stared at her spread knees.

"You going to open the roll up door or stare at my pussy?" She gave him an evil grin.

He smiled at her, "I am kinda liking the view!"

"Go open the door!"

When he turn his back she could feel her face turning red, she couldn't believe what she had just said to him, using a word she never used around her husband. Embarrassed a bit she still felt the excitement building knowing she had just flashed this guy.

He pushed the rolling door up and limped back out the way. Deana rolled the load forward setting the pallet on the floor on the box truck.

"Can you get those boxes off the pallet for me and I pull the pallet back out?"

"No, not really suppose to be driving but dad said he is not going to pay me for being stupid and sitting at home."

Deana rolled her eyes knowing she was going to have to climb up into the truck. She turned off the forklift and hopped off, walking to the back putting one foot up on the step bumper. "You think you're going to just stand here and watch me?"

"Thats my plan, I mean, you're fucking hot as hell! And look at you!"

"Look at what?" She felt herself getting bolder.

"You got a hard body, and got quite a few years on me. That short skirt, no damn panties, and those big tits jiggling under that top! That's what! I told you the other day I wanted to see them and I'm not passing up the chance!"

She knew she also wanted him to see, and she wasn't going to deny him and regret it again. She stepped on up into the truck. His face now about at her knees smiling that grin looking up her skirt and loose top.

She stood there and asked him, "you want the boxes against the right side and the pipe on that side?" Pointing to the right wall, looking down at him staring at her right side and her bare ass cheeks.

"Oh yeah, what, um yeah that's just fine!" He stammers out.

"I meant the boxes not my ass!" Then walks to the back of the pallet and starts removing the boxes from the pallet and pulling them to the front of the box truck, not really giving him an opportunity to see much more of her.

Finished she walks to the back of the truck to step down and out, Dave was now looking up the front of her short skirt. As she stepped down he took her hand, the lower she got the higher it raised her arm bringing the bottom of the shirt higher exposing more of her under boobs.

"Damn you're just as fine from this side!"

Deana tried to look as if she was ignoring his comment but it only made her more excited and horny. "Drive around to the second shed and we can load the pipe," she directed him.

She smiled realizing what she just told him, her mind not where it should be thinking about his pipe and where she wanted to load it. She then turned for the camera looking up at it hanging on the wall, knowing her husband was probably watching.

He waited to watch her climb up on the forklift wanting to see her bare pussy again. After she back up to drop the pallet, he drove the truck to the back, he knew where the conduit was kept. Deana followed behind him in the forklift. The solid wheels caused the seat to bounce her up and down having no suspension what so ever, the bouncing pulling her skirt from under her ass. Looking down she realized it was causing her skirt to also rise higher up her thighs and hips.

She could feel the dampness between her legs, she almost felt guilty but knew this was the behavior her husband was desiring from her.

She drove past the back of the truck to the racks of bundled conduit. Raising the forks she slipped under the top bundle and backed out from the rack, then turned to slip in behind the box truck to pull the pipes directly in the box.

When Dave came around the back he stopped again seeing her thighs and the curve of her bare hips and part of her left cheek. Deana lowered the load of pipes to be even with the deck of the truck. "Damn, your fucking killing me lady, you minds well just take that shit off!"

She shut down the motor and started to swing her legs over. "Yeah you would like that wouldn't you, then my top too right?" She watched as he raised his phone up snapping a picture, not even asking if it was ok.

"You would do that for me?" He laughed, watching as she spread her knees again to climb off the tractor. She saw him raising the camera up again to catch her doing a very un-lady like dismount.

"You want me to pose for you too?"

She paused at the edge of the seat with her knees apart letting him get a very graphic photo of her spread pink honey pot. This only added more excitement to her already reeling horny mind, she had totally gotten into spreading her legs for pictures.

She slipped down off the forklift heading to the back of the truck. Then stepped up on the bumper grabbing the hand hold. Deana looked to her right at the security camera on the wall. Then stepped up into the box, she paused and looked down at Dave staring up at her ass.

"You want to pull it down for me?" She grinned at him.

"For real?"

She waited for him to make a move, "better hurry before I change my mind!"

He quickly reached up as she released the button, trying to lower the short zipper. "Holy shit!" She gasped from the thrill after allowing the young stud to strip her of her skirt.

Her hands now shaking she reached for the conduit and started sliding them into the truck as Dave snapped pictures as she moved back and forth.

"Lady you have got one hell of a body, what about that top?"

She kept sliding the pipes into the pile she was making, "what about the top?"

"That the shit off!" He begged.

"What do I get out of it?" She laughed at him, growing more comfortable being half naked in front of him.

"What do you want?" He asked her.

Sliding two more pipes off the bundle, "well, all your dads business from now on. There could be benefits in it for you!"

"Done!" He quickly replied.

"And I am horny as fuck right now, you got a big dick in those jeans?"

Before grabbing the next pieces she pulled her top over her head freeing her firm tits tossing her top onto the seat of the fork lift, then grabbed two more pieces as he snapped more pictures.

"Are those original or a fucking upgrade? Those are amazing!"

She laughed at him dropping the last two pieces on the pile. Then walked to the back of the box. Deana stepped down on the bumper and grabbed him by his hair. She sat on the edge of the floor and pulled his face between her spread thighs to her waiting pussy.

He knew just what she was demanding. Diving into her sweaty pussy, his hands reaching back to grab her ass cheek, spreading her knees wider and sliding her forward even more. Her hips began humping his face almost immediately. Deana could already feel her orgasm building from her showing off, being stripped and knowing her husband should be watching.

"Oh my God, oh fuckkkk!" She slammed her thighs around his head holding him in place. She could feel her pussy throbbing her juices into his face.

As soon as the feeling subsided she pushed him backwards, climbing off the bumper. She reached out opening his jeans, his hands going to her tits. He couldn't quite cover them with his hands due to the size of her tits, he then began tweaking, pinching and rolling her nipples.

"Oh my, this is a nice one!" She had his already solid cock I her hand stroking it.

She was going to go down and suck his cock but he turned her around and pushed her forward. He waisted no time finding her drenched opening and pushed inside her. "OH FUCK!" She moaned a bit louder than she should have pushing back against him feeling the length of his cock slip deep into her love canal.

"You are one horny little cougar lady!" As he began to slowly slide in and out, reaching around groping her tits again.

Deana just closed her eyes and enjoyed the ride as he took control. She looked over at the camera again, knowing her husband is probably jerking off right now at his desk.

He lasted much longer than she anticipated, her knees starting to get weak. "Can I cum inside you, cuz I'm about to let loose!"

"Oh fuck yes, I want to feel that cock pumping inside me, I want you fill me up!"

He started squeezing her left tit and grabbed her right hip pulling her tight against his hips, then grunted. She could feel his cum spurting out in streams deep inside her.

She heard his camera clicking and looked over to see he was snapping selfie pictures of the two of them with his cock still impaled in her pussy.

She slowly pulled forward letting his softening dick swing free, feeling the cum dribbling between her legs. He began pulling up his jeans as she walked to her fork lift, grabbed her clipboard and sharpie she wrote "Deana 858-963-4040 cell" across his copy.

"Hear sign this, and I want copies of those pictures!" He stared at her still naked body not believing he just fucked this beautiful older woman in broad daylight, she didn't seem to care she was standing nude in the materials yard.

He signed it and handed it back. She dropped it in the tool box on the lift and walked to the back of the truck grabbing her skirt and stepping into it. "That was nice, I expect to see you first of next week, or Friday which might be better!" Then climbed back on her fork lift, lifting her skirt from under her ass to prevent a wet spot, and backed up to drop off the remaining conduit on the rack.

Before she backed away she slipped her top on then headed back inside, giving him a wave "Good Bye."

When she turned into the warehouse door her husband was at the counter finishing up a transaction.

She parked and slipped off, the customer staring at Deana with her long legs, bouncing skirt and swaying tits headed his way. "Larry this is Deana, she is my new warehouse manager, be sure and come back and see her when you need more materials for that job."

They shook hands, her raising her arm up made the shirt rise up a bit more just to tease the guy, "you can count of it!" He told them.

As soon as he left she asked her husband, "how long have you been out here?"

"Since you left out of here on the fork lift, why?"

She giggled, "no reason!"

He smiled at her, "was it fun? Your shirt is on backwards!"

"What are you talking about?"

He grinned, "oh nothing, but I did hit record on the way out!"

"Well he will be back I can assure you, I need to run to the ladies room! But I believe you have all of Murphy's business from now on."

When Deana walked away headed to the restroom she was starting to plan ahead for her dinner date with Pete next week.