**Alice at the Restaurant**

**by [DOBBster](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1082183&page=submissions)**

It was the late seventies and the first time my first wife and I had a night out together since the birth of our daughter a few months previously. I got my mother to watch our daughter for the night at her apartment and made reservations at one of our favorite restaurants. At Alice's insistence, I had specifically requested reservations in a room that was an old converted private railway car. It was a new addition to the restaurant and we hadn't eaten in that room previously.  
  
Alice wore an ankle-length dress with a smocked strapless top and a bit of elastic around her waist. Other than heels and knee-high hose, she wore nothing else except for jewelry, perfume, and a loosely knit white shawl to cover her shoulders as it was still pretty cool at that time of year. Alice was always open for a bit of exhibitionism, but for some reason she had attached lacy black shoulder straps to the dress with safety pins. It might have been because her breasts had shrunk since her pregnancy. She had worn the dress while she was still carrying our daughter and it might have gotten stretched out a bit.  
  
We dropped off our daughter at my mother's and drove to the restaurant where we had to park far away from the entrance as there was a large banquet in the restaurant at the time. Inside we were shown to our table in the old private railway car. Apparently, no one else wanted to eat in the small room that night and we were the only ones there. We sat across from each other at a narrow table with me facing the one entrance to the dining car. We ordered drinks and the waitress took her time returning. In the meantime, we looked at the daguerreotypes inset in the crown molding around the old railway car. They were all old sepia nudes but some prude had drawn brief bras and panties on them.  
  
The waitress returned with our drinks and left immediately, leaving us alone again. She looked a little pissed at having to serve us in the room where no one else wanted to eat. We sipped our drinks and talked and I reached under the narrow table between us and rubbed Alice's knee over her long dress. Alice hiked up her skirt to her thighs so I could fondle her legs against skin. Before long, Alice slid down in her seat and I was fondling her wet pussy beneath the table.  
  
Whenever the waitress returned I would stop and Alice would pull her skirt back down. The waitress had to know that something was going on between us and she made sure that whenever she returned she gave us ample warning.  
  
Alice really enjoyed herself and her pussy was sopping wet. Whether all my fooling around with her had gotten to her or the fact that we were doing this in a very public place, I don't know. After the meal she didn't want to return home just then and we took a small table toward the rear of the lounge as the band played. There were a lot of holdovers in the lounge from the banquet.  
  
We had one drink and before she left for the restroom I told Alice to remove the straps on her dress while she was there. She smirked and left. The bar maid came around while Alice was gone and I ordered another round. The fresh drinks were on the table when she returned.  
  
Alice sat next to me and opened her shawl to show off that she had removed the straps. The loose fitting top of her dress sagged down on her breasts showing off quite a bit of cleavage, a lot larger than before because of the pregnancy, but smaller than they had been right after our daughter's birth.  
  
We sipped our drinks and listened to the band and I reached out and tugged at the side of her dress, pulling the top of her dress down to expose more of her cleavage. Alice turned and smirked at me, but did nothing to pull up her top up. We listened to the band a bit longer and then she wrapped the shawl around her tightly. Looking over at me, she then pulled the sides of her dress down under her shawl to below her breasts. The loose knit shawl gave me an excellent view of her bare breasts through the shawl while screening the view from anyone around us.  
  
We had another round of drinks and Alice held her shawl tightly closed when the waitress came to bring our drinks, but she didn't pull up the top of her dress. After the waitress left she bent over the small table and let the shawl hang free, giving me a perfect view of her bare breasts. I'm fairly certain some of the others patrons in the lounge got the same view.  
  
We left the restaurant in an alcoholic and sexual haze after she pulled her dress back up over her breasts. The banquet had cleared out by then and the parking lot, which was quite full when we arrived and forced us to park at the far end of the parking lot, was now practically empty.  
  
We held hands as we walked towards our car and then Alice suddenly stopped, several hundred feet to our car. She let go of my hand, took off her shawl and handed it to me. She then pushed her dress down over her hips, stepped out of the dress, picked it up from the asphalt parking lot, tossed it over her shoulder, and strutted towards our car naked save her heels and knee high stockings.  
  
I couldn't believe what had happed and meekly followed along. It was the first time she had gotten naked out in the open without me asking or stripping her with her permission. Back at our car I opened the passenger door and tossed her shawl into the back seat. Alice tossed her dress on the passenger seat and we kissed, my hand roaming over her nude body. She then sat down but didn't put her dress back on for the drive back to our house. Alice merely laid it over herself and between her legs, covering her breasts and her pubis but nothing else. I fired up the car, turned the heater on high, and drove off carefully, not wanting to get pulled over being somewhat over the limit with a mostly naked woman next to me.  
  
Between shifts I had my hand under her dress fondling her sopping wet pussy. Somehow we made it home safely and as soon as I turned off the engine Alice practically attacked me across the space between the two front bucket seats.  
  
After a few minutes I got out, adjusted the stiffy in my pants, and walked around the car to open her door. I figured she'd put her dress back on again to walk to the back door. She didn't bother. Our house was on a corner lot with the detached garage on a street perpendicular to the street the front door faced. Normally, we just walk through the gate by the driveway into our back yard and up to the rear door and enter and leave that way. It would mean a few feet to the gate walking nude for Alice. I guess after the strut naked in the restaurant parking lot, this was no big deal for her.  
  
Alice popped out of the car leaving her dress in the car and we made our way through the rear gate and into our back yard. The yard was surrounded with a block wall fence but the stoop by the rear door was open to the side street. I opened the door and Alice rushed in through the door giggling. We went to our bed and fell asleep exhausted about an hour later.  
  
The next day, before I drove over to fetch our daughter, Alice said that she really enjoyed our date and that it was a once in a lifetime occurrence we could never duplicate. She was correct and we never tried, although we did have a few more adventures.