A Day Out Ch. 1

by shayexhibits ©

Sometimes when the boredom over-takes a person around the house, she must

just get out and do something. I love to shop and to flash, so why not

kill the boredom by doing both. Being early summer, I opted for my a tank

top that is a bit short, not really showing anything unless I reach really

high, but it shows of the shape of my tits nicely. It's light green, my

favorite color, and the fabric is light, so under some lights its "almost"

transparent, only the color keeps it from being that way. I can't seem to

make up my mind between my shorts or a skirt. The wind isn't really a

factor but there is the occasional up draft...... the skirt it is, flared

and pleated and green plaid, of course. A little longer than I usually

wear, but very easy for the wind to wisp up. Looking at myself in the

mirror, I practice bending to see how much cleavage or ass cheek that I am

showing at any given moment. Satisfied with my outfit, I turn once more

toward the mirror, knickers or not? Not.

My neighbor's son is out doing his yard when I leave the house. I wave to

him and put a little hip in my stride going to my car. He is a great guy,

always volunteering to help with my yard work or to fix something around

the house. Got to love the kindness of people. He hurries over as I'm

getting into my truck and asks if I needed anything in the yard taken care

of, since he was out doing his already. I look at his hard body, losing

myself in the thought for a moment, shorts and no shirt, his tan already

getting to that level that makes you wonder if it's real or from a booth.

He sees my gaze and I don't mind him knowing I find him attractive. He to

is looking me over as well, trying to see if I am wearing a bra and

knickers or not. My skirt is riding a bit high, showing nearly all of my

thigh and the angle at which I am poised, I'm sure he can see my nipples

poking through the light fabric. I can see a bulge start to grow in his

shorts and smile at this.

Well, I tell him, I am going to go shopping and will be back in a couple

of hours and if he would like to help carry in my packages, that would be

nice, but I didn't really have any yard work. As I'm telling him this I

glance in the back and remember a few boxes that I had forgotten to take

in from the night before. He follows my gaze and tells me to pop the gate

and he will get them out for me, so that I will have more room, just in

case I find something big to buy. I do so and follow him around to the

back of my truck, the glass prop had been broke for some time and so I

would have to hold it up for him. He gets the gate and I lift the glass,

doing so, my shirt raises and I let it. It really isn't showing anything

but the thrill of it is a perfect start. He turns with two boxes in hand

and runs completely into me after seeing my shirt up so far. He drops the

boxes and I laugh, barely able to hang on to the glass. He turns a nice

shade of red and while he was getting the boxes the wind played with my

skirt, giving him very quick glimpses of my upper thighs again, I'm not

sure if he saw that I wore no knickers, but I think he did.

He carries the boxes to the porch while I close up the back and hop in the

cab. He closes my door for me and takes another quick look at my skirt

bunched up, almost showing him my goodies. I thank him and tell him I'll

see him in a couple of hours. Feeling a bit brazen, I glimpse at his

crotch again, long enough for him to notice and tell him not to work to

hard before I get back. I may need his help after all.

First stop is the garden center, I had been wanting to pick up some new

plants for my flower garden. The parking lot is amazingly full, going to

have to park in the next county, just to find a spot. Walking across the

lot, all the guys who are loading their cars and trucks with the purchases

they just made, have stopped to watch me walk by. I pretend not to notice

that the wind is playing with the hem of my skirt and secretly hope it

will raise high enough to show my ass cheeks at least, but it doesn't. The

attention has made my nipples hard and I can feel the fabric rubbing

against them making it worse. I feel the first hint of moisture in my

puss. I have to find someone to show it to!

Pushing a cart is lame when you want to show yourself to people but I

really do want to buy stuff while I am here so I grab one when I get in.

Who knows maybe I can use it to my advantage, we will just have to see.

Need some top soil, but only a specific kind will do. Why is it always out

on the floor, will have to get someone to get me bag from the top shelf.

Let's see, there's a guy, not too bad either, about 30 and fairly

attractive, my first victim? Just like guy, gives me a quick head to toe

look before helping me, gotta love it. I guess he likes what he sees, he

is fumbling all about himself trying to help me. Quickly he gets a ladder

and retrieves a bag for me. I pull at my shirt a little, pretending it is

hot and need to have a little air, he slowly climbs down the ladder, while

he watches my display, I'm sure he can see most of my cleavage. I take the

bag from him when he reaches the floor and purposely carry it around to

the other side of my basket, got to put this bag on the bottom. He watches

while I squat down letting my skirt ride up my thighs. It actually is a

bit difficult to maneuver the bag into place, but just for good measure I

let my legs part a little almost to the point that he can see, but using

the bag to keep him from it. He moves around a little to get a better

look, just as I put it in place. i quickly stand up to see disappointment

in his face. Thanking him I stride off, feeling the weight of his stare.

I wasn't sure what the name of the flower was that I wanted but I did know

what it looked like. While striding through the rows of flowers I see this

young couple browsing on the next row. As I pass by I catch their eyes for

a moment and walk on by. Pretending to be interested in a plant I glimpse

back at them and they are doing the same. So I stride back a little and

they are holding their ground, trying not to be too obvious. There is a

fern hanging nearly in front of them, it's just to the left of where they

are, I have to see what kind it is......the tag is on the hook, reaching

up, I have to stand on my toes to even reach it and the stretching has

lifted my shirt up to the bottom of my tits. I can feel the fabric trying

to work over the curve of my tits. Do I do it are is this enough... I

stretch a little further and the fabric slides up exposing my nipples, my

heart rate instantly triples knowing that they can see my nipples. I

pretend to not have noticed and reach a little further and grab the tag, I

read the name and then come back down to earth, my shirt falling as I do.

I look pass the plant at the couple to see them looking from the corner of

their eyes. He has his arm wrapped around her waist and his thumb is

brushing the under side of her breast and know we are definitely not done

here.

How can I possibly show these two more and make it look like an accident?

I could just lure them in back and lift my skirt, but that isn't any fun,

no real risk to that. The store is busy and I like the thrill of getting

caught. I look around and spot the outdoor furniture. Will they follow me,

let's find out. I move slowly turning now and then to look at something

and to see if they are following, they are. Perfect, they have the glass

set I looked at last time I was here. The top is glass and the front is

open. The perfect way to show them my bare puss, well almost bare, I still

have a small patch just above my clit. I turn once more to see how far

back they are and they have stopped and are facing each other.

Did I lose their interest? Surely not. No, here they come, she turns to

walk this way and I notice her shirt is unbuttoned more. I can see the

lace of her bra and she is looking around nervously to see if anyone is

too close. There isn't right now and I remember I am staring and move to

the table. They have stopped on the next row over looking at some small

fountains. Walking around the set feeling the fabric and doing all the

stuff one might do, if they were considering buying it. I pull out the

high bar stool type chair behind the bar and hop up into it. I swivel back

and forth working up to showing them, I turn around away from them and

pull my skirt up higher while doing so.

When I turn back around he is behind her, close, it makes me wonder if he

is pressing his cock into her ass.......or if he is rubbing her from

behind. They weren't expecting to see my pussy when I turned around and

you could see the surprise in their faces. She looked up at him and then

back at me, well, my puss and her lips were parted slightly. I so wanted

to kiss those lips, but that is asking just too much. I let one hand fall

into my lap, still trying to pretend I know not what I'm doing, and brush

my fingers against my small patch of hair lightly. He looks around quickly

and then reaches up under her shirt and fondles her breast. She seems to

not care, because she doesn't move to stop him. I lower my fingers and now

brush lightly at the lips of my pussy, making me gasp a little. His hand

disappears quickly and then I see he has undid her bra from behind. It has

turned out to be a strapless, because he has pulled it from her and tucks

it in his jeans pocket. Again he slides his hand under her shirt and pulls

at he nipple. I can see that glazed looked starting to grow in her eyes

and wonder if she sees it in mine as well.

I can't keep this up or I'm going to have to cum to get some relief. I so

don't want this to stop though. The tree saplings are always thick this

time of year. I catch her gaze and with my eyes try to focus her attention

on the trees. She just stares at me, we both know what is going on and

don't want it to stop. I have to take the chance, moving off the now

slightly wet chair, my skirt falls back down and I quickly move toward the

trees, forgetting my basket for the time being. I look back to see they

are in pursuit, good. I step in between two evergreens that are catching

direct sunlight in the outdoor yard they have here. The sun feels so good.

I look around and most of the people milling around are still inside under

the shade. I felt her come up behind me and slip her arms around my waist.

Her hands moved slowly up under shirt cupping my breasts. I could feel

hers against my back and her breathing was deep and fast. I was about to

turn and then I see him pop in between two trees just in front of us.

He's a watcher... I turn to her and our eyes meet. I lean to kiss her and

she meets me and our lips part, our tongues meet. I am unbuttoning her

shirt more so that I can feel her tits and she has her hands on my ass. I

pull the shirt over her shoulders and I start to kiss them and her neck.

She has my skirt held up with one hand and is rubbing my ass with the

other, while her man is watching. I was just about to lean down to suck

her nipple when we heard someone coming. We moved into the isle opposite

from our intruders and continued to fondle why they walk by us, not 3 feet

away. I looked up to see one of the care workers standing at the end of

the isle we were in with his mouth open staring at us. She noticed him too

and moved behind me and with him looking at us, she lifted my skirt and

started to rub my clit. I leaned my head back against her as she did this.

The wind had picked up as I walked back to my truck. I had my bag of top

soil and the seeds for the plants I wanted so when the wind blew up my

skirt, I didn't even try to hold it down...