**A New Paige**

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**A New Paige Ch. 01**

We had been together for a little over two months when my 20-year-old girlfriend Paige learned something about me that I wish she hadn't, at least not so soon into our relationship. It wasn't that I was really trying to keep things from her, but at that time I considered Paige to be a bit of a reach for me. She was smart, funny, athletic, and playful, and I really enjoyed her company. And she was quite attractive. I won't say that she was the most beautiful woman to have ever walked the face of this planet, but I loved the way she looked, and I know I wasn't the only one. She had long straight blond hair that extended about 6 inches below her shoulders. It was cut in kind of a funky style, with multiple layers and razored edges. It was a style that really fit her personality. But I was really drawn to her eyes. Somehow they possessed the power to pull you in and not let go.  
  
It all started with a simple glance out of my window one night at my apartment. "Boy, that apartment building is so close!" she said as she stood up to look out the window. "You can see right into other peoples' apartments," she added.  
  
Her observation struck a nerve with me because I sometimes enjoyed doing just that in hopes of seeing a bit of skin. Of course I didn't want her to know such a thing as I didn't want her to think I was some sort of pervert and scare her away. So I tried to just give a disinterested response and said, "Yeah, it's pretty close."  
  
Paige continued to stare out the window. Then she suddenly laughed and pointed out the window, saying, "There's a guy over there in just his boxers!"  
  
"Oh Paige, don't be so obvious. You don't want people to know that you are looking at them! If you want to watch, I can turn out the lights so you can't be seen so well."  
  
Paige backed away from the window and seemed to be lost in thought for a bit. Then she teased, "It sounds like someone has some experience looking in windows!"  
  
Her tone had changed slightly, as if she had suddenly realized that I had indeed been watching people in the other building. Still, she seemed more intrigued than judgmental so I confessed, in part. "Yeah, sometimes it is fun to watch people and see how they behave when they don't think anyone is watching," I told her.  
  
"So what do you see?" she asked.  
  
"Oh, mostly just normal living I guess. Cooking, and eating, and watching TV, and arguing, and just normal stuff," I said.  
  
"Do you ever see people undressing? Or having sex?" she asked, somewhat excitedly.  
  
"I haven't seen people having sex, but people are less careful about closing their blinds when they undress. So yeah, I've seen some people undressing. Both men and women."  
  
"But I suppose you don't really care to watch the men," she teased.  
  
"Uh no, not really."  
  
"So there's some babe over there that you like to watch?" she asked.  
  
I paused. Her tone was still one of intrigue, but I couldn't exactly tell her about the hot blond that I had been watching. I had seen her a couple of times in just her bra and panties, but so far, no luck seeing more of her skin than that. So I told her about the brunette instead that I liked more for her flirty attitude than her looks.  
  
"Well, not really. There is this one woman who is reasonably attractive that I've seen topless a few times. She's not a 'babe', but she's okay. She's maybe in her late 20s and lives with her boyfriend or husband. What's interesting is that I actually think she knows that she can be seen but pretends otherwise. Sometimes I'll see her glance out the window before or after she undresses, as if she's curious whether someone might be watching her. I don't know, something about her daring to let herself be seen naked while maintaining her innocence is just real sexy to me. She isn't just walking up to the window and flashing her tits like she's some drunk chick on spring break. Instead she makes it seem like her exposure is entirely unintentional. "  
  
"Hmm, interesting," she said and paused for a moment in thought. Then she asked, "So, if I dared to take off my shirt here, where people might be able to look in and see me, you'd like that?"  
  
I actually hadn't thought about people seeing Paige - my girlfriend - undressing before. I wasn't sure that I wanted anybody to see her. But there was a playful tease in her voice and I couldn't help but react to that. I didn't even need to answer as my face gave it away.  
  
"I see," she said as she started to slowly unbutton her blouse. "So you like the idea that some guy over there might be watching me right now taking off my shirt," she said softly.  
  
Actually, not really. But I was mesmerized watching her undo button after button while standing in the middle of my well-lit living room with big window nearby. I instinctively glanced towards my barren window, but then looked away to prevent it from appearing intentional. I turned back to Paige and watched her finish unbuttoning her blouse.  
  
With her shirt unbuttoned she paused to gauge my reaction, seemingly to decide whether I liked it or whether I wanted her to stop. Internally, I was torn. I didn't want my girlfriend to be seen but at the same time, I was incredibly excited by her teasing and I'm certain that my facial expression conveyed that to Paige.  
  
In a quick move, Paige tore off her blouse exposing her light pink bra. As she stood partially facing the window she said, "I wonder how many strangers are watching me right now standing here in my bra."  
  
She took a moment to carefully fold her shirt while remaining in full view from the window. The bra was actually quite revealing. It wasn't that it was transparent. There just wasn't a lot of material there so the tops of her breasts and her cleavage were all bare. And she was standing in my living room with a big picture window nearby. On one hand I felt nervous that someone might see her; on the other hand I was totally aroused watching her tease me while daring to be seen. I couldn't help but imagine some guy's reaction to seeing my pretty 20-year-old Paige standing there in her bra. Maybe he had even seen her in previous visits to my apartment and hoped for a chance to see her undress.  
  
She paused again to look at me and then said, "So you really do like this." She was stating it as a fact, but it wasn't so clear-cut. I liked watching Paige tease and undress before me. I liked watching other women tease and exhibit themselves. But it wasn't like I wanted there to be a sea of guys watching her undress.  
  
"Which means you'll like this even more," she said as she reached behind her back to her bra clasp.  
  
I inhaled deeply. The anxiety that I felt at that moment was almost unreal. I couldn't believe the sight before my eyes of my girlfriend working to remove her bra knowing that one or more guys might be watching her. I couldn't say that I wanted her to continue, but I couldn't say that I wanted her to stop. She had a glow in her eyes as she teased me, and who knows who else, that absolutely transfixed me.  
  
Paige's hands stopped working behind her back and she looked at me again. It was clear that she had the bra unfastened and was assessing whether I really wanted her to continue. I knew I could say the word and she would probably stop. But I just couldn't bring myself to say anything. My silence and the look of excitement on my face gave Paige her answer.  
  
Paige smiled subtly before bringing her hands to her shoulders and sliding the straps down her arms. Then she pulled her bra away from her chest, and suddenly she was just standing there topless in my living room. I knew that there were probably a half-dozen or more apartments that had views into my living room and Paige's perky young breasts were right there asking to be seen.  
  
Paige watched me intently while I glanced between her tits and her face. I couldn't believe that she had taken off her bra, knowing that someone would probably see her. And what they'd see would be a cute girl just standing there topless. She had B-cups, so her tits weren't huge but they weren't tiny either. And they looked fantastic on her.  
  
"So some guys might be watching me right now and staring my boobs. And they would just think that I'm simply changing and completely unaware that they can see me. But of course I'm really just letting them see my boobs. And this is something that turns you on?"  
  
I couldn't exactly say "no" with her standing there topless, ostensibly for my benefit. "Yeah, I like it," I answered.  
  
"Would you like it if I went right up to the window to give them a better look? Or should I jump around to make them bounce?"  
  
"No, you don't want it to seem like you know that you can be seen. Just act normal," I answered.  
  
"Normal? Like it'd be 'normal' for me to just stand topless near a big window where I could be seen by strangers?"  
  
"It could be...," I responded.  
  
Paige looked at me for a few moments before saying, "But it could be normal for me to walk around a bit to cool off before putting on a shirt."  
  
"Yeah, I suppose."  
  
Paige smiled, and then slowly walked around the couch, passing just in front of the window, on her way to the kitchen. She made herself a glass of water before retracing her route back by the window to the couch.  
  
"You know that the longer you're topless and the more you move around, the more likely it is that someone notices you," I said.  
  
"That's what you want though, isn't it? Someone to look out and catch a peek of my bare boobies?"  
  
I didn't answer. Instead our eyes met and we simply looked at each other for half a minute. It was clear that we were both enjoying this game, although presumably for different reasons. I loved seeing her all excited and there was something sexy about her risking being seen. I wasn't quite sure what she was enjoying about it. Was she enjoying simply being daring, or the thought of actually being seen? Was she enjoying knowing that guys wanted to see her? Or was she just enjoying playing this game for my benefit?  
  
Paige smiled and seemed to be trying to decide what to do. But then she reached for her blouse and started putting it back on, sans bra. A moment later the blouse was around her shoulders and covered up her breasts. When she buttoned the shirt back up, I knew she was done.  
  
In the days that followed, she brought up being topless in front of my window several times, always during foreplay. Each time she recalled the event and teased about standing there with her boobs out where several people could have seen her.  
  
One time, as she modeled her tits for me and stroked my cock, she purred, "My boobs were out, just like they are now, and able to be seen by any guy that might have been looking out the window.  
  
"Some guy was probably over there, touching his dick just like I'm touching yours now, as he stared at my bare boobies."  
  
Then she grabbed my hand and pulled it up to her tit and continued teasing, "He might have been imagining reaching out and touching my boobs just like you are now, massaging them and rubbing my nipples."  
  
She always watched my reaction closely and it was difficult to not react. I wasn't really turned on by the thought of someone seeing her, and especially not by the thought of someone touching her, but damn, she was so sexy when she talked like that. She always made it seem like she was doing all of this just for my benefit, but it was obvious that there was something about it that she found exciting.  
  
Then another night we were lying in bed and she had just started playing with my cock when she brought it up again.  
  
"You know, what if when I was standing there with my boobs out, someone we know happened to see me."  
  
"Huh?" I asked, "I don't know anyone in that building."  
  
"Well you don't know the names of everyone in that building, do you? Anyway, maybe you didn't know it and Dave actually lived over there and he happened to see me that evening."  
  
Dave was a mutual acquaintance from school. We were all in an Ancient Greek Philosophy class together last semester where I first met Paige. He pretty openly flirted with her during the class, even after Paige and I had started dating.  
  
"Does Dave live over there?" I asked, a bit alarmed.  
  
"Oh Mark, I don't know. I'm just saying maybe he does and maybe he saw me take off my top and then my bra," she teased. As she was saying this she pulled off her blouse and bra to show me her tits, and continued rubbing my cock.  
  
"You know that he was pretty interested in me, right? Can you imagine if he was actually over there, watching me strip? He would have been able to see my bare boobies as I walked around topless in front of the window. Who knows, maybe even Frank was with him and they both got to see me."  
  
Frank was a friend of Dave's, who was also in the class. He also seemed interested in Paige, judging from the way that he would look at her, but he was rather shy and seemed nervous to talk around her.  
  
"So Frank and Dave could have been over there, staring at my boobs, maybe even taking pictures of me. They could right now be looking at pictures of my boobs from that night, thinking about touching them and sucking on them. And this is something that turns you on, right?"  
  
Between her fingers working my dick, the sight of her topless, her teasing and seductive voice, and the imagery of her daring to be topless where she could have been seen, I came hard and she just giggled.  
  
A few days later she brought up Dave and Frank again.  
  
"Hey, you know how we were thinking about Dave and Frank the other day," she said with a smile. "Well, I was thinking it would be nice to catch up with them and see what they're up to."  
  
"Oh, yeah, okay," I said. In actuality they weren't bad guys to hang with, but the timing made me uneasy.  
  
"Yeah, so I called up Dave and he invited us to go to his apartment Friday night for some drinks. Sound good?"  
  
"Oh, uh, sure I guess. Will Frank be there too?" I asked.  
  
"Of course! I'll let them know we're coming. I'm really looking forward to seeing them. "  
  
So Friday came, and because we both had to work, we agreed to meet at Dave's place. But as I was heading over there, I got a text from her, telling me that she was running late and that she'd be over as soon as she could. I arrived and headed for Dave's apartment.  
  
Dave and Frank were watching some local high school football game, and seemed like they had already had a few beers. So Dave grabbed me a beer and we hung out, waiting for Paige to show up. About 45 minutes later, she finally did.  
  
When she knocked at the door I got up to answer it, knowing it was her. I was immediately struck by two things. First, she had obviously gone home to change after work and had put on a sexy black dress with spaghetti straps and a plunging neckline. But second, and even more obvious, was that she was soaking wet! I hadn't really noticed while I was focused on conversation and football, but it had started to rain pretty hard and Paige clearly got caught in a downpour.  
  
Paige came in and Dave grabbed a towel for her. She started patting herself dry, but she was really soaked and patting herself dry wasn't going to suffice.  
  
"Dave, do you happen to have a t-shirt and maybe some sweat pants and socks that I could put on, and then maybe you can dry my clothes?"  
  
"Oh yeah," he answered, "I'll see what I can find."  
  
Dave headed off to his bedroom while Paige kept drying herself as best she could. Dave returned a few minutes later with a white shirt, some grey sweats and white sport socks.  
  
Dave sat down as Paige held out the clothes, inspecting them for size. They were going to be big, but she didn't have any other options.  
  
"You can change in the bathroom or my bedroom, or wherever," Dave said.  
  
Her response was not what I was expecting. "Ah, nah, just turn around for a minute while I slip these on," she said.  
  
I was stunned. "Oh, okay, that works," responded Dave, as both he and Frank turned their heads away from Paige.  
  
After they turned, Paige smiled and winked at me. She remained facing the guys as she peeled the dress off and up over her head. Suddenly, there she stood topless and wearing just her panties, nylons and heels. And two guys who were clearly attracted to her were just a few feet away. It would just take a fraction of a second for them to turn and see Paige's tits, and she wouldn't even have time to cover herself.  
  
Then Paige stepped out of her heels and quickly pulled down her nylons and panties. She stood straight up, now completely naked, and looked proud to be standing there naked. She took the towel and dried herself more, but to me it looked like she was almost daring the guys to turn around to see her as she gave them a prolonged opportunity to do that. But I kept looking at them, and they were being surprisingly respectful and remained facing away from her. I'm sure it was driving them nuts knowing that she was right behind them getting naked. Paige finally pulled the shirt on and stepped into the sweat pants, covering herself.  
  
"Okay, guys, you can turn around now," Paige announced, and the guys turned to look at her.  
  
The clothes were definitely big on her, but they worked. The shirt had a pretty big neck, so when she bent forward there was a tantalizing downblouse view of her tits. I figured that as long as she didn't lean over too often, it would be okay.  
  
Over the next couple of hours we drank and chatted, catching up on our lives. Whenever Paige leaned forward to grab her drink, the shirt dropped down and the tops and insides of her breasts were exposed briefly. I could see the guys looking whenever she leaned forward, and I'm sure that Paige knew it was happening. But nobody said anything.  
  
The sweat pants were big on her too. That wasn't an issue as long as she remained sitting, but it was when she decided to use the restroom. The pants were essentially resting on her hips, and every step she took, they slid down just a bit. As she walked away from us, the tops of her butt cheeks were just starting to show when I saw her reach for the waist band to prevent them from falling any further.  
  
After using the restroom, she called out to ask if anyone wanted another drink and Frank did. A couple of minutes later I saw her start to come down the hall holding a beer in one hand a cosmo for her in the other. The pants were again resting low on her hips, and were slipping with every step. Only this time she didn't have a free hand to hold them up. I was suddenly alarmed that maybe this was her plan, to let the pants slide down while she didn't have any means to step them.  
  
We were all watching her as she approached, and I'm sure that we were all aware that the sweats were slipping. But as she walked it looked like the left side got caught up on her hip. The right side, however, had fallen below her hip and rested on her upper thigh. I could only stare as some of her pubic hair was exposed, as well as her entire right hip. Thankfully, the pants didn't fall any further as she handed Frank his beer and sat back down.  
  
About a half-hour later, the evening seemed to be coming to a natural end. So Dave went to retrieve Paige's clothes from the dryer while Paige and I discussed whether we were going to risk driving or call a cab. We were both pretty drunk so we smartly decided on a cab.  
  
Dave returned and handed Paige's clothes to her and sat down. "Should we turn around again?" he asked?  
  
"No, I figured I'd just let you sit there and watch me undress!" she answered. "Yeah, you wish!" she added with a giggle.  
  
"Aw, I thought you were serious for a second."

"Well just close your eyes while I change," she said more seriously, before adding with a giggle, "but no peeking!"  
  
I was stunned. I actually wasn't sure that I understood her correctly. Was she was being sarcastic again, joking that she was okay with them just closing their eyes while she changed in front of them? But then the guys shut their eyes while they remained facing Paige.  
  
Paige looked at them and I detected a slight smile. She then gave a quick glance towards me but seemed to intentionally not make eye contact. She then laid out her dress on the back of a chair like she was preparing to change.  
  
I was still stunned. I didn't know what to say. The guys were facing right towards her and she seemed like she was about to start stripping before them. She told them to close their eyes, and they did. But she also giggled when she told them not to peek, like she was daring them to do just that.  
  
Paige then pulled up her shirt to her waist and held it there as she gave a quick shake to her hips. The sweat pants quickly dropped to the floor, exposing her crotch. She then bent her right leg outward to pull the pants and sock off her right foot, causing her legs to spread in the process. And then she repeated the maneuver with her left leg.  
  
I glanced over at the guys. Their eyes still looked like they were closed, but I really couldn't tell if they truly were fully closed or if they had them open enough to peek out.  
  
Paige gave a quick look at the guys and to me, but just seemed to be focusing on changing. I knew it was an act, but it was a convincing one. She then put both hands on the bottom of her shirt and quickly pulled it up to her neck.  
  
Paige's beautiful tits were now out in the open, with two guys right in front of her. I couldn't believe that they hadn't peeked, although I didn't know for sure that they had. If they had, they would have seen her stripping nude as she proceeded to pull the shirt over her head.  
  
So Paige just stood there nude for a moment as she straightened the shirt and folded it. And then she glanced up.  
  
"Hey, I said 'no peeking'!" she exclaimed, with a giggle that made it clear that she wasn't upset.  
  
I quickly turned to look at the guys and both Dave and Frank had their eyes wide open and were staring at her. There was absolutely no doubt now that they were staring at her nude body.  
  
They both let out a "sorry", in unison, but then looked like they only half-way shut their eyes. It was clear to me that they were still watching her. I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing.  
  
Paige turned to pick up her freshly-dried panties from the seat of a chair. Doing so meant that she was now essentially facing away from the guys, giving them a great view of her phenomenal ass. She then bent over to pull on her panties, giving us all an amazing shot of her pussy from behind. It was so explicit, and Im sure she knew what she was doing. When she finally pulled up her panties I felt an odd bit of relief knowing that at least she wasn't fully nude anymore. But then she turned back around and I knew that the guys were again peering right at her perky tits.  
  
Paige looked at the guys, first Dave and then Frank. I'm sure that she could see what I could, that their eyes were half-open and staring straight towards her. She gave this silent, "oh, come on" type reaction, before shaking her head with a smile.  
  
"Men..." she said aloud, like she was resigning herself to the fact that they were going to peek at her. It was as if she was giving off this attitude that this was just typical boys-being-boys behavior and not a big deal. Dave and Frank must have taken it the same way, because when I looked at them they now had their eyes wide open.  
  
Paige picked up her dress and took a few minutes to arrange it before lifting it up over her head. And then she dropped it down over her body, ending her exposure.  
  
She looked up, pointed her finger towards them and with a smile scolded them, "Bad boys! I told you 'no peeking'! That wasn't very nice."  
  
"Do you want to spank us?" Dave lipped off.  
  
"Ha! No! In your dreams!"  
  
Paige collected her borrowed clothes and handed them to Dave, while I punched for an Uber. Ten minutes later we walked out of the apartment towards a waiting car.  
  
As soon as we got in the car, Paige burst into a huge smile, but gave me a signal to not say anything yet. So I obligatorily chatted with the driver while Paige seemed lost in her own little world.  
  
When we entered my apartment, Paige immediately dragged me into the bedroom. I had never seen her so aggressive. I was worked up too, so it wasn't like I minded. We quickly stripped off our clothes. She then pushed me onto my back on the bed and hopped on top of me.  
  
"Omigod, I can't believe that Dave and Frank just saw me naked. It was just like you wanted, honey, like it was an accident that I didn't want to happen. I mean, I told them to close their eyes and not peek at me. I couldn't help it that they disobeyed and looked anyway."  
  
She slid my cock into her and started riding it, up and down, as she continued, "They saw my pussy and my butt, and got a good long look at my boobies. Do you know how many times I saw them checking me out in class? It was like all the time. And tonight they got to see everything, just like you wanted!  
  
"Do you think they're pleasuring themselves right now, thinking about me, remembering what I looked like standing there naked for them to see? And you wanted them to be able to do just that, under the guise of an accident, right? I let them see me totally naked for you, baby."  
  
She stopped talking for a moment as we were both thrusting hard and her fingers were rubbing her clitoris. I could tell she was getting close to coming and so was I. We had never had a simultaneous orgasm, but we were both close.  
  
As we gyrated in silence I tried to focus on the gorgeous woman before me that I was falling in love with, and not think about Dave and Frank looking at her. But she ended the silence.  
  
"Oh, I bet they're being nasty too, thinking about feeling my boobies, and kissing my nipples. They're probably even imagining pushing their dicks up inside me, again and again, fucking me like you are now with their hands all over my butt. And you knew they'd have those kinds of nasty thoughts about me if they saw me naked, but that's what you wanted. You wanted them to see me naked and think about fucking me, over and over again."  
  
We both exploded. She threw her head back as I gushed into her. I had never come so hard. I felt like I had this endless supply that her pussy was sucking out of me. It was incredibly intense.  
  
We finally stopped and extracted ourselves from each other. We were exhausted. Paige rolled off me and onto her back and we just lied there in silence for several seconds.  
  
We then turned towards each other and our eyes met. We didn't say anything. We didn't need to. We just smiled, knowing that we had just had incredible sex.