A Walk in the Park

by sluttyally Â©

I've had a few emails about my love of shoes and a couple of readers have

even emailed me photos of very sexy high heel platforms for me to drool

over!

Because I'm quite short, I learned to walk in them years ago and,

nowadays, they're pretty much all I wear.

"If you'd like to buy me a gift, I'd like a pair of shoes please!" is what

I say to guys who want to take me shopping - and, it seems, plenty do. I

guess it's because I'm often wearing quite revealing clothes in public and

end up chatting to heaps of men whose eye I catch.

Just the other day, I was walking back from my lunch break in town and a

good looking guy turned to me at a red light.

"I can't help but notice your dress," he said. "You're a very sexy girl

and you certainly know what shows you off well."

I was wearing strappy four inch heels and a burgundy minidress which just

covers my butt. Unfortunately, when I walk, it clings to my underwear and

rides up a little; in this instance about an inch of butt cheek was

showing, so I modestly pulled my dress down.

"This dress rides up easily," I said to him. "That's the problem with underwear," I added.

"Yeah, it gets in the way sometimes, doesn't it," he commented, smiling,

as if he knew I was getting the hots for him already.

"Would you like to have a coffee together?" he said, trying hard to ask

casually.

"I'm on my way back to work now," I told him, "but perhaps we can meet at

Cafe Gingko tomorrow morning at 11. My name's Ally, by the way."

"Mark," he said, grinning and holding out his hand as well. "I'll look

forward to tomorrow, Ally."

I could feel him watching me as I walked off, this time swinging my hips

deliberately to make my dress creep up. I turned around after 20 metres or

so and he was still standing in the same spot, looking broad shouldered

and slim hipped in his suit, smiling at me.

The rest of the afternoon passed very quickly, as I spent it fantasising

about how I'd show off to Mark in the morning. The next day, I told Chris,

my boss, that I had some important messages to do and that I'd take a

longer morning tea in lieu of lunch.

"Fine, Ally," he said, barely glancing up from his computer. When he saw

how I was dressed, though, he stopped short and stared.

"Aaahh, I see," he grinned. "A date, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," I said quietly, smiling. "See you in an hour or so."

To work, I'd worn my strapless chocolate brown slit dress, with black

stockings and black knee-high boots. The dress was made of clingy

polyester and had very high slits on both sides. The guys in the office

loved this dress because my whole upper thigh became visible when I leaned

over forward and the fabric fell away.

To meet Mark, though, I'd taken off my bra so my breasts jiggled nicely

and the friction with the fabric made my nipples stick out. The fabric

also draped over my butt cheeks nicely, making it pretty obvious that I

wasn't wearing knickers. Finally, I'd swapped my boots for a pair of

four-inch sandals with a single slim strap across my toes and another one

across the arch of the my foot.

Showing so much leg, I got plenty of looks as I walked into Cafe Gingko. I

spotted Mark and walked over to where he'd found stools up against the bar.

"Well, Ally, you're looking just as beautiful as you were yesterday," he

said, taking in my legs and boobs quickly before looking me in the face.

I smiled and we started chatting as we drank our coffees. I learned that

Mark was a consultant, although exactly what he 'consulted' in remained a

bit of a mystery to me.

"Do you have a habit of approaching strangers on the street?" I asked him,

after a few minutes of conversation.

"Well, not really, but you're a clear exception, Ally," he replied,

looking at my lap, where the front of my dress had fallen between my

thighs.

I also looked down and saw that he was admiring the smooth brown flesh of

my thighs, visible now almost to my waist. It made me very horny indeed to

think that just a scrap of brown fabric was hiding my naked pussy from his

view.

"How much time do you have?" he asked, looking me in the face again.

"Well," I lied, "I've got to buy a pair of shoes for the weekend. I've got

about another 45 minutes."

He looked down at my feet, which were swinging loosely. "Why don't we do

that together? I've got the time, if you don't mind me tagging along."

We walked together to a shoe shop called Zomparella, where they sell some

of the funkier, more outrageous things. The girls there know me - and my

fetish - pretty well by now, as I'd been in there with several guys in the

past year.

"Hi Ally!" the girls called, as we came in. A couple, exiting, both gave

me and my legs a long look as they squeezed past in the doorway.

"Hi Gina! Hi Terri!" I replied. "I'm on my morning break and looking for

something sexy to wear on the weekend. My friend Mark here has offered to

help."

The girls looked Mark up and down with approving looks.

"So what're you doing on the weekend, Ally?" Gina asked, glancing back

across at Mark and giving him a toothy smile. Gina was a real party girl;

she was short and plump and always wore tops to show off lots of creamy

cleavage.

"You know, the usual. A couple of parties to go to, maybe do something

with Mark here, if he's got the time."

Mark turned sharply around with surprise and, collecting himself, smiled

broadly.

I sat down on one of the low brown leather sofas and, as we were alone in

the store, I adjusted my dress so that the slits sat nice and high and the

front panel hung between my thighs.

"Mark, would you help me off with my shoes?" I asked.

Gina and Terri - no doubt already guessing that I wasn't wearing anything

underneath the dress - stood watching as I raised my right leg high to

meet Mark's hands. He slid one shoe off, then the other, but hadn't

noticed anything yet.

"So what's new in stock?" I asked the girls, as I stood up again to browse

their displays.

I could see my reflection in the shop mirrors and, as I noticed my tits

bounce, started to feel horny again.

"Oh, Mark, look at these!" I called out, pointing to a pair of red satin

six-inch platforms, tied with ribbons around the ankle. I leaned over to

touch the ribbons, knowing that my dress would fall forward, giving him a

good view of my entire thigh almost up to my waist.

"Would you like to try those on?" asked Terri, who was watching Mark's

reaction. "I'll get a pair in your size."

I sat back down on the sofa, this time arranging my dress so my bare butt

was against the leather and, again, hiking the dress up to show all of my

thighs. Mark was now looking in the right place and I could feel my heart

race as I imagined flashing my pussy just by lifting the front of my dress

a few inches.

"What do you think of those Mark? Perhaps I could wear them if we go out

somewhere together this weekend," I said as I carefully spread my legs and

casually slipped one hand in under the loose material.

Mark watched my hand but, before he could reply, Terri had arrived with

the shoes. I took my hand out to put them on and stood to walk towards the

full length mirrors.

"Mark, do you think these would look good with a really short skirt?"

He looked at me, then at my legs, with an enquiring look on his handsome

face. "How short do you mean Ally?"

I looped my fingers into the top of each slit and started to pull the

waist of my dress upward. "Like this!"

The hem was now floating just below my pussy and I could feel the cool

aircon tantalising my lips.

"That looks great," he said, looking in the mirror, straight at the top of

my thighs.

I felt an urge to peel the whole dress off and just parade around in the

shoes, but I caught Terri's mischievous eye.

"Ally, shall I show you the other way to tie the ankle straps on these?"

she said as she came near and squatted close to my leg.

Terri took a glance straight up my bare leg, so I placed one foot on a low

stool, giving her a clear view of my bare pussy as she retied the strap.

Grinning, she finished and stood up.

"Yeah, those shoes do look good with really short skirts, don't they

Gina?" she said, giving my butt a little pat, which Mark noted with

interest.

"You know, I wear pretty short skirts sometimes, so I just want to be

sure," I said, as I lifted the rear hem of my dress even higher and

stretched it tightly across my butt. I turned my back to the mirror and

looked over my shoulder to see the effect this had.

I was pleased with shapely curve of my naked butt cheeks in the mirror, so

I went on.

"These shoes are high enough to show off the curve of my upper thighs,

aren't they Mark?" I asked, looking right at him, as I lifted the dress a

fraction higher still and planted my legs a little further apart.

"Sure, Ally," was all Mark could say. He was now staring in the mirror at

my bare pussy lips poking out below the globes of my almost totally

exposed butt cheeks.

"Sorry girls, I forgot to wear knickers!" I giggled. "Hope that's all right!"

They weren't at all embarrassed but just laughed and looked across at

Mark, who'd blushed slightly. It was obvious he was incredibly turned on,

as he couldn't take his eyes away from the rear view of my shaved pussy

lips.

"You know, Mark, I do sometimes wear skirts this short - but it depends

who's around to see."

I teased him by bunching the dress right up to my waist. Now my entire

butt was visible, but I kept pulling the dress still higher.

"It's hard for me to imagine how a new pair of party shoes look if I'm

wearing my work clothes," I laughed, enjoying the audience of Mark, Gina

and Terri.

By now, as I turned to face the mirror, I was holding my dress high enough

that the bottom of my heavy tits were visible almost to the nipples. In

the high heels, my legs looked very shapely, crowned by my neat, bald

pussy which I could feel beginning to swell and moisten.

"We're enjoying the show, Ally!" giggled Gina. Mark and Terri laughed too,

as I revelled in the rush of excitement that flowed through me.

As I wiggled my hips from side to side and let my tits sway loosely, Mark

said, grinning, "Ally, if you want those shoes, let me get them for you."

"Really, Mark, they're quite expensive," I countered, but not too convincingly.

"On one condition, Ally. That you'll wear them on our date this weekend,"

Mark winked. "Deal?"

Just then, some customers came into the shop and, as Terri rushed over to

serve them, I let my dress drop.

"Deal!" I giggled.

I sat back down on the sofa and let Gina untie my sexy new shoes. Now that

Mark had seen me half naked, I didn't even bother to sit in a way which

hid myself from him while I slid my own shoes on again.

While Mark was paying, I stood close to him, one breast pressed warmly

against his arm. I put one hand through one of the slits in my dress and

touched my pussy which, by now, was very wet. As Mark waited for his

receipt he also slid his hand through the opposite slit and fondled my

bare butt.

I was excited to see that the other customers, a couple, had noticed our

hands and the way they made my dress ride up. As I fingered my pussy even

more obviously, I wondered how I could relieve my horniness quickly, but

noticed the time on Mark's watch.

"Shit, Mark, I've gotta get back to work!" I said, as I removed his hand,

clattering out of the shop, saying goodbye to Gina and Terri.

"That was some show you put on in there," Mark said, whose hair was

plastered to his forehead, presumably not from shop's heating.

He went on as we walked quickly together, "So, can we meet up this

weekend?"

I stopped on the pavement and faced him. "Mark, you know what?"

The look on his face suggested that I was going to turn him down. His

mouth went down at the corners and his brow furrowed, but he forced a

little smile.

"What, Ally?" he said, finally.

"I'd like to catch up with you for lunch tomorrow. 1pm at the big fountain

in Flag Park, just a few blocks away."

He grinned broadly and wiped his brow with his arm. "Sure, Ally, sure! I'd

love to."

"OK, I've really gotta go. Thanks for the shoes - you're a generous

darling!" I kissed him swiftly on the cheek and ran off towards work, as

fast as a pair of high heeled sandals could take me.

I got back to work with just enough time to pull on my stockings and

boots. The rest of the afternoon, the other staff spent staring at my

jiggling braless tits, while I imagined how I could surprise Mark the next

day.

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"Let me guess, Ally, another date?" were the first words Chris spoke to me

when I arrived at work the next morning.

"How do you know?" I asked him suspiciously.

"I can recognise a young girl who's trying to impress someone!" he

laughed, retreating back into his office.

Certainly, I'd taken some special care: I'd put my hair up and my best

silver necklace contrasted nicely with my cleavage. I'd decided to wear a

very short grey skirt with a knitted button-up top, cut just low enough to

show the lace of one of my push-up bras. With black stockings and

'sensible shoes', it was just right for work, not too over-the-top - not

until later, anyway.

"Nice top Ally!" several of the guys commented throughout the morning,

especially as I kept adjusting it - and my bra - to show my tits almost to

the very edges of my nipples.

At 12.50 sharp, I stepped out onto the street, feeling immediately horny.

Total nudity makes me feel self-conscious, but even a little clothing I

find incredibly sexy. I'd pulled my underwear off before leaving work and

put on my new red shoes so, in the warm sunshine, I could feel my nipples

hardening and my pussy moistening as I walked.

Just the idea that people could catch glimpses excited me, so I made sure

that, at every red light, I casually rubbed my butt cheek or undid another

button of my top. The looks I got aroused me a lot and, by the time I

reached Mark in the park, all I wanted was his hard cock inside me.

"Wow!" he said as he looked me up and down. "I can see just about

everything I've been looking forward to - including your new shoes!" he

smiled broadly, his eyes resting on my skirt.

I looked down and, with my feet arched high, my painted toenails looked

cute peeking out of the straps of the sandals. What Mark was noticing,

though, was that my skirt was sitting just high enough for him to glimpse

my pussy lips; I was enormously turned on by the knowledge that I'd walked

almost three blocks like this. Still looking down, I saw also that my tits

had almost bounced free of my top which was now fastened with a single

button and only loosely covered my nipples.

"I've been looking forward to it too!" I giggled, taking his hand and pressing his fingers against my bare pussy. "Does that feel good?" I whispered.

"Mmmm," was all Mark murmured as he pulled me back with his free hand,

leaning against the concrete edge of one of the fountains in the park.

Kissing me hard, I was happy to fall forward and entwine my tongue with

his and, before long, I could feel both hands slide under my skirt.

"Do you mind me exposing you here in public?" Mark asked softly, as his

strong hands explored my butt and pussy from behind, pushing the hem of

skirt up.

My face was buried in his shoulder as he was doing this and all I could do

was quietly whimper, "No, no . . . fuck me here Mark."

Imagining passers-by looking at my bare legs, with Mark's fingers probing

and pushing my skirt higher, made me feel horny enough to explode. I was

only aware of a fiery throb in my pussy and the feel of Mark's hard cock

against my belly.

"Mark, undress me," I whispered as our kisses continued. "Pull my skirt

right down, please . . .," I begged him as I began to feel beads of

moisture running down my thighs.

Rubbing my tits even harder against him, I tried to work them free of my

top, when Mark spoke again, with an edge of panic in his soft voice, "We

can't do this here. There're people watching us; you're almost naked, Ally!"

Just hearing Mark's words made me even more frenzied. By squatting, I

tried to lower myself onto his fingers, spreading my legs wider as I did so.

He took his hands away, letting my skirt fall back into place, as he went

on, "Ally, let's go over to a quiet spot on the grass, OK?"

I looked to where he was indicating, about 200 metres away, in the shade

of some trees near the public tennis courts. I also noticed one or two

clusters of bystanders who had gathered near us, trying to watch without

obviously prying.

Mark shook his head, smiling, as he held me at arm's length and looked at

me. "You're looking a bit like a wild amazon woman, Ally!," he laughed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, with a hint of indignation, as I looked down

at myself, noticing that my top had indeed pushed aside, exposing one

whole, juicy breast.

"Mmmm, you're right Mark; it's a pretty sexy look though, isn't it?" I

added as I winked and then wantonly lifted my full tit up to my mouth.

Looking at Mark as I did so, I licked my nipple and bit it gently before

pushing my tit back into my top, still with its one button intact.

Mark just stared with eyes wide open, so it was left to me to take his

hand and lead us over to the area he had pointed at. Most of the people

watching us dispersed; I imagine they thought we were finished. One or two

guys followed us at a discreet distance but, as long as Mark was with me,

I just found that a big turn-on.

"Lie down, Mark, on your back," I instructed him when we found a little

nook amongst the trees. The nearest people were sitting several metres

away on the grass and I could only hear, but not see, the tennis games in

progress.

From his briefcase, Mark silently pulled a sarong and spread it out on the

grass, before taking off his jacket and tie.

"Well prepared, Mark!" I giggled, as he lay back and watched me. I knew he

could see from my feet arched high in their new red shoes right up my legs

to my pussy. I stood with my legs slightly apart to give him the view he

wanted and popped the last button of my top. My breasts spilled out and I

squeezed and rubbed them as I watched Mark start to play with his erect

cock through his pants.

I fondled my pussy a little, making sure I was really wet before I kneeled

astride Mark's thighs. He leaned up to kiss my swaying tits but I leaned

forward and pressed them against his face, making him fall back. Now I was

crouched above him on all fours, feeling excited that my bare butt and

pussy were poking out the bottom of my short skirt.

"Mark, please fuck me right now!" I whispered to him urgently, as I undid

his belt and unzipped his trousers. "Have you got a condom in that case of

yours?"

His cock sprang out of his boxer shorts as I pulled them down. It was nice

and strong looking and I took it whole in my mouth. I loved the idea of

sucking him till he almost came, then pushing him deep within me, here in

the park. My butt bobbed up and down as I gave Mark his treat and I could

feel my skirt rise higher and higher until it was around my waist.

"I love the feel of your tits against me, Ally," Mark said, in between his

sighs and moans, which was all I could hear, apart from the 'thwack' of

the tennis balls.

I stopped sucking him and squeezed my tits together around his cock,

feeling his rigid thigh muscle against my swollen pussy.

"You've got good staying power, Mark!" I giggled. "I'm about to come from

just pressing against your leg!"

"Don't come yet, Ally. Let me put a condom on, OK?" Mark asked, almost out

of breath.

I did it for him, pulling it on with practiced swiftness. Seeing his cock

all nice and hard made me impatient; I lifted myself up and slowly eased

myself onto him, closing my eyes with intense pleasure.

"Who's watching us Mark?" I asked, as we bobbed up and down and I felt his

hard-on grow and shift inside me.

He got up on his elbows to look around as I squirmed and wiggled my hips

on top of him to keep him hard. "A couple of guys standing near the tennis

court fence; one of them has his hand in his pocket," Mark laughed. "That

group on the grass are looking over as well," he added.

Suddenly his face went pale and I knew he was about to come. I bounced

hard and felt his cock expand just a little more - and then, with a little

cry, the colour returned to Mark's face and he lay still, eyes closed.

"Ally, Ally, Ally," he murmured, shaking his head.

I took his limp cock and removed the condom, tying it and throwing it into

the bushes, before carefully putting his dick back into his boxers. I'd

come close to orgasm myself, but watching Mark come was almost as good.

"I know we haven't even eaten, but how much time do you have?" asked Mark

after a minute or so. I was still sitting on his legs, although I'd pulled

my skirt down when I saw the people near us staring.

"Speak for yourself, honey," I laughed. "I ate heaps!"

"I've got another 15 minutes or so," I added, checking his watch. "I'd

like to get a bit of sun, OK?"

Before Mark could even reply, I stood up, buttoning my top to barely hold

my tits in. I turned and started to walk, with an exaggerated sway of my

hips, towards the sunny areas of grass.

"Mark, are you coming?" I called, laughing, as I watched him gather up our

things and try to do up his pants at the same time.

The group on the grass stared as I manoeuvring past, close enough for them

to see right up my skirt, especially when I nonchalantly flicked my hem up

as I went by.

I found a sunny spot not too far away from them, on a little grassy mound

and I sat, cross-legged on the grass, while Mark arrived. I'd untied my

new shoes and had them between my legs. As he spread out the sarong again,

he stared at my pussy, which I'd started to rub with the satin six inch

heel.

"Mmmm, I think shoes and feet are so sexy!" I said loudly, "Don't you Mark?"

Hearing my words, the group near us looked over but their view of my pussy

was blocked by my hand rubbing and pressing the strappy shoe against me.

"I'd love it if you came and fondled my tits Mark," I said more softly.

"Playing with my shoes like this is always such a turn on."

He looked around him, as if to take stock of who could see us. We were out

in the open and office workers were walking on the nearby paths and

several groups were within metres, although only one was really watching

me.

"Do you ever wear knickers, Ally?" Mark asked, as he clambered to kneel

behind me. "Surely you don't dress like this for work?"

"Mmm, that's a secret," I said quietly, as I dropped the shoe and pulled

Mark's hands around me to fondle my sensitive breasts.

"That's it, you've got it," I praised him as his hands slid under the

fabric and squeezed my tits and, with his fingers, twirled my nipples.

Because I'd dropped my shoe, but was still sitting cross-legged, the group

near us could now see my glistening pussy clearly. I looked across at them

and smiled, causing most of them to glance away quickly.

I picked up my shoe and started rubbing it against my pussy again, faster

and faster against my hard little clit. With Mark nibbling the back of my

neck and pulling on my nipples, it was as close to heaven as I could

imagine, especially when I noticed the little group stealing looks across

at us.

"Mark, I'm coming, I'm coming," I started to moan.

"Shhhh, Ally!" he hissed in my ear, "Not too loud, OK?"

I couldn't help exclaiming, "Oh, oh, oh . . ." as little spasms of

electricity went through me. Right now, more than anything, I wanted

something hard inside me and I looked down at the heel of my shoe.

I used the clean tip of it to prise my pussy lips apart and gently pushed

to see if it would go. It would; I was so wet it slid in easily, almost

the whole six inches of it. Mark was looking over my shoulder now and

could see what I'd done too.

"Bloody hell, Ally!" he whispered, as I felt the last pre-orgasmic tremors

flood through me.

I was on the precipice of a huge orgasm and knew if I even moved the shoe

an inch, I'd come immediately. In the end, all it took was for me to look

across at the group on the grass; their attentiveness to my public

masturbation raised my arousal just that little bit it needed.

"Mark, Mark . . ." I almost choked on my words as I felt my body tremble

and spasm.

He just held me tight, squeezing my tits till I thought I'd suffocate. I

fell back onto him and he held me as I stretched my legs out onto the

sarong. I must have looked a sight to the people who noticed: skirt up

around my waist, swollen pussy lips with a slutty red high heeled shoe

inserted, moaning softly in ecstasy as my orgasm subsided.

"Oh Mark!" I said to him as my energy returned and I slowly took the shoe

out. I flopped onto my belly, feeling the sun on my bare butt. "That was

amazing! You are amazing!!"

He just smiled as he ran his hand over my brown butt, looking as though

he'd slain the lion in the gladiator's arena. He had every right to feel

confident though, I thought, as guys who can help a girl get it off in

public are always in demand!

I returned to work with a lightness in my step and a smile on my face that

nearly everyone commented on.

"Pleasant date, then, Ally?" asked Chris, when I met him in the coffee room.

"You could say that!" I grinned, as I offered him a coffee.