**Accidents and Revelations**

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**Accidental Exposure...and revelation.**

I got home from the office a bit early. Toeing off my heels with a sigh of relief as soon as I was through the door.

It was Easter weekend coming up, so our boss had let us all finish after lunch. Some of my work colleagues had travel plans and it made sense to let everyone go early.

I was pleasantly surprised to find that when my boss said everyone. He had actually meant it.

As the most junior in the office, I had half expected to be told I had to stay and finish up while the senior staff got the extra time off.

So, I was feeling pretty good and had plenty of energy when I got home to my little flat that I rented for a very reasonable rate.

I didn't have any plans for the long weekend, but it was always nice to get some time off. I was still getting used to being employed full time and it was a bit of a shock to my system. Previously I had been at University. This was my first real job.

As I locked my door and then headed for the living room which had a kitchenette. I tried to think of something I could do besides staying at home and watching telly.

With very little money in my bank account and no real friends in the city. I had to think of something that wouldn't involve spending my non-existent funds or require more than me myself and I.

So far, I had dated two of my co-workers but neither of them had inspired me to do more than try them out. I slept with one of them and then decide he was only after the sex and nothing more.

For now. I was pretty much alone in a new city where I was too shy to try going out on my own looking for companionship.

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It was still a bright day and wouldn't be dark for some time.

I decided a jog along the river would be a good start. I could relax into a decent pace while thinking about what else to do.

It took three paces to get to my small bedroom. Most of its space taken up by a double bed that I had unwisely treated myself to after my first paycheck had come in.

Slipping off my skirt, I stepped out of it and then wriggled out of my plain black tights. I took off my knickers along with the tights and dropped the lot into my laundry basket.

Bottomless, I walked to my bathroom. Undoing my blouse as I went and then hung it up. It was mostly wrinkle free and I had come to be economical. The blouse would be fine to wear one more time.

Hung as it was. On a hanger. The steam from my shower would pull out the rest of the wrinkles.

Reaching behind myself. I unclipped my bra and shrugged it off. Letting my pale c-cup breasts swing free at last. The lacy bra was expensive. All bras seemed to be, but I had spent a bit extra on three nice ones for my move to London. I hung it on the back of my bathroom door and turned to the mirror.

All I now had on was my jewellery and glasses.

My shoulder length Blonde hair hung loose. Slightly wavy with a few curls at the tips.

Picking up a hair bobble from next to the sink. I tied my hair up into a ponytail before taking out my dangly earrings and replacing them with studs. My neckless came off next and was placed next to the sink. Ready for my return.

As always. I took in my figure with a critical eye. I was twenty-three and still had a decent body. Helped by regular exercise. My figure was trim yet curvy in the right places.

I didn't think of myself as vain. I did however like to check if I was getting flabby. My family tended to be on the larger side, it was natural to be a little paranoid.

I turned from side to side as I looked at my pale skinned body with its freckles that ran over my shoulders and part of my chest.

A few more freckles flecked my upper cheeks and the bridge of my small nose. I had light green eyes that had been compared to jade on a few occasions. Generally speaking, I was pretty. Not beautiful, but certainly pretty. The distinction once pointed out to me by an ex.

My breasts didn't drop much when braless. They stood out from my body, topped with large pale pink areolas and dark pink nipples. They had a distinct upturn to them that I thought odd but the few men I had slept with thought very nice.

My tummy was mostly flat with a perfectly normal small curve at its base. Covering my vaginal area was a trimmed thatch of downy soft light blonde pubes which I kept tidy as I also shaved my pussy lips. Liking the extra sensitivity that gave them when I did get to have sex. Not that I was getting any right then, as my last proper relationship had ended when I finished University. And so far, I had only done it once since leaving.

I had pleasingly long legs that were slim enough to give me a significant thigh gap. Legs that were only blemished by a few freckles on my inner thighs.

Turning, I looked at my bum and smiled. I had a good shaped ass that had elicited a few compliments from boys and girls. It was rounded without sagging and looked firm yet soft.

Satisfied that I hadn't expanded any since I last looked. I walked back to my room to pull on a pair of sweatpants, a sports bra and plain dark blue sweatshirt that matched the pants.

No, I didn't bother with panties. It would just be another thing to wash come laundry day. The baggy sweatpants were enough to protect my decency.

By the front door. I wriggled my feet into my running shoes and then tied them tightly with a double bow.

Clipping a bum bag around my waist. I unlocked my door and headed out. Dropping my house keys into the bag. Letting them join my purse and phone after double locking my door.

A brisk walk took me to the river's edge where I did a few stretches as I listened to a bit of music. Katy Perry and the like would be todays running companions.

It was a popular place to jog. But not at this time. Most people still at work and missing the sunshine as it glittered off the river to give me a pleasant view for my run.

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I love to run, and this route was familiar to me. I was soon at a steady pace that felt like I was almost floating. My long slim legs eating up the ground with ease as I let myself fly along the well recalled route.

My breathing was steady. My lungs drinking in the relatively fresh air. The riverbank and the smell from a slight breeze took away the city. It almost felt like home for a while.

A few boats were on the river and more were moored at certain places along the bank. Two young children waved at me as I passed their moored boat. Their parents looked around my age and smiled as I waved back. It felt friendly and nice. Complete strangers exchanging a fleeting pleasantry.

I crossed the bridge and smiled at two men fishing. I got a toothy smile from one along with a friendly nod. The other put his fingers to his mouth and gave a piercing wolf whistle.

"Oi" I objected with a scowl as I ran past.

He grinned and shrugged as if to say he couldn't help it.

I shook my head in disgust while also feeling a little flattered. Not that I would ever admit that to anyone but myself.

Running back towards my home. I passed the same boat with the children. This time on the opposite bank. They saw me and waved again, joined by their parents. I waved back and smiled once more.

A bit distracted with waving. I didn't see the small dog that suddenly ran out at me. Too late. I heard it's snapping jaws and barking above the sound of my music.

I swerved around it and tried to up my pace at the same time.

Narrowly. It missed my flesh as its jaws snapped shut around the ankle of my sweatpants.

I let out a yelp as I went tumbling, glasses flying off my face.

My pants pulling down my legs to past my knees as the dog refused to let go. His head jerking back and forth on the material until it was all bunched around my ankles.

On my back with my lower half totally exposed and the breath knocked out of me. I kicked at the small dog in fright. My love of animals temporarily forgotten. It gave a yelp and bolted back up the embankment and into the trees.

I gulped air rapidly as I tried to get some reorientation. My heart was racing as I looked around for the glasses that had fallen from my face. On hands and knees, I found them and put them on.

It was the couple on the boat that I saw first. They had hands covering their children's eyes and I could see their scowls of disgust and shock.

That was when I fully realised my state.

Scrambling to my feet with a massive blush. I yanked and pulled at my tracksuit bottoms. Covering my bare bum and trimmed triangle of pubic hair as fast as I could. Very sure that between the brief struggle and then looking for my glasses on all fours. They had had more than just a glimpse of my bum and shaved vaginal lips.

The waistband had snapped too, and I found that I had to hold the pants in place as I took off towards home. My face aflame with embarrassment and a knowledge that I would never be able to run this route again. Especially as I heard that wolf whistle again. This time accompanied by laughter from both of the men who had been on the bridge.

Cringing and almost ready to burst into tears. I ran as fast as I could while gripping my pants to my waist.

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I scrambled to unlock my door and cursed at myself for double locking it. Needing both hands to twist the top handle while turning the key in the lock at the same time.

My ruined tracksuit pants slid down to expose my bare behind before I got the door open.

Having a significant thigh gap, my pussy lips could bee seen from behind. I heard a horn beep and glanced over my shoulder as I grabbed for my pants while also trying to step inside.

I got a brief look of a grinning man in a slow-moving car before I tripped on the slack material of one leg of my pants.

I ended up falling through my doorway with a yelp. Twisting myself around just enough to land on my exposed rear with a thump.

Even more ashamed. I kicked shut my door while on my back. Desperate to shut out the world as I yanked my pants up my legs to finally cover myself again.

Safe at last. I lay there and covered my face with my hands.

"Oh GOD." I wailed in dismay. Shaking my head from side to side as I tried to come to terms with what had happened.

Part of me felt ashamed and highly embarrassed. Yet another part of me was getting aroused as I replayed the events in my mind.

I hardly believed it myself as I let one hand slide over my breasts and tummy. Heading towards my sex.

I let out a small moan as I touched wet lips. I closed my eyes as I tried to deny what I was feeling but couldn't help myself from playing with an increasingly sensitive and moist pussy.

Right there on my floor. Lying by my door. I pushed my loose pants down with my free hand as I started to masturbate properly.

My pussy was aching, and I had never felt this turned on before. Not on my own anyway.

Feverishly. I pulled up my top and sports bra to free my breasts. Pulling and tweaking each erect nipple as I continued to rub my clit. Interspacing the rubbing by plunging two fingers into myself.

My back arched in pleasure. My shoulders and feet the only parts of me touching the floor as with spread legs. I frigged myself off and mauled my own tits and nipples.

Panting harder than when I had been running. I gasped and moaned as my orgasm built so fast it felt like I was soon going to explode.

Biting my lower lip, I uttered a hiss of ecstatic pleasure as I came.

My juices flowed and covered my fingers as I spasmed. Jerking my hips up onto my thrusting fingers as I had the strongest orgasm I had ever had on my own.

"Ohh... oh Fuuucckkkkk." I gasped out tiredly as I collapsed. Utterly spent. Letting the waves roll through me, riding the comedown with heavy breaths.

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That night I made some pasta with one of the easy cooks in sauces. I had never really mastered cooking. Probably a good thing as I just had to stir in the sauce and didn't have to think about it too much.

I was still pondering the day and trying to work out exactly why I had felt so turned on.

I had never been like some of my friends at Uni. Girls that would wear next to nothing going out or flash their boobs for fun. Even the less adventurous ones had worn less than me, as while I wasn't a prude. I had never liked to show off my body like that.

All my skirts were just above the knee. My tops chosen to show less not more. My bra's always a matching colour to my tops so that they didn't stand out.

Sure. I felt comfortable naked in my own home and thought nothing of lounging around the flat in the nude. But that was when I was alone and where no one could see. Always with curtains firmly closed.

So, I was a bit confused why the accidental exposure had left me so wet. I had already come to the conclusion that was what it was. I just didn't understand why.

Still thinking. I sat on my sofa to eat my pasta.

I had heard about women who got off on doing that kind of thing. Exhibitionists who loved people seeing them naked.

"I'm not like that." I said aloud to myself as I flicked on the telly. Slightly fed up with the way my brain kept going in circles.

"or am I?" I asked as I watched a soap.

"Gggrrrr... don't be silly." I replied. Talking to myself and eventually having a full-blown conversation that was totally one-sided as it came to the conclusion that I might be a bit crazy.

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"I'm not crazy." I said as I placed my glasses beside my bed and turned off the bedside light.

Huffing to myself as I tried to get comfortable enough to sleep. Letting my fingers find my pussy in the hopes of relaxing enough to cum and then find slumber.

I tried thinking of the usual things that got me going but nothing seemed to work. I remained dry and even more frustrated. Even after thinking about earlier.

Unbidden. The thought flitted across my mind.

A naughty thought about taking a walk and exposing myself. "Just a bit." I said aloud as if to clarify my intentions.

"no... no way." I told my inner demon but still flung back the bed covers and turned on the light.

I looked at myself in my bedroom mirror. My eyes looked haunted by what I was thinking, I tried to shake off the feeling of dread that seemed to be in my belly. All while knowing that I was now getting aroused just by the thought of it.

"Fuck it." I said as I pulled off my nighty and grabbed my coat. Wrapping myself in it as I walked towards my front door to find my shoes.

I HAD to know for sure.

My work heels were there by the door and I slipped into them.

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Just standing on my doorstep in nothing but a tightly buttoned coat and a pair of heels made me feel something. Something forbidden yet spine tingling.

The pale beige coat was short and only came to the tops of my thighs. Showing off all of my long legs. The last button before the hem was at crotch height. So, a small inverted V shape threatened to reveal my pussy lips if I lifted my arms or reached for anything. With this in mind, I kept my hands in its pockets to pull the material as low as it would go.

I looked up and down a deserted and dark street. The streetlights creating pools of light. A few windows still held a yellowish glow. Telling me some people were still awake even though it was well past midnight.

I was too afraid to walk down the main street, taking a side street towards the river and the place where I had my not so unfortunate accident.

My heels clicked on the pavement a little too loudly for my liking. My nerves built to a fever pitch as I walked slowly at first, then hurried my steps until I reached the riverbank and its hard packed earth.

Fallen leaves and twigs crunched or snapped underfoot as I headed under the overhanging tree limbs. The only light was from the moon and the other side of the riverbank. A street running parallel on that side with streetlighting.

Enough for me to see by for my walk.

I gulped as I steadied my nerves. My fingers going to the buttons of my coat.

I fumbled with the first few buttons. Undoing them until I reached my belt. Here I stopped. Unwilling to test myself fully. Already well aware how short the coat was.

I looked around and nodded to myself. My ears would tell me if anyone approached. Or so I hoped as I pulled open the top half of my coat and slid it partway off my shoulders. Exposing bare breasts to the cool night air.

My nipples pinged out. Hard as bullets and not just from the cool breeze that teased my bare tits as they swayed and jiggled from me walking.

I asked myself what I would do if someone saw me. Would I cover myself or would I try to leave myself exposed?

The answer was obvious. I would cover my nudity and run like hell. This was just an experiment. A test to see if this was what I needed and wanted. To see if I was really a secret exhibitionist and hadn't realised it.

For a while it worked, and I felt like I was being very brave. I even felt a bit wet.

Then I got to the bridge and tweaked my coat closed. Too frightened to cross the well-lit area with my tits out. Placing my hands back in the pockets to again push the material a bit lower and cover my pussy. A pussy that tingled as I could feel the cool breeze teasing it but now dry from fear.

The top part, I left undone. My breasts swayed and pressed against the material, parting it down to my belt. Showing off a good amount of flesh as I hurried over the bridge and found myself hoping no one would come along.

"This is stupid." I breathed out in annoyance as I walked along the other side. A walk that was more brightly lit by streetlights not too far away.

I realised that I didn't want anyone to see me. That I was more afraid than turned on.

The half-naked walk had proved one thing to me. It had titillated me in a naughty and daring way but hadn't elicited the same kind of feeling I had had before. I felt a bit of relief in a way. Glad that this wasn't what was going to get me fully going.

I buttoned up as I headed home with even more confusion as to exactly why I had been so turned on before.

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I got home and toed off my shoes by the door. Hung my coat on the hook and headed back to bed feeling a bit strange. I slipped back under my covers without putting on my nighty. I didn't want it. I wanted to be naked.

I felt slightly aroused by what I had done but nowhere near like I had been before.

Still. It allowed me to masturbate in my bed and relax me enough to sleep. So, a partial success if less than a full answer.

I slept deeply and dreamed odd things. Flashing short dreams that jumped around.

Me falling over and my skirt lifting to show me going commando. Me bending over at work and showing my braless tits to my boss as my top gaped open.

Me running naked through a street while a dark monster chased me through the night. Me at home with my legs open and a man pounding in and out of me.

Then finally I woke, my pussy had creamed in my sleep and I let out a sigh.

"Okay.. not good." I said softly as I realised the connections and came to a conclusion. Clearly, I liked the thought of being caught or seen. Not just the thought of being brave enough to do that walk I had done. No, that wasn't enough for me.

But I was also afraid. A deep and natural fear that told me I could never deliberately do what I obviously craved.

Feeling frustrated and more than a bit confused by it all. I took a long shower to clear my head.

"Well, I'll just make do then." I told myself as I dried my hair and brushed it out. Thinking that if I couldn't bring myself to walk down the exhibitionist route. I would just go as far as I felt comfortable with.

With that in mind I reached for my bathrobe and then stopped myself.

"You're at home and it's not like you haven't walked around naked before." I said aloud as I left my robe on the hook and picked up my makeup kit.

I did my face as usual. Plain mascara and eyeliner, a tiny bit of foundation to hide my freckles and then some lippy.

All while looking at my naked body in the large mirror. Seeing my bare breasts wobble as I moved. Judging myself.

Satisfied that I looked okay. I walked through my bedroom and went to make some breakfast.

I passed by my window and deliberately avoided looking at it. The living room curtains were partially open. My window looked out onto the main street and was ground level. Literally anyone could look in but would have to glimpse me through the curtain gap.

That felt almost safe, but I didn't look to see because I feared if I did. I wouldn't have the courage to do what I intended.

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I sat at my small table to eat my breakfast. Toast with jam and a cup of instant coffee that didn't taste too bad for instant.

No longer able to resist the temptation. I looked at my window. The early morning light streamed through it and the gap in my curtains. Creating two beams of light into my living room that also doubled as a small kitchen.

Muted light through the curtains and a brighter light through the gap. Dust motes lazily floated through the sun beam.

I saw people walking by. None looked at me and I let out a soft sigh of relief while also feeling a weird pang of disappointment. Almost as if something inside me was dissatisfied and feeling left out.

I knew that odd feeling was my inner self saying it wanted to be seen. Yet I was far to shy to give in to it totally. Not yet anyway.

However. I left the curtains as they were and felt brave for doing so as I stood and took my plate and cup to the sink. Now I glanced at the window often. Looking over my shoulder in an almost dare to myself.

It was Friday morning. Good Friday. So, I had the day off and a long weekend to experiment with.

By now, I would normally be getting ready for work. Instead I was sitting on my sofa and quite literally trying to work up the courage to do something else while asking myself what it should be.

If people could have seen into my mind. They would have found a massive jumble of emotions and thoughts at war.

Finally. I took a hesitant step towards my window.

I was stark naked except for my glasses and usual jewellery. The pendent on my neckless nestled between my pale breasts. Silver. It glinted in the light and reflected off the window pain.

I peeked out between the gap and took hold of the curtain edges.

In the end I shook my head in dismay. Far too many people were walking past and instead of opening them wider. I closed them and then sat on the edge of my sofa with a sigh of relief. Very glad that I hadn't done it. My heart rate slowing from the fear fuelled expectation of me actually doing it.

I also felt disappointed in myself and more than a bit frustrated.

I wasn't getting any sex and the best orgasm I had had in a long time had been caused by something so random and accidental that it couldn't be repeated. Not without deliberately doing it and that seemed to be out of the question.

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As the morning waned into early afternoon and the telly provided nothing interesting to watch. I let out a huff of annoyance.

I had tried to forget it. Attempted to shove it away. Even dressed in a long flouncy skirt and blouse to stop the madness that had possessed me earlier.

Only problem was that no matter what I tried. I couldn't forget the toe curling, spine tingling and body spasming orgasm that I had had.

It was like I had a hunger that couldn't be satisfied. Like I had a door that could never be fully shut.

"maybe you just need to be embarrassed?" I guessed as I stood up with a suddenly bright idea.

I could take a walk down the riverbank. Fully dressed. Maybe if I saw the two fishermen or that family, I would get off on the shame of it.

"Ah... no... you would die of shame." I told myself. The thought of seeing any of those people making me blush at the idea.

"BUT... maybe that's what it takes?" my little inner devil asked and prodded me towards the door.

I found my hand on the door handle. I knew it was wrong. I knew I shouldn't. I was also aware that I wasn't wearing either bra or knickers.

"Oh, pish posh... your top isn't see-through, and your skirt is well past your knees." The same devil said as I twisted the handle. My heart rate jumping.

"It would be good to find that family and apologise." I told myself as I stepped out.

"Exactly... and so very humiliating." The voice encouraged.

I felt my pussy tingle at the thought and gave an inward groan. Sure, I was some kind of deviant as I locked my door and then turned to the street.

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Like yesterday. It was a warmish sunny day.

More people were about though as it was a bank holiday.

I walked slowly as if reluctant. As my mind was telling me to both return home and go forward.

I could feel my braless breasts lightly bounce and sway against the material of my blouse. Reminding me I wasn't wearing any undergarments.

Reaching the riverbank, I hesitated and considered walking the other way. There were boats moored along that way too. Perhaps just walking past those would give me the illicit thrill I sought.

"Nope... you NEED to embarrass yourself." My inner voice told me, and I knew it was right.

With a resigned sigh, I turned down my usual running route and started to walk it. My high heels made little sound on the hard-packed earth. Only the crunching of leaves and snapping of small twigs reminded me of last nights walk along this same bank.

As I neared the mooring post that the family had been at, I saw two dark haired children playing on the walkway. They looked up at me as I approached and smiled warmly. Waving at me because they recognised me from yesterday.

I waved back with a slight blush but needn't have worried. Both of them seemed oblivious to what had happened.

"You run really fast." The boy exclaimed with a smile. His eyes shining with childish joy as he mimed me running.

"I do... I've had lots of practice." I replied honestly.

His sister darted towards the boat. Her voice filled with laughter as she jumped aboard.

"Mummy... mummy... come see the nice lady." She yelled.

My tummy filled with lead as the young woman emerged from the boats cabin. She looked a bit older than me and initially had a smile on her face until she saw me.

The smile dropped away to be replaced with a scowl.

"Jenny... Michael... GET INSIDE NOW." she demanded of her kids while glaring at me.

The two children looked at her in confusion but did as told. Scurrying away like frightened children do when their mother takes that tone.

She stepped off the boat. Her face mad as hell as she strode towards me.

"How... how DARE you!" she exclaimed.

I dropped my eyes and shook my head in shame.

"I came... I came to say sorry... I didn't MEAN it to happen... you MUST have seen the dog?... it was an accident." I implored in a highly apologetic tone.

She stayed silent and I looked up. She looked like she was thinking.

"I really am sorry... I NEVER thought something like this would happen." I added with enough contrition to make her nod.

Suddenly. She laughed.

"Lucky for you my kids were looking the other way... but why on EARTH weren't you wearing knickers? My husband nearly choked to death." She asked.

"I didn't think I needed them." I told her with total honesty as I sat on a nearby log and shook my head.

She sat next to me and looked at me sideways.

She fiddled with a lock of her long hazelnut hair as she then looked at the river in contemplation.

"Thank you... For the apology. It must feel ever so embarrassing." she said.

"yes...it does... I'm kind of glad your husband isn't here. I think I would just die if I saw him." I replied with a blush.

She looked at me with sympathy and nodded in understanding.

"He did like what he saw." She admitted with a smile.

I felt myself redden even more and stood quickly.

"Yes.. erm... well... I'm sorry." I apologised again as I backed away. Her words reminding me far too well what I had exposed.

She shrugged as if to say it didn't matter anymore.

Giving me a small wave of her hand. "Bye."

"Bye." I responded and walked away quickly.

My pussy alight and dripping.

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The whole way home I was asking myself why. Inside my tummy I felt butterfly's. I felt totally humiliated yet incredibly turned on. Her telling me her husband had liked what he had seen making me blush while also hitting that place inside me. The newly found part of me that seemed to be getting off on such things.

Back in my flat.

Something inside me was broken. I felt sure it was.

As I locked my door and lent against it. Rapidly lifting my skirt. Clutching the bunched material around my waist with one hand as the other went straight to my dripping cunt.

I wasn't this kind of person. At least I had always thought I wasn't. Yet I couldn't deny the way I was lit up.

My pussy was wet with just the thought. My nipples felt almost sore from being erect for so long. My clothes felt confining as I plunged my fingers into myself. Frigging my pussy hard and fast. Flicking my bean with my thumb. My legs parted.

Gasping. My heart rate rising higher and higher. I finger fucked myself to a shuddering orgasm that was almost as good as the last time.

I stripped naked in my living room. Not caring if I was seen while at the same time feeling really hot. Hot like I was burning inside.

My curtains were open, and I looked out at the street. A man was looking right at me with wide eyes. Not quite believing what he was seeing and had witnessed.

I blushed and let out a squeal of fright. All my bravery fleeing as I ran to my bedroom and hid. My face flaming as I realised, he had probably watched me masturbate. Seen me fingering my pussy. Watched as I practically ripped off my blouse and skirt.

"Oh god... he saw EVERYTHING." I wailed.

I took a shower despite not feeling physically dirty. Needing it because I personally felt dirty.

My hand went to my sex as I showered. Needy, I masturbated while thinking of the worst.

I lent my head on the cool tiles as I came down. The water spraying over my body was hot and the steam filled my small bathroom.

I stayed like that for a long time. Using up a lot of water as I tried to rationalise and tell myself that I wasn't going insane.

That I had to get a grip on this. That I had to stop.

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It was Tuesday morning and I was at my desk. Back at work after spending the rest of the long weekend in my flat. Almost too afraid to leave it. Frightened I would give in to temptation and do something stupid.

I had dressed for work in my usual things. White bra and knickers. Black tights. A white cotton blouse and black pencil skirt that reached my knees.

I had almost given in to temptation. Almost taken off my tights and knickers. The thought of going to work commando arousing me.

But I was also scared. The intensity and desire were so strong that it literally frightened me back to common sense. I had shaken my head as I berated myself. Walking out of my flat and going to the tube station even earlier than normal.

Work was steady. Our management team still slightly lazy after the holidays and reluctant to push anyone hard.

I typed my entries into the computer and was all done before lunch.

I could take an hour for lunch and looked over at Kelly. Like me she was new and trying to prove herself. She was pleasant to be around and always friendly.

"I'm going on my lunch break, fancy coming with?" I asked her as I turned off my terminal.

"Sorry Sarah. I need to get this done by one... next time okay?" Kelly replied with a smile. Grateful for the offer.

"Sure... want me to grab you something?" I asked as I picked up my handbag.

"Would you? That would be great." She said. Getting out her purse and handing me a few notes before telling me what she wanted.

I laughed at her request of a McDonald's. She had never struck me as the fast food type.

She laughed too and gave me a wink.

"A girl has to do the naughty thing sometimes. I know they are bad for me, but I just can't help myself." She said with a giggle.

"So true." I agreed and thought of my naughty thing. Not as harmless as a big mac though and far riskier.

We waved and I headed for the lifts. My manager noted my leaving time and waved at me too after I said I was going to take my hour a bit early. He was fairly laidback as long as the work got done.

I was on the street in under five minutes and walked towards a little café I knew. It did healthy option salads to eat in or takeaway.

Passing a few shops on my way. I noticed a lingerie store that I had never paid much attention to as it was one of the expensive ones. It had a sale sign in the window, and I stopped to window shop.

As I looked at a mannequin dressed in a lacy black corset that had stocking clips attached and sheer black stockings. I started to think how sexy it looked. How sexy I would feel wearing it.

I had never worn anything like it. I didn't even own stockings and suspenders. Far preferring tights usually. But now I had this thing and I thought I could wear something like this under my work clothes and still call it decent. Yet feel sexy doing it.

Biting my lower lip as I pushed open the door. I entered the store and looked around.

Bra's and knickers that were far nicer than the ones I had were everywhere. Much lacier and transparent than anything I had dared to wear or considered buying before.

I walked down the aisles slowly. Fingering some of the materials and thinking how hot and wet I would get wearing these things. Many of the designs would leave more of my flesh on display than I would feel comfortable with. Which was the point.

The shop girl watched me for a while and then spoke as I looked at some of the prices and my face dropped.

"On the left Miss, all of that is on sale." She told me. Correctly interpreting my expression.

"Thanks." I said with a slight blush. Feeling uncomfortable at how obviously strapped for cash I was.

Two long racks had sale items. Much of it almost identical to what I had already seen and half the price.

I quickly picked out two bra's that were half cups and very lacy. Bra's I would never have dared wear until now. three pairs of knickers followed. Again, very small with nothing to hide my trimmed pubic hair. The sheer material would show nearly everything.

"Can I try on the bra's please?" I asked politely and was shown the changing rooms.

"Treat for your boyfriend?" asked the girl with a smile.

"Something like that... yes." I lied and got a bigger smile from the slightly older girl. She looked stunning in a red dress and perfect makeup.

She held a finger to her lips and looked me up and down. Sizing me with her eyes.

"I've a few other things you and he might like. Be right back... try on those bras." She smiled and sashayed away with swinging hips.

I could tell she was wearing stockings. The suspender belt and clips showing through the tight material of her dress.

"Gosh." I breathed out as I stepped into the changing room. Slightly aroused by her confident sexuality.

Both the bras I had chosen fitted well. Lifting and presenting my boobs in half cups that left most of my areolas and both my nipples exposed.

I breathed deeply and watch my bosom heave up and down. I felt sexy and exposed all at the same time.

"Perfect." I said under my breath. Declaring the truth since I was wanting to be more daring.

A small knock on the door and then it opened a little. A slim and delicate hand passed me a pale-yellow corset that had attached suspenders and an unopened pack of black stockings. Two suspender belts followed. One in black one in white.

"Try these on. Don't worry about opening the stockings. I'll throw them in for free even if you only buy one bra." She said. Her voice sounding a tad lower than it had before. Almost as if she was excited.

"Err... Thanks." I replied a bit shakily. Something told me she was aroused, and I was feeling it too.

I tried on the suspender belts and stockings first and then put the corset on last.

The corset fitted like it had been made for me. Half cupped like the bra's and made of pale sheer material that was delicately decorated with lace. The cups were underwired, and it was strapless. The suspenders held up the black stockings and I put my heels on to get a better look at the effect.

"Can I see?" I heard her ask. Her voice even more throaty.

I bit my lower lip nervously as my hand reached for the door handle. I was only wearing the corset, the stockings and my heels. My pussy bare.

I asked myself what I was doing. Told myself I shouldn't and couldn't. Yet I found myself twisting the handle and opening the door slowly. My breath quickening.

She looked me up and down with a smile that grew and grew.

"Oh wow... god you look good." She said and then stepped forward. Bringing her body close to mine. Her eyes glowing and her lips slightly parted.

She looked into my eyes. Hers were a deep green. Her skin was pale like mine and her hair was a lustrous red.

I gazed back and blushed. My heart hammering in my chest. She was incredibly beautiful, and I could tell she was aroused. My pussy was wet as hell as she cupped my breasts and ran a thumb over each of my nipples. Nipples that stood out and were fully erect. Each one so sensitive that I nearly creamed just from her touch.

"Ever been with a woman?" She asked in a husky whisper. Her breath smelt like mint and her lips were very close to mine. So close they were almost brushing mine as she spoke.

"No." I barely croaked out.

She smiled.

"Want to?" she asked and brushed her cherry red lips to mine before retreating slightly to look me in the eyes once more.

I didn't dare use my voice. Frightened it would come out as a squeak. I nodded and blushed even more. Not quite believing what was happening.

She didn't say anything more. Her lips pressed to mine, and I kissed her back. Slowly at first but soon building into something deep and passionate. Her tongue finding mine as my mouth opened. The feel of her soft body pressing against me was unlike anything I had experienced.

She was so soft and feminine. Everything felt so different to being with a man. And yet so very exciting.

I gasped into her mouth as one of her hands cupped my sex and started to rub.

She smiled as her kiss carried on. I felt the smile against my mouth.

"yummy... so wet." She uttered as she slid a finger inside me and quickly followed it with another.

Working her mouth down my neck. Kissing and nibbling all the way to my left breast. Flicking her tongue over one nipple and then doing the same to the other.

Her fingers never stopped working as she sucked on each nipple in turn. Making me moan and gasp repeatedly.

My hips moved of their own accord. Grinding to her invading fingers as she upped the pace. Wet squelching sounds filled the small changing room as she fucked me. Our gasps and moans melding into one.

She fucked me to the very edge of an orgasm and them pushed me against the wall. Holding me in place as I breathed fast. Her hand pressed between my heaving breasts as the other reached behind her and unzipped her long red dress.

Her eyes smoked as she held me one handed. She could have let go. Those glittering green eyes would have pinned me in place as she undressed. Revealing herself to be braless and that all she wore underneath was a pair of stockings and suspender belt.

Her tits were small and perfect. Each of her bright pink nipples stood out like bullets that were surrounded by small pink areolas.

Her pussy was bald. Shaved or waxed to show me everything. Pink labia hung down and glistened wetly.

"Taste me." She breathed out and guided me to my knees. Opening her legs to straddle my upturned face. Taking my head in her hands and pressing me to her sex in hungry need.

I knew I wasn't experienced, but I wanted to please and was intoxicated by the scent of her.

Tentative at first, then growing bolder. I licked at her and tasted her. she was musky yet sweet, with an almond flavour to her that soon had me covering her pussy with my mouth. I delved deeper and tried to get more. Encouraged by her moans of pleasure, and the wriggle of her hips as she ground herself to my searching tongue. I followed her urgings.

"My clit. lick my clit... finger me." She gasped out breathily.

I found her swollen nub and flicked my tongue over it. Her body jerked and she let out a sharp gasp of pleasure.

"Yes... more." She encouraged.

I ran a finger around her outer lips and then slid it inside. My digit was accepted with ease and I added another as I resumed working on her clit.

Licking her clit as fast as I could. I rammed my fingers in and out of her the way she had done to me. She bucked and moaned delightfully, and I knew I was doing something right for her. I had only my own way of masturbating to go by and her bodily reactions. It seemed it was enough because she suddenly held me firmly to her cunt and jerked her hips as she came.

She spasmed for what seemed like ages but was no more than a few seconds as I greedily gulped down her juices. Drinking them down like the sweetest of nectars.

Feeling a bit dizzy. I found her mouth on mine. Our lips mashed together as she tasted her cum from my mouth.

I found myself sitting on the floor with my legs spread wide. My back once more pressed to the wall as she delved into my sex with her fingers again. Kissing me fiercely as she brought me right back to where she had left off.

Her thrusts were almost painful. Her other hand worked my clit in a fast friction. Causing me to roll my eyes back in ecstasy. I was creaming all over her hand. Panting hard as I ran right through one orgasm into the next within a few heartbeats.

"Yeah...yeah... cum for me... cum for me baby." She said in excitement as she made me do just that.

"Unnnggggg... Unnnggg... ahhhh ... Ohhh ohhh." Was all I could say as my whole body felt like it was full of fireworks.

I went limp as she pulled her fingers from me and stood.

Totally spent and dazed I looked up at her and watched as she licked her fingers clean with a smug smile on her face.

"Wet wipes are in the drawer next to you... I must go open the shop doors again. I hope you don't mind." She said with a grin. Still looking pleased with herself as she picked up her dress and walked away.

My brain was very fuddled, and it took me a few moments to register what she had actually said. I sat there like a stunned rabbit; legs still open with my face smeared in her juices.

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I had to hurry to make it to McDonalds. I had lost track of time and only realised I had ten minutes of my break left when I looked at my watch.

My heels clicked rapidly as I entered our building. A bag in each hand. One with Kelly's request and the other filled with the yellow corset and everything else I had wanted. The 'bonus discount' I had been offered at the counter easily making it all affordable.

Not quite being paid for sex. But close enough that I had blushed when she had said it... I still didn't know her name and she hadn't asked mine.

I guessed that was the way she wanted it.

"did you take the stairs Sarah? You look really flushed." Kelly asked me as she took the bag from me with a quick smile of gratitude.

"Erm... no, I forgot the time and had to run a bit to make it back." I partially lied and avoided looking at her.

"I hate when that happens. Sit down and chill for a bit. There's nothing going on here at the moment." Kelly told me as she opened her bag and grabbed hold of her burger.

I sat at my desk and tried to ignore the sound of her eating. Kelly was nice enough, but she tended to chomp rather loudly.

Opening up my computer. I tried to put my thoughts in order. Still not quite believing that I had fucked a complete stranger. A woman too. A woman I had found incredibly attractive.

I wished that I had had the courage to ask her name. A name might have helped with the slutty feeling that was rising in me.

Since my first time until today. I had only slept with four men.

Roger. My first boyfriend had lasted from us being fifteen, all the way to the end of high school and partway into University. Sure, once we started having sex, we did it as often as we could. But it was just him and me.

Daniel had been a bit different. He had been a study assistant who was five years older than me. We had got on well, and eventually done the deed in his flat while I was into my second year of Uni.

Daniel had been much more experienced than me as he had had multiple partners compared to my one.

It had been Daniel who taught me the illicit pleasure of anal sex. Something I was grateful for because I had come to enjoy the naughty feeling it gave me. Allowing me to feel dirty while still being in a relationship.

After that had come John. He had been steady and easy going. A safe partner to have sex with while I finished Uni. The kind of person you could take home and just know your parents would like. So safe that we rarely made love. More often than not ending up watching a film and just cuddling instead of fucking... Sad for a twenty-two-year-old girl to admit. But I had liked that at the time.

Then nothing. Not until I dated two guys from this office. Eventually shagging one of them and then realising all he wanted was the sex... At least he had been honest with me.

Now I was feeling very slutty. Not because I had fucked a woman. Because of the way it had happened.

I couldn't undo it and didn't want to. Yet I had all these mixed emotions about it.

Aside from it being a her and not a him. What I had just done was completely out of character for me.

I wasn't the kind of person to sleep around. I certainly wasn't the type to spread my legs for a person I had never met before and didn't even know their name.

However, that is exactly what I had just done. Not only that. I had accepted her grinning discount and walked out on a buzzing high that hadn't left until I glanced at my watch.

Seeing I was almost late had sobered me and slammed me back to earth.

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I got home in a total tizzy. Completely sure I was going insane. Thinking that I was having some kind of sexual and mental meltdown.

I went straight to my fridge and opened a bottle of wine. Pouring myself a large glass before I even took off my shoes.

I gulped most of it down and refilled it as I walked to my bedroom. Bottle in one hand and glass in the other.

I had spent most of my last few hours at work thinking about EVERYTHING. And I do mean everything. From my first time right through the events of the long weekend and up to me fucking a woman for the first time in a way that was totally unlike anything I had done before.

"I'm a flashing lesbo slut." I said aloud as I sloshed wine over my hand. My brain overloaded as I also was trying to get undressed to take a shower.

I laughed at my reflection as I saw it in the mirror.

"You look like me. but you're not me... not anymore... are you?" I said to my reflection. Already feeling the effects of the wine.

I rarely drink more than one small glass an evening. When I had been at Uni it had made the others laugh how easily I got drunk.

Placing my bottle on the floor and my glass next to it. I undressed fully and waited for the water to get steaming hot.

I watched the water spray out of the shower head.

"Twit." I said aloud. As I stepped under the water. Letting it hit my upturned face and run down my body.

I calmed down a bit. As I Soaped myself liberally and scrubbed my flesh until it shone pink. The scrubbing and heated water making me lobster red from head to toe.

Being in the office while trying to deal with it all had been bad for me. I had had no outlet.

In the safety of my home and warmth of my shower. I let go.

The first sob was soft. The next heavier and then the floodgates opened.

I cried it all out. Wept like it wouldn't end. My tears mixing with the steaming water.

I stood under the water and cried. It washed my emotions clean so that I could think clearly.

Great heaving sobs that left me weak and snotty. Not a pretty sight to anyone. But the thing I needed.

Few people understand the actual benefits of a good cry.

My boyfriends had never understood it. That's for sure.

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The next morning. I woke a bit earlier than usual.

I spent a bit more time doing my hair and makeup. Lifting and twisting my long blonde hair into a more professional looking arrangement.

Then I highlighted my eyes with pale blue eyeshadow. Dark mascara and eyeliner. With a little bit of foundation and peach lippy, I was almost done and felt good about it.

Plain but dangly earrings replaced the studs I wore to sleep in. My silver neckless was ever present. It's pendent held a lock of my dad's hair. Inside. Suspended in fake amber to remind me of his love.

Naked but for my jewellery and slightly heavier makeup. I walked to my front door and retrieved the bag that held yesterday's purchases.

I returned to my bedroom and sorted it all out. Placing the stockings and the yellow corset into my laundry basket. They needed to be washed clean of my own cum and the shop woman's before I wore them again.

The rest I folded and put away. Only leaving a lacy half cup bra and one pair of scanty panties for me to wear along with the black suspender belt and remaining packet of stockings.

I pulled on the sexy underwear and then returned to my bathroom mirror.

"Slutty." I said aloud but smiled a tiny smile. Knowing now that this would be my new normality.

It didn't matter that it felt a bit wrong. It didn't matter that my morals and personal inhibitions wanted me to return to what I used to wear.

What mattered was that I actually FELT sexy. Truly sexy.

It turned me on a bit as I ignored my shy impulses and went to my clothing rack. Picking one of my white blouses and normal black skirts.

Slipping on my best heels. I stood and went to the only full-length mirror I had.

It was big and in an art deco frame. Heavy but well-polished wood in the twenties style.

The mirror hung by my front door. The only place such a large item could be placed and also allow a person to stand back and look at themselves. A forgotten thing that had been left behind by the person who had previously rented this flat.

I looked at my reflection. Taking in the whole ensemble very carefully. Noting the way my half cup bra looked under my blouse. It was discreet but I could just make out the smallest hint of my exposed nipples. Especially as they started to harden.

The reaction was expected, I smiled a bit more as I looked down.

My skirt was closefitting but not too tight to my body. The suspender belt hardly showed against the material. Again. Just a hint. Like a whisper that I was wearing something more provocative.

"Okay... This is doable." I said softly as I finished my inspection.

Normally I would have worn a coat. It was still a bit chilly out.

I left it as I picked up my handbag and headed out. Feeling confident enough to suppress my natural inhibitions. Wanting to see if anyone noticed.

Walking slowly and deliberately. I added a bit more swing to my hips.

The day was grey and a bit chilly. I was aware that my nipples stuck out a bit and that a few men glanced at me twice. Some more than that. Openly staring as they saw my nips protruding into twin points, pushing against the material of my blouse.

My boobs moved a bit differently in this new bra. I felt exposed and surprised by the way it was so different. I realised that the bra wouldn't stop my tits spilling if I was to lean forward and reach for something. Not fully anyway.

I found myself avoiding eye contact after a few men smiled at me. It was clear that they were liking what they saw. Yet it felt so very wrong and naughty.

My mind second guessed my decision all the way to work, when I walked into the office I was almost panicking. Even though my pussy was moistening from the attention I had been getting.

"What was I THINKING?" I berated myself as I hurried to my desk and hoped no one would notice the change. In the warmth. My nipples stopped poking out quite so much, subsiding back to normal.

Kelly sat down at her desk a few moments later and looked at me with a smile.

"Wow... you look great, new outfit?" she asked. Her face slightly puzzled. Not totally sure what had changed in me.

"yeah... but I'm wearing more makeup too." I said without looking her in the eye. Feeling nervous and using the extra makeup as an excuse.

"Oh. okay. You just look... more... more YOU!" She replied with a shrug.

"More me?" I inquired. Wondering what she meant. Thinking she was being a bit silly as she didn't know me that well.

"You know... more, erm... well YOU." She replied as she set up her laptop... "I like it... very sexy." She added as she opened her main screen.

I looked down at myself. Checking how much people could see all over again. Nothing was really visible.

My blouse hid my sexy bra, in the office, my nipples were no longer pointing out from the cold weather outside or the brief arousal I had felt. The half cup left most of my areola bare but unlike at home, I couldn't make them out as the lighting was different. My skirt was long, you would have had to stare very hard to notice the tiny bumps on my thighs. Those bumps of material that declared I was wearing stockings and not my normal tights.

Feeling a bit confused about how she was seeing me differently. I lent closer and dropped my voice a bit.

"Kelly?... what do you actually mean?" I asked. Wondering if she had noticed something I wasn't seeing.

She shrugged and looked me up and down, pursing her lips in thought.

"I'm not sure. Just something different about you today. Almost like you have changed inside and it's showing on the outside." She finally said with a frown. "now that I'm looking at you. That's the same blouse and skirt you wore last week, and your makeup isn't that much different." She added thoughtfully.

She shook her head.

"Honestly Sarah... whatever it is... oh wait. did you get laid? Sex always makes me feel soooo much better. You look like maybe you did?" she added with a giggle. Her voice low so that she wouldn't be overheard.

My thoughts immediately went to the 'girl on girl' sex I had had. My face flushing a bright red. So much so that I could feel my cheeks burning.

"Oh my god... ha, ha... you DID... who was it? One of the guys here?... was it Terry? I know you went on a date with him a while back." She giggled out gleefully. Wanting gossip.

"Sushhhh.. no, I didn't. forget I asked." I hissed out in a low whisper. Turning back to my computer.

Kelly was tittering softly, and I shot her a glare. "Stop that... I didn't." I repeated my denial.

"If you say so." She replied with a wink and tone that said she didn't believe me.

"I DO say so." I told her as firmly as I could. No longer looking at her as I got to work. My cheeks still a bit red.

"Uh huh? Naturally. I totally believe you." She said back with a grin so wide that I could see it out of the corner of my eye.

I huffed in annoyance. She laughed softly again.

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Lunch time came around quickly enough. So fast that I was surprised when Kelly stood up and grabbed her handbag.

"Do you fancy lunch at that café you like? ... My treat." She asked.

I looked up at the clock.

"Wow. That went fast... sure, I'm starving." I agreed and quickly logged out of the system. Picking up my bag too.

We walked down the main street towards the café. The air was a bit warmer now and my nipples didn't ping out like they had that morning. For which I was grateful.

Kelly and I chatted normally. Just talking about work and not really anything significant as we strode side by side. Our heels clicking on the pavement melded with the general noise and didn't stand out. Our voices joining the hubbub of the crowded street.

"Oooo. Look. Tara's has a sale on." She said in excitement as we got to the lingerie shop that I bought my things in.

I gulped.

"Still really expensive though Kelly... come on. We don't have time." I told her. my heartbeat increasing at the thought of entering that place again.

Kelly stopped at the window and looked over the display.

"I LOVE this stuff." She exclaimed and headed for the door with a smile.

With a sigh. I followed her and hoped that it was a different salesperson inside.

The stunning redhead smiled as we entered. But she gave no indication that she had seen me before. Not at first anyway.

Kelly walked along the aisles. Touching materials and browsing. I stood still and watched. Tapping my foot impatiently. Wanting to be away.

"Hello again." A sultry low voice said in my ear. So close that I jumped. Startled by her closeness.

"Hi." I squeaked out and felt my face flushing all over again. It seemed I was blushing an awful lot lately.

I refused to look at her. instead focusing my eyes on Kelly. Yet very aware of how close the woman was standing to me. Her thigh brushing mine as she stood next to me and looked at Kelly too.

"Thank you for the extra customer. I'll have to give you commission... maybe a freebie." She whispered softly. Her emphasis on freebie left me in no doubt she wasn't talking about clothing.

Unable to stop myself. I glanced at her.

She was wearing a teal dress that complimented her pale skin and red hair. A dress so tight that it showed every curve of her tall lithe figure to perfection. There was no way she was wearing anything under it. Somehow, it didn't look slutty on her though. She looked elegant and poised.

"I'm just waiting for my friend. It was her idea to come in here." I replied. Managing to say it in a more normal voice.

"Of course, you are. But there's no harm in looking too. Why don't you try on the white corset over there? It's on sale too." She said to me. Her tone changing from sexy to professional like a switch being flipped.

I looked at the item she was indicating and had to admit it was very pretty. It had lace trimmed shoulder straps and was full bodied with a white satin ribbon crisscrossing up the front. It was the kind of thing that looked sexy without being indecent. Unlike the yellow one I had bought.

Kelly was now flicking through the sale items and had already picked out a few things to try on. I guessed she wouldn't be leaving anytime soon and figured I could at least take a look at the corset.

Walking slowly. I approached it. It reminded me of bridal wear, with it's pure white lace over white mesh and ribs. It even featured tiny pale blue 'forget me not' flowers made from satin. Each stocking clip had one and the shoulder straps had them too.

A small sign under it informed me that it was the last one in stock and was priced low. A red line through the original price. Black ink told me the current price. A price still out of my budget. Especially as I had already spent all my spare money yesterday.

"Oh wow. That is STUNNING, are you going to try it on?" Kelly said as she stepped over to me and looked at the corset. Her arms full of things she was interested in.

"No... it's a bit too much for me. I'm out until I get paid." I replied.

Like she was magically summoned. The tall redhead was instantly there.

"I'll tell you what. Try it on and if it fits, I'll put it aside for you to pick up after you get paid. I'll even knock off another ten percent." She interjected with a smile.

Kelly squealed in delight.

"Go ON Sarah. That's such a deal." She exclaimed. Her eye for a bargain and her knowledge of how much this kind of thing normally cost making her a bit hyper.

I very much wanted it now that I had seen it up close. I half suspected it would fit perfectly, As the saleswoman had sized me up yesterday. Picking out my yellow corset with ease.

"Okay." I agreed and felt myself beaming. Temptation one. Sarah nil.

As the shop assistant took the Corset off its hanger and handed it to me. Kelly raced off to the changing rooms. Eager to try on her stuff. I made to follow her but was stopped by a gentle hand on my shoulder.

"This one over here has a better mirror." The woman said as she guided me towards a side room that I hadn't noticed. It had a long curtain in front of it.

"Oh... okay." I said as she opened the curtain to reveal a luxury changing area that was tastefully decorated. Held two comfortable chairs for patrons and a small dais for people to show off on. Three large full-length mirrors stood around the raised platform. Allowing for perfect viewing of people's choices.

"Take your time. I think your friend will be awhile." She said with a smile before leaving me. Drawing the curtains closed behind her and presumably going to tend to the shop floor.

That smile had held something. I briefly wondered if she was going to try and seduce Kelly the way she had me. I shook my head at the notion. Surely not with me so close. That would really be risky and a tacky thing to do.

I undressed quickly and was soon in just the tiny sheer panties I had chosen that morning. They were white and would match the corset that I was now very keen on trying on.

It took a while to wriggle into. I had to loosen the laced-up front before it would fit over my hips.

Once it was on though. It was easy to tighten and tie with a bow that hung between my breasts. The corset's cups fitted perfectly. Supporting and separating my tits in a pleasing way.

The see-through lacy pattern hardly hid my pale pink areola and darker nipples. Yet it still looked far more decent than the overly sexy yellow one I already had.

My stockings were black and didn't match. I clipped them in place anyway and put my shoes back on before I stood to take a good look at myself in the three mirrors. Mirrors that allowed me to see my back and front without having to contort myself.

I struck a few poses. Liking what I saw more and more. It didn't just fit well. It fitted perfectly and while I could see my nipples through the material and my golden pubes under my mostly transparent panties. I didn't mind one bit.

"Very nice." A voice purred.

"Hey." I objected as I saw the redheaded woman eyeing me up and down, the curtains open.

She smiled that naughty smile of hers as she walked to me. Ignoring my objection as she held up a pair of white stockings in one hand and white high heels in the other.

"Seen it all... made love to it too." She grinned as she said it. Bending to unclip my stockings.

My mouth opened and closed like a fish. Unable to find the right words.

"I'm Elle... sit and put these on." She told me and I found myself sitting on a high-backed chair while looking up at her with wide eyes.

"Oh dear... wake up." She laughed as she handed me the white stockings.

I blinked and then nodded. Shook my head to clear it a bit before accepting them.

"How... erm... how are you doing this to me?" I asked a bit stupidly.

"Doing what? I'm just showing you how attracted I am to you. The rest is all YOU." She said with a warm smile as she watched me discard my black stockings and then roll the white ones up my legs.

It was then that I realised she was right. I had wanted her to see me in this. When she had told me to sit. I had wanted to do that too. I had very much felt a desire for her to see me dressed like I was about to be.

Putting on the white heels. I stood and looked her in the eyes.

"I'm not gay, but I liked what we did... Elle." I told her. feeling a need to be honest and try her name out. All while voicing a truth I hadn't fully admitted until a said it.

She came closer. Her lips brushed mine in a chaste but very pleasant kiss.

"I know... now, how about you stop being rude and tell me your name too." She breathed out huskily but also with a smile.

Tentatively. I reached for her neck. Pulling her back for another kiss.

She allowed it and parted her lips slightly. Allowing me to slip my tongue against hers.

"Sarah. My names Sarah." I breathed into her mouth as our lips moved together in slow multiple kisses.

She smiled as she pulled free. Her breathing a little quicker. Mine too.

"Nice to meet you Sarah. But we don't have time for what you want. Not today." She said. I detected a hint of regret in her tone.

I laughed self-consciously.

"I know that. Gosh, I'm not some sex crazed nympho." I replied with a blush. Feeling embarrassed at her assumption I was wanting a rerun of yesterday.

She smiled and nodded her head.

"Neither am I. What happened between us was a first for me too... or did you think I fuck all my customers?" she told me with a wink.

Slightly flustered. I shrugged. I didn't know what to think. I felt confused.

"I don't know. Everything has been happening so fast lately. Some things in my life have changed recently and I'm feeling a bit lost." I admitted.

"Perhaps we could exchange numbers? Maybe go out together for a drink later?" she asked. Her tone slightly unsure. Her face suddenly changing. Her expression almost shy, as if she was a little frightened. "It might help to talk. I have some experience with confusing thoughts and situations." She added.

"Okay. I think I would like that." I replied. My face flushing too as I accepted. It felt odd yet right. Even though I had never thought of dating another woman, I wanted to see where this would go.

Elle and I exchanged numbers. I think both of us were slightly nervous. She knew from yesterday that I hadn't been with a girl until her.

"Oh. That looks so pretty on you!" exclaimed Kelly. Causing me to jump away from Elle. We had been standing very close. Gazing into each other's eyes. Both unsure what we were doing. Yet aware of an attraction that was pulling us together.

Elle recovered faster than me. Smoothly stepping to the side and gesturing at me as if I was a model.

"Doesn't she look fabulous in it?" she asked Kelly with a sales pitch voice.

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Kelly and I left the shop in a hurry. Between her paying for a whole heap of items, me having to wriggle out of the tight corset and get dressed again. We had used up most of our hours lunch break.

Both of us had to walk fast back to work. Missing out on actually eating anything.

"You know, I think that is the best shopping trip I have ever had Sarah. The discounts that we got were amazingly good." Kelly enthused as we got back.

I couldn't do much but agree. Yet I felt a bit guilty. Elle had given Kelly the same discount she had given me. While I appreciated the generosity. I was aware that couldn't leave Elle with much of a profit.

"Well. It was probably a slow day. I doubt we would get the same if we went again." I hedged. Trying to discourage Kelly from expecting such again.

"For sure. There is no way that place could keep going at those prices. Though, we DID pick from the sales rack. I doubt she would have given us anything off those new items." Kelly agreed instantly. Much to my relief.

"We should probably stay away. It's just too tempting. I certainly can't afford to shop there." I added.

Kelly smirked.

"Oh. There is definitely something tempting there." She said.

I looked at her expression and felt my tummy drop.

"I'm not sure what you are implying?" I asked.

She gave me a slow wink.

"I think I know why you look different. And it's nothing to do with a guy." She replied.

I felt my face flush all over again.

"What are you talking about?" I asked. But I knew. Kelly must have noticed the way Elle and I had been looking at each other.

But Kelly dropped a bigger bombshell.

"Oh, nothing other than you are snogging her... yup... I saw. Didn't know you were into girls. But hey, that's cool." She said with a slight giggle.

"You saw?"

Kelly grinned and nodded.

"Kinda hot." She said with another wink.

I felt very warm. Stifled.

"Can we not talk about it?" I requested.

I didn't want to even begin to explain. I didn't know myself what was going on.

Kelly looked at me and then shrugged.

"Okay. But you will have to tell me all about it soon. I'm Dying with curiosity as to how you two met." She half agreed to stop talking about it.

"Thanks." I said sincerely. Grateful that she had agreed. Kelly was the closest thing to a real friend here. All my friends lived up north and I hadn't gone out much since moving here.

For the rest of the day we worked in silence. It seemed that Kelly was watching me like a cat did a mouse. Clearly, she was thinking about what she had witnessed and couldn't let it go.

At the end of the day, I packed up my things in a rush and left without saying goodbye to anyone.

The five thirty bus was a tad late. Which was good, as I didn't get to the bus stop until five forty. I managed to catch it, just as it was about to leave.

I rode it home while looking at my phone. Wondering if I should send Elle a text message. Hoping she would message me first.

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It was well after six by the time I got home.

Feeling a bit sick. I took a long shower and then sat on my sofa, wrapped in my robe, sipping from a mug of tea.

Too much was happening. I was trying to deal with discovering my odd desire for sexually embarrassing situations and whatever it was between Elle and me.

My brain felt overwhelmed. My head was spinning, and my tummy felt unsettled. I kept looking at my phone, hoping for a message from Elle. I even picked it up a few times and tried to work up the nerve to message her.

Each time I did. I felt sick from nerves and put it back down. Too afraid to do what I knew I wanted to do.

I attempted to read my favourite book. But ended up glaring at the same page. Unable to focus on the words. The TV was even worse. The sound grated on my nerves until I had to switch it off.

Masturbating had always been something I did quite often. Yet I couldn't.

Frustrated beyond endurance. Not just mentally but sexually too.

I went to my wardrobe and flung it open. Pulling out my running clothes. Intent on jogging off the dizzying thoughts that kept jumbling my brain.

Dressing in sports bra and plain knickers, then a tracksuit top.

I had to rummage out a pair of running shorts. The waistband of my usual running pants still not fixed.

It didn't take me long to get outside. Normally I would have walked to the riverbank. That evening I ran as soon as I was out my door. Pushing my body to go faster. Needing to lose myself within the faster pace.

My long legs soon settled into a steady yet rapid rhythm. My breathing found the right cadence. My mind settled as I ran.

My normal route was too short. So, I bypassed the first bridge and ran on.

The sun was setting as I passed the second bridge. The streetlights on the far bank begun to flicker on.

By the third bridge, my mind had calmed. I crossed it and allowed myself to start thinking again.

Masturbating had always been my release. I was aware I did it more than most people did. That had never bothered me too much.

Yet now, I was finding it harder to do. Ever since the accident with my pants. I was finding it harder to get off unless I could embarrass myself. Humiliation seemed to be a catalyst. That or danger of being caught.

There had been a moment with Elle. The kissing in the white corset. I realised that part of what had excited me was the thought of Kelly catching me doing it.

The fact that she had was mortifying in some ways. Yet as I thought about it. I felt a very familiar tingle.

I slowed my pace.

My eyes scanned the area I was running along. Cars passed by on the road next to me. Flickering under the lights and between the trees. Trees that lined the space between road and the path upon which I ran.

I looked over my shoulder. No one was behind me and there wasn't anyone ahead. The riverbank was clear of potential witnesses.

I slowed to a walk. Looking around and breathing steadily. A small excitement building inside me as I considered something new.

Some of the trees were quite large along this bank. Creating deep and very dark patches of shadow. I peered into one shadow as I walked under the tree's canopy. Even squinting, I could hardly see anything.

I walked off the footpath and touched the massive tree trunk.

"Will you hide me?" I asked the tree. Nervously biting my lower lip as I glanced around.

Still no one.

I wasn't sure if this was a good idea. But I couldn't help myself as I hooked my thumbs into both the waistband of my shorts and my knickers.

One more look around and then I did what would have been unthinkable a few days ago. I slide both shorts and knickers down to my ankles. Unzipped my top and lifted my sports bra. Exposing my tits and pussy.

My breathing quickened and my heart thumped in my chest as I touched myself.

Leaning my back against the tree. I looked around as I rubbed myself. One hand grinding and rubbing between my legs and the other grasping one of my tits.

I pulled and tweaked my nipples as I begun to masturbate.

Cool air made it feel even more daring. Caressing my exposed bits. Telling me more firmly that I was fucking myself in the open.

"Oh. OH fuck. This feels so good." I moaned softly.

The sound of my fingers working inside me was loud to my ears. They squelched in the silence by that river. The slow-moving waters made little sound. Only the odd passing car quashed the sound of me finger fucking my now dripping wet cunt.

"Cunt... yummy cunt." I said in a daze. The filthy word turning me on even more.

I heard a dog bark in the distance. I ignored it. I no longer cared. I was too close to cumming.

My hips bucked as I orgasmed. The two fingers inside me seemed to get stuck as my pussy convulsed and gripped them. It felt wonderful as I jammed my fingers as deep as I could. Letting the orgasm roll through me.

I leaned against the tree. Breathless and spent. My cum slicked fingers still inside me.

I'm not sure how long I stayed like that. It wasn't until I came down fully that my senses returned.

"Oh god. I'm a total mess." I said softly as I pulled out of myself and looked around.

The pathway was still empty. But I could hear the yapping dog getting closer.

A twig snapped to my left.

Suddenly. Reality hit home.

I scrambled my shorts and knickers back up my legs and then pulled down my sports bra. Peering into the darkness in fright as I fled back to the path.

I saw nothing but felt a deep fear. This wasn't exactly a safe place for young girls to wander around. Only my frustration had forced me to run this far from my familiar route.

With that in mind. I ran again. Zipping up my top with fumbling fingers. Fingers still slicked with my own cum.

"Stupid... fucking stupid." I scolded myself as I ran faster. Aware that a girl had been raped last year along this riverbank. The rapist hadn't been caught.

It struck me. You never think it could be you. Not until you are alone and in the shadows. More so after what I had just done.

I upped my pace. Fleeing along the pathway until I almost collided with an old man and his dog.

I dodged around him and shouted an apology. His dog barked once. Probably as old as the man was. It didn't do more.

"OI." The old geezer shouted.

"Sorry." I yelled back again as I ran even faster.

"Stupid Girl." He yelled back.

I felt a twinge of guilt. I had been brought up to respect my elders.

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I woke to the alarm beeping on my phone.

I felt almost normal as I showered a few minutes after. Almost as if that late-night masturbation had satisfied me in some way that was undefinable.

"Okay. It's fucking official. I'm a freak." I told myself with a stupid grin as I looked into my bathroom mirror.

For some reason. I felt ok about it. Even if I was still a bit confused.

Elle still hadn't texted me or called. I checked after I was dressed and sighed in disappointment.

It wasn't as if I loved her. But I did want to know how I felt about her. That couldn't be solved without seeing her again.

Taking a firm grip of myself. I sent her a simple message.

Please. Don't get me wrong. I was scared shitless as I typed it out.

"Hi. It's me. Sarah. Do you remember me?" I sent. Half worried that it was a massive mistake.

My phone pinged within a second.

A smiley face emoji and a message appeared.

"How could I forget. I was getting worried. Can we meet?" was the reply.

I felt my pulse quicken and my tummy flip over. It was like the time Roger had first asked me to go out with him. And that had been when I was fifteen.

To say I felt like I was a teenager again would be an understatement. I felt far more anxious than I had back then when I replied.

"I'm working today. Can we meet after? Around six?" I sent back.

I held my breath. Too scared to breath as I waited agonising seconds. The ping on my phone let me exhale and gulp another. Again, I held my breath without realising it as I opened her reply.

"Come by the shop when you are done. I close at five, we can have a drink and talk."

It was followed by a smiling emoji and a kiss emoji.

I typed out a fast response.

We agreed to meet at her shop after I finished work. I felt both elated and unsure. Yet I wanted this badly. I needed to know if what had happened was a freak or if it was something more.

I dressed in the yellow corset and stockings. I looked at the panties and then shook my head. I didn't want to. I wanted to feel sexy. So, I didn't put them on and wore a pale cotton blouse that didn't show what I was wearing under it. A simple black skirt and a matching business jacket over everything.

For the first time. I was going commando to work. It felt crazy and stupid. It also felt fantastic.

At work. The day started normally. We had a coffee break around ten thirty and Kelly sidled up to me.

"Hi... erm... I'm sorry about yesterday." She said with sincerity.

I looked at her in confusion. All she had done was catch me and embarrass me. None of which had been her fault.

"Why? You didn't do anything?" I asked.

"Yeah. Yeah, I did. I pried and... well... it's your life. I'm sorry I pushed." She said contritely.

I felt a well of emotion.

I took her hand and squeezed it.

"I don't have any friends here... Thanks." I told her.

She smiled and nodded.

"If you want one. I think it would be really cool." She told me. Her smile tentative.

"we were already close to being that." I replied and then hugged her.

"Friends?" she laughed out as she hugged me back.

"Friends." I agreed firmly with a smile.

We laughed and then giggled like schoolgirls.

"Okay. First order of being friends. I don't push unless you want me to." She said. Grinning.

I rolled my eyes but nodded. She knew a bit. I wasn't that comfortable with her yet.

"And you're pushing." I told her with a laugh.

Kelly giggled.

"I know. I can't help it... Still friends?"

I nodded.

"yes. I'm not THAT shallow." I replied.

"Great. Just one thing." She said with a small blush.

"And?" I asked. Suddenly feeling a fear in my gut.

Kelly saw my expression and shook her head quickly.

"No. nothing bad. I just wanted to say... you know... for clarity, I'm not into girls like you... so... erm... JUST friends... okay?" she explained quickly.

At first, I felt relief. Then I processed what she was saying.

"Okay... just so you know. I'm not gay either. What you saw wasn't what you think. I'm still confused about it." I explained.

She laughed and grinned.

"Okay... So, just like the rest of us. You are finding your feet?"

"Fucked if I know." I lamented with a half-hearted laugh.

Kelly squeezed my fingers gently.

"I had a girlfriend. It didn't work out. I like cock too much." She said gently.

"Annnnnddddd... that's an over share." I said.

She giggled and shook her head.

"Sarah. I think you are repressed."

"Am not." I argued.

Kelly rolled her eyes.

"Take a look around. Not sure why yet. But since yesterday, every guy in this office has been checking you out... Go on... make eye contact with any of them." She said with a grin.

"Are you nuts?" I whispered.

"Not sure. Jury is still out." She laughed and then gestured at Tim. "him. Catch his eye." She said with a giggle.

"No. this is silly." I said. My face flushing as I turned away.

Kelly looked at me and nodded.

"See? repressed?... almost frigid."

"I am not frigid." I hissed under my breath.

"Okay. Not frigid. But repressed. Don't you ever think about sex?... aside from with girls?" she asked. Clearly confused about me.

We were friends now. Proper friends, but I didn't feel comfortable enough to explain that I thought about sex all the time. That I had recently been thinking of nothing but sex.

We talked a bit longer after I told her to drop it.

The day passed quickly and at lunch Kelly and I walked to the café. We didn't stop at the lingerie store this time and Kelly was good enough to not mention it again.

When my day was finished. Kelly and I parted on the street outside our office's main entrance. She waved to me as she got into a taxi. I waved back and then headed down the high street. Intent on keeping my date with Elle.

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I looked up and down the street.

EVERY nerve in my body felt alive as I rested my hand on the door handle.

The sign on the door said the shop was closed.

Nervously. I pressed the buzzer.

"Hi. Erm. It's me." I said into the intercom.

A buzz and click sounded. My hand pressed down and the door opened.

"On your left. Come up." Shouted Elle.

I looked to my left. The store was semi dark. But it wasn't hard to see a staircase that led upwards.

With a gulp. I went for it.

The stairs were old and a bit creaky. I walked up them and found myself in a large open plan living space. Elle was in a kitchenette area. A bottle of wine in one hand and two glasses in the other. She smiled when she saw me and walked towards me. She wore a pale-yellow dress that clung to her like a second skin. Like before, she looked elegant and beautiful.

"Hi." She greeted me.

I said hello back. Feeling very nervous. She looked so amazing and in control.

We sat next together on a wide sofa as she poured the wine.

Our conversation was tentative at first. She asked about me. I asked about her. It felt stilted and stiff. Both of us suddenly to afraid to talk about what had been happening between us.

Elle wasn't that much older than me. Twenty-five at the most. I realised she was just as on edge as I was. Our conversation soon petered out into an uncomfortable silence. We both gulped our wine and I looked around her place.

"So, you live up here. Above the shop?" I asked. Purely to fill the silence.

"Yes. Daddy bought me the shop and I moved in to get out of the house." She said and then lapsed back into silence.

I sipped my wine and fidgeted with the hem of my skirt.

Elle suddenly sighed and shook her head.

"This is daft." She declared and took my hand. Looking into my eyes. "we fucked. We liked it. We should talk about that. Don't you think?" she said. Taking the bull by the proverbial horns.

I let out a nervous laugh and nodded.

"Isn't it crazy? The way things happened. I'm so confused, you were so confident before and now you seem as nervous and frightened as I am." I replied.

Elle raised my hand to her lips. She kissed my fingertips.

"I get like that. All go one minute and then after I've done something bold. It hits me later that it might have all gone wrong." She explained.

"So, when you seduced me in the changing room?" I asked.

Elle shrugged.

"I just went for it. I thought you were so hot. I was wet just looking at you... Honestly, I wasn't even thinking when I first walked into the changing room." She admitted.

"I've had a hard time thinking lately." I told her truthfully.

She nodded and tilted her head.

"So, you really haven't been with a girl before?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"No, it's always been boys for me. Not that I can't see a girl and say she's pretty. But until now... I've never been attracted to one sexually." I answered.

She smiled and moved closer.

"That's nice. Nice to know you find me sexually attractive." She purred. Her tone becoming slightly throaty.

It was like a switch had been flipped inside her. Suddenly, she was the seductive woman I had first met. Her eyes practically glowed as she gazed into mine. Her lips parted a little. Her tongue flicked over her upper lip. Making it glisten.

I gulped and couldn't speak as she leaned in. Her lips brushed mine. I found my mouth opening as she did it again. This time it was more than a brush. She kissed me slowly. I kissed her back.

We pressed together. I could feel her stiff nipples, through the thin material of her dress and my blouse as we kissed. Our breasts squished together. Our hands sliding over our bodies. Exploring and caressing.

We broke our kiss. I smiled nervously and she smiled back. Her fingers went to the buttons of my blouse. Wordlessly. She began to undress me, and I made no move to stop her.

Her eyes never left mine as she stripped me naked. I didn't do much to help except raise my hips as she took off my skirt. She smiled when she saw I wasn't wearing knickers. The corset slipped off with ease, she rolled off my stockings and took off my shoes.

The room felt cool now that I was totally nude. My nipples felt a breeze and I noticed her windows were open. The curtains drawn back. If anyone was in the building opposite. They would be able to see me. The thought turned me on.

She stood and held out her hand. Neither of us spoke as I accepted it and let her pull me to my feet. I followed her to her bedroom and let her push me onto her bed.

I watched as she reached behind herself and unzipped her dress. It slid down her body smoothly and pooled around her feet. She wore nothing beneath it. She smiled as she crawled onto the bed.

The spell broke for a second as she kissed her way up my body. Starting with my tummy, moving up towards my breasts. Small nibbling kisses that made me very wet.

"I... I thought we were going to talk." I stammered out. Partially finding my voice.

"Later." She purred and then licked around my right nipple. Eliciting a small gasp of pleasure from me as she then flicked her tongue over its sensitive and erect tip.

That was it for conversation. She reached my mouth and kissed me deeply. I responded lustily. Our mouths mashed together in passion. Soon my world was spinning as her fingers found my pussy and mine found hers.

We fucked for a long time. Grinding, gasping and moaning. She taught me a lot within that time. I loved every second of it. We were both sweaty and exhausted by the time we orgasmed together. Our pussies grinding against each other. Slick with our juices as we shuddered and came at the same time.

After. We lay on her bed facing one another. I was smiling and couldn't stop touching her. She was doing the same to me. Light caresses along my flank and hips.

"Do you want to talk now?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"Later." I echoed her earlier words. All I wanted right then was to look at her and touch her.

She smiled and kissed me softly.

"Okay." She agreed.

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Over the next few weeks. Elle and I got closer. We fucked most days but also talked a great deal. We had a lot in common and I found that she was wonderful to chat with.

The sex was always good. But Elle soon realised that something was missing.

After about a month. She confronted me about it.

"Sarah. You know how much I like you. But it's never been the same as that first night at my place? It's like you need something that I'm not giving you." She asked as we lay in my bed. Her fingers were idly playing with the curly hairs of my pussy.

I looked away. I wanted to tell her about my recently discovered secret need. The need to expose myself or masturbate in public places.

When Elle wasn't with me. I had continued to go down to the river and masturbate under a tree or in some secluded spot at night.

"It's not something I'm very comfortable talking about." I admitted.

She tilted her head as she rose up on an elbow.

"You can tell me anything. I won't judge you... I think... I think I'm falling for you." She told me.

I knew things with Elle couldn't get any deeper if I didn't explain. I wanted them to and decided she had to know. If we were going to be a couple, she deserved the truth.

So, I told her. I told her everything. About how that first time in the changing room and in her flat above the shop. Both times had held an element of risk. Her open windows. The changing room. I even admitted to masturbating down by the river.

She kissed me after my admission and then giggled naughtily.

"That sounds so fucking HOT. Let's do it together." She said. Her eyes glittering.

"Really? You don't think I'm a freak?" I asked.

She shook her head and hauled me out of bed.

"God no. everyone has some kind of kink and yours is making me wet just thinking about it. Let's go. Let's go to the river and fuck." She gleefully giggled out. Pulling me out of my bedroom and towards the door.

I laughed and shook my head.

"We just fucked." I objected.

"So what? You like seconds as much as I do. Only this time it will be outside... yummy." She tittered as she grabbed my coat and hers.

I couldn't fight her enthusiasm and didn't really want to.

Within a few minutes we were running hand in hand. Giggling like schoolgirls as we raced towards the riverbank.

Elle looked up and down the riverbank and then grinned at me.

"Where do you usually do it?" she asked.

I pointed to a large tree. "That ones the best. You can see the boats, but its branches hide me... Partially... It's quite risky, I've nearly been caught a couple of times." I told her. Wanting her to understand that we could be caught.

Elle undid her coat and ran to the tree. Turning before she got under the branches. She held her coat wide open. Flashing me her naked body. Wiggling her hips and giggling.

I was incredibly turned on by the sight. There was a full moon and her pale complexion gleamed in its glow. I ran to her. Undoing my coat as I went.

She flung her arms around me as I reached her. Our naked fronts pressed together as we kissed and fondled naked tits and bare pussies. Her fingers dipped inside my soaking wet slit. Making me gasp in pleasure.

We frigged each other right there. Not even hiding under the tree. Both of us so turned on and needy in our passion.

I gasped and moaned. Holding her tight as I finger fucked her too. We broke our kissing and watched down the pathway. Her looking over my shoulder and me looking the other way.

It felt incredible. So risky and exposed.

"Fuck. This is so hot." She gasped out in a half whimper as I curled my fingers to reach her G spot.

I kissed her neck and nodded. Unable to say anything. She had me so close to cumming.

The orgasm ripped through me like a hurricane. My whole body convulsed; my cunt contracted around her fingers. Pulling them even deeper.

"Unnnggggg." I cried out loudly as my hips bucked and my legs trembled.

Elle came too. Juices gushing out of her as she shuddered as much as I was.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck." She moaned as she orgasmed.

We rested our heads on one another's shoulders. Totally spent and holding each other up.

Time passed slowly as we breathed heavily. Trying to catch our breath. Holding onto each other and shaking slightly. Our legs wobbly.

"That. That was amazing." I breathed out after a while.

Elle nodded. Too tired to reply.

Together. We did up our coats and walked back to my apartment. Her hand in mine.

I knew then that it wouldn't be the last time we did this. We had found a new high. Elle and I were perfect together.

The end...