**Alexis Vignettes**

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Three memories of her at the cabin...

**i. Short Little Skating Skirt**

On a winter afternoon, I went down into the dale behind the cabin, to the frozen pond, to watch Alexis practise her figures. She was 19 at the time. We kept the pond shoveled and in usable shape. We'd set up a bench on one side and sunk a fire pit into the ground during the previous summer.

Alexis had left the cabin wearing her sweat pants, her white, woolen, corded turtleneck sweater, matching pair of woolen gloves, and carrying her white figure skates. Once at the pond, she sat down on the bench and pulled off her boots and socks, into her bare feet.

Normally she would wear her sweat pants, but the weather that day was merely cold, rather than freezing. So she pulled off her sweat pants to reveal her really short skating skirt -- blue, A-line, pleated and bouncy. That day, she didn't wear any tights, but kept her legs bare and wore tiny, white lace panties under her little skirt. She slipped her bare feet into her skates and laced them up tight. The she got up and glided out onto the ice.

Alexis' skating skirt barely covered her behind, and her panties rode up, so some of her bare cheeks were showing as the wind toyed with the hem of her skirt. She practised double lutz jumps and sit spins for a few minutes. I watched from the bench and listened to the crisp sound of her blades cutting the ice. When I next saw up her skirt, I could see that the spins had pulled her panties up between her cheeks. She didn't seem to notice that her bum was now mostly bared whenever her tiny skirt flipped up.

But she had noticed, and came skating over to the bench, muttering under her breath. "My panties are too tight," she said as she sat down on the bench, slipped them down her bare thighs and off over her skates. She dropped them, crumpled in a ball, on the ice and skated back out to resume her practice.

Now as she skated, the wind would lift her little skirt up to reveal she was bare underneath, especially when she skated backward. The chilly winter air swirled around her bare legs, fluttering the pleats up and down, her bareness winking in and out of view. Then she fell, and slid across the ice.

Her skirt was crumpled up around her hips, and as she slowly got up, I could see her vulva. Melting ice ran down her sex in little rivulets -- as well as off her bare thighs and bum. She wiped herself with her gloves, pouted at me, and skated over to the bench, rubbing her bottom.

Then she lay back in the snowbank, still wearing her ice skates and skirt, spread her legs and looked at me in that special way. I could see her breath in the chilly air as she panted.

**ii. Tiny Skirt With Bare Feet and Raspberries**

The first summer at the cabin was when Alexis was 18. One morning, she came down to the dock by the pond, where I was sitting. Her hair was in a pony tail and she had on a white, off-the-shoulder top that revealed her bare shoulders with no bra. She was wearing a black, short, flared mini skirt that rode higher on the back of her hips than at the front. That and the outward flare of the pleats, plus her bare legs, made it look extra short and spritely when it bounced as she walked. She had a handful of raspberries she had just picked on the way down from the cabin, and stuck them in her mouth one after the other like a happy six year old. She was oblivious to what I could hear as I listened intently to the sounds her mouth made as she ate them.

As she ate, she stood up on her tiptoes, straightening her legs, and gazed out over the pond. I stared at her arched soles. She was in bare feet, and her soles were completely dirty from walking across the mud by the pond. Her wrinkled bare soles were covered in wet mud, and blades of grass were stuck underneath her toes. A breeze caught the hem of her skirt at the back and gently flared it up and away from her bare thighs. I leaned forward to try and see up her skirt and find out if she was wearing any panties. The hem fluttered, and I caught flashes of her bare cheeks. She sat down on the edge of the dock, her skirt briefly floating up and then down as she crouched. She fanned out the skirt's hem behind her as she sat down, placing her behind directly on the wooden dock. Her dirty bare feet had left tracks of mud the length of the dock, and she sat right down in them, the mud on the wood now pressing against her bare hips. She extended her legs out in front of her and arched her bare feet, keeping her legs straight and pointing her toes together to form a small pinnacle. She kept her bare feet arched and lined up together, keeping her delicate toes pointed, and dabbled them in the water. I listened to the quiet splashing as she cleaned her dirty feet. Her toes brushed against each other, hissing gently as wet, bare skin brushed against wet, bare skin.

My eyes traveled from her dabbling, rubbing feet, up her taut calves and to her thighs. Her top had hitched up over her bare, flat stomach and her skirt hem inched up higher, creeping up her bare thighs. Keeping her feet arched, and her toes pointed, she drew up her knees toward her chest and the breeze billowed her skirt out at the sides, revealing the mud smears on her upper thighs -- and much, much more. When she could see that I saw, she popped the last raspberry in her mouth, pulled me into her, and kissed me with raspberry juice on her lips and raspberry pulp still on her impatient tongue. Then she took my hand, rubbed it against the mud on her thighs, and then guided it up against her slippery, wet spot. She was just 18, and I was much too old for her.

**iii. Little Pleated Cheer Skirt**

Alexis had moved in with me the day after her 19th birthday. I helped unpack her stuff and found a white, pleated cheerleader skirt with black and gold banding, along with a matching sweater. Alexis smiled when she saw me hold it up. "I wore that on the cheer squad at school," she said, "I guess you want to see me in it?" I just handed it to her and she jumped behind the door to put it on.

Her jeans crumpled to the carpet with a clink of belt buckle. A moment of fumbling. Then she stepped out, wearing the skirt and sweater, in her bare feet. The skirt was so short, Alexis had to tug it down low on her hips to cover her behind. "I've grown another inch," she laughed, reflexively covering her behind with her hands when I leaned over to try and see up the back.

"You must have enjoyed wearing that," I said. She nodded and smiled.

"I had a secret game I played," she whispered mischievously. "Do you want to hear about it?" I nodded and smiled back. She came over and sat down beside me, holding her skirt down, and pressed her body into mine. I began trailing my fingers along her bare legs while she whispered in my ear. She had that 19-year old way of whispering, pressing her warm, moist lips against my ear, breathing out through her nose, and letting her tongue touch me.

"On game days, all the cheerleaders had to wear their uniforms to class," she began. "At the game, we had to wear our flesh-coloured tights and spankies under the skirts, but during the day, in class, it didn't matter. So, I devised a way to get more guys out to the games, by wearing my cheer skirt with no panties.

"I guess I was a cheerleader because I loved it when all the guys looked at me in my skirt and tight sweater, jumping up and down, and I sure couldn't do this at the games. So I fulfilled my little fantasy this way. If you watched me enough, you could spot the days when I wore nothing underneath: I kept my hair down and my legs bare. I also didn't wear the ankle socks with my uniform shoes. That was my secret code.

"It was such a rush for me when I walked down the hall and felt my li'l skirt swishing around my bare legs and bare cheeks. I felt so bad and daring, but it felt so free. It wasn't as short on me as now, but wilikers, it was short, so I had to be careful to keep it brushed down at certain times. Sometimes I had to hold my breath to keep from losing my nerve, especially when going up the stairs.

"When I walked up the stairs, I'd have to be careful to go slow so that the pleats in the back wouldn't bounce so much, but guys behind me could still look up and see up my skirt to my bare tush. In class I would prop my feet up on the book rack under my chair so guys might see up under my thighs, and maybe see up to where my thighs met my cheeks and, um... other stuff.

"I'd get all hot and flushed, and feel this whooshing sensation in my ears whenever I'd see a guy staring fixedly under my skirt in class. It was the way his eyes would glaze over, and he'd stop being careful, in the hopes he'd catch a view of what maybe he thought he'd just seen. I'd start to cross and uncross my legs a lot, which would work my li'l skirt up higher. I'd get so wet, which could cause problems. I'd rub my thighs together, and stuff would get all slippery down there. If he was the right sort of guy, I'd quickly let him see. I'd chew on my pencil to keep my nerve. I'd be blushing hot red, and I could never meet his gaze once I'd opened my legs."

By this point, my ear was sopping from where she'd been whispering against it, and she'd been fighting my probing hand until finally she had to hold it firmly to stop me from slipping it under her cheer skirt. We both knew that would come next anyway.

There are other memories. I'll get to them.

**Alexis Vignettes Ch. 02**

One day, not long after Alexis had told me about her cheerleader skirt, she wore a short, grey skirt with wide, shallow pleats, and a tight, cream, henley top, while we went looking for "antiques." I hadn't seen the skirt before, but it was driving me crazy with the way it bounced as she walked.

"Where did you get that skirt?" I asked. I was watching the men we passed. They couldn't help but watch her skirt bounce too. Alexis snuggled in closer to my arm and giggled in that special way when she knew she was being watched.

"I found this at the bottom of my trunk, when I was unpacking my stuff at your place," she said. She paused. "It was the first skirt I wore to class without underwear."

We had stopped in the middle of the market, and now my undivided attention was on her. We stood by an iron railing, which I leaned back against, and drew in her into me. Her back was to the market stalls, and the wind was toying with the hem of her short short skirt.

"Tell me about this," I said, rather firmly. My hands slid down to the small of her back and pressed inwards, which I knew would make her bum push out. Alexis looked up at me with big wide eyes. She could tell a good story well.

"So." she said.

"I didn't put any panties on -- just slipped this skirt I'm wearing up my hips and buttoned it up at the waist. That felt weird and my heart was pounding. Then I stepped into my heeled sandals.

"I would have tested the skirt in the mirror, but I knew that going without panties wouldn't happen if I did. So I left, and I walked outside, and the sound of my heels on the pavement sounded like gunshots.

"I couldn't feel the back of my skirt since it flares off my hips. So I wasn't sure if the breeze was flipping it up too high, but I could feel the skirt shift around the top of my hips every time I moved or every time the wind blew. I was hyper aware of that. So if I felt cool air on my bare bum, I wouldn't know if it was because my skirt had flipped up. And the blood pounding in my ears -- my face was beet red! It wasn't until I was in the classroom and sitting that I could calm down. But then the next part began.

"The skirt was too short under me. It was the cold, plastic seat against my bare vulva that made me wet. And so I started to trickle all through class. I'd recross my legs and my bare tush would unstick and then restick to the plastic. This guy was watching me -- he had no idea what was happening underneath me. He was watching my heeled sandals, because I was letting my bare feet pop in and out of them and he seemed to like that.

"So I could deal with that, but I when leaned forward and back in my seat, it would go squish right underneath my bare vulva. I could feel my juice as my vulva mushy-kissed the plastic. It just made it worse. I was constantly slipping my bare feet out of my heels and pointing my bare toes because it felt really good down there. Which only made the guy stare at my feet more, so I guess he really liked that. So I started to arch my bare foot like a gymnast (my legs were crossed). Then I'd recross my legs slowly (squish) and I would arch my other bare foot. I would bring it up and let my pointed toes graze the chair in front of me. And his eyes kind of glazed over in this special way that made me really excited.

"So the embarrassing part. Class ended, and I got up. And this long, sticky tendril of my juice trailed out from my bare vulva, alllll the way down to the seat. I felt it first, and then turned and saw it as I reached for my jacket. And it wouldn't break when I jiggled. Then I caught a whiff of myself and I froze. I thought, oh shit! Who else can smell me? And yup, the guy saw the long tendril. So I kept moving, fast, and pretend not to see him. It finally broke when I turned to leave and it kind of gently snapped against my bare lips and tush."

As Alexis told me this, she leaned into me harder because she knew what she was going to feel. And sure enough she did. And while she spoke, my hands, which I'd pressed into her lower back, pinned her skirt at the top and moved upwards, inching her fluttering hem higher.

"Stand up on your toes," I finally said, "and push out your bum as you kiss me."