**Dressing for Strangers**

by[Katie\_did\_it](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=836885&page=submissions)©

This one started about four or five weeks after my first set of stories ended. And, if you've read my earlier tale(s) you will know that it took place my stories are from a time in my life about 7 years ago -- when I was just turning 21 and still attending university (UBC in Vancouver, Canada). At that point in my life I was still living in the sharing a room at UBC dorms at Thunderbird Park with my roommate Cheryl.   
  
Although I have since become a high school teacher, my initial interests at university had been in architecture and interior design, and it was one of my design class assignments which initiated this adventure.   
  
For those who haven't already read my stories, (or have already forgotten from the overload you get from pouring through the thousands of other stories on this site) a little about myself...  
  
I'm the classic 'medium-height-curly-blonde-haired-blue-eyed-cutie' that guys like to dream of (or so my guy likes to tell me). I'm 5'6, and back then I was quite athletic, with the hard body to match (I still keep myself in pretty good shape today -- but back then between running, soccer and volleyball I was in great shape). For the tit-men out there, I have 34B cup breasts with puffy brownish-pink nipples whose nubs seem to love poking out like hard little pencil erasers with the least amount of provocation. I've always kept my bush either very neatly trimmed, or shaved completely, and ever since my first oral encounter, I've kept my lips shaved bald. I'm told I have a nice ass -- though I've always though it was a bit too round, but what do I know. Oh, and I love sunbathing (nude, of course), I tan fairly easily (with SPF 10 applied liberally), and I keep my summer tan well into the fall too.   
  
So enough about me -- on to my encounter with a few perfect strangers...  
  
It had been about five weeks since I first began exploring my new-found sexuality. Although Keith (who was now my 'sort-of' boyfriend), and I had enjoyed a couple of great nights of love-making, and Cheryl and I continued to spend our weekday evenings sharing each other in our dorm room, I had not really done any further exploring with anyone else. Although I must admit I had done a little teasing around the campus, in some fairly skimpy clothing, I hadn't let it go anywhere. And I had made a few more afternoon trips to Wreck in September too -- but by October, nude sunbathing was over...   
  
Although the weather in Vancouver can be quite fickle -- sunny but cool, or warm and wet the biggest reason I hadn't done much of anything was the typical student dilemma of juggling a part-time evening job, maintaining a 'B' average in every class (in order to hang on to my scholarship), sleeping and still having a social life. It was the social life which lost out every time.   
  
I wasn't that I didn't have the need to do a little partying though -- indeed, I was aching to try something new or different. Several times, when I was alone in my dorm room, (when Cher was at work, or in class, and I was supposed to be studying) I found myself surfing the web gawking at nude pictures, reading about other's sexual adventures and getting myself off with the 'toy' Cher and I had bought for ourselves.   
  
Thursday's were a quiet day for classes for me -- only one class in the morning and then the rest of the day off. So, although I dreaded the additional workload of the assignment, a part of me was glad when the week before, our professor had given us a research assignment to do instead of spending this Thursday morning in class. The assignment was to study a local architect's work, and then provide both photographic evidence and an essay describing why his/her work was unique in some way. My choice had been simple -- I deeply admire Arthur Erickson's Vancouver Courthouse building for its wonderful use of natural light, glass and concrete and so decided to make this my project. The courthouse building is in the middle of the downtown core -- and because of the plentiful sitting areas, and glassed in sitting area it is also a favorite area for quite a few business people and secretaries to spend their lunch hour. By the time Thursday morning had rolled around, I had already written my essay and the only thing left was the pictorial portion.   
  
Ever since we had become lovers, Cher and I had slept 'spoon fashion' together in my narrow twin bed. As soon as the alarm sounded she rolled over and out of my arms after a sleepy kiss good morning. I knew she had a busy day ahead of her with classes early and all morning, then another later in the afternoon and then, on top of that, she had to work that night until 9PM at one of the local Starbuck's near campus.   
  
Although I was still a little sleepy (we had spent much of the previous evening in a very enjoyable 69 position, tasting, teasing and bringing each other to a series of wonderful climaxes) I was still delighted when she pulled the curtains open to reveal a glorious Fall morning. Although the forecast had been for warmer than normal temperatures, and sunny skies right through the weekend, in Vancouver you never really know until you pull open the drapes. Today, it looked like I wasn't going to be disappointed.  
  
The brilliant October sunshine light up the room, and served to remind me why I loved sleeping with Cheryl. Cheryl has a stunning body, her delicate facial features olive skin and black hair a reminder of her Southeast Asian father, and her gorgeous trim, but full body a reminder of her Caucasian mother.  
  
The light reflected off of her, and I drew my breath in at the sight of her -- that she gave herself to me fully to enjoy as I pleased, and that she sexually pleased me equally in return was (is, and remains to me) a blessing.  
  
She turned from the drapes and returned to the bedside, bending down she kissed me fully on the lips and I allowed my hands to roam over the soft smooth skin of her full breast. Her nipples popped to attention at my touch, (as I knew they would), and her tongue snaked into my mouth. I knew if I slid my hand down to her mound it would be wet, and I also knew I would make her late for class. She must have read my mind, because she withdrew from my reach at almost the same time, slightly breathless and flushed, "Damn, I'd love to spend the day with Katie, but I can't...".   
  
"I know Cher, but don't forget to hurry home."  
  
With that she playfully slapped by bare butt a little harder than normal and then turned away. She grabbed her robe from the hook she hung it on, slung it on quickly, and then grabbed her toiletry bag and towel and headed for the showers down the hall from our dorm room.  
  
I stretched in bed luxuriously, arching my back while simultaneously putting my hands over my head and bracing my feet against the end. Although my ass still tingled from her slap, I was a little surprised by the different kind of tingle that I felt in my pussy from the slap. Our brief but sexy kiss had already dampened me, but I felt a distinct rush of pleasure the moment I felt Cher's had on my backside...  
  
I slid my hand down to my pussy, and touched my clit with my forefinger. I closed and indulged in my latest fantasy, doing this same act in front of a crowd of people. Ever since Keith had gotten me off in a local pub, while (unannounced to me until afterwards) a waitress had watched, I had found myself imagining the same scenario in dozens of different settings. On a beach, at a park, on a bus, in a bar -- you name it I had fantasized about it. It didn't take long for my fingers to hit the required rhythm, and I found myself shaking in self induced orgasmic pleasure.   
  
I was in the middle of bringing myself to yet another peak when Cheryl returned from the shower. I heard the door open and close, but I never paused for a second, instead I imagined Cheryl had brought someone with her... I squealed and shook with pleasure as a lightening bolt of pleasure ripped through me. Finally, I opened my eyes, to see Cheryl standing there, gaping, laughing lightly and shaking her head. "Katie, you are unbelievable!" she said smiling, "Now I get to spend the rest of the day remembering your gorgeous little pussy wet and wide open and your body shaking wildly while you make yourself cum. I am going to be wet all day now, you little shit!"  
  
As she was talking, she disrobed in front of me -- her body gloriously free of any hair, her pouting pussy lips a mere arms length from me. I rolled over on my side and watched her get dressed -- she did so slowly, making sure she when she sat on the computer chair she spread her legs open to me. Her lips parted and the glistening wetness deep within her revealed itself to me. I took pleasure in knowing I had turned her so quickly and completely.  
  
As soon as she was out the door, I rolled out of bed myself. Instead of wearing my heavier robe to the shower, I slipped on a light, pale yellow silk one which Keith had bought for me as a gift after our weekend with him and the guys. The show-off in me loved it, as it barely came to my ass and clung to my body revealing every curve and bump.  
  
I loosely tied it around my waist with the broad shiny sash it came with, allowing it to remain open in a deep V all the way down to a few inches above my navel. I grabbed my shower toiletries and as I was feeling particularly naughty today already, I 'accidentally, on purpose' forgot my towel. I felt giddy just thinking about showing myself off to another dorm resident.  
  
The shower stalls were a little busy this morning -- with only one open when I got there.  
  
I immediately stepped in, pulled the privacy drape three quarters closed, slipped off my robe and turned on the shower. I let the hot spray soak me down. Sitting down on the built-in bench in the shower, I got out my shaving equipment and set to work on my legs and then my pussy making sure of two things: One, that as often as I could I kept glancing out the gap in the shower stall curtain (to see if anybody was trying to sneak a peek); and two, that I shaved my entire mound and lips completely smooth.  
  
Sure enough, as I finished I glanced up through the shower mist through the gap and into one of the mirrors' above the sinks (opposite the showers), just in time to catch the eye of a ginger-blonde, who appeared to sneaking a peek at my body. I pretended not to notice her watching, and instead stood and set about washing my hair. Finally done, I turned off the water, and then stepped out of the shower to the cramped dressing area immediately inside the curtain.   
  
Without a towel, I feigned surprise with a curse, "Damn!'. Almost immediately, I hear the blonde outside offer a "What's the matter?"  
  
I had intentionally already slipped the robe over my shoulders, and in my wetness it was rapidly becoming completely transparent. Rivulets of water coursing from my wet hair only increased this condition and I felt my usual sexual rush starting from the thought of exposing myself -- even if it was just in a shower room.  
  
Not bothering to close the robe I pulled the shower drape open completely and stepped out, my now bald pussy on complete display. The girl who had been sneaking peaks now turned to face me and I was surprised to see it was none other than the waitress from the pub from several weeks ago. My rush intensified, although I was sopping wet from the shower, my clit was a little wetter already.  
  
"Oh, it's ah... you... I forgot my towel this morning," I announced as I stepped out, "look at this, I'm soaked."  
  
She leaned back against the sink. "I'm looking," she said somewhat quietly, "I'm looking." Her lips curled into a smile as she recognized me, and then continued, "It seems to me though you probably planned this from the start, didn't you?"   
  
I glanced around and realized we were now all alone in the bathroom. The others who had been here when I arrived had left. I looked past this sexy blonde thing in front of me and into the mirror. I was pleased with what I saw. My robe continued to get wetter from my hair dripping down, the darkness of my nipples were clearly visible through the wet material, and they were poking out like bullets. I lowered my eyes and took in the view down below -- because I hadn't pulled my robe closed, as I planned my slightly parted pussy lips were in full view. I pulled my eyes from myself, and scanned the beauty in front of me.  
  
She was wearing a cotton robe, most of her curly ginger-blonde hair was now piled above her head, as if she was getting ready for her shower -- in doing so she revealed her absolutely gorgeous neckline decorated with a few loose strands of hair and single gold chain. Oh, how I wanted to lean forward and kiss it...   
  
She looked as sexy as hell!  
  
"You really, really like showing yourself, don't you?" She smiled, and then coolly observed, "Oh, I remember you alright, you and your friend were with those guys in the pub a few weeks ago. How could I forget -- it isn't everyday I see a girl getting finger-fucked by her boyfriend. Especially when she's got her legs spread right in front of me."   
  
She continued smiling at me, I still hadn't answered her the first time, so she repeated herself more directly, "I really don't think you actually forgot your towel this morning either, in fact I'd be willing to bet you came without it on purpose, didn't you?"  
  
Believe it, or not, I actually blushed a little at the thought of now being confronted by someone who had seen at least a part of that first crazy weekend. At first I thought about explaining myself, and then I realized, 'what could I possibly explain away...' Instead I slowly began to smile, and then shrugged, "Guilty, as charged. What can I say, I'm an exhibitionist through, and through... I had no idea if anyone would see me though, but I was hoping to surprise someone. I just wasn't expecting it to be someone who's already seen me do a lot more than just get wet in a shower."  
  
Then, more boldly, I continued, "But you don't seem to mind too much do you? After all, you were watching me in the mirror for quite a while, weren't you?"   
  
Now it was her turn to blush a little. Then she laughed aloud "Caught! Damn, I thought you didn't see me!"  
  
"Oh, I saw you all right, I just didn't realize it was you! I've forgotten your name from the other night, but mine's Katie." I stuck my hand out in greeting. "I guess you have me pretty much pegged... What can I say, I love showing off my body?"  
  
She took my hand in hers, but didn't shake, and didn't release it either, "Well Katie, some time when I have more time on my hands, than I do this morning, I think you and I are going to have to play some 'show and tell'. Oh, and I don't think we did introduce ourselves the other night -- I'm Gail."   
  
She still hadn't release my hand, and I made no move to let go, in fact I stepped a little closer, "Well, I think that would be fun... Although so far, I'm the only one showing" I said teasingly.   
  
Gail reached up with her free hand and tugged the tie of her robe, with that it dropped open. But she didn't stop there, instead she pulled one side of it back to reveal a nice C cup breast that was topped with a cute looking, hard pink nipple. She stopped there for a second and then pulled it closed again. "That enough of a show for you, Katie?" She continued, "You know I'd love to do more, but I can't, I have a class in half an hour and I still have to dry my hair." She let go of my hand.  
  
I moved a step closer to her. Now clearly invading her personal space, I slipped my free left hand and arm under her half-closed robe. My fingers slid across the soft smooth skin of her side and lower back.   
  
She responded immediately, letting go of her still loosely opened robe. Now she let go of my hand, and she wrapped her arms around my waist just above my ass. I slowly sexily moved my pelvis against her and whispered quietly 'Are you sure about your classes?' Her robe shifted open and I pressed my wet, silk covered body against her, I felt her hips respond to my second thrust as my wet nipples rubbed against her bare skin.  
  
I felt myself getting wetter by the second, my pussy was aching to be touched, and I sure she would say okay, but instead she backed off slightly from our hug and said in an unsteady voice, "Yeah, I'm sure, uh... I think..."   
  
Her hands slid from around me, but they did so they slid downwards too -- I felt her hand trail across my ass, just as it had that night at the pub -- this time though, there was far less material between her hand and my skin. Her breathing was a little rough, and she was flushed.   
  
"Gail, I don't think you really are sure you want me to stop, are you? That's twice now you've had your hand on my ass. The first was at the pub, and now here." I slid my fingers down over the bare skin of her bottom -- it was so silky smooth under my touch just the feel of it made me want more.  
  
As she moved back a little and looked at me strangely, "Katie, I've never so much as made a pass at woman before. But with you, I feel like I could, I uh..." She trailed off, as if unable to actually say the words, "I can't explain it -- you feel so open to me...." She didn't finish her sentence.   
  
She looked a little shocked that she had even admitted that much.   
  
"Gail, I'll let you in a little secret, up until a month and a half ago, I never dreamed of doing anything at university other than studying. I never thought of myself as bi or gay, or even as a girl who was easy -- But since I got here I've gone a little crazy." I started counting on my fingers, "Let's see, I've slept already slept with another girl multiple times; I've been completely naked on Wreck a half a dozen times in the last month; as you saw, I've been finger fucked by my boyfriend in public; later that same night I got naked with him and his two buddies where I fucked and sucked off all three them; and now this, I've just made a pass at an utterly beautiful straight woman, who's it seems is willing to go to bed with me..."  
  
I shook my head and laughed, "It's been crazy -- I hardly can believe it myself... But oh god, I love doing this..." I still hadn't stepped back and our bodies still touched.   
  
Her hands crept up my front, under my wet robe and cupped my breast and her fingers found my nipples with ease... She toyed with them briefly, and then released them, "Damn, I'm working tonight too and Friday AND fucking Saturday too... But I'm free on Sunday afternoon, if you'd like to stop by my room... It's 709..." she trailed off.  
  
"Gail, count on me dropping by on Sunday."   
  
I leaned forward against her once again and planted what I had intended to be a light kiss on her mouth. Instead she opened her mouth against mine and it turned into long open mouthed exchange between us. Once again my hands slipped under her robe and went to her naked ass -- cupping a cheek in each palm. Her hand found my ass equally quickly and I pressed my body tightly against hers.  
  
She broke the kiss first, breathless and flushed, "Katie, I can't. Wait for.... Uh... Sunday afternoon..." she said in rushed, but broken sentences. "Oh shit, I can't believe this..."  
  
I was calmer, (at least on the outside, though internally my mind was spinning with the thought of my second saphic lover), "Relax, Gail, it's okay -- I had no idea this was going to happen to me either, but once I relaxed and got over the shock to my system, I found I loved being naked. It feels so damn good to just relax and enjoy the emotions of making love..."  
  
"Katie, I'm relaxed, and you don't have to convince me -- but I've got to get ready now! If I don't, I'll miss my class and I can't afford to do that. I'm already struggling in this one to keep up my marks." She had gotten her breath and her thoughts together, "It's just that right now I really wish I could just take you back to my room, strip you naked and spend the rest of my day making love to you."

I smiled slightly at this suggestion, but didn't say a word.   
  
Exasperated at my willingness, "Damn you! You wouldn't even try to convince me not to, would you?" she laughed.  
  
I too laughed and relaxed my embrace, "Gail, I understand, I understand completely -- actually I need to get going too -- I have an assignment I need to finish for Monday. But Sunday is a date."  
  
I leaned forward and gave her another light kiss on the lips, and then slipped from her embrace. Her robe was now draped open completely and she had resumed leaning back against the counter. Her mound was completely in view -- she had a light tuft of ginger-blond hair above her lips, and below the hair I could see her pussy lips parted and her clit bulging out between them.   
  
She saw me taking in her body, and made no effort to hide it, instead, she giggled lightly, and said "Well, we are almost even now."   
  
I laughed and said "Almost, but I still need to watch you get off..."  
  
She smiled sexily, drew her robe closed, and said a single word, "Sunday."  
  
With that I laughed aloud again, grabbed my stuff from the shower stall, and headed to the shower room exit, "You bet your sweet ass, on Sunday!" I called as the door closed behind me.   
  
I headed down the hall to our room, still quite wet and completely see-though for over 90 percent of my body. I passed a single girl in the hallway who gawked as I approached, and I explained over my shoulder breezily as I passed her, "I forget my towel." Laughing, I unlocked my door and stepped into our room.  
  
My pussy was a slippery mess after my encounter with Gail, but with great restraint I made myself wait -- instead I grabbed my towel from the hook on the closet door, slipped off my robe and toweled myself completely dry, except for my pussy which I left wet and slippery. I quickly toweled my hair and then blew-dry my hair, but not before I realized the day was slipping by much too quickly.   
  
It was already 9:30 in the morning and I wasn't even dressed yet.  
  
It was time to get dressed for my day downtown -- and my morning's activities had left me primed for more fun. I slipped on one of my treasured pairs of bright red 'g-string' panties, the thin material of the crotch almost instantly turning dark red from the juices which still lingered. I pulled on a pair of snug fitting, low-waist line jeans. They not only showed off my ass to perfection, but also allowed the back string of my panties to be seen whenever I sat. I decided to go braless on top, and pulled on a very snug fitting white cotton spaghetti strap tank-top. The material of the top was thin enough that the brownish, pink areolas of my nipples were clearly visible, (if you were standing close enough), and it also allowed the puffy bulge of my nipples to also be clearly seen, even from a distance. I gave my nipples a little tweak through the top, and almost instantly the responded by changing from puffy bulges to hard little bullets. I felt another rush of excitement. On my feet, I wore one of my favourite pairs of walking boots -- they had one and a half inch heels, a shiny brown alligator skin finish, and looked sexy as hell.  
  
Over my outfit I slipped on a UBC dark blue and gold zip up 'hoodie'. I didn't bother to do up the zipper, instead I elected to leave it undone, knowing the cool October morning air would bring my nips to full aching attention.   
  
The ride downtown on the buses was uneventful, it was well past rush hour and the bus was occupied with older women and the youthful unemployed. Once off the bus however things got more interesting. It was already warm enough that I stripped off my 'hoodie' and tied it around my waist with only the slightest chill.  
  
My nipples felt the cool however, and immediately started to poke against the thin material of my top. The more they did so, the more rubbing the top did, and the more they pushed out.  
  
I hadn't walked more than 20 feet before the first guy almost walked into a lamp standard while staring at my tits. I loved it and soaked up the stares -- it was almost like being half naked in public -- and the thought of being stared at, and lusted after was turning me on like crazy. I realized I had better get my photography done at the Provincial Courthouse, before things got out of hand way too quickly.  
  
I pulled out the small digital camera I had brought with me in my purse and proceeded into the courthouse building. I started snapping photos and before long found myself completely absorbed in my work, my attire virtually forgot about for now. The day seemed to fly by as I spent the morning and early afternoon wandering the building, taking pictures, writing notes and enjoying the fitting in lighting as the sun crept lower on the horizon.   
  
By early afternoon I had seen all that I could in the Courthouse and I was more than a little hungry. I decided to find sidewalk café on Robson Street (a trendy Vancouver area) and to sit and enjoy the day with a light meal.  
  
As I left the building and headed up Robson, I was reawakened to the fact I was dressed quite scantily. Once again, I happily enjoyed absorbing the stares of men, and more than a few women as I strolled along.   
  
I stopped to shop in a couple of the boutiques along the street, wandering nonchalantly through the stores, while at the same time making sure any guy, or woman who took notice got to discretely stare as much they liked. By the time I had managed a block and a half, the usual sexual rush I get from exposing myself was nearing a peak. I was quite wet below, I could feel the wetness in my panties and I was sure, if I sat down and looked, it might even be marking the crotch of my jeans. That was when I spied La Vie en Rose, a sexy lingerie shop along the Robson strip.  
  
Without hesitation I headed over and in. The shop is divided almost in half by a wall that juts out into the middle of the floor. The outer half of the shop (visible from the street), has rack after rack of lingerie -- but mostly less expensive stock. In the back (behind the wall and less visible from the street), are the more expensive articles -- silks and satins, luxurious lacy creations with lot's of strap, and not too much material. I headed that direction almost immediately.   
  
There were three customers browsing the racks, one slightly plump young girl who wasn't much older than I who was in the front half of the store, an older but executive style dressed woman in her fifties and a suit clad gentleman in his late thirties. Behind the desk were two clerks, both who were perfectly dressed and in their thirties. One was a tall well proportioned, but larger woman, the other was a slim, but chesty, woman about my height and quite beautiful.  
  
The girl at the front of the store left almost as soon as I entered, the older woman moved to the front of the store as I browsed my way to the back. As she passed me, her eyes grazed over my see-though top, but her look was less than approving. I didn't care, because the suit clad gentleman had also caught sight of my skimpy attire and he was clearly interested. As I made my way to the back half of the store he casually followed me tracing my path and glancing a the same things I had been looking at. The slimmer clerk of the two left the counter and began following behind the gentleman. "Can I help you?" I heard her asking him.  
  
"Yes, I'm uh, looking for something for a friend," he replied. "Something a little sexy, like these," He said pointing to rack which held a selection of both black and gold silk baby doll nighties, "and perhaps some cute panties to go with them?"   
  
I thought to myself, 'I wonder what kind of friend?' His eyes had scanned me half a dozen times already, and I had also already caught sight of the tell-tale white ring left by a wedding band that was missing. 'Time to do some teasing...' I thought to myself, with my back turned I casually bent to look a price tag -- in doing so I knew that I exposed the crack of my ass, and the red thong to him. As I was bent over I snuck my hand to my nipples and with quickly teased them to attention. As I was bent over, presumably looking at price tags, I felt them pop up almost instantly 'good girls' I thought to myself.  
  
Still listening in to the clerk and the customer's conversation I heard her ask, "What size is she?"  
  
The gentleman hesitated, "Uh, I'm not actually sure."   
  
The clerk, used to this kind of answer suggested a solution, "Perhaps my size, or more like my colleague at the desk?"   
  
I stood and moved closer to closer rack to where the clerk and he both stood, approaching the clerk from behind. My nipples poking out caught his attention immediately, with his eyes riveted on them, he stumbled on his words. "Ah, no, uh, actually more like this young lady here." I heard him say. I glanced up and caught him staring at my hard little beauties.   
  
The clerk turned and smiled at me, and although her eyes scanned my body and widened slightly at my hardened nipples, her smile never wavered. "Ah, this young lady is a small, am I correct miss?" the clerk asked me.   
  
Now that I was closer to the clerk, I was able to read her name tag, "Yes, yes, I am -- uh, Angela." And I made a small motion with my eyes at her name-tag. She nodded assent, and I continued, "Although sometimes, depending on the fit I wear an extra small." I stepped closer to them, joining them in their conversation circle.   
  
The gentleman addressed me, "Yes, you are very much like my friend, almost the same beautiful proportions as her exactly."   
  
I looked at the rack of nighties he was looking at, "These are very beautiful, she is a very lucky girl to have someone shopping for her." The clerk looked on amused, as I teased him a little more, "It's too bad you don't know how it would fit her."  
  
He reddened a little, and then took the bait, "Hmmm.... Perhaps, because you're so close in body style you could try them on and let me know how they look?"   
  
I feigned shock, but winked at him too, "Pardon?"   
  
"I mean you wouldn't have to model them for me, or anything, just let us know which one fits better, perhaps?"  
  
I heard the small intake of breath from Angela, the clerk at his boldness, 'hooked' I thought to myself. "I suppose, I could." I said with mock uncertainly, "Would that be alright?" I asked Angela.  
  
Angela was still smiling when she replied "Yes, certainly." As she answered me, she winked ever so slightly and confidentially to me without the gentleman's knowledge -- she was on to my game.  
  
"Now which are you looking at?" Angela asked him.   
  
He glanced around, and began going through the racks nearby. He pulling a couple of them out, examined them, and then put them back. After the first three or four, he pulled out a gorgeous gold silk one piece nighty -- quite short, with long over the shoulder spaghetti straps and decorated with satin trim and plenty of lace. I was sure it would be a very sexy outfit, with a lot of skin showing through once it was on. He handed this one to Angela, "Beautiful choice, I heard her murmur." My stomach did a little flip of pleasure at the thought of trying this one on, and modeling it for them.   
  
Next he chose a snow white satin outfit -- a two piece set, the top was barely half length, and the matching bottoms we clipped to the bottom of the hanger. They were solid satin, with only a little lace down the sides of the outfit. The satin material itself was very thin and even as it hung on the hanger it appeared to be fairly see-through.   
  
Finally, from a rack along the wall he chose a short red silk and lace outfit, again with spaghetti straps bus as the clerk took it from him, I saw they crossed over at the back. I was sure it would be an exact match to my panties.  
  
"Perhaps you should go start to get ready, and I will bring them to you?" suggested the clerk. I nodded in assent and headed into the fitting room area. My heart had been pounding with excitement as he had browsed through the racks and by now I was practically vibrating at the thought of actually modeling them for this guy -- a complete stranger.   
  
Although he had said trying them on would be enough, it certainly wouldn't be for me, and I was pretty sure he had already figured that out.  
  
The fitting rooms were down a short hallway at the back of the store. The entrance of the hallway had a full length mirror on each sidewall, and one on the back wall, all angled perfectly to ensure a full front, side and back view of anyone standing in them. The hallway turned immediately left, and led to the fitting rooms. The fitting rooms themselves were a little larger than most, and dressed up a little -- the bench seats were upholstered and padded, and in the one entered at least, there was a full length mirror on one wall, and several clothes hooks on the other. Like many fitting rooms, the door came to just over my head in height, and was open two feet at the top and the bottom foot of as well.   
  
As soon as I was in the fitting room I started stripping off my clothes. I pulled my top over my head and ran my hands over my breasts. My nipples ached to be played with, so I indulged them for a second before dropping my hands to my waist. My jeans were undone in a flash, and I pulled them down off my ass. I dropped to the seat, unzipped and shed my boots and then pulled my jeans off. There I sat naked, but for my thong panties, waiting for the first outfit from Angela. I looked into the mirror facing me, and I began to examine myself in the mirror. I spread my legs so the dark red damp spot in the crotch of my panties was fully exposed. I reached down and touched my clit through my panties -- the feel of the slick, oily wetness that was seeping through them excited me even more. My fingers pushed a little, and a little tingle crept through me. 'That clerk needs to hurry', I thought to myself. I rubbed again, harder this time, and a small spasm ran through me...   
  
Just then the clerk knocked at the door, "Miss, here you go," and she handed the first pair of nighties over the open door top. I stood and took them from her outstretched arm.  
  
'The red ones first -- perfect,' I thought to myself, 'and they do match my panties exactly!'  
  
I slipped the size small over my head and it dropped down nicely, but a little bit large for my petite body. I pulled it back off, and tried on the extra-small one. This one clung to my body perfectly. Every curve was shown off to perfection, it molded itself to my breast, the areolas surrounding my nipples were outlined completely through the thin clinging material and my nipples were poking out so perfectly I couldn't resist tweaking them one more time. I turned and looked over my shoulder for the rearward view and was delighted to see it just barely reached to the bottom of my butt. My lean tanned legs were shown off to perfection. Although I didn't need to, I tugged on back of my thong to pull the string tightly up between my ass cheeks. Almost immediately I made up my mind (as if it wasn't already) to strut my stuff.   
  
"How's that?" I heard Angela ask through the door.  
  
I popped the door open enough so she could see me completely, "This fits me perfectly!" I exclaimed and I turned 360 degrees for her so she could see me completely. And then very quietly to Angela, I whispered, "I'd like to show him." She stepped back from my path and smiling she motioned with her hand towards the store "Why not, it's a quiet day," I heard her murmur.  
  
'Oh shit, here I go again,' I thought to myself.   
  
A sexily as I could muster, I wandered out of the fitting room hallway and into the shop. I'm not exaggerating when I write I was literally shaking with excitement. It was one thing to flash in the dorm, and shed my clothes on a nude beach where there were plenty of other equally naked people. But here I was, about to model for a complete stranger in the middle of a store on of the busiest streets in Vancouver, wearing just a hand-full of the thinnest of silk and pair of thong panties.   
  
As I emerged, I stopped at the entrance to the fitting rooms and I was instantly aware of being surrounded by images of my half naked self. His eyes almost popped from his head as he took me in, he hungrily scanned me from head to toe, as I turned around 360 degrees. "This is gorgeous," I told him, and then giggling, I said, "and my panties match it perfectly too! See?" And with that I lifted the already very short hem up to my waist to reveal my panties, what neither clerk could see, but he could, was the very obvious wet spot on the front of my panties. I thought he was going to faint. The first rush of pleasure from my flash enthralled and captured me completely. I now had no intention of stopping until I had tried on all three outfits for him.  
  
I turned and with a swaying ass, headed back into the fitting room. The clerk was speechless as I lightly brushed past her.   
  
She followed me back to the fitting room, in each hand she held the two other outfits. As I reached the door, I turned and lifted the white outfit out of her hand. Very briefly I debated leaving the door open so she could watch me fitting, but instead I pulled it closed wordlessly. But even as I closed it, I winked at her and smiled.   
  
I pulled the red nightie over my head and hung it carefully back on it's hanger. I examined the white outfit a little and realized there were side panels on both sides of the top and bottom that were made of shear lace. The top was no problem, but the bottom would definitely require me to shed my panties.  
  
I hooked my fingers in the string waist-band and tugged them down, I dropped them from my ass, stepped out of them, and with my toes, I flicked them to the edge of the door -- now completely naked, I decided it was time to hand back the red outfits.  
  
I opened the door outwards a little, and Angela stepped forward pulling the door wider, it was clear from the gasp and wide-eyed shock registered on her face she was expecting to see me in my next outfit, not completely naked. "I'm, I'm sorry, she stammered, I thought you were, uh ready..."   
  
I casually handed her the two red outfits as she scanned me from head to toe... We both stood there for a few seconds -- her in shock, and me naked and smiling, before she reached over and took the outfits. "I'll just try on the next one shall I?" I asked.   
  
She blinked -- twice -- and then recovered herself. "Please, please do..." and she closed the door.  
  
'Oh, you little tease,' I thought to myself. I replayed the image of her standing there watching me naked over again in my mind, 'that's two who have seen me naked today, today, can I make it three, or more?' I wondered.   
  
I pulled the size small top on to my arms, lifted my arms over my head and allowed it to drop down and then tugged it down covering my exposed breasts. I dropped to the bench reached for the bottoms and examined them. The satin panel on the front of the bottoms formed a neat triangle over the crotch which widened nicely at the waist. The lace though filled out the remainder of the bottoms, and ran all the way around the back. I hadn't realized it until now, but my ass would only be covered in the thin lacy material. This was going to be a real eye catcher.  
  
I was going to be even more exposed than the last outfit and the thought of this thrilled me as always. I slipped the bottoms over my legs and pulled them up, and then rose shakily to my feet. The bottoms were quite snug, I guess partly because of the cut, and partly because of my rounded ass. They were also very low cut -- they came to just below the top of my pelvic bones.   
  
I examined myself in the mirror and was thrilled with the look -- the pure white of the material was perfect for my tanned skin. The material itself was very, very sheer -- far more than I had expected. My nipples were now almost fully exposed and then, even more exciting, I realized that I could also make out the dark line of my clit through the snug little bottoms. And to top it off, because the top was actually only a half top, and the bottoms were very low cut, I was revealing a great deal of bare midriff.

I opened the door for my now co-conspirator, Angela to have a look. "Holy shit, you're not going out there like that are you?" and she nodded her head to the exit of the fitting rooms.   
  
"Of course, I am!" and I turned and headed down the hallway.   
  
"We didn't take too long did we?" I purred as I exited and approached our guy. Once again his eyes raked over me, and once again I felt that same familiar rush of excitement. This time I didn't stop short at the fitting room entrance, instead I walked straight into the store and right up to him. I circled around him as his eyes drank me in... I loved the feel of my near nakedness, and my body was clearly loving it too -- I could feel my wetness growing once again as I exhibited myself to this stranger. I knew this outfit would need to be cleaned before they could hang it on the rack again, but I didn't care.   
  
I reveled in my near nakedness, and continued to walk about the back half of the store, so far he and I were the only customers, in the store and it disappointed me a little. I had hoped to expose myself to more... 'Still one outfit to go though,' I thought to myself.  
  
He cleared his throat, and then growled softly, "You look unbelievably good in that, my dear. I don't care how long you take to change, it'd be worth an hour's wait to see you looking like you do. Can we, uh, meet, uh, afterwards?"   
  
"Oh, I don't think so... But then again maybe... Who knows..." I whispered to him.  
  
His hand snaked out and wrapped around my waist. I gently untangled it, and began walking back to the fitting room. I called over my shoulder back to him, "One more outfit -- and you're going to want to see this one..."  
  
Angela had not joined us on the floor this time, instead she had to the cashier and had been talking quietly to the other clerk -- though I'm not sure what was said, they both laughed and my assistant came scurrying over as soon as I headed into the fitting room.  
  
She handed me the last selection -- it was the gold nightie. Even before I took it off the hanger I could see it was a considerably different style than both the red one and the white outfit. First of all, instead of being made from solid material, well over half of it was nothing but very revealing gold lace. It had long thin shoulder straps than fanned out into narrow strips of silk which would only just cover my nipples, these continued down and eventually met near my navel, turning into solid triangular piece around the bottom front. Starting an inch below where the silk started fanning off on the straps, on either side and completely around the back was the gold lace -- the front strips met just below where the pockets for my breast were, and on the outsides they swept down under my arms and ran down the sides and around the back. The result would be my sides and ass would be covered only be the completely see lace. The back was equally low cut, and once on it would expose an enormous amount of bare skin. To finish it off, the entire outfit was trimmed in shimmering gold satin. Just imagining it wearing it out there was turning me on, like crazy and I immediately commenced disrobing.  
  
This time though, I left the door wide open as I began to strip. Angela half entered the fitting cubicle with me, and I did nothing to discourage her.   
  
I pulled the top over me head, and off my arms. Her hand was immediately there to take it from mine and to drop it into place on the hanger. I hooked my thumbs into waistline of the bottoms and I slowly, sexily slipped them down, her eyes watching my every move. I let go of then and they dropped silently to the floor, where I stepped out of them.   
  
I stood naked in front of her, hoping for her touch. She bent and the knees, and lower her left knee to the floor completely, seemingly to pick up the bottoms which I had just stepped out of, her eyes were now level with my smooth bald pussy. Once down she froze there, not moving to rise, I moved one leg to the side, allowing my lips to part. She was so close, if she had leaned forward an inch or two she could have touched me with her tongue, I knew she could smell my must, but instead she remained frozen.   
  
I stepped back and reached down, leaned over and took her by the elbow and lifted her to her feet.  
  
She smiled, awkwardly, I smiled quietly to her, and said "Perhaps another time."  
  
She smiled more confidently, and whispered back, "Yes, perhaps."  
  
She took the white bottoms and hung them while I stood naked in front of her -- my body aching to be touched, but I was not wiling to give in to my desires quite yet... I had one more outfit to try on.  
  
She had brought two sizes with her, and I gently lifted the extra small one from the hanger and slipped it over my head. I felt her hands brush my skin as stood behind me and helped me pull it on. It was a little too tight and so once again I felt soft fingers grazing my skin as she deftly pulled it back over my head. I felt like I was being undressed by a timid lover...   
  
Naked, I turned to face her. Her hands were in front of her still holding the just removed nightie -- I moved my nipples against them. She sighed, and then firmly put her hands on my shoulders and turned me.  
  
She cast aside the extra small one carelessly, and then slipped the small one from it's hanger. Once again soft fingers pulled the nightie down over my head. I felt her fingertips gently adjust the straps, and then trace over my naked back.  
  
And then she stepped back, and let me see myself in the mirror. It was a looser fit than the other two -- but it looked spectacularly sexy on me. Because of the log thin straps and the effect of the plentiful lace I felt practically naked in it -- Indeed, I was practically naked.   
  
I also realized very quickly that too rapid a movement and the shoulder strap would slip off my shoulder, this happened on my left side just from turning to look at myself in the mirror. When it did, the entire left side slid down, the silk hung briefly on the hardened point of my nipple, and then fell lower exposing my entire left breast. I realized instantly, if both of them did this, the nightie would not only fall of my shoulders, but because I was so slim, and the fit fairly loose, it would actually fall off me completely.  
  
I pulled the shoulder back up and turned again in the mirror and looked at the back, and the sides. I couldn't believe how much skin was revealed -- my ass was virtually naked, more so than even before in the white outfit.  
  
She finally gave in and uttered her thoughts aloud, "You look beautiful, gorgeous, and unbelievably sexy in that. If I wasn't working, right now, my god, I have no idea what I'd love to do with you., but it would be fun, I know that."   
  
I turned, surprised she had finally found her voice, "I was beginning to wonder if you were going to say anything!" I laughed.  
  
I crossed my hands at my shoulders and then ran them slowly down my body for her. "I can't wait for him to see this, in case you couldn't tell, I love showing off. It turns me on so much, I practically cum from the excitement."   
  
"Oh shit... Damn you look good... Go out there, knock his socks off, and then come back here..." Angela whispered.  
  
She took my hand and led me down the hall, and stepped through first. "Sir," she announced, "I'm pretty sure this was worth waiting for..."  
  
I brushed softly past her and I felt her hand graze my naked thigh.   
  
As I emerged from the doorway, I stopped and quietly remarked to him, "So what about this look for your friend?" Once again my legs felt like they were turning to jelly at being so close to naked in public. This experience was so much different from any of my previous experiences -- the un-reality of being practically nude in such a public place, in front of a stranger, was such a complete turn-on I was very, very close to an orgasm.   
  
And it wasn't just him now either, another couple were now standing at the open doorway to the store, transfixed by my near nakedness.   
  
I was acutely aware of the breeze on my soaked pussy lips, my nipples were standing on end like pebbles. My entire body was aching to be touched, my clit was throbbing and my breathing was shallow.   
  
I forced myself to start walking again towards my gentleman, I stopped less than a foot from him. The scent of his cologne was clear in my nostrils -- I was dying for him to reach out and touch me. Instead, I felt the Angela's hands on my sides as she had now moved directly behind me. I heard her voice stumbling over words, "This looks beautiful miss, uh... Sir, I mean beautiful on you miss, don't you think Sir?"   
  
The gentleman was captivated and speechless. To my right I could see the couple moving in closer for a better view.   
  
A moment passed in silence as they all continued to take in my boldness. I heard the guy from the couple whistle softly under his breath.   
  
I stepped from the Angela's hands and walked around the gentleman. My desire to get naked was taking over all common sense, my clit was tingling like crazy, and it was so wet, I could feel a dribble of liquid starting to trickle down my inner thigh.   
  
I looked around at my audience, "It fits me great, and I love it, but I really need to be careful. You see, if I move the wrong way even just the slightest bit, the top of it slips aside and poof, all the mystery is gone." To demonstrate I reached up and flicked the right spaghetti strap off my shoulder. The right strap slipped to the side and dropped just as it had in the fitting room -- the soft material hung on my nipple, except this time it didn't fall off. If I so much as breathed though, I knew it would, so I took a exhaled slowly, and it did drop as planned. My right breast was now completely exposed, I was one third of the way to completely naked in public.  
  
I made no effort to cover it, instead I giggled and playfully said "Whoops!" All the while, I felt the tingling intensify, I squeezed my thighs together and put pressure on my clit, the juices oozed out of me. I was the centre of attention for everyone in the store -- they waited for my next move.  
  
I reached up with my other hand and flicked the left strap free of my shoulder, it too dropped down, but didn't even pause as it slid free of my breast. The only thing holding my nightie on at all now was my right arm, which I had pressed to my side to hold the nightie in place.  
  
I stood there topless and looked around. I giggled nervously this time, and said "Oh, double whoops!" Even as I spoke, a rush of pleasure raced through me, as I stood there, now truly half naked in public. Angela, started to move in behind me and put her hands on my waist -- she knew, as I did, if I had moved my arm, the nightie would have simply dropped to the ground. I relaxed my arm and now the only thing holding it up was her hands.  
  
"Don't let go, or I'm afraid I'll be completely naked!" I giggled.   
  
Even as I said it, I knew what she was about to do -- I sensed it, and I felt her rapid breathing on my back. Her hands slid from my sides and gravity took over. The nightie dropped to the floor of the store and I stood there completely naked in a truly public place for the first time in my life.  
  
At first I couldn't move, I was frozen at the shock of my exposure.  
  
Every nerve in my body was alive, I felt so incredibly alive, and I literally came on the spot. I closed my eyes and shook lightly for a second.  
  
I re-opened them, and still nobody had said a word. I stepped past my gentleman, bent at the waist making sure both he and the couple got a good look at my ass, and my exposed pussy from behind and picked up my discarded nightie.   
  
Almost as if time started gain, all at once, everyone started talking. Angela's reaction was shock, and recovery at what she had just done. "Oh shit, I'm sorry", she blurted out.  
  
The gentleman let out a sigh, and said to no one in particular, "I can't believe this..."  
  
The couple said together, virtually in unison, "Holy fuck!"  
  
The clerk behind the counter was clearer, "Shit! Angela, get her dressed before someone else sees her naked ass walking through the store!"   
  
My reaction sounded much calmer, than I felt, "Well, I better go get some clothes on, since this didn't stay on so well!" I slung the nightie over my shoulder, smiled at both Angela and my gentleman, and then walked away. But not directly to the fitting room either, instead I walked around the back room, completely self absorbed with my nakedness, and luxuriating at the feeling of exposing myself.  
  
Finally I reach the doorway to the fitting rooms and I strolled far more nonchalantly than I felt to my stall.  
  
I didn't bother to close the door, instead, I left it ajar, inviting whomever to look in I sat on the bench in the room. My head was swimming with sexually explicit fantasies and I had an unbelievably strong desire to walk back out of there still completely nude, back into the store and expose myself a little more. I was of two minds, one voice told me I needed to sit to quite these thoughts, and the other screamed "Do it!"  
  
While I sat and argued with myself, the door edged open and Angela stepped in, I was ready for her to do anything to me -- but instead, she reached past me and lifted the remaining gold nightie off of the hook.  
  
She stepped back and looked over my naked body, my legs now spread apart, my inner folds gleaming wetly. A change had come over her demeanor, I could see it in her eyes, even though it was she who exposed me, I knew I had pushed her beyond her comfort boundaries and she had closed down for me. 'Too bad, for you' I thought to myself. She took in my body once again, and as she did so, I lifted my hand to my cunt, and touched myself. I could see the look of lust instantly rekindled in her eyes, and then she snuffed it out almost as quickly, finally she pursed her lips, and said a single word, "Slut," closed the door loosely behind her and walked away.  
  
I giggled, and began fingering my clit lightly on the bench, not even bothering to close the slightly ajar door. Although I was already so incredibly turned on from exposing myself, the shock of Angela's reaction, turned me on even more. She obviously didn't realize that acting slutty turns me on like nothing else -- being accused of it simply fed the fire. At any rate, I could feel one freight train of an orgasm coming -- and it hadn't taken long to get there either. I also decided not to be quiet about it either -- instead I cried in with a muffled gasp as it edged closer -- I pulled my legs higher, and spread my knees wider opening my cunt as wide as I could, as I tickled my clit to frenzy as a cluster of orgasms swept over me. I could hear myself crying out quietly over and over again as I came hard, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...."  
  
I relaxed my legs and came back to earth...  
  
I pushed the door closed with my foot and relaxed. A full five minutes of gathering my breath went by before I began dressing myself. I finally emerged from the stall ten minutes later, the thrill of my exposure slightly faded and, believe it or not, I even felt a little ashamed of myself for my slutty behavior.  
  
I wandered back into the store, the couple were gone, as was the gentleman, as I headed the door to leave, the second clerk approached me and handed me a shopping bag. Inside the bag I could see two parcels. Stapled to the outside was a business card from the gentleman. The clerk smiled and started to babble on, "The gentleman left these for you -- he truly appreciated your efforts. In fact, I must admit so did I, even if my partner didn't in the end. I was just a little shocked that you wound up naked -- I've worked here for two years and I've never seen that, before. I can't believe you did that, blah, blah, blah... " I let her go on for a few more seconds smiled and thanked her and then exited politely into the late afternoon sun.  
  
I glanced at my watch and was surprised to see it was past 4 o'clock already. I stopped to grab a quick bite to eat at a café and enjoyed a glass of wine in the sunshine. All the while running the events of the last hour over in my head and making myself crazy with lust again.  
  
A sudden realization hit me, 'As exciting as Cher is, I think I need to get laid before the end of this day.' That thought hit me with such force I found myself uttering quietly it aloud to myself. I thought about calling the guy from the store, but decided against it -- he hadn't waited so I suspected he might be busy. There was Keith, but I knew he worked late tonight. There was Chris and Dave, but they held no immediate attraction for me. I pondered this for a while, as I sipped away my second and third glasses of wine. By the time the forth glass disappeared, I was more than a little tipsy, and I decided to see what I could find on my way home.

**Riding (with) a Stranger**

by[Katie\_did\_it](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=836885&page=submissions)©

It was now well past 5 o'clock and by the time I caught my bus, I knew it would be closer to 6:00 pm, so I paid my bill and started towards my bus stop.  
  
As predicted it wasn't until a little after 6 that I actually stepped on to the first of the buses I need to take to get home. Already the sun was starting to set, and the afternoon rush was well on its way into the wind-down phase. It was also getting a little chilly, and I decided to slip on my hoodie again.  
  
I had a single bus connection to make from town -- and after the one quick trip on my first bus, I was now standing in line for the second B-Line (read beeline) express bus to the university. This one only had five or six stops along the route and most were right in town. I was a little surprised by the crowd still waiting for the bus, and was pretty sure I wouldn't get a seat -- and as it turned out I was right.   
  
After paying my fare, I began working my way down towards the back of the bus where it's easier to stand without being jostled too badly. I was about half way down, when two things happened. First, I suddenly realized this was a great opportunity to tease a few more guys, and then; Second, I saw a perfect guy who might be a good subject than to do a little more than just tease. Apart from the fact he was ten feet from me, directly in my path and both arms were fully occupied -- his left hand was grasping the overhead bar to steady himself and in his right he was holding his brief case and had his suit jacket slung over his forearm -- he was also damned good looking. Dressed in lawyer grey, he was about four inches taller than I, looked to be in his mid-to late thirties, wore a wedding ring (girls notice this quickly), handsome, his dark brown, well groomed hair was starting to grey just a little on the sides, and most importantly, his blue-grey eyes were staring into mine, instead of at my tits.   
  
While I continued my shuffle towards him through the crowded bus, I smiled and never broken eye contact with him. He was the first to do so, but only as I drew within a foot of him. Then his eyes wandered down over my body taking in my assets. I in-turn breathed in the delicious scent he was giving off (Polo by Ralph Lauren, I would learn much later).  
  
I moved closer and I turned sideways in the aisle to pass him -- with my front facing him. With a quiet 'Excuse me,' I slid past him, but I made sure both of my breasts brushed hard against his right arm as I did so. My nipples immediately popped to attention and felt myself getting aroused just by this light touch. Although I had been exhibiting myself in one form or another all day, it didn't matter. My last encounter had left me fully primed to engage in yet another.   
  
The bus started moving, as I shuffled my way further down the aisle until I was past the rear exit of the bus and almost at the end. I grabbed the upper right handrail with my right hand, turned and faced forward, and looked for the guy. I was surprised to see he had now turned to face the back, and was openly watching me move to the back of the bus. Our eyes met once again, and I smiled at him, which he returned instantly -- it was a warm, comfortable, smile and I realized instantly this guy would definitely be a good target for taking to bed tonight, if only there wasn't that ring on his finger. I thought about that a little more as bus trundled along, and decided if he didn't care about it, either would I -- it would be up to him. Indeed, if he had been faithful to his wife up until now, he would be a perfect target -- no STD's to worry about.  
  
Within seconds the bus stopped again, and as people began to move towards the exits he used this opportunity to make his way back towards me. He switched hands with his case and jacket, and passed me as if heading for the last row of seats on the bus. Instead, once past, he turned and came to stand directly behind me. He was so close I could feel his warm breath on my neck which made little goosebumps pop in excitement. I allowed myself to lean backwards just a little and his scent filled my nostrils once again.   
  
We started moving again, and I swayed with the movement, gently bumping my ass against his left upper leg. 'Oh, he's definitely interested, all right,' I thought to myself.  
  
The bus changed lanes in a sharp movement and I found myself involuntarily jostled hard against him. His left hand and arm, although full, reached to steady me holding my side, and lingering there a little longer than required. I murmured a quiet "Thank you" to him. To which he replied, with a hint of humor in his voice "Absolutely, my pleasure."  
  
The next two stops were at major cross streets and quite a few people disembarked, including all the remainder of the people standing and many of those who were sitting. This included the few people who had been sitting in the last row. Up until now I had been content letting myself bump gently into him. But as the last group of people passed us, I turned at the railing to face him. Neither he, nor I backed off an inch as I did so, and it allowed me another opportunity to brush my tits against his arm. With less than 2" between us, I looked up to the amused expression on his face.   
  
I was getting more turned on by the second. A memory of the last time I got this turned on while riding on a bus flashed through my head, and I smiled involuntarily at the thought of Cher making herself cum on the bus...  
  
He caught my quick flash of a smile and grinned too, "You're enjoying this aren't you?" he asked of me.  
  
"Of course, I am." I replied matter-of-factly.   
  
"Would you like to sit?" he motioned towards the empty row of seats beside us. The sun had set completely and dusk was quickly turning to night. 'Perfect cover', I thought to myself, but I didn't respond aloud. Instead, I slid past him towards the seats, while making sure my hardened nipples pressed into his arm yet again.  
  
Wordlessly he followed and lowered himself into the seat beside me.   
  
As he sat, he changed hands with his case and his now free right hand dropped to the inside of my jean covered thigh. Although I was a little surprised at how quickly this was moving along, I was also quite pleased with our progress. Not only did I not discourage him, in fact I parted my legs a little and pressed my left leg against his right. Almost immediately I felt his hand begin sliding higher until his pinkie finger rested against my crotch. I was sure he could feel the heat radiating out of me, but I said nothing.   
  
I looked up into his blue-grey eyes, and smiled as I slid my left hand towards his lap. I casually slipped my hand under his jacket (which he had folded across his lap), and reached straight for his crotch. Through the thin wool of his suit pants, I cupped his balls and already growing cock in my palm. "To answer you, yes, I'm enjoying this, and I can tell you're enjoying it too" I grinned back at him.  
  
Now his hand slide higher too, until he was cupping my cunt in his palm. Although the heat and dampness in my crotch was readily apparent to me, he confirmed he could feel it too, "Damn, you're on fire, I can feel you through your jeans." I felt his cock springing to life in my hand as he pressed his index finger against my clit. "I think my finger is getting wet just holding you," he whispered huskily.   
  
"And you like that too, don't you?" I asked him teasing.   
  
I felt him start to kneed my clit through my jeans, and I felt my juices leaking out of me, I knew whenever it was that he removed his hand, I would have a visible wet spot but I didn't care. I started to squirm against his fingers in my seat, thrusting my pelvis against his hand.  
  
His cock had now reached full size inside his trousers, and I was within seconds of unzipping him right then and there on the bus.   
  
"Holy damn," he whispered, "you're crazy. What are you doing?" he whispered as I fumbled for his zipper.   
  
I whispered back, "I'm trying to make myself cum, now shut up and keep rubbing!"   
  
Instead, much to my disappointment I felt his hand withdraw from my crotch and he placed his hand on mine. He then lifted mine gently from his cock and held it in his.   
  
"I can't," he muttered, "I'm married, I have a good wife, I've never fucked around, I just can't..." he trailed off...  
  
'Damn, damn, damn, damn!' I thought to myself.   
  
"I know you're married," I told him, "I saw your ring. Look-it, I'm not crazy, and I won't come chasing you, I'm just a horny young woman who really, really needs a cock right now. You're a great looking guy, and I thought we might have some fun."   
  
"Oh, I'd love to too, I mean you are gorgeous, but I can't. Besides up until fifteen minutes ago, I didn't even know you -- Hell I still don't know you! I'm just a guy on a bus, who was caught up by some crazy co-ed."   
  
Exasperated and more than a little desperate, I started explaining quietly to him, "Look at me, look at the way I'm dressed right now..." I pulled my hoodie open and then off completely to allow him a good look at my tits. "I've been flashing these little beauties all over town today... I'm horny as hell, and I'm trying to give you a free fuck, no strings attached! So what do you say, whatever your name is?"  
  
"Garry, my name is Garry," he answered laughing at my directness, "Jesus, you just come out and say it, don't you? I knew you were a tease the moment I saw you, and then when you brushed those luscious little tits against my arm, I decided to tease you back -- I just didn't think it would go any further, but this, this uh, offer..."   
  
"Katie, I'm Katie," I answered back, "and I'm a lot more than just a tease. As much as I love to tease and to be teased, in case you haven't figured it out, I love exposing myself too. I just figured that since you seemed to be interested, and since I'm as turned on as I am, I thought hooking up for an evening might be a lot of fun. But if you aren't interested in a cute 20 year old, with a hot little body, too bad for you..." and I crossed my arms in front of me in a mock pout.  
  
Garry laughed, and took one of my hands back into his and then raised it to his mouth and kissed it gently. "It's bad enough you have a pair of the cutest little tits I have ever wanted to kiss, but I had no idea I was playing with fire until you started to bump that cute ass of yours against my leg. Well, by then I was hooked."   
  
"So, let yourself be hooked," I replied, still pouting, "let yourself go, do something crazy, I do all the time and I have no regrets about any of it." I urged him, "I dare you. You can't do what you did and back out now -- it isn't fair!"   
  
He looked at me and laughed, "Of course you don't know it, but believe it or not, I passed my stop I five minutes ago. Funny thing is, I just knew I wasn't going to get off when I should."  
  
I laughed aloud, "I think you're in for a bit of a ride then, 'cause the next stop is at the university itself actually."  
  
He continued, "When I put my hand on your thigh, I figured you would back off instantly, but instead you welcomed it. And then, you -- you just put your hand on my cock like it had been there a thousand times before -- not like I was a complete stranger. I couldn't believe it at first..."  
  
"But you see, that's what I love, Garry, that's what turns me on..."   
  
"Katie, after I got over the intial shock of your hand on my crotch, I still thought you would pull back, but when you didn't stop me, and instead you got me hard I knew I had to stop right then, or I was going to get off in a different way and then I would have to figure out a way to explain a wet sticky mess in my pants when I got home. You want me to do something crazy, well I'm already doing something crazy just sitting here with you. You don't need to convince me to do something crazy!"   
  
I turned to him and held his hand, "You know at first I hadn't intended this to go this far this fast with you, but like I said when I got on the bus I was already wound up from exposing myself downtown. You might not believe it, but at one point I was completely nude in public. "   
  
He looked puzzled, "Pardon?"   
  
"I'll explain later, if there is a later, let me finish." I insisted.  
  
"Okay, okay," he said smiling at me.  
  
"When you followed me back here and stood an inch behind me breathing on my neck, I was a goner. I love teasing guys, in fact it's only just recently I've come to understand I love doing much more than just teasing, so when I saw you, in your suit and looking so damn good, I thought perfect! Let's see where this goes." I went on, "Then, you suggested we sit, and you put your hand on my thigh, and YOU started to rub my cunt, well by then I was into this completely."  
  
"When I felt your hand rubbing my clit through my jeans, I wouldn't have stopped you no mater what. I was only seconds from cuming right here on the bus, if you must know. But then you pull away and say you can't, that's what isn't fair..."   
  
Garry looked down, and then up at me again guiltily, "I just don't know... I'm married..."   
  
It began to look like this was going no-where, I looked at him, smiled, and said "Okay, but you need to know, if I ever run into you again, and you come on to me, there is no backing out." I surrendered, laughing now, I said, "I'm so fucking turned on right now, if you so much as touched me and then backed off again, I'd hold you down and rape you."  
  
He laughed quietly, and said "You won't have to..." He put his hand back on my upper thigh...  
  
'Perhaps all is not lost' I realized. Sensing an opening, I slid a little lower in the seat, so only my head was in view of the driver, I reached up with my right hand and grabbed the right spaghetti strap of my top, and pulled it down. My breast popped into view -- the nipple now only slightly hardened was soft and pink and begging for his touch... "Oh, shit," I heard him utter, "Beautiful, just beautiful, fucking beautiful." He let go of my thigh and cupped my now bare breast in his hand. The nipple hardened at his touch, and I knew I had made an impact.  
  
He pulled his hand off and said "Jesus, cover that up, Katie."  
  
Obediently, I did as I was bade and pulled my top back up, but not until my other hand had once again slid down between his legs.   
  
"Okay, okay, okay, you win, Katie, we need to find a room -- right fucking now!" Garry grinned.  
  
"That's easy -- I've got a dorm. I share, but my roommate is working till 9 tonight -- so that gives a couple of hours until she comes home, and the best news is, the next stop is ours."   
  
"Well, I'll have to be out of there by then, I guess won't I?" he laughed.   
  
"No, not necessarily," I replied cryptically, "but we will see how we make out..."  
  
"Well, I can tell you this, Katie, If you don't let go of my cock I'm not going to be able to walk, never mind the fact you're making me practically cum in my pants!" He whispered urgently in my ear.  
  
I giggled and released him -- I was in for a ride after all and I was excited. With a thrill I realized that he would be the seventh person I had exposed myself to that day, in the third -- attempt of the day. I remember thinking, 'I'm getting good at this...'  
  
The bus stopped a few minutes later, and I grabbed him by the hand and led him down the stairs and out of the bus and started walking towards the dorms.   
  
Within minutes, we were upstairs and in our room.  
  
Just a Keith had been, he was surprised by the tight quarters, I on the other hand, was too excited to care.  
  
I had felt myself getting wetter with each step closer to our room, and by the time we entered I would have been ready for him to stick it straight into me. But that wasn't my plan...  
  
No sooner were we in, and I began shedding clothing -- I grabbed my top and pulled it over my head and tossed it on Cher's bed. Exposing my breasts in front of Garry's amazed eyes.   
  
I reached down and undid my jeans button and unzipped in a flash. Garry silently watched me as I continued to strip in front of him. I bent and undid my boot side zippers and kicked them off. As soon as I stood I pulled my jeans and my now soaked panties off 'my cute little ass' as he called it earlier, pushed them down and stepped out of them in one fluid stepping motion.   
  
Breathless, I stopped and looked at his shocked expression. "Well, how do I look to you now, worth coming upstairs for?" I asked him teasingly.  
  
His eyes were drinking me in, "Damn, you are gorgeous, and not the least shy are you? But I already knew that -- I'm just shocked at how truly beautiful you are..."   
  
He carefully placed his jacket of the back of the computer chair. Reached up and started to undo his tie.   
  
I put my hands on the edge of my elevated bed edge (the dorm beds are elevated about 3 feet off the floor for storage underneath) and pulled myself up and onto the bed, to watch him as he undressed. As I did so my legs opened to a V which I noticed he watched with intent. I decided immediately to give him the full show. I pushed myself backwards to lean against the wall on the far side of the bed, put my feet together, and dropped my knees apart. I loved the expression of lust coming over his face as I exposed myself.   
  
I was so wet, and horny I couldn't take the wait of watching him undress, instead I slid my hand to my clit, and touched myself as he watched.  
  
"Damn, really, really not shy at all..." he muttered.  
  
"Really, really, REALLY not shy actually," I said, and I slipped a finger into myself.  
  
He pulled his tie free and dropped it over his jacket, while I continued to stroke and flick my clit.   
  
He undid his shirt, exposing a muscular lightly hairy chest of hair, and then pulled it from his trouser waistline. I started to massage my tits, with my other hand, toying with my nipples flicking them to there hardest condition. My other hand had started to speed up it's pace on my clit. My cunt was leaking it's usual steady stream of juices, without looking, I knew my lips would be wet and glistening.  
  
He undid his belt, his trouser button, and his fly and dropped his pants to the floor revealing a pair of well tented boxers. He kicked off his shoes and stripped his pants free pulling off his socks at the same time. My pace increased, and I slipped a finger back into my cunt and I started rocking my pelvis in time to my fingers. My breath was ragged, and I knew an orgasm was close.

He pulled his boxer down, his cock popped free, hard as a rock and pointing directly at me, in all it's glory. I came as soon as it popped into view, hard at first, and then harder again, making me double over in pleasure. "Ah, fuck, oh.... Fuck..... Oh shit, that felt good..." I groaned  
  
He came to me and I leaned forward and he held me in his arms, and placed gentle kisses on my neck. I lifted my head and smiled, "I told you I'm a crazy one... And now it's your turn..."  
  
With that he crawled up on to the bed with me. I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around his cock. I savored my first taste of his pre-cum. I crawled to the edge of the bed and hopped off -- he looked disappointed at first, but I quickly re-assured him by patting the edge of the bed and I told him to slide over. He got the idea immediately.  
  
I pulled his suit jacket that he had carefully put over the chair and carelessly threw it onto Cher's bed. I turned the chair, straddled the seat back with my legs, and sat backwards in it. Next, I rolled it forward between his legs where his cock was waving in my face -- without a second to pause, I opened my mouth and took him deeply into my throat. "Oh my god that feels good." I heard him mumble as he leaned back on his hands to enjoy.  
  
I pulled off of him for a second, and asked him teasingly, "Does you wife suck you off Garry?"   
  
"Yes." I heard him answer... as I deep throated him once again. I sucked him hard and deep and he thrust back into my mouth every time I pulled back. He was mouth fucking me, and I loved the feel of it.   
  
I lifted my mouth free for a second, "Does she swallow Garry?"  
  
"No, not usually..."  
  
I buried my mouth on his cock again swirling my tongue around his member -- I milked his cock with my hand and then went deep once again. Over and over, I repeated it, going deeper, sucking licking enjoying this new found toy.  
  
I pulled off, as I felt him getting close, throatily I told him, "Mmmmm, she doesn't know what she's missing then... I love cum... Now give it to me..." I demanded. And I dove deep again.  
  
I could hear him grunting in pleasure as he felt my mouth envelop him...   
  
A few seconds later a hot jet of cum shot into my mouth just as I closed my lips over him once again. He filled my mouth completely, and even as I swallowed, I felt more spurting into me. Shot after delicious shot squirted into my mouth and what I couldn't fit, I let trickle down my chin.  
  
I milked his cock hard, until the sperm diminished and he writhed in ecstasy as my tongue licked his now extremely sensitive cock.  
  
I let go finally, and while he watched, I used my fingers to wipe the leakage from my chin and I then sucked them clean.  
  
"Oh, my god Katie, that was amazing, I've never had a blow job like that -- ever."  
  
He leaned over and lifted me up out of the chair. I was surprised as he kissed me full on the lips even though a little of his cum was still smeared a little on my face and lips. I realized with a little surprise this was our first actual kiss.  
  
Finally he broke the kiss and shuffled himself over in the narrow twin bed to make room for me. I crawled up and into his waiting arms.  
  
As I lay down beside him, I glanced at the wall clock -- it was only 8 o'clock. Still plenty of time for a fuck before 9...  
  
I felt his hands begin to roam over me, exploring my body. He shifted lower in the bed, sliding his body down kissing his way down my neck, across my breasts, just as Cheryl has done so many times before. I rolled to my back and spread my legs, and hoped he wasn't afraid to enjoy me completely -- he wasn't.  
  
His kisses trailed lower past my navel, and finally to my smooth mound. "Mmmm, shaved clean, just like I like it..." I heard him say seconds before his tongue touched my clit.  
  
The next ten minutes became a blur of emotions as he expertly brought me to one orgasm after another -- my body trembling in delicious ecstasy... He piled on climax, after climax, until I couldn't stand it any longer -- I was crying out loud for him to keep going, and at the same time begging him to stop...  
  
Finally, I came like I have never before, my body bucked and thrashed madly -- I literally saw stars in my closed eyes... and I finally felt him begin to let me down from this unbelievable plateau of lust.  
  
He crawled up between my legs his lips trailing kisses up, just the way he had on the way down -- until I felt the tip of his hard cock brush my pussy.   
  
I opened myself, and thrust against his entrance. I was so wet, he slid in easily. He thrust himself hard against me, burying himself deep into my cunt. This was what I had been wanting ever since mid afternoon -- and now he was giving it to me... I lay back and enjoyed the ride... He lifted my ass slightly into the air, and then lifted his body off of min -- kneeling now, he thrust himself as deep as his cock would go -- I welcomed his thrusts with pushes of my own -- groaning with pleasure as he slammed himself deep into my cunt.  
  
"Cum in me Garry," I whispered to him, "cum in me deep and hard."  
  
He found a faster rhythm now, slamming into me, grinding, and then pulling almost out completely before sliding his cock back in deep. I felt every delicious stroke, ever nerve I had tingled in anticipation of his cum.   
  
"Fuck me Garry, fuck me hard, fuck me like the slut I am..." I urged him...  
  
He ground himself hard into me over and over and over... Just when I though I couldn't take another stroke I felt him pause for second and the redouble his effort... I knew what was coming and pushed harder against him...  
  
Suddenly, he let loose a cry and shuddered, and I felt his cum deep within my cunt. He pushed harder again and grunted and another stream let loose into me...  
  
His spasms slowly subsided and he began to relax, as did I...  
  
He pulled out of me and dropped to the bed beside me, and I curled against his sweaty flesh... We kissed again -- this time lightly -- almost as friends might.  
  
"Oh, you know how to really satisfy a girl, don't you... Your wife is a lucky woman!" I laughed.  
  
"He propped himself on an elbow and looked at me and said very seriously, "No, I'm a very lucky guy. And to think I almost turned you down, what a fool I was being."  
  
I giggled, and propped myself up as well, "I've never been with a married man before -- but it doesn't matter to me, if you are -- you are a wonderful lover. Seriously though, does your wife know how good you are in bed, do you do what you did for me, to her too?" "Yes, she knows, and yes, I do," he smiled, "I was being honest when I told you I've never screwed around. And I'm happy with her too -- but after this, I just don't know what to do next."  
  
I smiled and kissed him gently, "That's easy then, go get cleaned up -- use my towel, the guy's showers are upstairs on the next floor up -- and then go home to your wife. I got what I wanted, you got to live out a fantasy, screwing a cute co-ed, and we both move on happy with ourselves"  
  
He smiled back, "Easy to say, I'm not sure easy to do -- I like you Katie, and you are wickedly good in bed. I do want to see you again -- I know where you live, I'd just like to do this again -- differently though -- will you? See me again, that is, will you?"  
  
Alarm bells were ringing like crazy, but as usual I ignored them, "Yes, I will, that is, if you still want to after the guilt kicks in..."  
  
"I hate to screw and run, but I need to, I'm sorry..." he mumbled.  
  
"It's okay Garry, go ahead -- I get it, you're married..." I laughed.  
  
He crawled up out of the bed, and for a second I watched him go. His cock was still wet and slick from our lovemaking, and I couldn't help wishing I had licked it clean.  
  
As he started to slip on his boxers, I realized this would not do, "Wait, for just a second, Garry. He paused and I crawled off the bed and grabbed a tissue from the box on the computer desk. Clean yourself up before you pull them on, your wife will know in a second if she finds them in the wash."   
  
He paused, nodded, and said laughing "Thanks, I told you I'm new at this..."   
  
"And I told you, It's okay..." I smiled reassuringly back at him.  
  
Partially dressed in his trousers and shirt he grabbed my towel and shampoo and headed out of the room. Meanwhile I crawled back onto my bed. He was back in less than ten minutes, and quickly began to dress trying to get going -- I could see he worried though -- I figured he was still trying to figure out how to explain his lateness to his wife.   
  
"Garry, stop at a pub, and have a beer on your way home -- tell her you stopped for a drink, this is your first time, she'll never suspect a thing."   
  
"I already thought of that, but it's okay -- I think I might just tell her I worked late instead... I've got a confession to make, the reason I was taking the bus is because I lost my driver's license almost 6 months ago -- impaired driving after a dinner meeting. I think I'd rather tell her I worked late, without the drinking part."   
  
He dashed out a number on a piece of paper, "It's my cell number -- call me during the day, but never in the evening."  
  
I smiled, and said, "I know, I know, already, now get going -- but before you do, write this down," and I gave him my cell number in return, "call me anytime, but only if you are sure..."  
  
With that, he left closing the door gently behind him.  
  
I lay back on the bed, thoroughly satisfied with myself -- I crumpled the paper with his number on it in the palm of my hand and tossed it towards the trash. 'If we get together again,' I thought to myself, 'it will be because he wants to, not because I chased down a married man.'   
  
I spread my legs as I lay back and touched myself lightly, Cheryl would be home very soon -- I had barely gotten the thought out, when I heard her key in the door. I didn't bother to close my legs -- I couldn't wait to tell her about my day...  
  
She walked in to the room looking a little tired. The shocked look registering on her face as she saw me lying, legs spread and my finger on my clit was priceless! "Jeez, Katie, what if I'd had someone with me..." she laughed.  
  
I giggled "Then they'd be very, very surprised, I would guess." My fingers continued toying with my clit... "But not half as surprised as you're going to be when I tell you about my day, Cher, my love."   
  
And I then proceeded to shock her a second time with my tale of lust...