*Ex-Girlfriend Discovery*
Sun Oct 3, 2004 00:30
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Almost since the start, I'd always had mixed feelings about Lauren. We seemed to click on the first few dates, but nothing progressed any further after that. It's hard to know when to stop when you're fixated on the potential in the relationship. I mean she was a knockout. She was always such the sweet, cute, petite thing. Her long brunette hair had just a hint of curl in its natural state. Other women must have been jealous, if not for her hair then for her delicate features and perfectly proportioned curves, especially those delightful dewdrop b cups. As beautiful as she was, it was still somehow a more subtle beauty than overtly gorgeous. She didn't command attention and was usually reserved, but she was definitely not shy. Her quirky spunk was a delight while we were seeing each other. I always got the impression that she could be fearless, but just chose not to exercise that ability. That's what gave me the idea...

I remember during one of our first intimate moments, there was an aspect to it that surprised us both. We had come back to my place after a fun evening, and we were both getting heated up. As I held her in my arms and kissed her lips, her neck, her cheek, I reached down and started to tug up on the back of her sweater. I didn't have to finish because she took no coaxing at all, in just a moment she had lifted her sweater off and tossed it aside. As I continued to kiss her more purposefully, I reached around and unclasped her bra. But it was her hands that removed that garment and discarded it just as quickly. I always found it sexy when a woman was completely nude with a man fully dressed, so I knew I wanted to continue before she had a chance to reciprocate. I had given her longer, deeper, more passionate kisses and my hands had begun to outline the contours of her breasts, but then I started to quickly descend down her body. My hands grasped her hips firmly as my lips navigated her belly. I then quickly undid the snap and zipper to her jeans. I knew that I had to behold her unadulterated form, so instead of grasping the lowrise hem of her jeans I hooked my fingers under the elastic of her knickers. As I began to kneel down I slipped both garments down her still standing legs. That is when Lauren was first surprised. In hindsight, I could tell that she expected just the jeans to be next to go, perhaps expecting to take a little more control of me afterwards. As I had slid the pant legs and knickers to her ankles, I noticed the look of concern on her face for the first time.

"Your neighbors must be happy tonight!" she said.

It took me a second to understand what she meant. I was absorbed in staring up at her statuesque beauty, her slender thighs rounding the curve to her shapely, unadorned hips. That bald spot that lay between them had only begun its process through my mind when I had been drawn away from my blissful moment prematurely. Then it dawned on me what she was thinking. All this time we had been standing in my kitchen. My home has windows all along the back wall, and we were standing in front of the sliding glass door to the patio. The lights were on, and we were clearly visible to anyone out back. This had not phased me at all earlier because I know there is nothing behind my house. Just trees and wetlands are back there, and it's an inhospitable environment for hiking through, especially at night. I've never noticed anyone walking behind my house, and lazy as I am I had never put up much in the way of curtains on any of the windows that face that way. I like the sun coming through, and never felt it encroached on my privacy. But what I liked even better now is that she seemed to be comfortable as I removed all of her clothes, all while potentially on display to neighbors that might live in that direction. It was nighttime, so you couldn't see out as easily as one might see in. As I had driven us up to my house from the front, she must have seen the way houses are crammed in at different angles in this crowded suburban neighborhood. She would have assumed that another house could be behind mine. But she didn't mind. There's where I was surprised.

"Oh, don't worry. There's nothing behind my house but a forest. No thrills there." As I was explaining, I had begun to remove her shoes. It's unfortunate how much harder it is to get the shoes, socks, pants, and knickers off when they're all in a bunch. The skin above the ankles can be revealed with such ease. After that I whisked her off her feet and carried her in my arms up the staircase to my bedroom, passing the front door and windows on the way. I was still dressed, and she naked of course. Later the next morning, I got another little thrill when she had no clothes to put on upstairs and had to walk downstairs back to the kitchen before getting dressed.

That may have been my favorite night of our relationship. Unfortunately it didn't last very long after that. I never got to explore this aspect of Lauren further. It had been a while since we broke up, and I was feeling lonely, and frankly, horny. I do keep in touch with my ex-girlfriends, Lauren included. One time while catching up at lunch we made jokes about a "booty call" and wondered how people execute that maneuver exactly. That would be the ruse to put my plan in action.

It's not important how I talked Lauren into our latenight meeting. It was awkward for both of us, but clearly we both wanted it. It was only a little after 11 on a Friday, but that has to count for our booty call. As I made my way over to her apartment, I was still hashing out whether my idea was even possible or if I could go through with it. I arrived and made my way up to her place. I climbed the staircase to her third floor apartment, keenly aware of the large three story window that reveals the entirety of the stairs. I reached the top landing and opened the fire door, then walked right up and knocked on her door. As I waited for her to answer, I looked around at the other three doors to her neighbors' apartments. There isn't much space in this building, and this hallway was tight quarters. But then I was brought around to the sound of Lauren whipping her door open.

"There you are tiger!" She grinned as she spoke, a very wide grin. She stood in the doorway looking as beautiful as ever. Her hair was down, but showed signs of some quick effort to style it nicely. The touch of makeup didn't disturb her natural look but rather made her best features shine. She wore a thin cotton blouse, the sort with a tapered feminine cut that sported few buttons. The material was thin and did little to obscure the lacy trim of her undergarment. Her shirt hem dangled over a very brief miniskirt. It seemed very silky, like it made no effort to cling to the skin it contacts.

"Who, little ol' me?" I bantered back coyly. I continued to stand a few feet from the door with my hands in my pockets and swayed back and forth.

"Come here boy, I have use for you..." she spoke softly with her more sultry voice.

"Don't you want to see the moon tonight? It's full and it's just outside your front window over here." I knew that her apartment had no windows towards that side, I was referring to the staircase window.

"This isn't a date, I'm not interested in seeing any sights..." as she uttered this she began to creep towards me and reach out "...save one." She took one firm grasp of me, but then lifted her hands and massaged my chest and shoulders as she looked longingly into my eyes. She had now come to stand in front of me, out in the hall a couple of feet from her door.

"I understand how you feel as well." I answered back, grabbing her ass with a cupping motion and pulling her tight into me as my hand slid almost between her legs. There were no more words wasted as our lips met. As they did, I grasped her lower back and held her tightly. My hands slid easily under her untucked shirttail, and my fingers started to knead the flesh of her lower back. I moved one hand higher, caressing her ribs briefly. Then with a swift motion I spun around her and clasped her to me with an arm around her stomach, keeping my other hand under her shirt just shy of her chest. I kissed her neck and cheek as I began to squeeze her breast. She began to lean into me somewhat limp. I reached up with my other hand and released a button on her shirt. Without that one button her bra was exposed. Now that both my hands were in the area, I worked both breasts and the remaining buttons with ease. Only one button contained the base of her shirt when the fire door opened again.

I greeted Lauren's neighbors with a nonchalant "Oh, hi." The couple stared back in shock for just a moment, but that quickly dissolved into grins. I could tell that they would be cool, which put me at ease. But since I was standing behind Lauren, I wasn't seeing her expression and couldn't be sure how she was handling hanging out for her neighbors.

"Betsy, Jack, you remember Frank." Lauren introduced me again as calmly as she could, her arms slowly lowered to her sides in an attempt to be as accepting as possible of the situation. That situation was that she was now standing in front of her neighbors with her shirt open and bra clearly on display.

"Good to see you again." I reached out my hand to offer a shake to Jack and to get it off of Lauren's boob.

Betsy acknowledged me "Oh yes, Frank. We haven't seen you in a long while."

"That's because Frank hasn't seen me for a bit."

"Seeing a bit of you now, isn't he?" Jack shot back at Lauren. We all laughed at that and seemed to shrug off the awkwardness of the situation. I moved my hands from at Lauren's hips up to rub her shoulders. I was ecstatic. I thought this might go much better than I had imagined. I originally assumed it was unlikely that others would get involved, but these two would go right along. This would be much better than just stripping Lauren in the hall or the stairs. I began to make my move.

Jack and Betsy talked to Lauren about how their evening had gone, how good the restaurant was, etc. etc. It was a blur to me because between grins and nods towards the conversation I was starting to run my hands up and down Lauren's body. It was slow and discrete so as not to interrupt their talk. I massaged her shoulders again, but this time I slipped my hands under her shirt to kneed her skin. I slowly worked my way out the shoulders and started down the arms, opening her shirt wider in the process and allowing it to slide off her shoulders and down her back. I left it gathered at her elbows, then brought her hands in towards her stomach to hug her into me again. Sliding one hand away I was able to undo the last button without her noticing.

We stood that way for a while longer, Lauren's shirt only being held up by her elbows and arms resting against her stomach. My hands moved up and down along her hips. Then very deliberately I reached around and quietly unzipped her skirt. It slipped immediately and rested very low on her hips. Reflexively she moved her hand to try and catch it, letting her shirt go in the process. She was surprised as it then dangled from both of her wrists subduing her somewhat in the process. She opened her legs a step to prevent the skirt from slipping further, but managed to step on her shirttail. In haste, she pulled one hand free of the shirt. To regain control, she decided to deliberately pull the shirt off of her other hand. The whole time she tried to continue looking at Betsy as she rambled on.

"Honey, your pretty pumps are stepping on your stylish shirt." I bent down to help her out and pick her shirt off of the floor. As I descended, I let my hand drag along her hip and thigh to pull her skirt lower. I then picked up her foot to pull the shirt out, but put it down quickly stepping her shoes together to get her legs together. This started the skirt downward again as she started to lose balance. To keep from stumbling to the side she lifted one leg instinctually, but bringing it back down just forced the skirt to her ankles.

She looked as if she might fall, so as I grabbed her legs to steady her I said "Carefully honey, you have a tough time with skirts! You have to stop stepping all over your clothes." Again I lifted her legs up one at a time and pulled the skirt out. I tucked the shirt and skirt under my arm and stood up to hold her again.

"That shirt is nice, you have great taste in clothes Lauren. That's a great matched set too. Where did you get it?" This was beautiful. Lauren was now standing in her hallway talking to her neighbor Betsy about her outfit, which was a red lace bra and panty set.

"Did you get it as a thong?"

I spun Lauren around to show Betsy and Jack her glorious thong clad backside. Lauren gave her tush a shake.

I couldn't believe it as Lauren and Betsy talked through the details of fitting a bra. After Betsy got around to asking about the material I said "here, feel it". I pulled Lauren's strap, extending it towards Betsy who reached out to take it. With my other hand I undid the back so that as Betsy took the bra she could pull it off of Lauren's body. Lauren was surprised again, but just let it happen.

"It's not silk, but it sure feels like it is." Lauren continued to calmly comment on her attire even though it was now in Betsy's hands.

Jack and I just stood and stared. Lauren was relaxed, hands calmly laying at her sides by the waistband of her only cover. Her nipples spoke to her true feelings though, erect and shooting for the stars.
Lauren and Betsy continued to go at it, Jack and I at a loss for words. Like friends passing pictures at a party, Betsy handed Jack the bra as if it was his turn to examine it. This must have given Jack an inspiration.

"Why don't you two come in for a while? We have a couple of great bottles of champagne that we've been waiting to uncork."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to bother..." said Lauren shaking her head.

"Nonsense, we'll never use those bottles if we don't have company over." Betsy took Lauren's hands and started to lead her towards their apartment.

Lauren looked over her shoulder at me confused, then said "Frank, you better get my door."

"Sure honey." As she turned back towards Jack and Betsy's, I quickly threw her things in the open door then started to close it. Jack caught on quick and stopped me to toss the bra in as well. As I closed the door, I remembered that opening her door from the inside does not unlock it. But I shut it anyway.

Two bottles of champagne later (and then some), Lauren wasn't even thinking about shirts, skirts, or breasts anymore. Inside Jack and Betsy's, we all sat and talked for what seemed like hours. Betsy and Lauren had gone to high school together and were sharing stories. Lauren had slipped her shoes off and was sitting on the couch with me. Such a mixture of things must have been going through her mind, and her pose reflected it. She sat with both legs up on the couch, her left leg extended lengthwise with the other bent in behind it. She still had her upper body turned to face our company, and her hands were tucked in behind her as she leaned back. This had the delightful effect of keeping her chest protruding while still displaying as much of her cheek as possible.

When the high school memories turned to the cheerleading squad, Jack and I kept trying to goad the girls into repeating one of their cheers. As greased as they were it didn't take much trouble. Lauren stood right next to Betsy as they motioned with imaginary pom poms. She danced back and forth, shaking her hips and chest as her arms fanned out the motions. She jumped with arms outstretched, accentuating that sexy extra giggle in her chest. She kicked high, showing just how brief that thong was. The routine finished with them facing away, slapping their right hands on their butts, then turning to beam a smile over their right shoulders. Lauren had pushed her butt out noticeably more than Betsy and shook it back and forth as they turned around to return to their seats.

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Lauren, still standing, "you mean just like this?"

"Well, that's up to you girl. It wouldn't matter to me. Probably wouldn't matter to them either, you remember all the shit we used to get away with there?"

Jack shrugged off his initial look of disappointment quickly, realizing that there would be time later for what he had in mind. Knowing what was up, he chimed right in, "Yeah, figure it out quick though, I'm starving. Betsy and I are going to start walking down."

As Lauren was stepping back into her shoes, Jack and Betsy collected their things and were already at the door.

Lauren turned to me, "the diner is just a couple of streets over from here, we can walk there after I stop back in my apartment first."

"Ok, we'll meet up with you there. You go save a table." I said this as we all walked out of their apartment. Jack quickly locked up as we exited, then he and Betsy started down the stairs as Lauren and I reached her door.

She stared at the door for a moment and tried to consider. "What did you do with my clothes earlier?"

"I put them in your apartment."

"And what did you do with my key?"

"I didn't have your key."

"Did you think I had a pocket for it somewhere?"

"I didn't think about it at all. You said get the door."

Next she gave a rambled statement about how it should be implied that you need to do it in a fashion that one can get back in etc. etc. The way she mixed and used way more words than necessary gave away her less than clear minded state.

"Well, I can't get into my place. I'll have to borrow something of Betsy's to wear."

"But they've already left."

"Go get..." She would have said go get them, but she knew she didn't want to wait alone in the hallway half naked either. She paused and thought for a moment.

"I guess we'll both have to go get them."

"In that case, why don't we stop and have a bite to eat on the way." I said with a smirk.

She knew what was up. She knew that she was locked out of her place wearing only pumps and a thong. She knew that the closest people that could help her were over at the diner, and that once she caught up with them they would probably want her to stay and eat first. At least, this was how her mind worked through a champagne filter. She decided to accept her fate and we started off down the stairs.

Thankfully, it didn't dawn on her to just drive back to my place.