**Katie**

**Beginning an Adventure**

by Tom and Katie ©

Let me start by giving you some background about Katie and me. We are both

in our early thirties (she is a year younger than me), are in professional

careers, no kids, and have been married just over five years. We had known

each other through a mutual friend for years before we started dating and

figured that we knew each other fairly well, were pretty compatible, and

got married after dating a bit over a year.

From a number of the other stories that I have seen, I realize that our

marriage went through a familiar pattern. Until seeing other people’s

stories, I was convinced that our problems were fairly unique. I was also

convinced that what I wanted out of our sex life was out of the ordinary.

Part of the reason that I am writing this story (and hopefully many more

to follow) is that I want to encourage other men to take the time to work

things out with their wives. The other reason that I am writing is that I

have enjoyed other people’s stories so much and wanted to return the

favor.

Anyway, after a couple of years of marriage, things hit a slump. I

attributed it to the “newness” of the marriage wearing off and us both

being busy. It took us both awhile to realize that it was much deeper than

that and basically that we were unable to communicate to one another. We

were good at being friends, but we had not really made that transition to

soul mates and sharing our lives together. A few people have referred to

their marriages as being more like roommates than anything else. That was

us.

There were some issues behind this lack of communication. Katie had grown

up with abusive parents, both were alcoholics. People in her family really

did not communicate, rather they merely fought. Communication basically

consisted of telling each other how much they hated each other and what a

pain the person was. Katie ended up with low self-esteem and went through

some really poor relationships through high school and college. Her

parents were very conservative and religious, so with this background and

a number of boyfriends that used her for sex, she had a pretty low view of

sex, her body, and herself. I had known a lot of this before we were even

dating, but I naively thought that if I treated her with love and respect

she would automatically come around and leave her past behind her. Few

things in any relationship are automatic, at least few things that do the

relationship any good.

I was not without my problems. My childhood was not the greatest either,

but I had made the decision that I could either sit around feeling sorry

for myself or get on with my life and make of it whatever I could. I had

adopted a take-charge attitude from this. The problem was that I would ask

Katie for her opinion (something she was totally unused to in her family)

and when I would not get a response, I would just go ahead and get things

done. She, in turn, viewed this as controlling her life just as her

parents had done before. Needless to say, this led to some pretty big

arguments.

Our sex life and any intimacy between us were the first victims. First,

from her parents and boyfriends, she did not really enjoy sex. If I got

too into it, she remembered back to her boyfriends using her and accused

me of doing the same. Also, as I said, she had a pretty low view of her

body. Her constant complaints that she was too fat, did not like her

boobs, etc. finally about had me convinced that she might be right. It got

to the point where seeing her naked no longer turned me on. She had never

really enjoyed sex anyway, so it just fell by the wayside. Although it did

not seem like a big deal at the time, looking back on things, I realize

that not having sex was the final nail in the coffin. Without it, we had

no connection at all.

We bumped along like this for a couple years. It seemed like just about

anything that we did together turned into an argument, we could not even

go to the video rental store and agree on a movie. Finally, about a year

ago, I sat myself down and did my best to take a long, objective look at

things. I had to admit that we were both responsible for the situation

that we were in, but I kept coming back to the issue of her upbringing and

its effect on her outlook on life. I figured that I owed things one last

chance. If I could not turn things around, there was no use going on with

a relationship that was not a relationship.

I made reservations for us at a nice quiet restaurant in an old farmhouse

out in the country. We had an uneventful, but nice dinner and were at

least pleasant to one another. After dinner, I suggested that we take a

walk around the grounds and talk a bit. There are gardens and paths with

low lighting, so we walked around a bit. There was a chill to the night

air, but it was still pleasant. There were a few other couples out, but

everyone seemed to be sharing a private moment and respected the other

people’s space. We found a bench and sat down. I told her that there was

something that I wanted to talk to her about. I told her I loved her, that

I wanted what was best for the both of us, but that where we stood now was

slowly killing us both. She started to protest, but I asked her to hear me

out.

I told her that I married her because I loved her and wanted to spend the

rest of my life with her, share the rest of my life with her. I told her

that we really were not doing much sharing anymore. We could not seem to

agree on anything and much of the time spent together was spent arguing. I

admitted that we both shared responsibility in our relationship and that

we both had problems to overcome. I told her that we never really seemed

to be able to communicate. We were different people and were sure to have

different opinions and interests, but we should be able to share this with

one another. I told her that we had to open up to one another. We may not

like what we heard from each other or agree with it, but that was life and

not something that we could run away from. I talked about this at some

length. I briefly touched on her parents and past relationships, letting

her know that I felt that they had been damaging, but I did not dwell on

them. I finally finished and asked her where she stood.

She was all teary-eyed and said that she had been at a loss as to what to

do. She said that she loved me, but was not sure what that really meant

any more. She said that anymore, she had no idea what a relationship was

supposed to be like. She admitted that I did my best to be good to her,

but that a lot of the time that ended up leading to her thinking that she

did not deserve me and that I would probably leave her for someone better.

She said that would just get her upset and she would find herself taking

it out on me.

We talked for perhaps thirty or forty minutes, acknowledging that we had a

problem but unsure of where to go from here. She finally asked me what I

felt we should do. I said that I had no quick answers, but that if we were

going to get anywhere, we would have to learn to trust each other and open

up to each other even if we were sure that the other person would not like

what we had to say. I told her that I was willing to try to make a new

start if she was.

I had thought that we were probably the only ones out there this late, but

another couple came around the path towards us about then. They were about

our age, maybe a bit younger. The woman looked at us and saw Katie’s tear

streaked face. I am sure that I was looking somewhat worn and haggard at

that point as well. Her face went through an internal struggle over

whether to stop to see if we were ok or just keep going and not get

involved. Compassion seemed to win out and she stopped to ask if

everything was ok with us. The guy was looking concerned as well, there

are still a few people out there willing to stop and help a stranger.

I stood and tried to give an off-hand laugh and was going to say thank you

but everything was ok. My laugh was not at all convincing, so I said that

we had been talking over some heavy subjects but that I thought we were

getting things worked out. I figured that they would be on their way, not

wanting to get too involved. However, the woman said that she hoped that

things were not too serious and that we seemed like nice people to be

sitting there alone with the weight of the world on our shoulders. I

smiled at her and said that my beautiful wife and I were trying to figure

out where our relationship was going. Katie gave a laugh and said that she

was far from beautiful. The woman told her that she looked fine to her and

suddenly I knew that I had to push my luck.

I knew that I was going to take advantage of Katie at a vulnerable moment,

but I had to know if this had any chance of working out. I had to know how

much effort Katie was willing to put into recovering our relationship. You

can talk things through until you are blue in the face, but unless you are

really willing to take action and do something about matters, nothing will

change. As I said, Katie had a pretty poor opinion of her body. I had

tried to get her to show off in the past, but she always said that no one

would want to see it and get angry at me for trying to make a fool out of

her. If she was really willing to make an effort toward change, now was

the time to start. I looked at Katie with a determined look in my eye and

told her that I was going to prove to her that I was not the only one who

found her beautiful. I held my hand out to her and when she looked in my

eyes, I could tell that she sensed what was coming. She gingerly put her

hand in mine and I raised her to her feet.

The other woman started to say again that she thought Katie was beautiful,

but I laid my hand on her arm and motioned for the two of them to sit on

the bench. They both looked a bit confused, but took their seats. As I

turned Katie around by the shoulders to face them, I told them that I

hoped that I would not offend them but that my wife believed that I was

the only one who found her attractive. I added that a lot of the time she

still felt that even I was lying. As I started to slide her coat off her

shoulders I asked them if they would mind if I asked them to give her

their honest judgement.

The couple realized that something was up and did not say anything as I

laid her coat down on the bench beside them. Looking around pretty much

confirmed that we were the only ones out in the gardens at this point.

There were a few lights around, but nothing shining directly on us, so I

doubt that anyone up towards the building or in the parking lot could see

us. Returning to Katie, I again moved behind her and started unbuttoning

her blouse. The woman drew in a breath, but kept silent. I could feel

Katie’s heart beating and her breathing was a bit heavier. The air was

cool, but not enough to see her breath. I stopped with her blouse

unbuttoned to her waist. With only a couple buttons left, I pulled it

apart in the front to expose her belly and white bra but left it on. I

took off my jacket and, kneeling at her feet, laid it out in front of her.

I then slipped off her shoes one at a time followed by her knee-highs and

had her stand on my jacket. Reaching around her, I undid her belt and

pulled it from her skirt and put it on the bench with her coat. At the

back of her skirt, I undid the button and slowly pulled the zipper down

while still holding the skirt up around her waist. With the zipper down, I

pulled the skirt apart a bit to lower it over her hips and let her step

out of it. It joined the belt and coat.

She was standing there in only her blouse, bra, and knickers now. The other

couple was silently sitting there, transfixed by the show as it unfolded

before them. My erection was pressing hard against my trousers and Katie

was breathing heavily. The emotion charged evening had quickly turned to

lust for her. I reached under her blouse and slid her knickers down her

legs. With her blouse still covering her, the couple could not see

anything, but they both drew in a breath as they realized that I was

taking this all the way. I dropped her knickers with her shoes and stood up

behind her once again. I undid her bra in the front as well as the last

buttons on her blouse and peeled them both off of her. She was standing

there naked before the other couple as I laid her blouse and bra with the

rest of her clothes. Her nipples were taut stubs and I could hear her

ragged breathing.

Returning to stand behind her, I put my arms around her with my hands on

her belly, rubbing slowly up and down. I told the other couple, “Before

you make your final judgement, I think that a woman is most beautiful when

she is aroused, don’t you?” I felt Katie tense in my arms and the other

couple could only barely nod their heads. I moved my hands up to her

breasts, cupping them and finding her nipples between my thumbs and

forefingers. As I started to massage her breasts and rub her nipples, the

tension just flowed out of her. Katie leaned back against me, closed her

eyes, and a deep moan escaped her lips. I kissed her shoulder and sucked

gently on her collarbone as I played with her breasts.

Knowing that she was ready, I slid my hands down her belly and between her

legs. She moved her feet apart and opened her legs to give me access. I

quickly found her wet gash and slipped a finger into it, running my finger

up until I found her hardened clit. She moaned heavily and a tremor ran

through her body as I touched it. I could see the bulge in the guy’s pants

and the woman had parted her legs as her hand found its way to her own

crotch. I was rubbing my finger across Katie’s hardened clit and she

leaned her head back on my shoulder and closed her eyes. Her breaths were

coming heavy and I could feel her whole body trembling. The other couple

was just watching it all in silence; there was not much that they could

say. Katie gasped out that she could not stand much longer, that her legs

were about to give out. I directed her to lean forward and motioned to ask

if she could brace herself against the guy. He did not seem to mind and

his wife (I noticed the rings on their fingers) was too caught up in the

moment to object.

Katie put her hands down on his one leg, just above the knee, and bent

over. I had her move her feet apart a bit further to gain better access to

her pussy from behind. Running my middle finger into her wet hole, I used

the fingers on either side to rub her clit with each stroke. With my other

hand I rubbed and kneaded the cheek of her ass. Before long, Katie leaned

her forehead into the guy’s shoulder as the passion overwhelmed her. He

put his right hand on her shoulder to steady her and then began running it

up and down, across her shoulder and back. I motioned for him that it was

ok for him to fondle her and he looked to his wife. She nodded to him and

he slid his hand down around Katie’s side to cup her breast. Katie let out

a low moan as he started rubbing her breast and nipple. She was wetter

than I had ever seen her and I could tell that she was building toward one

hell of an orgasm.

The woman surprised me and her husband as well when she tentatively

reached out to touch Katie’s other breast. She stroked the side of it with

the back of her fingers as it swayed gently back and forth as Katie slowly

rocked herself against my fingers. She then turned her hand to cup the

breast in her palm, slipping her hand to let Katie’s nipple drag back and

forth across her palm.

Katie was on the edge at this point. Her whole body was trembling and her

breathing was coming short and fast. I took her clit and rolled it between

my thumb and forefinger and her whole body went rigid for a moment before

she started spasming. I put my arm around her belly to keep her from

falling and the couple each held one of her arms to support her. I lightly

stroked her clit and pussy lips with my other hand as she had one orgasm

after another. Finally, I just held my hand against her hot mound as her

spasms quieted.

Katie just stayed like that for two or three minutes, with her head

against the guy’s shoulder as we supported her. Her breathing slowly

returned to normal, but she remained with her head buried on his shoulder.

I was beginning to think that she was embarrassed to face us when she

finally moved to stand back up. I kept my arms around her because she was

still a bit unsteady on her feet and the couple lent her their arms as

they stood up with her. She gave them an embarrassed smile, looking up at

them briefly before lowering her eyes again.

I broke the silence, saying that now was the time for their honest

opinion. “So, what do you think? Does my wife have to worry about not

being beautiful?” I asked. Katie was standing there; totally naked, her

hair rumpled, her makeup smudged from the previous tears and the

subsequent passion, a sheen of sweat across her body, the juice of her

orgasm was running down her legs, and the smell of her musk scented the

air. My question caused her to lower her head further and shift from foot

to foot. The woman made the first movement. She turned around and picked

up Katie’s coat, holding it out for her, and said, “Dear, you are truly

fantastic! Beautiful does not even begin to describe how you look!” Katie

looked up at her, somewhat shocked. Looking into her face, all that Katie

could see was kindness and warmth. The guy stammered a bit and told her

that he was totally amazed. There was lust in his eyes, but he understood

that he had to keep it in control. Katie thanked them both in a somewhat

dazed voice and reached for her coat. The woman helped her into it and she

pulled the front closed.

I apologized to the couple, thanking them for what they had done for us

and saying that I hoped that we had not gone too far over the line for

them. The woman answered, saying that we should not be worried and that

they enjoyed the surprise show. She said that she hoped that we found a

way to work things out. If our show was any indication, we had a lot going

for us. She said that they had to get going and, patting her husband’s

ass, said that she better get him home “and take care of him before he

ruptured anything.” Before turning to go, she gave Katie a hug and told

her that from what she had seen, she was something else and had nothing to

worry about. She looked over to me and told me to take care of her. I

replied that she was something very special and that I was very proud of

her. Katie looked at me and I could tell that she honestly believed my

words tonight.

The couple walked away and I started to pick up Katie’s clothes. Katie sat

down to put her shoes on for the walk to the car and her coat opened up in

front. I stopped for a moment and pushed her coat apart further. I bent

down and kissed her belly and the tops of both her legs, then I held her

face in my hands and kissed her lips. I told her that she was so

beautiful, that I loved her so much, and that I hoped that we could find a

way to make things work out. With a laugh, I added that even if that meant

showing her off every weekend to prove that I was not the only one who

found her beautiful. She laughed and we finished gathering things together

and walked back to our car.

At home, we spent some time exploring each other’s bodies as though for

the first time again and softly made love to one another several times

before falling asleep in each other’s arms. I am not about to say that

this evening changed our lives forever and everything has been sunshine

and roses since then. We have had our ups and downs, but things have been

getting better. We decided that night that exposing Katie was part of the

healing process, both to get her to accept herself as well as to trust me.

She only requested that she have some say in when we expose her. She did

not want it to become something that we have to do all the time. She also

requested that there be some intimacy to it. No large crowds and she got

approval of who she exposed herself to. It may sound like a lot of

restrictions, but it has been working fairly well for us. I will share

more of our stories and update you on our relationship if the readers are

interested.

**Exposing Katie 001**

One of the benefits of having El Nino out here on the East Coast is that

we miss a lot of the usual snow, ice, and cold. I am sorry, but there are

certain benefits to seventy (and eighty) degree days in January. If you

are in California, Florida, or a similar locale, you might not see my

point. Around here, January usually means that everyone has so many layers

of clothes on that you cannot distinguish a person's sex, much less their

figure.

Since our initial show, Katie and I had not gotten nearly as adventurous

with exposing her to anyone else. Rather than exposing her, I was spending

time working on getting her to be more accepting of her naked body. She is

a bit less than average height, but her build is slender with small, firm

breasts. Without being amply endowed, she always figured that nobody would

be interested. I would get her to take her clothes off to watch TV in the

evening and gently stroke her naked flesh as we watched the primetime

lineup. We would snuggle together on the couch, sometimes with just her

naked and other times with both of us naked. I think that having her naked

by herself was important to getting her used to being naked despite what

the conditions might be. Understand that at first it even took some

convincing to get Katie to sleep in the nude on a regular basis.

Long car trips were another opportunity to get her used to being naked. On

evening drives, I would turn the heat up and she would get naked under the

cover of darkness. The other benefit of the car trips was that it gave me

the opportunity to get her to accept touching her own body. I would rub

her leg and play with her breasts and pussy, but there would be times that

I would have to give my full attention to driving. This usually left her

aroused and wanting more. One of these times she complained about being so

close when I was forced to divert my attention. I replied that there was

nothing stopping her from finishing things herself. There had been a long

enough break that she was a bit out of the mood by the time that I

suggested that she take matters into her own hands, but when the driving

was taking less than my full attention, I returned to playing with her and

was able to work her up again. When I saw that traffic would be

interrupting me soon, I closed my hand over hers where it was laying on

her leg. I moved her hand to her crotch and continued playing with her. I

would rub my finger along her slit and then along her finger, back and

forth between them. I was getting her pretty worked up and had slowly

moved her finger until it was touching her clit. Traffic interrupted me

then and I concentrated on driving for a few minutes. When I had a chance

to look over, she was softly rubbing her clit with her eyes closed. Rather

than disturb her, I just watched as she pleasured herself. She finally

came, not with an earth shattering orgasm, but it seemed to be

pleasurable. Later she confided that it was decidedly different when you

had complete control, not better or worse, but nice.

We were also spending a fair amount of time at a local state park when the

days were a little warmer. As I said at the beginning, that winter had

been extremely mild. We both like the area, it surrounds a man-made lake

with wooded areas and fields and everything in between with hiking trails

looping through the different areas. For the most part, the rangers stay

down around the lake and the public areas. I do not think I have ever seen

one back on the trails. Mostly I would just get her to flash me as we walked the trails, but a couple times I got her to take off all her clothes in some remote corner of the park to get her used to being naked outside in the open. After she got over the initial misgivings, she confided that it really felt good to be out in the sun and fresh air in the nude.

We had been doing a fair amount of this over the course of several months,

just getting her used to being naked but not actually exposing her to

anyone. There were a couple times out at the state park that I think that

someone may have gotten a glimpse of her when she flashed me, but I doubt

that they really saw anything more than the fact that she had flashed me.

I realized that these things take time and was fortunate for the first

opportunity to expose her to other people and that it had gone so well.

However, I finally decided that it was time to actually expose her to

someone again. On a particularly nice Saturday afternoon, I suggested to

Katie that we should go for a stroll around the local park. I wasn't sure

exactly what we were going to do, but I figured that I would take the

opportunity if it presented itself. She agreed that it would be nice and I

told her that I got to pick her clothes for the afternoon. She knew that I

had something planned and a brief shadow crossed her face, but we had been

doing a lot better lately and she apparently decided to at least see what

I had in mind before getting upset.

When I laid out her clothes, she gave me a "that's all?" look. I had set

out her hiking boots with wool socks, a pair of khaki shorts, and a long,

large white T-shirt that she mostly used as a nightshirt rather than

clothing. I think that she was expecting me to set out a thong and pasties

or something really wild and revealing. She got dressed, sans underwear,

and we were on our way. The park is about half an hour from us and the

drive was uneventful. In the summer, there is fishing and boating on the

lake and there are several "day use" areas with picnic grounds and

swimming beaches where most of the people congregate. Further back from

the water are camping areas and the hiking trails. Everything is open year

round, but in the winter you just find a few locals around, out for a walk

mainly. On a nice day, there are usually some people in the picnic areas

and a few people on the trails, but there are never really any crowds to

speak of. There is one trail that covers some rugged terrain that is somewhat removed from the day use areas. Few people use it in the winter except for some runners that go for the hills for their training. It is rugged enough that we did not have to worry about families or older people surprising us.

When we got to the parking lot, we were the only ones there. I was

slightly discouraged, but there was still the chance that someone could

come in behind us. We set off down the trail, arm in arm, enjoying the

warm weather. Without leaves on the trees, there was enough sunlight to

keep us warm even in the wooded areas. With no signs of anyone else

around, I told Katie to take her shorts off. The T-shirt was long enough

to keep her covered, as long as she did not bend over too much. She

hesitated a bit, but finally took them off and handed them to me. At her

urging, I took off my own T-shirt, rolled it up with her shorts, and

carried them along.

As we walked up the next hill, Katie was starting to get into the mood,

pulling the hem of her shirt up to flash her ass and pussy at me every now

and then. We crested the first hill and started down into the little

valley before the next hill. We still had not encountered anyone at this

point and I began to wonder if I had played things too cautious. Katie was

in good spirits, though, and was enjoying the game of exposing herself to

me. So I was not going to argue with the situation. We reached the final

hill that runs up a bit higher with a rock outcropping at the summit. The

trail goes up and around the rocks and you can easily climb up the

backside of the rocks to overlook the trail below. We wound our way up and

around the rocks and decided to climb up to the peak of the outcropping.

Although the slope of the outcropping is not too great from the backside,

it sort of stair steps up. As I went up behind Katie, I was treated to a

gorgeous view up her T-shirt, showing off her ass and pussy. I think that

she was totally unaware of the show she was giving me. We made it to the

top and looked out over the edge. Without any leaves on the trees, we

could see the trail winding its way back up the last hill and also look

out to the lake. The sun was warm and there was only a little breeze

blowing. I sat back on a rock as Katie stood out towards the edge, taking

in the view.

After taking in the view for awhile, Katie turned to me to tell me how

beautiful it all was. I told her that the view from where I was sitting

was pretty good as well. She smiled at me and pulled her shirt up to show

me her pussy. I laughed and asked if that was all that I got to see. She

laughed back and pulled it up higher, exposing her breasts as well. I told

her that she looked wonderful and asked if the sun felt good on her skin.

She admitted that it did feel pretty good to be out in the sun and the

fresh air so I asked her to lose the T-shirt. She looked around her for a

moment, saw nobody in view, and pulled the T-shirt over her head and

tossed it to me.

I think that a certain amount of the thrill of exhibitionism is the

incongruity of the situation. A naked person where naked people are not

supposed to be. For me, this extends to clothing. Having Katie totally

naked out in nature with only her heavy hiking boots and wool socks on was

somehow more arousing than if she had been wearing tennis shoes or high

heels. Her boots and socks are not what you would consider to be sexy in

and of themselves, but the contrast with her nudity was unbelievably sexy.

Sort of the difference between you wandering around in your pajamas in the

morning and your wife wandering around in your pajamas in the morning. In

any case, she looked beautiful posing in the afternoon sun.

She stood there, nude, just talking to me. She looked incredible and I was

sure to tell her so. She asked if she was turning me on and when I said

yes, she boldly told me to prove it. I unzipped my shorts and pulled my

semi-hard cock out of my boxers for her to see. She pouted at me and said

that was not much of a show considering what she was giving me. I

responded by standing up and pulling both my shorts and boxers down,

stepping out of them, and sitting back down on the rock. As we continued

to talk, I sat and stroked my rod for her. I have to agree with her, being

naked in the sun and fresh air is great! We were both out there under the

sun and sky in just our hiking boots and socks.

She had turned around a couple times to look out at the view (showing me

her ass in the process), but this time when she turned around and started

to bend over, she suddenly froze. I was back far enough from the edge that

I really could not see what was below us, so I asked her what was up.

Still frozen and bent half over, she answered that a guy had just come

over the last hill on the trail. Surprisingly, she just stood there. I

figured that she would have dashed back from the edge and demanded her

clothes from me. I asked her if he could see her and she said, "Oh, yes!

He is just standing there staring at me." I was still amazed that her

reaction was not to hide herself. I asked her what she wanted to do, again

expecting that she would at least ask for the T-shirt. "I don't know," she

said. "He looks harmless enough." I replied that she should be neighborly

then and wave. Continuing to surprise me, she stood back up and waved

enthusiastically at the guy.

I asked her what his reaction was and she told me that he had waved back

and was coming along the trail towards us. As he came up the hill towards

the rock outcrop, I could hear him moving down below. Katie was still out

at the edge of the rocks, in full view. He called up, asking what was

going on. Katie responded that she and her husband were just enjoying the

chance to soak up some sunshine. He made a comment about her not being

alone and I could hear the disappointment in his voice. She confirmed that

she was not alone and he asked if I was naked too. Katie laughed and said

that I was as naked as she was and was showing her how much I appreciated

her show. He laughed at that and said that from what he could see, he sure

appreciated the show as well. She thanked him and asked him if he wanted

to come up and show her his "appreciation" himself. He asked if I didn't

mind and she told him that wasn't a problem. She warned him that he could

not touch, but he was more than welcome to look if he behaved himself. He

said that he understood and would be up in a moment.

I could hear him make his way around the rocks and up to where we were. He

turned out to be a few years younger than us, mid to late twenties, in

good shape. You could tell that he was a runner and he was dressed in

running shorts and a T-shirt. I felt a bit awkward sitting there mostly

naked with my cock hanging out, but since I was trying to expose Katie I

did not feel that I could complain about my own exposure. Understandably,

he was a bit uneasy about meeting my eye, so he mainly focused on Katie.

Who could blame him? We introduced ourselves and he said his name was

Greg. We made a bit of small talk; he was just out for a run on the trails

and did not expect what he found. After a bit of this, I asked him if he

was up to showing Katie his "appreciation" for her. I could see his

erection in his shorts and I could see Katie had been looking at it as well.

He took a look around and said, "When in Rome…" He dropped his shorts and

his pole was standing at attention, saluting Katie. She smiled at him and

told him how nice it was to be "appreciated." He leaned back against a

rock and started stroking himself as we all talked. Katie continued to

stand befor us as she talked. Watching us stroking our cocks was getting

Katie hot as well. It was not long before her hand dipped to her crotch.

Greg noticed immediately and asked how much she was willing to show. I

think that touching herself was subconscious, because she was a bit

embarrassed when she asked what he meant. He said that he knew that if he

kept up stroking himself he was sure to come and that he would love to

watch her come.

She thought about it for a moment before agreeing. She asked me for her

T-shirt, spread it out on the rock in front of us, and laid down on it

with her knees up and spread slightly. At first she was a bit

self-conscious, just rubbing her hands up and down her thighs and barely

brushing her pubic hair. The excitement started to get to her though, she

was soon rubbing her nether lips and her knees began to part more. As part

of our exposure of Katie, I had convinced her to keep her pubic hair

trimmed close. She tried shaving, but quickly decided that it was too much

upkeep and that a close trim was more comfortable. As her juices began to

flow, her lips opened up and we had an excellent view of all her glory.

When she first stuck a finger inside of herself, I thought that I was

going to blow my load early. I managed to contain myself and continued to

watch the show. She was plunging her finger into her wet hole and pulling

it out again, running it up across her clit before diving in again. Her

eyes were closed and her breasts were heaving as she concentrated on

herself. She brought her other hand down to rub her clit as she slid her

fingers in and out of herself. After a few moments of this, her legs

tightened up and she moved her one hand to spread open her lips while the

other hand furiously rubbed her clit. She quickly came and the juice oozed

out of her hole and ran between her ass cheeks as her whole body went

rigid. It took a moment for her to come down off her high from the orgasm.

She took a moment to open her eyes and prop herself up on her elbows.

Looking at us she said, "Let's see it boys."

I have to admit that I had been about ready to blow my load for the past

ten minutes, but I wanted to make it last. Both of us were stroking in

earnest now. Greg asked if he could come on her tits, but Katie firmly

told him that was not allowed. After a few more moments, I could not hold

it any longer and shot my load onto the rocks in front of me. Greg did not

last much longer than I did, when I looked over he had a puddle on the

rocks between his legs as well. We talked a bit longer before Katie said

that we had better get going. She put just her T-shirt back on and we

headed back towards the parking lot as Greg continued on to finish his

run. He said that he hoped to see us out here again sometime. I wonder

whether he made his full run after his unexpected detour.

On the way home, we talked about what had happened. Katie told me that it

was sort of neat when she realized that Greg got all turned on just

looking at her. She also admitted that she had wanted to reach out and

touch his cock or hold his balls as he came. She clearly stated, though,

that she was not ready to get even that little bit involved with someone

else yet. She tried to explain that without contact, it was more removed,

there was no commitment. She was not sure if the contact would make her

feel differently about it. It gave some hope that she was loosening up

about all of this though. As it turned out, this did lead to a whole new

set of adventures, but that happened later on.

**Exposing Katie 002**

As winter turned into spring that year, Katie was in the market for a new

car. She has wanted a Jeep ever since she was a little kid and decided

that it was finally time to treat herself. Car buying seemed like the

perfect opportunity for some exposure to me. Unfortunately, Katie did not

initially agree. Her point was that she did not want to set a precedent

for when she had to bring the car back in for service. It was that

commitment thing again. We were finally able to compromise. Although she

did not plan on buying from them, she wanted to check out a dealer nearly

an hour from us to compare prices. If he did give her a better deal, the

local dealer had already told her he would match any price that she could

find.

Since a car dealership is fairly public, Katie made it clear that she

wanted to keep this pretty tame. I figured that since this was the most

public situation that she had been willing to expose herself in, I would

take what I could get. We settled on her wearing a tight white sweater

with no bra and a short plaid skirt with white thong knickers. I suppose

that I should give a brief description of Katie. She is about 5’-3”,

petite, with small but full breasts, tawny light brown hair that reaches

down between her shoulder blades, green eyes, and a cute face. The sweater

showed off the curves of her breasts and the skirt was short enough to

show off a lot of leg and thigh when she was being good and her ass cheeks

and knickers when she was being naughty. The thong knickers were nearly

invisible in the back, the strip of material could barely be seen between

her cheeks. It widened to cover the bulge of her pubic mound, covering it

but showing it off nicely. Our plan was that in looking vehicles over,

Katie would have to do a fair amount of bending over and sliding in and

out of the vehicles.

We went out on a Friday evening, figuring that there would not be too many

people out and the salesmen would probably be a bit bored. We planned to

liven up their evening for them! The dealership was pretty quiet when we

went in. There were four salesman, a couple managers, and a few other

support people around. Another couple and a family were looking at cars

and there were two people waiting on service for their cars. One of the

salesmen came up to me to see if he could help me and I told him that he

had better impress the lady, she was the one buying. He realized that he

had made his first mistake and immediately began sucking up to her to try

to make up for it.

Katie told him that she was interested in a Jeep and we moved over toward

the one on display inside the building. Mind you, Katie has dreamed of

owning a Jeep for a long time. The first thing that she had done was to

pick up a brochure at the local dealer and spent a number of evenings

pouring over all of the options and specifications. The salesman made his

second mistake when he started talking about colors and the interior

accessories. I had to feel sorry for him when she launched into questions

about the different axle packages, the heavy-duty alternator, and such. I

have a 4x4 truck and she had picked up enough from being around me that

she knew that she wanted more than just a freeway cruiser. Heck, even

without the flashing, she was going to leave a path of devastation through

this dealership! I just hoped that she did not forget what our “other”

plans for being here were.

Not to worry. The salesman opened up the driver’s door of the Jeep for her

to get in and check it out. She boosted herself up into the seat and as

she swiveled herself in, her legs gaped wide, pulling her skirt

practically up to her waist and flashing her white knickers directly in the

salesman’s face. This caught him completely off guard while Katie just

kept on like absolutely nothing happened. He turned toward me to see if I

had caught him looking and I pretended to be looking at the window sticker

on the Cherokee next to the Wrangler that Katie was in. Nobody else was

close by, so Katie did not even bother to pull her skirt down. I could not

see her knickers from where I was at, but I was sure that the salesman

could since he was standing right next to her.

They talked about the Jeep for awhile before she got out. Again, she let

her legs swing wide apart, clearly showing her panty-clad mound to both of

us. The salesman was completely flustered by this point. Between his

numerous mistakes in handling Katie as a customer and worrying about her

husband catching him stealing glances at her charms, he was pretty

nervous. I am 6’-3”, 185 lbs., with a beard and mustache and can look

fairly intimidating when I try. Honestly, I was not trying at the time,

but he still was worried.

Katie moved around to the front of the Jeep to look under the hood. He

opened it up and she started poking around, looking at things. Let me give

you a brief description of the dealership. The showroom had the vehicles

on display at the front of the room so that people could see them through

the windows from the street. There was a Jeep Wrangler and Cherokee on the

one side and a Chrysler minivan and sedan on the other. Behind the

displays was a row of cubicles along the wall for the salesman. Behind the

wall were the administrative offices with a few windows out into the

showroom. Behind that was the service department and service bays and

such, but you could not see in there from the showroom. We were over on

the side with the Jeeps (obviously), the other couple had left, the family

was looking at the minivan on the other side, and a man and a woman were

waiting over on the other side of the showroom for their cars from

service. One of the other salesmen, with no customers around, was leaning

back in his chair at his desk on our side of the showroom. With Katie’s

attire, he was not quite staring but definitely paying attention.

Her salesman was pointing things out under the hood and seemed to be

getting his concentration back without Katie’s knickers on display in front

of him. Katie is fairly short, though, so she was having trouble seeing

some of what he was pointing at. She solved this problem by putting one

foot up on the bumper and leaning forward into the engine bay. Her

salesman had his head under the hood too, so he did not benefit from her

skirt riding up her legs and showing off her naked ass cheeks. The

salesman at the desk nearly lost his balance in the chair, though. I was

still trying to maintain that I was not paying attention and did not know

what my wife was doing, but it sure was hard to stifle my laughter. He

made enough noise, though, that Katie and her salesman turned to look at

him and Katie brought her foot down off of the bumper.

They continued around to the passenger side of the Jeep and Katie wanted

to check it out as well. He opened up the door for her and she repeated

her show from the driver’s side. I was still over on the other side, so I

did not get to see the show but Katie assured me later that she was sure

to spread her legs for him when she got in and out. After checking out the

passenger’s seat, she said that she had to check out the back seat as

well. She got back out and flipped the seat forward. Now, getting in and

out of the back seat of a Jeep is not something anyone could do in a short

skirt and maintain their decency. You have to step up to clear the

doorsill while bending over to clear the roof and squeeze yourself between

the seat and the doorjamb. The salesman was holding the door for her, so

her naked ass was practically in his face while she performed this

maneuver. I went over and leaned in the driver’s side window to ask what

she thought of things. She said that the back had plenty of room and

demonstrated by spreading her arms and legs out while sitting in the

middle of the seat. Of course that gave the salesman and me a clear view

of her knickers again. She looked around a bit more before climbing out

again. Going out forwards did not give the salesman much of a show, but I

am not sure if he could have taken it at this point.

Katie talked to the salesman a bit longer before thanking him and saying

she had to get on her way. He was sure to give her a business card and say

that she could call him any time if she had any more questions (I am sure

of that!). We got in our car and headed home. On the trip, we laughed over

the whole experience. Katie admitted that at first she was a bit upset

with me for setting her up to be ogled by these creeps. Then she began to

realize the power that she had over them. At that point she had found the

humor in the situation. Truthfully, it meant a lot to me that we were able

to share this together and laugh together about it afterwards. I was sure

to tell her that I loved her and was proud of her for her little show.

**Exposing Katie 003**

That first year following our exposure of Katie after dinner at the

restaurant had its share of ups and downs. In actuality, during that time

it was few and far between that we actually exposed Katie to any other

people. The times that it did happen were as much a surprise to me as to

anyone. Most of the time was spent building confidence, mainly for Katie

to trust in me but also for her to trust in herself. And we certainly had

our share of arguments. In some ways, it got worse after that first

exposure than it had been in the last couple of years before the incident.

The year before we had almost resigned ourselves to just being roommates.

The fights were not as intense because we had reached the point where we

almost did not care. There was no passion in our lives, either in our

loving or our fighting. Ironically, as we began to work at our

relationship again, the fighting seemed to get worse -- almost because of

our renewed passion. We would be doing pretty well for awhile and then

something would happen that would give Katie doubts again. When the doubts

started, it all fell apart and there were accusations that I was using her

just as everyone had used her before.

Looking back on it, Katie gives me credit for my patience. Really, though,

I think that we had both learned a valuable lesson in that first time of

exposing her. We learned the extents that both of us would go to in order

to make the relationship work. At various times we would come back to that

moment and realize that deep down we both very much wanted to make things

work.

So it took time and patience and our “playing” was more confidence

building exercises than anything else a lot of the time. I encouraged her

to spend more time naked or barely dressed, just to learn to be

comfortable in her skin. Katie really is a fantastic creature. Being

roughly 6’-2” and about 180 lbs., I can be large and imposing if I choose

to be. Katie is petite and gentle and I think that has always brought out

my protective qualities. Not that I find myself thinking of her as a

little girl, mind you. I find her to be incredibly sexy and all woman. In

the past, she always worried that her smaller stature and smaller breasts

did not have the sex appeal of those more amply endowed. I, personally,

have always preferred a less endowed women. A woman with larger breasts

can dress sexily, spilling cleavage and all of that. But when she is

naked, she often ends up looking out of place. My greatest pleasure is in

how natural Katie can be with her nudity. I had seen it before at times

when she was not thinking about it, but as our experiences with exposing

her have increased her self confidence, I have the pleasure of seeing it a

lot more often.

I tell you these things because not all of the stories presented here will

have the “in your face” sexuality that some people may be looking for.

These stories are a series based on one woman’s awakening to parts of her

psyche that she had not previously realized existed. Likewise, I do not

seek to write a dissertation on how to “awaken” the woman in your own

life. Each case is different. I doubt that there is one formula and I am

sure that our solution will not work for everyone. All that I can offer is

to be honest and true to both her and yourself. Trust goes a long way.

As I had said in a previous story, our early confidence building episodes

were mostly in private or in circumstances that might have well been

private for the odds of someone actually seeing us. Much of our episodes

were limited to being naked in our home or driving late at night.

Occasionally we would fool around out in the woods if it was remote enough

that the chances were slim that somebody would see us.

There were those occasions that we went for something a little more public

such as our incident with the runner our at the local park or when Katie

went shopping for her Jeep. Initially these were very rare. Still, even

without actually exposing Katie, we had some other “public” games as well.

One of such game was to go out in public with Katie only wearing a long

coat. Only we knew that she had nothing on underneath. Hardly anybody even

gave her a second glance and of those few that took a second look, nobody

ever really knew for sure. It was funny, but that actually ended up being

far more erotic than we even expected when we first tried it. It came to

be our little secret, just something shared between the two of us, and it

helped to foster the camaraderie between us and helped to strengthen our

relationship.

At the time, I was working for a small office. Among my other duties, I

also took care of the office computer system. I have been into computers

since the personal computers first started coming out (back in the days of

the Apple II, Commodore PET, and TRS-80), so I ended up with the computer

responsibilities somewhat by default. Aside from the duties that I could

take care of during the day, I had to go in once a month after hours to do

a monthly backup. This was before things were as easily automated as they

are today. Usually I would go back in later in the evening or go in over a

weekend for a couple hours and take a book to read while the server was

backed up, changing the tapes when necessary. It was easier for me if

nobody else was in the office while I did the backup. Otherwise, I would

have to save their files off to their local computer while I did the

backup so that they could continue working.

One cold, rainy evening I decided to get my backup chores out of the way.

I had not planned on going in that evening, but there did not seem like

there was much of anything else to do. So I figured that I might as well

get that done so that I would not have to lose time over the weekend. When

I told Katie that I was planning to go in to the office, she asked if she

could go along. I guess that I was not the only one that could not come up

with anything to do.

Katie was familiar with my office. She stopped in every now and then

during business hours, so she knew the people that I worked with. There

would also be times that we were out and I would have to swing past the

office to pick something up or drop something off and she would go in with

me. So it was not particularly unusual for her to go along.

I don’t think that either one of us had any thoughts about doing anything

out of the ordinary in the office that evening. We were both just wearing

jeans. I had on a flannel shirt and T-shirt while Katie was wearing a

sweatshirt. Not exactly the most sexy clothing for either one of us. The

office was only about fifteen minutes away from our house, so we really

did not have a chance to get into talking in the car. I let us in, turned

off the alarm, locked the door behind us, and we headed upstairs to my

office.

Katie sat in my spare chair as I got the tapes ready and went through

setting up the backup routine. Once things were set up, it was really only

a matter of waiting a bit over an hour and then changing the tapes.

Sometimes I would just leave at that point and go in early the next

morning to finish things up. Other times I would wait until the backup was

fully complete. Once I had things running, Katie and I just talked a bit.

It had been a few weeks since she had last been in, so we talked a bit

about the projects that I had been working on and I showed her some of my

recent work.

There was not really a lot to do in my office other than work, so even

showing her my recent projects only went so far. We talked about some

other things for awhile and then we could both tell that we had hit that

“what do we do now?” stage of things. Katie had taken her shoes off and

was sitting on the chair with her feet crossed under her. We were both

trying to think what to do next but neither one of us had said anything

yet. Katie stretched her arms out over her head and arched her back a bit,

yawning. It was not meant to be sexy, but the stretch caused her

sweatshirt to ride up, exposing a band of her taut stomach and pulling the

fabric somewhat tighter across her breasts. Whatever Katie did not receive

in the way of breasts was more than made up for in her nipples. Small

aureolas, but very prominent nipples. And I mean PROMINENT. It is rare

that they are not erect to some degree and when they are fully erect they

are like little thimbles. I’ve commented to her that you could hang a

Christmas tree ornament from them.

That one simple stretch turned the evening around. As she settled back

from her stretch and looked at me, she got this puzzled expression.

“What’s up with you?” she asked. I tried to explain about the skin and the

sweatshirt and her breasts. “And you’re horny? That quick?” she asked.

“Well, yes...” I said. “That’s all it takes?” she asked. “You’re all it

takes,” I replied. As quickly as her actions had gotten me going, my

comments got her turning playful. Two minutes ago we were bored and now we

were really getting into each other.

“Just a little skin gets you going?” she asked. I just nodded my head. She

placed her hand flat on her abdomen and slowly moved it upward, dragging

the bottom of her sweatshirt along with it to reveal her stomach again.

“Just like that?” she asked. “Uh-huh,” I said. “Any skin?” she asked. “Oh,

pretty much so. Some skin just has a greater and quicker effect, though.”

I told her. “Ahhhh...” she said, slowly nodding her head. “I see. You mean

something like this?” With that she eased the top button of her jeans

open, easing the fly open by pulling on the two sides rather than pulling

the zipper down. Again I just nodded my head, watching her intently to see

what she would do next. “I suppose the more skin the better?” she asked. I

nodded my head quickly and gave her a lopsided grin.

She eased herself up out of the chair, catlike in her grace. She eased the

fly open the rest of the way so that her jeans gaped open and then reached

her hands over her head to stretch once again. Still, the only flesh

visible was her lower belly, but it was definitely turning me on. Katie

kept pulling the bottom of the sweatshirt up across her belly to expose

more flesh, but the sweatshirt was long so it would drop back down and

cover pretty much everything when she would let go of it. Finally I

suggested that she just take it off.

Initially, that caught her off guard. Right now she was just flashing and

if we heard anyone come in downstairs it would have been a simple matter

to zip up and everything was back to normal. Removing clothing would mean

a mad scramble to grab stuff and put it back on. Truthfully, we would hear

a car in the parking lot first and would probably have more than enough

time to get dressed before someone even entered the building. I could see

the thoughts going through her head and just as quickly she reached her

decision. She pulled her arms in through her sleeves and pulled the

sweatshirt off over her head slowly, taking her time, making it a

deliberate act.

The other great thing about Katie’s endowment was that it meant that she

could easily get away without wearing a bra when she did not feel like it.

The only issue with that was, as I have said, she has fairly prominent

nipples that are almost always erect. So she ends up wearing padded bras

“to remain decent” when in public. I had always thought that she wore the

padded bras to make up for size, which turned out to only be part of it.

She finally explained to me at one point that it was more to cover her

nipples. Personally, I never could fully understand that. I guess that I

can understand when she was at work it was a little less professional to

look like she was always aroused and have everyone staring at her chest.

However, I could not see why she wished she had more in the way of breasts

since that would have people staring too and she could not do anything

about that. I could also understand around family and conservative

friends. I guess that bigger boobs would not have been her fault, but

looking like she was turned on was somehow her fault. But it did not seem

to be as much of an issue to me a lot of the time as it was to her.

Thankfully, she is a lot less self-conscious about it anymore.

Anyway, I knew that she had not been wearing a bra. Even before we started

exposing her she would usually go braless around the house. When she had

stretched this evening, she had made it obvious that the sweatshirt was

all that she had on. So with the sweatshirt off, she was topless, as quick

as that. She draped the sweatshirt over the back of her chair and

surprised me by then tugging her jeans down over her hips and pulling them

off as well. She had not been wearing knickers, either, so now she was

standing there in just her low, white socks. She draped the pants over the

back of the chair as well and then thinking about it, picked both her

jeans and sweatshirt up and laid them over my desk. She took her seat

again, acting like there was nothing out of the ordinary to being naked in

my office.

I think that a lot of the time, that is when she is most sexy. When she is

completely natural about it. She always turns me on and she can look

fantastic when she does her hair and makeup and dresses to the nines, but

she looks fantastic in jeans and a T-shirt, just being herself. Similarly,

she can drive me completely nuts when she is posing and acting sexy,

flashing herself and so forth. But she can do the same thing just by being

herself and acting like she is totally unaware that her shirt is gaping

open, her skirt is riding up, or something like that.

Initially, I just let it go at that. Acting like nothing out of the

ordinary was going on with her sitting there completely naked (except for

her socks) in my office. We talked for a bit and I checked on the server.

At first she was sitting with her feet on the floor, but after awhile she

crossed one foot under her other leg on the chair. With her legs parted, I

was treated to an excellent view of her pussy staring back at me. I could

plainly see that she was getting a bit wet about things, so decided to

take it a bit further.

Since she was between me and the door, I asked if she would go into one of

the other offices and get me a box of computer disks. My thought was that

she felt fairly secure in my office, sitting right next to her clothes,

but I wanted to push her a bit to see what she would do. She hesitated a

bit before she got up and padded out into the hallway. I loved watching

her tight little butt swing its way out my door. A few minutes later she

was back with the disks. She placed them on my desk and resumed her seat

in the chair. This time she pulled her leg up under her as soon as she sat

down. It was completely unselfconscious, but I knew that she was doing it

for my benefit.

I made a show of looking through the disks for a bit before selecting one

and putting it into my computer. I looked around the files a bit and made

copies of a couple files just for the sake of show. I put the disk back

and asked her to return the box to the other office. She picked the box up

without a second of hesitation and off she went again.

Really, it was not like this was that big of a deal. Nobody was around to

see her, we might as well have been at home. Still, I guess that it was

just the thought of where we were that made it different. The thought that

someone could have come in and we would have had to explain ourselves

because we should not have been doing this sort of thing here.

When she came back, I asked if she would mind if I cleaned up a few items

of work while we were waiting on the server backup. She replied that it

was no problem at all and got comfortable in her chair, crossing her legs

under her Indian-style. I made a show of working on some things, partly

just to play with the idea of her being in this state during normal office

hours, but also because I wanted to push things a bit further. I shuffled

some papers around and wrote a few notes, checking some things out in

reference books and so forth. Then, without making it seem like too big of

a deal, I picked up a few pages of paper and asked if she would mind

making copies of them for me.

Not a big thing, except that the copier was down on the first floor. She

would have to go downstairs, through the front office past the front door,

and back the hallway to the copy room. Then she would have to turn the

copy machine on and wait for it to warm up before she could make her

copies. If anyone came in the front door, there would have been no way for

her to get back upstairs without passing them. Really, I was being a bit

cruel. She knew as well as I did that I was pushing things here. Still,

she did not bat an eye when she took the papers from my hand and

disappeared out the doorway.

The minutes passed slowly. I suppose that it could not have been much more

than seven or eight minutes for her to walk downstairs, wait for the copy

machine, do her copying, and come back up. I checked the parking lot out

the window a couple times to make sure that nobody pulled up. When she

finally came back into my office, she seemed perfectly calm but I could

see from her skin that she was flushed and when she sat back down her

pussy was clearly wet. Without thinking, her hand dipped downwards and her

finger traced along her wetness.

That was all that I could take and I dropped to my knees in front of her

chair. I pulled her legs down and kissed at her moist slit. She slid her

butt forward on the chair to give me better access and I licked at her

nether lips. She leaned back in the chair and braced herself against the

armrests as I sucked on her lips and clit. She was clearly excited by

recent events and I was doing my best to get her worked up further. I

licked and sucked at her, enjoying the taste of her. Looking up, I could

see that her chest was getting flushed, a sure sign of her arousal. It did

not take long before she started bucking and moaning as she came. I

continued to suck at her clit, prolonging her climax until she began to

beg for me to be inside her.

I stood and gave her my hands, drawing her up out of the chair and turning

her around to face my desk. I pushed some things to the side to clear a

space and then bent her over the desk, pushing her gently down to it so

that her breasts and stomach were pressed against it. She reached her arms

up so that she could grip the far edge of the desk and lifted her ass

towards me in invitation. I quickly unfastened my belt and the front of my

jeans, just tugging them down far enough to release myself before plunging

into her. I have to say that I did not last long, she was quite wet and

felt extremely good as I plunged my tool into her. I came hard, continuing

to pump into her as long as I could and then collapsing against her back.

I kissed her shoulders and neck as I told her how much I loved her.

By that time the first tape of the backup was done, so we cleaned

ourselves up and I switched the tapes. Katie stayed naked pretty much

until we were ready to go and then quickly threw on her sweatshirt and

jeans. As we were cleaning up, I barely noticed that Katie took the copies

that she had made and threw them into a folder which she put under my

keyboard. At the time I did not think much of it. I decided to let the

tape go for the night, I’d be in early the next morning to finish things up.

We shut out the lights and locked up. Our lovemaking when we got home was

more gentle and tender, but we talked about the events in the office all

evening.

When I got to work the next morning, I finished up the backup and

straightened some things up before the other people started to arrive.

When I finally sat down to my own computer, I noticed the folder under the

keyboard and pulled it out. The copies really were not necessary, I just

wanted to see if Katie would go downstairs naked. I started to throw the

papers in the trash, but then took a moment to look through them. There

were eight or ten pages of the pages that I had sent down with her, but

the last two were not. The first one was a copy of Katie’s boobs and the

second one was of her butt, her legs spread to show her pussy. “Love YA!”

was written across the bottom. I still have those two copies in a folder

in my desk here at home.

**Exposing Katie 004**

One of our issues was coming up with things for Katie to wear for showing

off. Being petite and small breasted, tight fitting clothing or plunging

necklines were not as effective on her. More than body style, they did not

suit her personality either. I think that what I find most sexy about

Katie is how totally natural she can be while naked. The women that I have

been involved with in the past that were amply endowed always seemed to be

self conscious about their bodies when they were naked. They could be sexy

when they were in the bedroom, but they were uncomfortable just sitting

around naked.

Katie has a way about her that has definitely been drawn out as she gained

confidence in her body. She looks fantastic in just a pair of jeans, naked

from the waist up. In fact, she can be naked from the waist up with the

same ease that a man can be. Not that anyone would mistake her for a man,

her boobs have enough curve to them to leave no question and her nipples

are incredible, like rosy little thimbles. Just that she can be as

unselfconscious about her toplessness as a man can be. Curiously, I find

that she almost has a greater effect on me when she is not trying to be

sexy than when she is trying at times. Her?casual? nudity is what drives

me wild. I?d love to be able to go someplace where it was accepted for men

to be shirtless and just have Katie walking around in jeans and white

sneakers, like it was nothing at all.

Perhaps it is just me, but the other thing that turns me on is the

incongruity of the situation. As I said about our hiking episode,

something like having Katie totally naked except for hiking boots is

incredibly sexy. I guess it is similar to the Catholic schoolgirl look.

The idea of the white shirt and plaid skirt being the symbol of the

chaste, regimented school contrasted with having this sexy, naughty woman

dressed up inside the clothes. Probably also why you can find pictures on

the internet of women dressed up as nuns, lifting their habits to show off

lacy stockings and bare flesh.

Another favorite article of clothing that Katie has are a few T-shirt

dresses; essentially just an extra large T-shirt that goes down to just

above her knees with longer sleeves and a bit of a scooped neckline. They

are great for flashing because they are thick and loose. They cover her

well enough that you would never guess that she didn?t have anything on

underneath yet they are very easy to pull up (or off!). Further, being

under $20 apiece, you don?t have to worry too much about them.

As our warm winter turned into spring and the evenings became warm enough,

I convinced Katie to wear one of these for our evening walks. The first

time out she was fairly careful about it. She wore the T-shirt dress with

a denim jacket over top, which she left unbuttoned. She would walk ahead

of me a few steps and lift the back of her dress to flash her ass at me. A

few times she would turn around to face me and flip the front of the dress

up to flash me her pussy. At one point she put her foot up on a low wall

alongside the sidewalk and bent over to adjust the laces of her shoe. She

pulled the hem of the dress up as she did this and I was treated to a good

view of her pussy.

Our town dates back to the late 1800s. There are a few Victorian houses

and large portion of the houses are from the twenties and thirties. The

streets are lined with trees and streetlights. Unfortunately, the

streetlights have been updated, they are not the old fashioned ones.

Between them and the lights from the houses you have enough to see where

you are going, but the trees filter the light enough that you are not too

well lit up on the sidewalk unless you are standing directly under a

streetlight. From experimenting at our own house and looking out the

window at night, we knew that you could only see a person outside vaguely

if your lights were on inside. If you had the lights off, you could see

people pretty well but still did not have a whole lot of detail. Unless

someone was standing right at their window with the lights off, they did

not stand much of a chance of seeing anything and then someone outside

could see them as well. Katie and I figured that we were pretty safe with

our games. We did wait until we were a number of streets away from our

house before we would get into our games, just to keep the neighborhood

gossip to a minimum if anyone did see us.

We went out several times before the weather warmed up enough for Katie to

go without her jacket. Things started off pretty much the same as before.

She would walk a bit up in front of me and pull her dress up to flash her

ass at me or turn around and pull it up to show off her pussy. Of course I

was egging her on and it did not take much before she was pulling her

dress up to show off her breasts as well. It was cool enough that her

nipples were rock hard and I did not skimp in telling her that she looked

fantastic.

There is not a whole lot of traffic down the side streets, just the

occasional car. We stayed back in the residential sections and away from

the main roads that cut through them. After one car passed us Katie pulled

her dress up past her breasts while facing the retreating car. I really

doubt that he had any chance to see her, but it was still a turn on to

imagine him looking in his rearview mirror and seeing her. The fact that

he did not swerve into a tree probably meant that he had not seen. Katie

kept her dress up and turned back around to face me before letting it slip

back down.

Another time we had been out walking for awhile, just talking quietly to

each other as we played our games. At the next corner, Katie said that we

should head back home because she needed to pee. When we are out in the

woods Katie has no problem taking a pee, so I asked her why she did not go

here. She gave me a funny look and said that this was different and that

it was a bit unhygienic to pee in someone?s yard. I told her that it was

not any worse than the dogs that do it while people are walking them and

dared her to do it. I told her that if she was concerned about the hygiene

issue, she could pee in the street. It would be dry by morning and I was

sure that there was much worse on the pavement anyway.

Well, the dare was what did it. We had continued walking along as we

talked and she was looking for a good place to go. Towards the middle of

the block there was a big old tree between the road and the sidewalk that

created a shadow from the streetlights. We took a quick look around and

did not see anyone else outside or any cars coming. Katie walked over to

the curb and took another quick look around before raising the dress to

her waist and squatting down. It took a moment before a stream splashed

out onto the pavement. The night air was cool enough that there was a bit

of steam rising from the puddle.

She finished and stood back up, letting the dress drop back down to cover

her. There was a fairly significant puddle there, faintly steaming. We

walked home, talking between ourselves. Katie told me that she felt

particularly naughty having peed on the street like that. Peeing out in

the woods was just sort of necessity, peeing on the street was decidedly

naughty.

As the weather continued to warm up, we continued with our little games.

Katie progressively got more daring with her exposure. She would lift up

the hem of her dress and roll it back under to her waist so that she would

walk along with her pussy and ass exposed. She also continued with her

peeing on the street. When she would have to go, I would cross to the

other side of the street so that I could watch her. She would walk along

until I had crossed over, then she would come to the curb and squat down,

lift the hem of her dress, baring her pussy to me, and begin to pee. With

me as an audience this led to her exposing more and more as she peed. When

she started she would just lift the hem far enough to get it out of the

way. This moved on to pulling it up to her belly and then above her

breasts while she peed.

One time she had just finished peeing when I noticed a car coming down the

street towards us. She dropped her dress back down and started walking

down the sidewalk away from the oncoming car. I thought it would be too

obvious to cross the street back over to her, so I continued walking along

on my side of the street, paralleling her but a bit behind. Well, the car

pulled up to the curb right where she had peed. I hung back a bit to see

what was going to happen. The guy turned the car off, opened up the door,

and got out. Going around in front of his car, he looked down at the

puddle that was just under the front of his car. He stopped for a moment

like he thought that his car was leaking or something. I thought that he

was going to pop the hood but after a moment he continued on into his

house. When I caught up to her, I told Katie about what had happened and

we both had a good laugh.

Another time I dared Katie to just wear an extra-large T-shirt of mine

instead of one of her T-shirt dresses. We had not really encountered much

of anyone out walking other than the occasional person going to or from

their car, so it did not take too much effort to convince her to try it.

From the back you could just see the curve of her ass and if you got down

to eye level you could just see her pussy lips. That was when she was

standing still. When she walked the shirt would rise up enough that you

could get a pretty good glimpse of her charms.

She spent some time in front of the mirror to judge how much she was

showing. She agreed to do it, but said that I owed her something in

return. When I asked her what she had in mind, she told me that I had to

wear a T-shirt and a pair of boxer shorts. I have a number of plaid boxer

shorts that look like shorts except for the fly in the front. Inside the

house I will wear just them in the Summer when it is hot. I will even go

outside in them to get the paper or take out the trash or something minor

like that. However, the fly is a bit loose and there is the tendency for

me to?escape? if I am not careful. Having a hard-on almost guarantees that

I will be poking out. Since our little evening walks usually gets me

fairly aroused, I pointed this problem out to Katie. She just gave me a

mischievous smile and told me that she was certainly hoping so. I guess

that it was only fair. After all, I was getting my kicks from baring her

body to the night air.

I pulled on a T-shirt, a pair of boxers, and put on a pair of dock shoes.

Neither of us had any pockets, so I put a key on a loop of string and put

it around my neck. We headed out the back door and walked up between the

houses to the street. We walked up to the corner and went down a couple

streets and I was starting to get comfortable with my situation. Then I

made the mistake of looking over at Katie. As she walked, the shirt had

ridden up a bit and you could plainly see the lower curves of her bottom.

I could feel my penis start to swell and had to adjust it a bit to keep it

from leaving the confines of my boxer shorts.

Another block away from the house and Katie pulled the shirt up past her

waist to bare her ass and pussy. Suddenly I was fighting a losing battle.

I was fully aroused and every other step that I took seemed to cause my

penis to poke out of the fly of my shorts. I stuck it back in a couple of

times and tried to adjust my boxers, but it was no use. Katie asked why I

was being bashful after all the times that she had walked along exposed.

She had a point and I let my penis continue to poke out into the night air.

There were a couple cars that passed us as we walked. Katie would pull her

shirt down and I would stick myself back in my boxers. I just always hoped

that things would stay put long enough for the car to pass. I noticed a

couple of drivers checking Katie out. I doubt that they could really see

anything, but they were still treated to a lot of leg. In the Summer, it

is not uncommon to see girls walking around in a bathing suit with a

T-shirt over top. At first it looks like they are naked under the shirt

and I did not see that this was that much different. Except for the fact

that it was a bit late to be thinking about swimming. If anyone ever

actually thought that we were up to anything, we did not have any problems

from them.

This was turning me on incredibly and I was rock hard by this point. Katie

would walk about a step in front of me so that she could reach back to

hold onto my penis. Sometimes she would just hold onto it like we were

holding hands, other times she would run her fingers along it. I was

oozing with pre-cum and Katie would rub her thumb over the head of it to

coat it with the wetness.

We turned down an alley and Katie dared me to take my boxers off. There

were shrubs and garages on either side, so there was not much of a view

from the houses. Besides, there were no streetlights in the alleys, only

the occasional light on a garage. We would only have to worry about it if

someone pulled into the alley or came out of their garage, so I took her

up on it. I admit that she had been baring her ass and pussy all this

evening as well as countless times before. However, all she had to do was

pull her shirt back down while I had to put the boxers back on.

Well, I stopped and slid the boxers off and then held them in my hand as

we continued walking down the alley. I have to admit that the cool night

air was really arousing. As it blew softly across my penis it felt cold on

the wetness of the pre-cum. Katie told me that she finds it very arousing

to have the air blowing over her wetness as well. We had not gone a

quarter of the way down the alley before Katie told me that I should roll

my T-shirt up as well to expose more of myself to her. I really could not

argue with her requests since she had been doing the same things for me.

We walked a bit further down the alley and Katie stopped me at a point

where we were in some deeper shadows. She knelt down in front of me and

began to suck on my penis. She made a point to lick my whole shaft so that

the cool air was even more noticeable. She even licked at my balls and

every little breeze made me aware of how exposed I was. Despite my thought

that I was already rock hard, her actions brought me to a raging hard-on

and then she stopped. We walked a little further along before I had to do

something about my situation.

I grabbed Katie at the hips from behind and got her to bend over forward.

Thrusting my hips up against her ass, I grabbed hold of my dick to guide

it into her. We both let out a moan as I penetrated her. We were standing

there off to the one side of the alley, fucking out in the open. It was

all I could do to keep from shooting my load into her, but I wanted to

tease her a bit as well. I thrust into her firmly for awhile before

pulling back out and continuing to walk down the alley. She groaned and

followed after me.?You?re mean,? she said.?No worse than you,? I replied.

I was acutely aware of the breeze as it blew across my dick and balls

where Katie?s juices coated them.

As we came to the end of the alley, Katie dropped her shirt back down and

I stopped to put my boxer shorts back on and pull my shirt down as well.

We turned and continued walking down the street. I was so hard that there

was no use trying to keep my penis in my shorts. It stuck out like it was

pointing the way. I had an idea and headed us over towards the town

library.

I knew that I was taking a chance because as town property, the local

police sweep through the parking lot every now and then to keep an eye on

things. However, the library is an old stone mansion that sits up about

eight feet from the road and sidewalk below. Beside the building itself is

a side lawn to the corner that stretches back along the parking lot behind

the library. This is an open grassy area but there are these huge ancient

oak trees along the top of the hill that goes down to the sidewalk.

Underneath these trees you are really out in the open, exposed to both the

street and the parking lot in the daylight. However, at night the trees

keep this area in deep shadow. Since you are at the top of this hill, the

headlights from passing traffic really do not reach up to you if you are

back under the trees. The road in front of the library is fairly busy,

though. About all that we would have to worry about was if the cops came

through with their spotlights, they would shine them back under the trees

as they cruise through the parking lot.

The library was a couple blocks away and I started turning at corners to

head us over to it. Katie noticed the hurry to my step, but did not say

anything about it. We chatted quietly to one another as we walked. I did

not want to talk too loudly and attract any attention. My dick was still

raging as I thought about what I wanted to do.

We reached the library and I took us up the steps from the sidewalk to the

side lawn. There are three sets of steps coming up from the sidewalk. One

was at each end of the property along the main street and the side street

(which we had just come up) and then one in the middle at the corner of

the two streets. There is a path that runs along the top of the hill and

connects the steps with the library. We were coming in from along the side

street, but we could see a number of cars going by on the main street in

front of the library. We walked along under the trees towards the front of

the property. There were no cars in the parking lot and we could not see

any signs of anyone around. When we reached the front, we stood there

under the trees for awhile, watching the traffic. It was not continuous,

but there was at least a car every couple of minutes. We were looking down

on the cars and there really was not much chance of anyone looking up at

us. Also, the front of the library was lit up, so that made it all the

more difficult to see us under the trees.

Along the path from the corner steps to the library was a bench that faced

the street. I walked over to the bench with Katie following me. Standing

behind the bench, I positioned Katie in front of me, facing the back of

the bench and the street beyond. I stood behind her and rubbed her

shoulders for awhile, then continued on down her back. I spent some time

rubbing her ass through the T-shirt before I reached under it to rub her

ass directly. I continued to rub her bare ass with one hand while I pulled

the shirt up with the other. She bent over slightly and rested her hands

on the back of the bench. I got the shirt up around her waist and

continued rubbing her ass with my hand (she loves this). After awhile, I

moved my hand down between her legs, following the crack of her ass. As I

did so, she moved her legs apart a bit so that I could have better access

to her pussy. Running my fingers in along her seam, her juices coated my

fingers.

Katie groaned and pushed her butt back at me as I slid my fingers back and

forth along her juicy slit, working them in between the folds of her

labia. When I finally started easing a finger further into her she started

pushing back against my hand to get me to penetrate her deeper. I pulled

my hand away and moved closer to her. I grabbed hold of my dick and ran

the head of it over her ass cheeks for a bit. Then I ran it up and down

the crack of her ass. Finally I started running the head of it through her

labia to cover it with her juices and stroke her clit with it.

Katie was moaning and pushing back at me, begging me to penetrate her with

it. When I finally accommodated her and sunk my shaft into her, it glided

in easily as wet as she was. Katie gave out a cry and her knees nearly

buckled. I put my hands on her hips to steady her and started to slowly

pump in and out of her. She was breathing heavily and making little

whimpering noises as I would draw out until I was nearly all the way out

before pumping back in the whole way to the hilt.

I brought her to two orgasms like that. I was looking over her while I was

doing this and the traffic was passing in front of and below us. Later

Katie told me that she had her eyes open, watching the traffic the whole

time as well. I had pushed her shirt up higher so that her back was

exposed and so that I could reach under her to play with her boobs.

Occasionally I would glance around behind me to see if anyone was back

there. Truthfully, if someone had been standing back in the shadows

watching us the whole time I would have never noticed them. I was more

concerned about the possibility of the cops making a sweep through the

parking lot.

After her second orgasm, I pulled out of her and guided her around to the

front of the bench. I had her put one leg up on the seat of the bench and

bend over, holding the back of the bench for balance. The pathway is not

exactly parallel to the street. It runs back from the steps to the

library, so I had us positioned so that we were facing down the path

towards the stairs and the street beyond. I pushed her shirt up her back

to further expose her and then pulled my boxers off. Tossing them on the

bench, I guided my dick back into her.

I resumed my slow pumping and it was driving her nuts. Again I was

watching the traffic over her back. From this viewpoint they seemed to be

driving more towards us than before and that was a bit more of a thrill.

It seemed like they would be more likely to see us because of that and not

just because we were no longer?hiding? behind the bench. My T-shirt was

getting in the way a bit, so before long I pulled it over my head and

tossed it onto the bench with my boxers. Although the night air was cool,

we were generating more than enough heat to keep me warm. When I started

pushing Katie?s shirt up higher, she looked back at me to see what I was

doing. When she saw that I was naked, she let me pull her shirt off as

well.

We were both standing there in only our shoes, naked to the world as we

fucked in front (well, to the side) of the town library. Between the

teasing of walking around the town flashing each other, the thrill of

being out in the open air, the thrill of the traffic passing in front of

us, the question of whether the cops would show up, and the feel of her

slippery pussy I could not hold out much longer. When her pussy tightened

down for her fifth (or sixth?) orgasm I felt that familiar throbbing

start. I thrust into her as deeply as I could as I came and held her hips

back against me.

It seemed like we just stood there for ten minutes as we both came back

down from the high of our orgasms, but it was probably a minute or less.

Suddenly we were totally aware of how naked we were right there. I

withdrew from Katie and she quickly picked up her shirt and slipped it

back on. I quickly put my shirt on and stepped into my boxers. Taking a

quick look around we did not see anyone or anything out of the ordinary.

We made our way back to the steps on the side street and almost hurried

away from the library.

We were quiet for about two blocks. Just watching to see if we could see

anyone or if there was anyone following us that might have seen our show.

I was acutely aware of our mingled juices coating my cock and balls as the

cool night air blew over the wetness. Passing under a streetlight I could

see the telltale glistening of the juices on her legs.

Once we were pretty sure that nobody was following us we started quietly

talking to each other. It started out with saying that we could not

believe what we had just done. That led to talking about how much of a

turn-on it had been. The idea of all those people passing in their cars

trapped in their little routines and all while we fucked each other silly

at the public library. Then there was the thought of the quiet daily

routine of the library and the contrast to our passionate sex out in the

side yard at night.

We walked the rest of the way home talking to each other. The walk was

otherwise uneventful, though. By the time that we got home I had recovered

enough to slip into bed with Katie and then slip into her once again. It

was a fantastic night!

Unfortunately, our evening strolls had to come to an end. First, as the

days grew longer it was getting later and later before it was dark enough

to head out. Second, as the weather got warmer and nicer on a regular

basis there were more people out in the evening. People walking their

dogs, kids playing around in the yards until bedtime, and that sort of

thing. We figured that we had better limit our activities before we got

caught. Not to fear, the warmer weather opened up the opportunity to do

other things!

**Exposing Katie 005**

As she gained confidence, Katie was really enjoying the freedom that she

found in being naked and exposing herself. Lately our games had been

private or the chances of being seen had been so low that they might as

well have been private. It came as a bit of a surprise to me one day when

Katie actually suggested that she wanted to be seen. At first, it was more

that she was just teasing me with it, saying that it was such a beautiful

day and that she wanted to feel the sun on her body. I suggested that we

head out to our favorite state park and she could strip down. As we

talked, she got more and more into it, her words getting more graphic as

she spoke. It started out with the sun on her bare back and on her legs.

That progressed to feeling it on her boobs and bare ass. A year earlier I

would have never imagined that this could be my little wife when she got

to the point that she was talking about the fresh air upon her wetness and

how she would touch herself. At a couple points she had mentioned about

someone watching her and at this point she again made a comment about

somebody watching her while she touched herself.

Understandably, by this point we were pretty worked up and I was not going

to let her turn back now, so we headed out to the state park again. Katie

quickly changed, putting on her white Keds and an oversized T-shirt dress

with a pair of shorts underneath. The dress is really just an extra large

T-shirt that has the arms and neck cut more like a dress. It is great for

such things because it looks perfectly respectable when she has it on,

nothing shows or anything. Still, it is cut loose and is as easy to pull

off as a normal T-shirt.

On our way there, I told her up front that I was really turned on by what

she had been saying and that I wanted her to intentionally expose herself

to a group of people out there this time. Not just “accidentally” be naked

when someone came by. Not just single one person out and flash them or let

them see something. I wanted her to leave no doubt that she intended to

show them her body. At first this took some of the wind out of her sails

and I was afraid that I had pushed too far. She was a little worried that

this was setting her up for the possibility of getting into trouble if

someone got offended. She said that if it was obviously intentional, then

she would not be able to fall back on excuses and apologies as though it

were an accident. It did cool things down a bit, but with some talking and

reassurances from me, I was able to convince her that it would work out.

We have about a twenty minute to half hour drive to the park, so we had

ample time to talk on our way there. That could have been a problem as it

gave Katie time to talk herself out of it, but as we talked, we discussed

the idea to flash some of the fishermen at the lake. The day use areas and

beaches are up at the inlet side of the lake and for the most part the

crowds hold to that end of the lake. At the other end is the dam that

created the lake. The only people down that way are either on the nature

trails, fishing, or boating. The lake is fairly small and only sailboats,

canoes, and kayaks are allowed, no motorboats. This tends to keep any

groups of people small and spread out. The woods come right down to the

water along much of this area and my idea was to get Katie to take off her

clothes back in the woods, walk down to the water, and say hello to the

fishermen. There are a number of little coves and I figured that it would

be pretty safe if the fishermen were on one side and Katie was on the

other. To get to Katie they would have to either wade through the water or

come around the cove on land. Either way, we could head back up the trail,

get her dressed, and still have plenty of time to get out of there.

We headed down to the park and parked in one of the lots down by the dam.

There were several other cars there, but we could not see any people. I

pulled into a space near the gate just in case we needed to get out of

there in a hurry if things did not go well. I was not expecting trouble,

but I wanted Katie to feel that she was going to be safe. We got out of

the car and headed down the trail toward the lake. I had a certain cove in

mind. It was wide enough that we would not have to worry about anyone

wading across and it was tucked back from the lake so only someone on the

other side of the cove would be able to see Katie. The only problems would

be if there were people on each side of the cove or if there were a lot of

people back on the trail. As we got close to the point I had in mind, I

told Katie to hold back for a few minutes and I would go check things out.

I headed down the trail and checked things out. As near as I could tell,

there was nobody on this side of the cove and we had not encountered

anyone on the trail. There was still the possibility that someone would

come down from the parking lot, but there were a couple different trails

we could use. Most of the fishermen used the main trail and I figured that

we would not run into anyone if we headed back up one of the others. After

checking this side, I headed the whole way down to the water at the back

of the cove. People generally fish out toward the lake, where the water is

deeper. At the back of the cove I could scope things out without being too

obvious. Just as I had hoped, there were three fishermen on the other side

of the cove out nearer the lake. They were older men and did not look like

the sort that would object to a little flashing.

I worked my way back to Katie. We had come down the main trail and she was

still standing along it. I knew that this was a bit of a step for her. She

had really come a long way, becoming more relaxed with herself and more

trusting in me. We both greatly enjoyed our private games, but we also

both knew that having someone else see her excited us both. We still

talked about our first time at the restaurant and the time that Greg saw

her out here. This was the next plunge and I wondered how it would go and

where it would take us.

I walked up to her and told her that things looked good, that this side of

the cove was clear and gave her a description of the three men on the

other side. She told me that nobody else had come down the path this way.

I could tell that she was a bit nervous and I asked her if she was ready.

It was a moment before she answered, then she nodded her head a bit before

looking me in the eyes for a moment. Then she said yes and I could see in

her eyes that she had made her decision.

We walked down the trail together until we were across from where the

fishermen were. I could just make out a bit of movement every now and then

to mark their location, looking through the trees to where they had been

standing. The trail was maybe thirty feet back from the water’s edge and

the ground sloped up maybe ten to twelve feet from the water to where we

stood. I was going to stay back on the trail and let Katie make her way

down through the trees to the water by herself. I looked at her and told

her this was it, last chance to back out. A look in her eyes told me she

had no intention of backing out now. Katie does have a bit of a stubborn

streak to her, once she makes up her mind there is little that will throw

her from it. She took a couple moments to look around and then a couple

deep breaths. Her final answer was to reach under her dress and hooking

her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts, quickly pulling them down and

stepping out of them. She handed them to me and pulled her dress over her

head, handing that to me as well. She gave me a quick hug and then began

to pick her way down to the shoreline. I watched her go, marveling in the

sight of her. As she got down towards the water, from where I was, I could

see her but not the fishermen. As she made the last few feet to the water,

I heard something from one of the fishermen. No doubt that they had seen

her! She had been looking down as she picked her way down, but at the

voice she now looked up and waved at the guys across the water, calling

out a cheery hello. I heard one of the guys ask what was up with her. She

responded with nothing much and asked how the fishing was, just like

anyone would. One of the guys said that it had just gotten a whole lot

better and there was some laughter from all three of them. Another guy

said that he was sure glad that he had witnesses; nobody ever believed any

of his fishing stories. More laughter over that. There was some more

friendly banter and Katie finally said good-bye and headed back up the

hill to me. She had been down there for ten or fifteen minutes, enough

time for them to get a good look at her.

As she reached me, I handed her back her dress, keeping her shorts, and

she quickly slipped it on over her head as we walked up the trail. We

talked as we headed up the trail to the parking lot, checking back over

our shoulders every now and then to see if anyone was following. Katie

told me that she was sure that she had made their day. She told me that

she had realized that flashing was a symbiotic relationship for the

exhibitionist and the voyeur. It made her day because here was someone

obviously appreciating her body and showing her that he thought she was

sexy. It made his day because out of the blue this woman chooses him and

gets naked for him. I assured her that it was actually a three-way

relationship because it turned me on completely that she was willing to do

any of this for me! On the way home, we stopped at an ice cream stand and

each got a cone. She had not asked for her shorts, so I had left them in

the car. Knowing how close to naked she was as we sat there on a bench,

eating our ice cream, surrounded by maybe two dozen other people, was

quite a turn-on as well.

The afternoon’s flashing was not an incredibly exceptional thing, but it was nice to be able to share this kind of thing with my wife. If we could share these moments together, we could share pretty much anything else as well.

**Exposing Katie 006**

After the incident with the fishermen, Katie was beginning to get a bit

more willing as well as more daring in her exposure. The extent of this

presented itself once when Katie and I had gone shopping at a mall further

outside of the area we live in. The shopping trip did not start out with

any activities planned, but I was quite pleased with how things turned

out.

One of the items that Katie was shopping for that afternoon was a few new

bras. Now, as I have explained, I do not fully understand why she wears

them. She is small and firm enough up top that she really has no physical

need for one. She even admits this herself. In fact, the day that we were

shopping she was braless under her baggy knit shirt. Still, she insists

that there are times when she has to dress "properly" and wear one.

The mall was not crowded and the department store we were in seemed to

have even fewer people than the rest of the mall. The women's section was

pretty much deserted except for us and two saleswomen. The one was a

matronly older woman who was keeping pretty much to the checkout counter.

The other one was a younger girl, maybe early twenties, who was stocking

the shelves and straightening things up. As we were looking around, she

came over and asked if Katie needed any help, giving her a warm smile when

she did so. Katie said that she was just looking and the girl went back to

her duties. I did notice that she kept looking over at Katie, though.

I asked Katie if she happened to know the girl. She said no and wondered

why I had asked. I said I did not know, but it just seemed that the girl

was being a bit more than just friendly. Katie simply said to me that she

thought the girl was coming on to her. I raised my eyebrows at her and she

gave a little laugh. "You did not see her necklace?" she asked me. When I

said that I hadn't noticed it, Katie told me it was a rainbow striped

heart and she figured that the girl was gay. Not that she was into such

things, she added, but she did think the girl was sort of cute.

I had begun to realize the extent to which Katie was definitely changing

and this moment drove the point home. Less than a year ago she would not

have considered herself to be cute and now she was checking out other

women and making offhand remarks about them coming on to her!

Intentionally daring her, I said that I thought she was being a bit full

of herself about it all. She asked if I doubted her and when I said I

thought the girl was just being friendly, she told me that she would just

have to prove it.

She caught the girl's eye and motioned for her to come over to us. The

girl finished folding up a sweater before coming over. Again, she asked if

she could help, introducing herself as Amy. Katie said that she wanted to

buy some new bras, but she could never find one that really fit well and

wondered if Amy could help her out. Amy sort of looked Katie over and then

asked what size she was. Katie tried to explain that she was not sure if

there was some way to be fitted for a bra, like you would do to find your

shoe size. She was playing this totally straight and Amy was going along

with it, trying to help out the customer and all that. Personally, Katie's

comment about shoe size had me envisioning a measuring device to stick her

boob in, but my mind tends to wander like that at times. Amy said that she

was not aware of anything like that but that she could go ask the other

saleswoman. Katie said that was okay, she did not want to waste her time,

she was just wondering if Amy knew some way of judging things. Even if Amy

had been coming onto Katie earlier, I think that was the furthest thing

from her mind when she looked Katie over again and said that she could not

really judge much of anything what with her baggy shirt. She was just

being honest and trying to help, not trying to get Katie out of her

clothes.

So I think that what happened next took her totally by surprise. Katie

looked around to see if anyone else was paying any attention. The racks of

clothing pretty much hid us from the other saleswoman and the only other

customer towards the front of the store. Katie reached down and pulled her

shirt up over her breasts and asked Amy if she could judge any better now.

She was still playing this totally straight and I still do not think that

Amy even realized that Katie was exposing herself to her, just that she

was trying to find a bra that fit. Sort of like not seeing the forest for

the trees. Amy just sort of looked at her and said that she was not sure

what she could do to help. Katie cupped her one breast with her other hand

and said that she knew she was small but that her breasts were fairly

full. She asked Amy if she could see that and offered for her to feel the

fullness of her breast.

I was just standing there, keeping an eye on the other people in the store

and taking in the whole show. I still could not believe that Amy had not

caught on to what was actually going on here. At Katie's urging, she

reached out and cupped Katie's breast. Katie continued on, telling her to

feel it to judge the size and fullness and so forth. She was saying about

how they are small and full but firm and that she really did not need a

bra for support. Amy agreed and asked why she needed a bra anyway. Katie

looked a bit embarrassed and admitted that part of the reason that she

felt that she had to wear a bra was because her nipples got so hard when

she was aroused and she wanted to have something to cover that up. Her

nipples were starting to perk up, but they were not fully aroused yet, so

she started playing with the one, tweaking and teasing it until it was

hard and sticking out. She encouraged Amy to do the same with the breast

in her hand to see what she meant.

I think that Amy was finally catching on at this point. She looked Katie

in the eyes as she took her nipple between her fingers and started to rub

it. Katie let her eyelids become heavy and parted her lips. She was

playing the part, but I could tell that she was beginning to get genuinely

aroused. Nobody was paying any attention to us, but I was keeping an eye

out. I did not want Katie to get caught and I did not want Amy to get in

trouble with her boss. Amy commented that she could see what Katie meant

about her nipples, they were really getting hard. I knew that she finally

understood what was going on when she suggested that her tongue was more

sensitive and that she could judge better with it.

She bent down a bit and tenderly licked at Katie's nipple a couple of

times before sucking it into her mouth. Katie was no longer playing the

part at this point, her eyes closed and a soft moan escaped her lips.

Watching them, my cock was stiff and starting to throb. Katie was holding

her shirt up with one hand, the other hand dropped away from her other

breast to cup the back of Amy's head and pull her against her. She was

stroking the back of her head and playing with her hair. When Amy pulled

away from Katie's breast, Katie let go of her shirt and took Amy's face in

both her hands, and pulled it to hers. Their lips met, first softly and

then kissing more deeply. Amy's arms were around Katie and her hands were

caressing up and down her back.

I noticed that the other customer was working her way towards us and

mentioned in a low voice that we had company coming. The women separated,

both looking a bit dazed and Amy looked at me a bit in surprise like she

was surprised to find me there. They both began looking through the bras,

trying to regain their composure. Between them, they picked out a few bras

for Katie to try on and she headed toward the dressing room. Amy was a bit

awkward standing there with me. She really did not know what to say after

just molesting my wife and the two of us waited in silence for Katie to

return. After a bit, she tried to straighten some things up to mask her

nervousness.

After several minutes, Katie came back out of the dressing room and said

that one of the bras that Amy had picked out really fit her well. She

picked up a couple more of the same style and said that she would purchase

them. We all went up to the cash register and Katie paid for the bras. Amy

bagged them up and handed them to Katie. In taking it from her, Katie ran

the back of her hand over Amy's hand and thanked her for all of her help.

Amy just sort of blushed and said that she was glad to help. I think that

having her coworker standing next to her was the cause of the

embarrassment.

We walked out of the store and into the mall. As we walked along, I told

Katie that I was not aware that she had feelings in that direction. She

laughed and said that she really didn't; she had done it mainly to tease

me, knowing that it would turn me on. She figured that it would not do

anyone any harm. I told her that I definitely appreciated it, although my

balls were about ready to explode and I was not sure if that figured in as

not doing anyone any harm. Katie laughed again and said that if I did not

want her to do such things I should let her know. I told her that she

misunderstood; I had no desire to have her stop such things. Quite the

contrary. She squeezed my hand and said that she would just have to take

care of me.

We made our way out of the mall and to our car in the parking lot. Once

inside, Katie told me to keep an eye out for any people and proceeded to

unzip my pants and take my throbbing cock into her mouth. I have to admit

that I did not last long and was soon pumping my load into her mouth. To

think, I usually dreaded going shopping with Katie! I guess that I would

have to rethink my aversion to such things!

**Exposing Katie 007**

I have been receiving some feedback for these stories of our adventures

that I have been posting here. Many favorable comments and some good

critiques of my writing skills, such that they are. I thank all of you who

take the time to write (as well as those who have voted). I doubt that our

chronicles are spicy enough to garner great popularity, but the kind words

definitely keep me writing.

A common theme to a certain percentage of the feedback bemoans the fact

that although the writer would love to be able to do the things that we

have done, the writer's spouse or partner would never go for such things.

A bit of a surprise has been the few e-mails from women complaining that

their husband is too conservative to go for such things, but thinking

about it I have to admit that I know guys like that. The writer will

usually continue with comments about how bold and daring we have been in

our adventures.

In response to the first part about an unwilling partner, I can only offer

the following advice. If someone had come up to me the day before our

after-dinner adventure and told me of the course that my relationship with

my wife would take over the coming year, I would have shaken my head sadly

and told him that he had confused me for some other guy with some other

wife. Quite frankly, I would not have had it in me to laugh in his face at

that point. I would never have believed that any of it was possible. If

there is any real secret to the success of our relationship, it is only

the trust and respect that we have developed for each other. Accepting

each other for who we are and being able to discuss thoughts and desires

openly without repercussions goes an awful long way.

By no means did all of this happen overnight. In all truth, we initially

moved extremely slowly with things. The events presented in these stories

related here were definitely highlights spread out over many months. It

may seem like we were fairly daring and that our play was always sexual,

but in reality it was not like we were out there doing this sort of thing

every night or even every weekend. For the most part, we stuck with a few

basic scenarios that Katie felt comfortable with and worked on building

her confidence. If I had always been trying to push the boundaries, it

would have been a constant battle. If the basics tended to be a little

mundane most of the time, my reward was that it did lead to these few

memorable occurrences and that these occurrences were happening with a bit

more frequency as we went along. If not for the mundane, there would have

been no chance of anything more.

So most of our nudity was still private; basically at home, in our car

late at night, or some other secure place where it was nearly guaranteed

that nobody would ever see her. However, as Katie relaxed more to being

naked in general, she was also getting more comfortable with our "public"

nudity. Not that it was exactly "public" in the sense that there was

actually someone there to witness her display firsthand, mind you. Though,

as these stories attest, that did happen a few times. More just that it

was "public" in the sense that the only barriers to stop anyone from

possibly wandering by and getting a peek was a remote location or a time

of day that left the area deserted rather than an actual locked door or

fully private area. If someone happened to be in the right place at the

right time, there was nothing to stop them from getting a show. Scenarios

such as our forays around town late at night, out in the far corners of

the local state park or other country fields and woods, and other deserted

areas fell into this category.

One area that developed into a favorite of Katie's was my office after

working hours. I found it surprising that Katie warmed up so readily to

getting naked there because it was probably the riskiest location for us

to be doing such things. I think that she saw it as being private because

some random stranger could not just wander in on us since we were behind

locked doors. Conversely, I considered it to be more public because other

people did have a key to the building and there was some likelihood that

they might pop in for some reason. Further, the stakes were much higher if

only because any person we encountered there would definitely know us and

could use our indiscretions against us. Despite the fact that I would

typically choose times to do my backups when there was little chance that

anybody would be in the office doing any work, there was still that chance

that someone could come in.

So Katie felt safe because she was behind locked doors and I was not

really going to argue with her because, as I have said in the past, a lot

of the thrill for me is the contrast of the situation. The sense of things

being decidedly out of place. Hence, the office was a natural. During the

day the suits and ties; deadlines; and dealing with the boss, clients, and

coworkers contrasted very nicely with my naked wife by night.

It was at the office that things had a chance to develop along some

different lines. For the most part, our exploits were mainly about the

idea of exhibitionism even if not the actual fact. There were a couple

times that we did more than just show her off. The car dealership was more

about the role that Katie was playing than about what she was showing. The

encounter with the salesgirl also took things beyond just basic exposure.

Especially towards the beginning of this adventure, there were times when

I wondered if all of this was ever going to amount to something. Then

these moments would come along, however, when I could see that things were

changing. The car dealership and the fishermen were big steps, but they

were not quite as telling if only because I had spent a fair amount of

effort to instigate them. More telling were the times that Katie herself

instigated things that pushed the boundaries further than even I was

expecting.

Despite her seemingly passive role in our very first adventure, it was my

first sign of things to come. To this day, Katie definitely has a stubborn

streak in her. I kid her that the only real change has been to soften her

competitive edge a bit. She could have fought me on what I was attempting

to do and that would have been the end of it right then and there. Our

relationship would have probably ended that evening as well. One of the

bravest things that she ever did was to relinquish control to me that

evening. She trusted in me and it was the start of a new chapter in our

lives. Don't think for a moment that Katie showed any weakness by

relinquishing control. It takes a lot of strength to put yourself in

another's hands -- not just blindly submit, mind you -- and fully trust

them.

Another telling moment was at the park when she remained naked when Greg

wandered into our little private moment. She could have ducked down at the

first site of him and scrambled to put her clothes back on. She had seen

him first, he probably would have never known that she was naked. At the

most, he would have gotten only a quick glimpse of her nudity, too fast to

register any details. Again, it was her choice to take it further.

The incident with the salesgirl took me completely by surprise on so many

levels. That Katie initiated the contact with someone herself. That she

was teasing me with it. That it was with another woman. That it was in

such a public place as a shopping mall, even if it was far enough away

from home.

If you ask me to name points at which I could begin to see the future

direction of our relationship, these three incidents would be at the top

of my list.

Although there was not a whole lot of imagination to our exploits at the

office initially, two specific incidents occurred that ultimately served

to further propel our adventures in new directions.

Any new location took Katie awhile to get comfortable in. She would go

through a few stages where she would get more exposed and more quickly

exposed as she warmed to a place. It was not long until Katie was coming

with me nearly every time I would go in to the office after hours. She

would usually wear just a T-shirt or sweatshirt along with jeans. Due to

her petite build, Katie hardly ever wore a bra when dressed casually,

unless it was to hide her nipples. Knickers were never common attire for

her either.

It would usually play out with Katie starting out by taking her shoes off

(and socks, if she was wearing them) and then sitting cross-legged in my

spare chair in her bare feet. After awhile, she would unbutton her jeans

and then ease her zipper down or unbutton them if they were a button fly.

She would always hesitate after each step as if building her courage up to

go on. Even as she gained confidence, I encouraged her to take her time.

It just is not the same if clothing is removed merely as a matter of

course.

She would sit for awhile like that, her jeans open just enough to see the

top of her pubic hair as I would work on setting up the backup. In a way,

I found it somewhat puzzling that most of the time she would remove her

jeans first. To me, it just seems that taking your pants off exposes more

intimate parts. When I finally asked her about it, Katie explained that

she actually felt less exposed with her pants off. Especially while she

was sitting (with her legs together), all that she was showing was a patch

of hair. She said that she felt more exposed with her top off because

everything was fully on display as well as feeling more uncomfortable

because she did not feel that what she had up top was really worth

displaying. Funny thing was that she would wander around the house topless

and not think a thing of it. But when she was aware of her nakedness it

became an issue of sorts. There were a few times that she was feeling

brazen enough to remove her shirt first, sitting there bare to the waist

in the office, though.

She did a good job of varying her routine. Sometimes she would stay in the

chair, ease the jeans down over her hips, and then stretch her legs up

into the air to pull the jeans off, giving me an excellent view of her

pussy and ass. It was rare that she would just stand up, drop her pants,

and sit back down. She usually made some sort of production of it.

Sometimes she would leave the room for some reason or other and then

nonchalantly walk back in, naked from the waist down. A few times, she

would walk back in totally naked, just as nonchalantly. Usually within

half an hour from our arrival to the office, Katie was completely, if

casually naked.

For the most part, that was about as far as things went. It was actually

somewhat rare that we got sexual during our exhibition play back at the

beginning. The stories here stand out for us mainly because they did go

further than was normal for us. Although we would always have great sex

after we were out exposing Katie, it was usually in the privacy and

security of our own home. Our sex life was definitely improving, there was

more passion in it and it was more satisfying to both of us because we

were relating to each other a lot better. But these times that it actually

led to sex "out in the wild" were really pretty rare.

At the office, Katie would pass her time pretty much just sitting around

naked. I'd send her off to other rooms in the office to get things for me

or she would go off on her own to get a drink at the water cooler or go to

the bathroom. It was actually her first nude bathroom break that broke the

ice and set the tone towards making our exploits a bit more imaginative.

That first time that Katie used the facilities at the office, she came

back with a bit of a weird look on her face. When I asked her what was up,

she told me that she had found it to be somewhat disconcerting to be naked

in a public restroom, even though it was totally deserted. Somehow, she

said, it was more strange for her to be naked in the restroom than out in

the rest of the office. She kept on with this and eventually talked me

into stripping down to see for myself. I can vouch that it is definitely a

bit of a peculiar feeling at first.

She stayed in my office and let me go to the restroom by myself in order

to "get the full effect" as she put it. I went in and walked around a bit.

It did feel sort of odd in a way I can't fully define. Perhaps other rooms

are sort of like rooms in your house with furniture and carpet and such.

You don't have this big, stark, tiled room in your house for comparison.

But it also was different from being naked in a locker room. I don't know,

you'd have to try it yourself to understand, I think. Since I was in there

anyway, I walked over to a urinal and started to take a leak. That felt

odd too, for some reason.

So I'm standing there at the urinal when Katie, having waited as long as

she patiently could, suddenly pushes the door open and walks in saying in

her best deep voice, "So, Tom, how is that Richardson account coming?"

Sort of a deep voice like Joni Mitchell uses at the end of "Big Yellow

Taxi" where she says "put up a parking lot" and then giggles. Needless to

say, I was not expecting this at all. Here I am, standing at a urinal

totally naked, at my office, feeling a bit disconcerted as it was because

of the situation and the fact that Katie had just been telling me how

weird it felt to begin with. So it startled me quite a bit. I'm trying to

look over my shoulder to see what is going on and at the same time moving

up against the wall to try to hide myself -- like hiding a six foot plus

naked man behind a urinal screen was even possible to begin with. Further,

if you are pissing and someone startles you, the last thing that you are

going to be able to do is stop pissing. So I ended up pissing all over the

tile wall and floor before I realized what was going on and got things

back under control.

At this point Katie was laughing hysterically to the point that she could

barely remain standing. If she had not just come back from using the

facilities herself, I think that she would have definitely peed herself at

this point.

Despite my embarrassment, I love the sight of Katie at moments like this

-- not only totally naked, but also totally unselfconscious of her naked

state. Even before we started this adventure with exposing her, I had seen

her like this on a few rare occasions. Moments where she would be totally

naked and it would not seem the least bit out of the ordinary. That is the

irony of the situation. At a moment like that she was not trying to be

sexy, she was not trying to turn me on, really she had totally forgotten

that she was even naked. But that is the moment that turns me on the most.

When she is just totally at ease with herself, just being herself, and is

totally naked. Perhaps it was these moments that I had seen that told me

there was something worth fighting for and that led me to expose her that

first night.

Anyway, I finally recovered and said, "You're in trouble now, missy.

You're going to get it!" Katie stopped laughing, got a real serious look

on her face, and said "Uh-oh..." in this little girl squeak of a voice as

she turned and ran for the door. I headed after her and quickly caught up

with her in the hallway -- there wasn't much of anywhere for her to go

really. I swept her up in my arms and carried her back towards the

restroom as she struggled and promised that she would be good, continuing

her little girl voice. For effect, I had grabbed her around the waist and

was holding her with one arm under her hips so that her head was down and

her bare ass was pointing up at me. By the time I got her back to the

men's room door she was giggling and grabbing for my dick, promising that

she would be a good girl and that she would make it up to me. If anyone

had come down the hallway at that moment, there would have certainly been

quite a bit to explain.

Now don't get me wrong. By no means was I really upset with her. It was

all in the spirit of fun at this point. I gave her a bit of a swat on the

ass to get her attention as I pushed my way through the door and told her

sternly that she was going to have to clean up the mess and that she

deserved a punishment for her actions. I set her down on her feet and she

kept her eyes lowered in submission, but from the trace of a smile at the

corners of her mouth I knew that she realized the game as well.

I told her that I had to go get the cleaning supplies and that she was to

stay in the restroom until I got back. I started to head to the door and

then changed my mind.

Walking back to her, I said that she needed something to reflect on while

she waited. I took her by her upper arm and led her over to one of the

sinks. I told her to hold onto the front of the sink and bend over. She

assumed the position, standing a foot or so back from the sink and bending

at the waist just enough to put her hands on the edge of the sink with her

legs fairly close together. I took her by the waist and drug her further

away from the sink, so that she had to really lean over with her back

nearly horizontal and her tight little ass sticking out. I then stuck my

foot between her legs to push them further apart. I kept nudging at her

feet until she had them a bit further than shoulder width apart, exposing

her pussy from behind. I could tell that she was starting to get wet

because her nether lips slowly opened up as she spread her legs.

I took a moment to just run my hand down over the curve of her ass,

cupping the cheek and caressing it. I spent about a minute doing this,

just running my cupped hand over both her ass cheeks. Katie's ass is cute

and tight, I can practically cup one whole cheek in my hand. Finally, I

lowered my hand between her legs and probed her pussy slightly with my

middle finger. As I had guessed, she was getting excited and her lips were

slippery with her wetness.

Katie's pussy is a beautiful thing to me. She keeps most of her pubic hair

shaved with just a triangular patch trimmed close above her pussy. Katie

always used to think that her pussy was vulgar because her inner lips

protrude out beyond her outer lips. She'd say that was all she was,

nipples and pussy lips. Personally, I find it sexy. The women with just a

slit down there don't really do much for me. Katie's inner lips get all

puffy and turn rosy as she gets aroused. I think of it as a little flower

that unfolds just for me.

I ran my finger along those lips of hers, they were soft in their wetness.

I did not probe too deeply, did not want to find her clit just yet, just

wanted to toy with her. I slipped my hand back to her ass cheek and after

just a quick caress I pulled back and gave her a slap. Without missing a

beat, I gave her other cheek a quick slap as well. Not really hard, but

enough to sting and bring some color to both her cheeks.

I did not even give her another caress to ease the sting. I told her to

remain in that position until I got back as I walked out the door. I

quickly walked down the hall to the utility closet to get a sponge and

pail. Tossing the sponge into the pail, I poured some cleaner in as well

and walked back to the restroom.

Walking down the hallway, I had another brief moment of apprehension. It

was extremely rare that I encountered anyone else in the office at these

times. Still, there were times that someone would drop in for some reason

other than work. If anyone would have walked in, there would be quite a

bit of explaining to do. I was walking down the hallway, totally naked,

with a cleaning pail in my hand and an erection that was beginning to

ache. My wife was totally naked, standing in the men's restroom bent over

a sink with her ass and pussy sticking up in the air for anyone to see.

Definitely a lot of explaining to do...

I walked back into the restroom and went over to the other sink. Katie was

still in position at her sink with her head down when I came in, not even

looking up. I filled the pail about half full of water and walked back

over to Katie, smacked her on the ass again, and told her that it was time

to clean things up.

She got up but kept her eyes down as she took the pail from me and walked

over to the urinal. It was not much of a mess and she only had to spend a

few moments wiping the urinal, wall, and floor before returning to me with

the pail. I took it and poured it into one of the toilets, flushed, and

then told Katie to come with me as I headed for the door once again.

Outside the restroom, I told Katie to wait for a moment while I returned

the pail to the utility closet. Coming back down the hallway, I herded

Katie back into my office.

I had her assume the position again, bending over my desk with her legs

apart as I pulled up a chair. Sitting down behind her, I had her spread

her legs a bit more and rest on her forearms so as to raise her ass in

order to give me a good view between her legs. I spent a moment to just

sit back in my chair and took in the view for several minutes. Her inner

labia were puffy and glistening with the moisture of her arousal. They

were turning slightly purplish pink as the blood flowed to them. Towards

the center of their length, the wetness was causing the edges to curl back

a bit to expose the secrets hidden within.

As self-conscious as Katie had been about her body, I had not had too many

opportunities to just sit and stare at her pussy like this. A few glances

while I was eating her out at times, but if I looked for too long she

would always cover herself with her hand. I had a feeling (and Katie later

confirmed) that nobody but her gynecologist had the opportunity to examine

her this closely before.

Sitting there behind her, with all of her charms presented just inches in

front of my face solely for my perusal, I have to admit that I had a

nearly uncontrollable urge to slowly plunge a big, thick phallus of some

sort into her pussy. Just to watch the act of it slowly going in. Watch as

each centimeter slowly entered her pussy and her pussy stretched to

accommodate it. Watch up close. Really up close. Just for the sake of

watching it.

Only problem was that I did not have anything available. It's not like I

keep a monster thick dildo in my drawer at work. There would be some

questions from my coworkers if I did. Nor did we keep a supply of

cucumbers in the lunchroom refrigerator. About the thickest object of the

right general shape that I had at my desk was a Sharpie marker and that

just was not even close to the size I was looking for.

My scrutiny was starting to get to Katie. She was beginning to squirm just

from my observation. As her fidgeting increased, I finally gave her a swat

on her ass and told her to settle down or her punishment was only going to

get worse. I knew that she was going to have a hard time keeping still, so

I knew that I was almost guaranteed to be able to push things a bit

further.

To her credit, she really tried to keep still. After several minutes,

though, instinct kicked in and she began to squirm again. I let her get

away with it the first time, but when she started to squirm for a second

time I gave her another quick swat on her ass and told her hug the desk.

She hesitated, not understanding my command. I put my hand against her

back and firmly pushed her down until her chest and torso were flat

against the desk. This pushed her ass up a bit higher, most invitingly.

I took my member in my hand and positioned it behind her. In one motion, I

put it to her wet slit and drove into her. She moaned as I entered her,

expecting that she knew what "punishment" she faced. I had pushed myself

fully into her, somewhat amazed at how wet she was and how easily I

penetrated her.

I held myself like that for a minute or two, just relishing in the feel of

her hot, wet pussy around my manhood. Then I pulled out, all the way out

and began to put my clothes back on. Katie whimpered softly a bit when she

realized that I was not going to finish what I started and after a moment,

reached for her clothes. But as she reached for her clothes, I put my hand

down on them and told her that she had lost her clothes for the evening.

Her eyes widened for a moment, but she withdrew her hand and stood quietly

while I finished dressing. Once I was dressed, I bundled up her clothes

and shoes so that I could carry them. The backup had finished, so I spent

a few moments shutting things down and putting things away. The whole time

I let her stand there and to her credit she did not even fidget once.

When I was ready, I collected our things and motioned that she was to go

ahead of me. I only wished that I had been better prepared to take

advantage of the situation. I ushered Katie out the door ahead of me and

just as I was reaching for the light switch I spied something that gave me

an idea -- a roll of black electrical tape that I use for patching things

-- and knew that I finally had something to work with. The shiny black

vinyl look to it just screamed of bondage.

The ideas started rolling around in my head. I knew that I wanted to bind

her hands so that she couldn't cover up. I also wanted to do more than

just tape her wrists, make a bit of a costume out of it or something. I

told Katie to hold up for a moment and grabbed the roll of tape off my

desk. Her eyes widened again when she focused on what I was holding in my

hand just as they had when I told her that she had lost her clothes for

the evening. I realized that if I bound her hands in front, she could

still do an adequate job of covering herself. If I bound them behind her,

it would be uncomfortable for her to sit in the car. Somehow, I wanted to

bind them with her arms raised behind her head. That would stretch her out

more, showing her off nicely. I just was not exactly sure how to

accomplish that in a way that she could not just bring her hands back over

her head and be able to cover up. So I started out with the "costume" part

of things.

I told her to stand with her feet slightly apart and her arms at her

sides. I kneeled down in front of her and began wrapping the tape up one

leg to her knee and then back down, crisscrossing it over the first wrap.

Back to her ankle and I cut the tape. Then the other leg. Standing up

again, I cut two short pieces and covered her nipples with them.

Standing back for a moment, I liked the way that things looked. Still, I

had to figure out how to bind her arms. I was tempted to bind her wrists

and just tell her to keep her hands locked behind her head. She probably

would have done it, too. But the instinct to cover up just might be too

great and I wanted to eliminate the possibility of that choice altogether.

I started by binding her arms similar to her legs, just starting at her

wrist and spiraling up her forearm to her elbow and then crisscrossing it

back down. Then the other arm. As I came back to the wrist of the second

arm, I had her bring her wrists together and wrapped the tape a couple

loops around both of them to secure them together.

The only way that I could see to keep her hands behind her head was to run

the tape around her neck and then bind her wrists to that. I was a bit

hesitant to do this, figuring that it would be fairly uncomfortable, but I

could see no other way. I had Katie hold her hair up while I looped two

wraps of tape around her neck, keeping my fingers under the tape at the

back to give a little extra room. I then cut a length of tape and fed it

under the tape at the back of her neck and, once she had her wrists in

place, wrapped it around the tape binding her wrists. I fed the tape under

again and once more around her wrists to secure things.

It was not the most professional job, but I was pretty pleased with what I

had been able to come up with, making do with what limited materials I had

on hand. The wrapping on her forearms and lower legs with the thick band

of tape at her neck gave her a somewhat barbarian slave girl look. Having

her hands behind her head greatly improved the look. Not only did it keep

her from having the chance to cover herself, it also arched her back,

thrusting her chest out somewhat and lifting her breasts.

With my creation done, I motioned for Katie to continue out into the

hallway as I shut the lights off behind us. I guided her down the stairs,

making sure that she did not stumble since she could not catch herself. We

reached the bottom of the stairs and walked through the front office to

the door. With the lights on, anyone could have seen us through the

windows at this point. Deciding that discretion was the better part of

valor, I turned off the lights quickly then set the alarm and opened the

door. I quickly ushered Katie out the door and turned to lock it.

The office is remote enough that I was not too concerned about anyone

being around and we were far enough back from the street that I doubted

any passing cars would take notice to us. Still, as we set off down the

steps and crossed to the car, I realized how exposed we were. I unlocked

the door and helped Katie into her seat, fastening the seat-belt around

her. I closed her door and went around to my side. I climbed in and paused

for a moment just to look at her. Truthfully, seated in the car with the

seat-belt around her sort of took away from the costume. I knew that I had

to do something more with her.

I started the car and instead of heading for home, I decided to head out

into the country a bit. My first thought was to head out to the state

park, but I knew that the rangers patrolled the parking lots since

everything was closed after dusk. Running through various options in my

head, I finally turned the car towards an orchard that I knew of. They had

a small building along the road where they set up a stand in the Fall, but

for now it would be easy to park behind it so as not to attract too much

attention. There was a dusk to dawn light on a pole out front, but there

were shadows behind the building and the road was not too heavily

traveled. A short drive later and I pulled the car in behind the building.

Getting out, I went around to her side and opened the door. I unfastened

her seat-belt and helped her to swing her legs out of the car. With the

gravel drive, I grabbed her shoes and slipped them onto her feet, tying

the laces for her. With the door open, the dome light illuminated her

naked body for me and I paused to take it all in. Once ready, I helped her

out of the car and into the darkness.

Between the dusk to dawn light and the moon there was enough light to see

once your eyes adjusted, even out behind the building. I stepped back from

her, just wanting to take the sight of her in. She looked beautiful on

display for me. With her arms up, it lifted her breasts as though putting

them on presentation to me. I told her to walk out to the edge of the

drive for me. About halfway out, she would be out from behind the building

and the light would be shining on her. As she reached the point that she

was about to step into the light, I detected only the merest of pauses

before she made the next step and the light shined upon her body.

It was quite a thrill to see her outside like this. Unlike our exploits in

town, she was totally exposed with no option to cover up if a car came.

She reached the edge of the gravel and turned to face me. After a moments

pause, she started to come back towards me but I called out for her to

wait. With me still in the shadows behind the building and the light

directly upon her, I guessed that she really could not see me. She paused,

waiting for what I would say next. I moved slowly, so that she would not

hear me. I wanted to get into a better position so that I could see things

better once I issued my next command. Walking towards the building, I

reached the corner. Calling out, I told her to walk to the post that the

light was on out front. Again, there was only the slightest of pauses

before she began to walk towards the post. When she reached it, I called

out that she was to turn her back to the post and lean back against it.

I am not sure whether we were fortunate that nobody came along that

country road that evening or not. She was out at that post for at least

five minutes, although it seemed like much longer. Finally, I called for

her to come back. Her pause almost made her seem reluctant this time.

Reluctant to finish her display. As she got back to the darkness, I was

waiting for her, telling her how beautiful she looked on display out there

all alone. I caressed her breast and tugged at her nipple, causing her to

whimper as I kissed her. My hand dipped between her legs and found that

her wetness coated her legs before I even got to her pussy itself. I

rubbed at her slit with one hand as I squeezed her breast with my other,

all the while kissing her passionately.

She responded with a frenzy that I had not seen the likes of before. Her

hips were humping against my hand and whimpers and moans were escaping as

she kissed me back. When she came I had to grab her to keep her from

falling. I kept her on her feet until her strength returned. I pulled my

keychain out and clipped the tape that bound her hands to her neck with

the little pocketknife that I keep with my keys. She slipped her arms

around my neck and we stood in the darkness kissing for the longest time.

Finally, we broke the kiss and walked back to the car together. Upon

reaching it, she leaned against the hood, presenting her pretty little ass

to me. "I need you inside of me," was all that she had to say. I undid my

pants and rubbed my member along her slit only a couple times before

driving it home. She was so wet and so hot that I did not last long. One

last thrust and I exploded into her. We kissed and hugged and fondled a

little longer before we decided that we should get going. Katie squatted

right in the middle of the drive and peed as I opened the car. She took

her clothes from me and slipped into them.

Driving home, we talked about all that had happened. Laughing together

about her startling me in the bathroom and talking about all that had

happened after that. When we got home, we learned that electrical tape is

not the best thing to be using for bondage. It sticks to all the little

arm hairs and such. Katie was a sport, but she suggested that we find

something else to use in the future.

We made love again in bed that night and talked for a long time before

falling asleep in each other's arms. As I drifted off to sleep, I knew

that there was much to come for both of us in this newfound life together.

**Exposing Katie 008**

In my last submission, I mentioned that there were two incidents at the

office that pushed our exploits substantially further. Although neither

incident was really planned in any way, the second incident took a

decidedly different turn. To put it simply, we nearly got caught. From a

logical standpoint, that was not all that surprising. The risk was there.

Our first incident had definitely increased the heat of our adventures by

adding the elements of fantasy and role-playing to our sexual life. It may

sound strange to a lot of people that these were not part of our

lovemaking before this point, but it really had a lot to do with Katie's

insecurities. The idea that I may be turned on by imagining her to be

someone or something other than what she really was did not appeal to her.

To her, it was literally like I was telling her that I wanted her to act

like this other person because I desired them more than I did her. Any

attempts at sexual fantasy were met with suspicion. It took me quite some

time to even begin to realize where she was coming from on this matter.

Even once I understood her thoughts, I could not seem to explain my view

of the situation in a way that she understood enough to trust me, so the

whole issue of sexual fantasies was something that got dropped. Issues

like this were what brought us to the point we were at that night at the

restaurant. What started at the point of not being able to communicate our

thoughts and feelings to each other eventually turned into resentment that

the other person seemed to not feel that those thoughts and feelings were

important.

To make a simple illustration, take the example of my possibly suggesting

a little fantasy involving Katie being a waitress and coming out and

serving me in some skimpy little outfit, it develops into licking food off

of each other's bodies, and ends up having sex on the dining room table or

kitchen counter. However, when I present my little idea to Katie, her

first thought is that there is some cute waitress somewhere that I have my

eye on and I'll be thinking of her instead of Katie while we play this

little fantasy out. So there is an argument and hard feelings. I feel that

I have been turned down for suggesting something fun and playful that we

can share. Katie feels that there is someone else that I desire more than

her and that I am trying to coax her into some sort of game so that I can

play out my fantasies about this other woman. Chances are that it does not

end there. The next time I take Katie out to dinner, if I seem to be too

friendly with the waitress Katie's suspicions are aroused. Perhaps Katie

accuses me of flirting with the waitress, but maybe nothing is even said.

Either way, Katie does not enjoy the dinner and is upset. I pick up on her

mood and to me it seems like once again I try to do something nice (take

her out to dinner) and she is upset with me. I withdraw from her because

it seems that I cannot do anything right. She sees my detachment as one

more sign that I don't desire her and the whole things continues to

escalate. This is the vicious cycle that we were in.

However, for some reason that first incident at the restaurant sparked

some element between us that said we both valued the relationship and

needed to find some way to make it work together. A benefit of the

discussions between us that followed was that as we began to understand

where each other was coming from. Katie began to see the possibilities of

me being turned on not by me imagining her to be someone else, but by what

she herself may imagine her to be. She began to see that it was an active

role, a story created by the two of us, rather than merely a passive role

to force herself into being something else that I desired her to be.

Although this may be an unorthodox method, taking active control of your

life is an essential part of building self esteem and self worth.

I found some extra excuses to go in to the office in the evening more

often and Katie would always tag along. The first noticeable change was in

our dress. Katie was first to ditch the jeans and sweatshirts, opting at

first just to leave on what she had worn to work rather than changing into

something more comfortable for the evening. As I caught on to her intent,

I began to stay dressed for work as well.

It made sense for our role playing to start out with the office setting

theme. While I worked on the server, Katie would sit at my computer. She

was not as quick to get naked, but worked on developing the fine art of

flirting. She'd unbutton a few more buttons on her blouse than was proper,

exposing glimpses of lacy bras or bare breasts. After a few episodes of

this, I began to notice that she must have acquired some new clothes.

Still along the lines of what she would wear to work, but the blouses were

more sheer and the skirts and dresses were shorter. She'd wear a sheer

blouse with no bra underneath, making it quite clear as to why she felt

that she needed to wear a bra to her office to remain proper. Her pert

little nipples poked out quite clearly. She'd wear her short skirts

without any knickers and make it a point to stand and bend over when she

"accidently" lost a pencil or to get something out of the bottom drawer of

my filing cabinet. Eventually she would come over to my chair and stand to

talk to me, absentmindedly rubbing her leg and "accidently" pulling the

hem of her dress up so that her pussy stared me in the eye. The game was

that of the office affair, the guy fooling around with the female

coworker. Sex was always quick lest "coworkers" caught us. I'd eat her out

as she leaned against the desk or laid back on it. A couple times I'd drop

my pants just enough to give it to her, both of us coming quickly. We'd

save the slow, sensuous lovemaking for when we could take our time at

home. It was all part of the roles that we were playing.

One day Katie took this a bit further. She had been out at a meeting late

in the morning, so she decided to swing past my office to see me over

lunch. I really did not give it a second thought other than to be

pleasantly surprised when she walked through my office door slightly

before noon. She was wearing a semi-typical business suit, dark skirt with

dark nylons, and dress jacket. The skirt was not particularly short and

the jacket was not particularly revealing, so nothing really alerted me

that anything out of the ordinary was up. She told me that she had been in

the area and figured that she would stop in and spend our lunch hour

together. I gave her a quick kiss and told her that if she gave me a few

minutes, I'd finish things up and then we could go out.

She took a seat in my spare chair while she waited. I was concentrating on

my work for a few minutes, trying to get things finished up, and not

really paying attention to her. When I finally glanced up at her for a

moment she flipped her jacket open, having unbuttoned it while she was

sitting there, to show me that she had nothing on underneath the jacket!

Ok, fuck work, it could wait until after lunch. She had my full attention!

Work, what work?

Knowing I was paying attention now, she pulled back both sides of her

jacket further for me. Nobody else could see her unless someone came down

the hallway, but it was still an incredible thrill to be seeing her like

this in the middle of the day with the full office staff around us. Also,

with the lunch hour only moments away nearly everyone on the second floor

would be walking past my doorway to reach the stairs, adding a certain

amount of risk to her actions. She slowly closed her jacket and almost

silently mouthed the words to me, "No knickers..." I gave her a slightly

quizzical look, glancing down at her nylons, and said quietly, "Let me

see..." She stood and gathered her jacket back around her. Reaching down,

she lifted the hem of her skirt and slowly started drawing it up her legs.

Despite drawing her jacket closed, bending over obviously caused it to

gape open again, giving me a delicious view of her breasts once again.

Although I would never turn down a lady's offer to lift her skirt for me,

I would prefer bare skin over nylons if given the choice. However, as she

drew the skirt up her legs, I got another surprise as the tops of her

stockings and then her garters came into view. Katie was just full of

surprises, this being the first time I had ever seen her wearing stockings

and garters.

Her bare breasts were forgotten entirely as I focused on the hem of her

skirt as it slowly made its way up her legs. As the hem reached the tops

of her thighs, she paused for a moment before drawing it up the rest of

the way to expose her sweet pussy to my waiting eyes. She held her skirt

up for me, exposing herself for a moment, before letting it fall once

again. Straightening up, she buttoned her jacket together as well. All I

could say to her was, "Wow!" She smiled at me as she finished

straightening her clothing. Finally I found my voice again. "You are

incredible, my love," I told her as her smile broadened. "I love you," I

continued and she replied that she loved me. With that there was movement

in the hallway as people started to leave their offices for lunch and the

moment was broken.

I took a few moments to finish things up and collect my things. Also to

let the rush of people get out of the office before I took Katie out to

lunch. As I unlocked the car door and opened it for her, she took a quick

look around and then pulled her skirt up around her waist to sit her bare

ass on the seat and show off her garters and stocking tops. On the way to

the restaurant I enjoyed myself, rubbing her bare leg above her stocking

and just enjoying the view. At the restaurant, I went around to open her

door for her and she rewarded me by taking her time getting out of the

car, spreading her legs to the point that her glistening pussy lips began

to spread open before she stood up and let her skirt fall back into place.

I always enjoyed getting together with Katie for lunch during the work

week and that day was no exception. Of course, starting things off with

her little exhibitionistic displays did not hurt the mood one bit. During

our lunch, she took a couple opportunities to lean forward and let her

jacket gape open so that I could see down it. With the way that we were

flirting and given that both of us were wearing our wedding rings, I am

sure that some people around us probably jumped to the conclusion that we

were having an affair. It is a shame that society tends to believe that

married people should not have so much fun!

It was after one o'clock by the time we finished up our lunch and paid our

bill. I put in enough extra hours that the boss is not too concerned when

I run a little late, though. At the car, Katie repeated her performance,

pulling up her skirt to sit down on her bare ass. For the short drive, she

also unbuttoned her jacket to let it open up. Frankly, I was surprised at

her boldness. She left her jacket unbuttoned the whole way to the parking

lot and I began to wonder how far she was going to take this. I parked in

my usual space, somewhat away from the building and with several cars

blocking the view. I got out and went around to her side to open her door

for her. She repeated her previous display, slowly spreading her legs as

she got out of the car to give me a good show of her pussy. Adding to it,

once she was turned fully towards me with her legs spread wide, she lifted

her hands to the lapels of her jacket and slowly drew it completely open.

She held this pose, looking up at me with a mischievous and totally sexy

grin on her face, until I finally reached down to run my hand over her

breast. Finding her nipple, I pinched it between my thumb and forefinger

and then tugged gently on it, causing her to close her eyes and give a

shudder. Reluctantly, she drew her jacket back around herself and fastened

the buttons as she got out of the car, knowing that if she did not put an

end to things we would probably end up going too far.

Katie followed me into the office, ostensibly to use the phone to call her

office to let them know that she would be running late. She made her call,

but as she went to leave she pushed the door closed. Flipping her skirt up

in back and spreading her legs, she bent over to give me a wonderful view

of her tight little ass and her pussy peeking through between her legs

with her stockings and garters framing the view. "This will be waiting for

you at home tonight, mister," she told me with a grin. Without giving me a

chance to respond, she pulled her skirt back down, opened the door, and

walked out without another look back.

True to her word, she was waiting for me when I got home, quite

fortunately still dressed in her outfit from the day. I immediately talked

her into removing her skirt -- leaving her in her jacket, stockings, and

heels -- and kept her like that for the evening. The jacket was long

enough to mostly cover her, but showed off the tops of her stockings and

her garters. She looked quite sweet wandering around the house dressed up

like that (Dressed down like that? Undressed like that?).

At dinner, she unbuttoned the jacket for comfort, giving a tantalizing

view of her bare chest. She did not make the effort to pull the jacket

apart, so I never did get a glimpse of an actual nipple or substantial

portion of her breasts while we were eating. In a way, I found that more

tantalizing. She was being completely natural and that is what I always

found most sexy about her.

After dinner, she made no move to button her jacket back up, which left

her pussy completely on display and would expose her breasts as she would

bend over or move her arms. As we were finishing up, I could not take it

any longer. She was standing at the kitchen counter and I reached my hand

under the back of her jacket and eased it between her legs. I was greeted

by a warm and wonderfully moist (although not incredibly wet) pussy.

As she stood there, finishing her cleaning up, she absentmindedly moved

her legs apart, giving me better access to her treasure. I ran my finger

along the folds of her slit, probing her gently until my fingertip found

the nub of her clit. I felt her body give a little shudder and heard her

slight intake of breath as my fingertip grazed across it. I contented

myself with rubbing her nether lips some more for awhile, teasing her

gently before I searched out her clit again. There was more firmness to it

this time and I paused at it to rub it more directly this time. I was

rewarded with another shudder and intake of breath. I eased my finger back

down her slit, noting the growing wetness of her pussy, before returning

to her clit once again to rub at it gently. This time I was rewarded with

a small moan and Katie stopped her cleaning for a moment. Letting her

finish up, I went back to gently rubbing her slit. When she was done,

though, I probed against her little clit with a vengeance, rubbing it and

feeling it harden beneath my finger.

With my other hand, I helped her slip her jacket off and bent her over the

counter. I could imagine the cool surface pressing against her breasts.

Her legs spread further apart, inviting me to do as I pleased. I continued

to tickle her clit and rub at the folds of her pussy, her breathing was

becoming heavier and she was beginning to let out little moans. When I

slowly pushed my finger into her wet folds, she began to spasm and groan.

I fucked her with my finger while rubbing her clit with my other hand,

bringing her to orgasm.

As the tremors subsided, I did not give her much chance to recover.

Lifting her onto the counter gently, I turned her over and got between her

legs. I began by kissing the insides of her thighs, working my way up to

kiss on either side of her pussy as well as her tummy. Slowly I worked my

way in towards my target. I gently kissed along her labia, feather

touches, knowing how sensitive she was after her first orgasm. Finally I

allowed my tongue to find her clit and gently made love to it with my

mouth, kisses and gentle caresses of my tongue and lips. I could sense her

tension building once again and gently inserted my finger into her,

rubbing inside of her with one finger while using the knuckle of the next

finger to rub between her vagina and asshole. Combined with my gentle

eating of her clit and she began to orgasm for a second time, moaning and

gasping for breath, heaving her hips off of the countertop towards my

face.

As she recovered, I gently lifted her from the counter, urging her to wrap

her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck. Her head fell to my

shoulder, almost sleepily, as I carried her to the bedroom. I gently laid

her down on the bed and quickly undressed myself. I leaned down to kiss

her before getting between her legs once again. I tenderly licked and

caressed her to one more orgasm before pulling myself up and easing down

onto her. She wrapped her legs around me as I kissed at her neck and

rubbed our naked bodies together. I spoke to her softly of my love for her

and how beautiful she was between the kisses, letting her know that all

that she did for me, all of my crazy desires that she indulged, everything

about her only heightened my love and desire for her. I licked at her

nipples and kissed the underside of her breasts.

My body was between her legs, but I had not yet entered her. We maintained

that embrace for some time before I turned my attention to joining our

bodies. I began by only rubbing my member along the wet folds of her sex.

I could almost feel the hardened nub of her clit as the head of my penis

rubbed against it. I could feel the shock run through her as our two

bodies met at their most sensitive junction. It was almost as if my penis

plowed through the folds of her. I could feel their hot wetness glide open

as I slid between them, as they wrapped around the lower half of my rigid

tool. Both of our bodies were sweated from the exertion and desire, our

breath coming in pants. It was entirely by accident that I finally slipped

inside her as I tried to drag out our foreplay for as long as I could. We

both cried out as my penis plunged into the hot wet depths of her and I

collapsed onto her at just the joy of our final joining.

In time I raised myself from her and slowly began to piston in and out of

her. I continued to kiss her neck and the top of her chest as well as her

lips as I told her of my love for her and slowly fucked her. I could feel

the warm heavy feeling in my groin and knew that I would not last much

longer. As she felt me begin to spasm, she wrapped her legs and arms

around me, drawing me to her and grinding me deep into her. As I shot into

her, it sent her over the edge for her fourth orgasm of the evening.

Exhausted, I collapsed onto her once again. All was silent except for the

sound of our ragged breaths and the pounding of our hearts.

In time, I kissed her once again. Sleepily, she asked if I was ready to go

at it again. We both laughed. For once in our relationship, I think that

she was as worn out as I usually was by the experience. Most of the time

it gives her a second wind. She is ready to go out and party the night

away while I feel as though I have run a marathon. We disentangled

ourselves and took a moment to go to the bathroom to clean up a bit before

returning to bed for the night. We lay together, nestled against each

other's naked body and quickly fell asleep.

The outfit of garters and suit jacket played a role in our after hours

office exploits for awhile after that. Katie added a matching shelf bra to

the ensemble that exposed her nipples and most of the upper portion of her

breasts. She did not need the bra for support, but explained that just as

the garters framed and presented her bare pussy with no knickers the bra

was meant to draw further attention to her bare breasts and I had to agree

to her. Somehow, the bra made her seem more exposed than if she had been

totally bare breasted. It is true that a barely clothed body often can be

more sexy than a totally naked one. The minimal clothing only serves to

draw even more attention to the parts that are exposed.

As we became more comfortable with these role playing games that we

played, we talked more about our fantasies. As I had said, two thing that

came up after the whole incident in the bathroom were my desire to watch

something slowly penetrate my beautiful little wife and also the thought

that this had been the first time other than her gynecologist that someone

had the chance to scrutinize her pussy so carefully. We could have played

with these new avenues at home, but it just seemed that the office could

more easily be turned into a "doctor's office" for an evening and add to

the excitement.

Even before we actually went through with our games at the office, we had

a lot of fun just talking over scenarios. Too bad that our games were

private. Katie got me incredibly hard one evening discussing an idea that

she had about our pending doctor games. She gave me a very detailed

description of a daydream she had earlier in the day about what could

happen.

She was in the waiting room of her doctor's office. Several other women

were waiting as well, a couple with their husbands along with them. Katie

was wearing her jacket, garter, and bra ensemble. Her jacket was buttoned

and she was keeping her legs crossed, but she was still showing a lot of

thigh and skin from her neck down her chest to between her breasts. She

had checked in with the receptionist and then taken a seat and was

flipping through a magazine as she waited. After awhile, a nurse came out

and said that she needed a bit of preliminary information before the

doctor would see her. The nurse directed Katie over to one corner of the

room where there was a scale along with a small desk and a couple of

chairs. Nothing out of the ordinary, except that at most offices these

things are not done out in the waiting room. Katie was asked to step onto

the scale and her weight was recorded. She was then told to take a seat

and the nurse would take her vital signs.

The nurse started by putting a thermometer in her mouth and then taking

her wrist to check her pulse. The pulse was recorded and then the

thermometer was removed and that information was recorded as well. The

nurse then pushed up Katie's sleeve and fitted her with the blood pressure

collar. Pushing up the sleeve caused her jacket to bunch a bit in the

front. Not much, but enough that her bra between her breasts came into

view. None of the other people in the waiting room, women or men, acted as

though this was anything out of the ordinary. A couple of them glanced her

way as the procedure progressed, more out of their own boredom as they

waited than in any real interest in Katie. Curiously, this disinterested

perusal was more of a turn-on for Katie than if they had been more

actively checking her out.

With the blood pressure finished, the nurse asked Katie to unfasten the

buttons on her jacket so that she could listen to her heart. As the nurse

put the ear pieces of the stethoscope in place, Katie slowly unfastened

each of the buttons. Again, it was a bit odd for the nurse to be doing

this out in the waiting room, also that the nurse was doing it rather than

the doctor, but Katie played along. The nurse was discreet, gently

slipping her hand with the stethoscope under the lapel of Katie's jacket

to listen to her heart. She moved the cold instrument several times,

listening intently each time and telling Katie to breath. Several times

the motion of her hand caused it to brush against Katie's nipples,

bringing them to erection. The other people in the waiting room all

continued to act as though this was completely normal, turning Katie on

more with each moment.

Katie was disappointed when the nurse finished and told her that she could

button her jacket again, but a thrill went through her when the nurse

pulled another thermometer out of a container on the desk and said to her,

"I'll just need a vaginal temperature and we're all done." She had Katie

turn towards her and spread her legs. With the layout of the room and the

direction that Katie was facing meant that none of the other people could

see anything, but her heart pounded at the thought of the nurse probing

her nether regions with a thermometer as several complete strangers sat

within sight of her, knowing exactly what was happening to her. The thin

cool rod of the thermometer penetrated her and the nurse watched the

seconds go by on her wristwatch. After a few moments she removed the

thermometer and noted the temperature on Katie's chart. "All done!" the

nurse told her with a smile. "You can have a seat, the doctor will be with

you in a moment." Katie went back to the main part of the waiting room and

her magazine. She kept glancing at the other people to see what their

reactions were to sharing this intimate episode with her. As far as she

could tell, they all seemed to take it as completely normal and that was

what turned Katie on.

Katie said that she had tried to daydream something sexy about what

happened once the doctor took her into the exam room, but she admitted

that what had turned her on the most about her daydream was the incidents

of the waiting room. She toyed with the idea that the exam was performed

out in the waiting room with everyone watching and several people getting

up to look over the doctor's shoulder, but that ended up seeming to

blatant to her and did not have the same thrill. A little something must

be left to the imagination! She gave a laugh and said that she must really

be turning into an exhibitionist!

I admitted to her that her story turned me on as well. I asked if she had

considered the scenario of having her exam watched by a few other people,

student nurses or student doctors or such. She said that she had not

considered that possibility and we talked about that for awhile. It seemed

that the number of people involved mattered to her. She did not want to be

"lost in the crowd" in such a situation. She had to be able to gauge the

reaction of the people. So her fantasy about the medium sized group in the

waiting room turned her on at the level of things that went on. But for

her exam to be an exhibition, she feel more comfortable with maybe three

or four people at the most.

She told me that she was always self conscious about the idea of someone

examining her, it took years and a female doctor before she was at ease

with her gynecology appointments, but her little fantasy had surprised her

with how much it had turned her on. In bed that evening, I took some time

to examine her as I paused from eating her out. She was patient this time

and let me look without trying to cover up, but she said that it was not

exactly the same. That it was the idea of being on display and

relinquishing control to someone else that seemed to be at the heart of

her arousal over the idea.

With these conversations in mind, we put together a somewhat more detailed

plan for our next visit to the office. There are some that would say that

planning something out like this takes away from the spontaneity of the

event. The problem occurred as in our first episode, that we did not have

the "props" to carry our play further. Our planning was not that we would

do this and then we would do that followed by the next thing, scripting

everything out. More just that we had a direction that we wanted to explore and needed to have some things on hand to carry those explorations out.

The local community college had a nursing program, so I was able to make a

few inquiries and find a medical supply store that catered to the

students. My initial attempt to call a place out of the phone book taught

me that most places are wholesale, selling a gross of tongue depressors or

two-hundred dollar stethoscopes. The store I found after some research

knew the economies of a student's budget and carried items in smaller

quantities and more reasonable prices. Let the two-hundred dollar engraved

stethoscope wait until after graduation and the career was bringing in money.

I picked up a twenty dollar stethoscope. A blood pressure cuff (the

packaging said "sphygmomanometer," which triggered a dim recollection from

high school health classes) was only twenty-five dollars, so I splurged

and got one of those as well. Actually, with what my job does to my blood

pressure at times, it might not be such a bad idea to be able to keep

track of my own blood pressure on a regular basis. I rounded out my

purchases with a box of a dozen latex gloves, a pack of tongue depressors,

a pack of the long cotton swabs with the wood sticks, a long penlight, and

a digital thermometer with a box of the little plastic covers for it. I

looked around a little for a speculum but did not find one. I did not

really want to ask for one because I felt that would raise too many

questions about my intentions.

Approaching the cashier with my selections, I sort of felt like the first

time in high school that I bought a Playboy at the local newsstand. The

cashier was a cute girl in her late teens or early twenties and I could

only imagine what she was thinking of my intents. Probably thinking that I

was going to try to lure some young girl like herself back to some seedy

apartment to "play doctor" with her. My fears were unfounded, she gave me

a pleasant smile and ringed up my purchase, telling me to have a good day

as she took my money and handed me the bag. Walking out to the car, I

realized that nothing I purchased spoke of any dark meaning on the surface

and that I my own thoughts of how these items were going to be used

influence how I felt others would view me purchasing them. I had a bit of

a laugh at my paranoia as I unlocked the door to the car.

It was a couple weeks before the end of month backup was due and too many

other things were keeping us busy to justify making a special trip in to

the office just to play. I had taken my medical store purchases in to work

and hid them at the back of one of my file cabinet drawers. To this

collection I added a few additional items as I thought of them. A tube of

KY, a package of wet wipes, and a couple towels from home. Just things

that seemed like they would help further the illusion of the game.

I had a few daydreams of my own as to how things would play out as the

days slowly slid by and our date drew nearer. The thoughts of examining

Katie and probing her that started after our bathroom incident were only

fueled further by Katie's recounting of her gynecologist daydream. I

suppose that this "playing doctor" was a certain bit childish, but then

again they have long said that the family that plays together stays

together. We were sharing things on a far deeper level than we ever had

before. And this sharing was transferring itself into other aspects of our

life. Definitely a good thing.

The day of our little after hours event I added a few final items to my

file drawer collection. On the way into work, I left a bit early and

stopped by the grocery store. My mental image of slowly penetrating Katie

and watching close up as her pussy stretched in accommodation still stuck

with me. I was not comfortable with the idea of buying her a big thick

dildo. Besides, that seemed too crass. I didn't want to be focusing on the

object penetrating her, focusing on some big rubber dick. I wanted to

focus on her pussy. For some reason, I kept coming back to the image of

using a cucumber.

So here I was in the grocery store that morning to spend a few moments

picking out three cucumbers from the produce display. I managed to find a

fairly narrow one, about as big around as my dick, to start with. I wanted

to be able to penetrate her with something, so I did not want to end up

having something too big and not be able to use it at all. The second one

that I picked was moderately bigger. Big enough that she would feel the

difference, but not big enough to be unreasonable. The final one

definitely was unreasonable. I picked the biggest, thickest cucumber that

I could find.

Considering that I was hesitant to buy a dildo, I picked up a couple

apples, a couple of donuts from the bakery, and a small bottle of orange

juice to round out my purchases. I figured that buying three cucumbers

first thing in the morning might be a little suspect.

At work, I stashed the cucumbers in my file drawer and had the donuts and

orange juice for breakfast. The apples were saved for future snacks. My

mind was definitely not on my work that day and it passed by painfully

slowly. At last the day was done and I headed home. Katie and I had dinner

and then Katie insisted on showering before her "exam" was to take place.

I took care of some other things around the house as I waited for her. She

dressed in her stockings, garter, strapless shelf bra, and jacket outfit

with low heels. It was incredible to see her willing to go out like this.

Not too long ago she would have insisted on putting something else on to

leave the house and then change later. The drive was uneventful, I

purposefully did not want to discuss with her what I had planned. Let it

come as a bit of a surprise and see how things went.

When we got to the office, I told her that I would go in and leave the

front door unlocked, then she could come in after a few moments. I went in

and turned off the alarm and turned on a few lights. When ready, I sat

down at the receptionist's desk and waited for Katie to come in. I heard

her as she approached the door and looked up to watch her entrance. The

jacket only covered enough to barely keep her respectable. She was showing

a lot of leg and bare chest down to between her breasts. She approached

the desk and told me that she was Mrs. Smith and that she was here for her

appointment with Dr. Jones. I told her to have a seat and that the doctor

would be with her shortly. She took a seat, demurely crossing her legs,

and picking up a magazine to flip through. As I went upstairs, I locked

the front door.

Once in my office, I started getting things ready for the computer backup

and also moved some of my "exam equipment" around. Perhaps a better

description of my office would help. I have a corner office in an older

building. The corner office is due more to needing more space for the

computer equipment than any other importance on my part. The outside walls

each have one window. One inner wall is blank and the other one has the

door out into the hallway. My desk faces the wall with the door. The desk

is at the right corner of the wall with the door at the left corner of

that wall. My desk is a U-shaped workstation made up of two desks and a

table. The main desk facing the wall has my computer on it and has

bookshelves along the wall above the monitor. On the left side, a second

desk acts as an island, separating me from the door. It is a long work

surface with a front to it that goes the whole way to the floor (not an

open table) and filing cabinets under the one end. To my right is a

shorter work surface below the one window with several filing cabinets

below it and a few shelves. Behind me and to the left of the other window

is a small computer workstation with the monitor and keyboard for the

server. On the other side of the room, along the blank wall, are several

floor to ceiling storage cabinets. As I said, my corner office has little

to do with any importance on my part. In reality, they sort of stuck me in

the storage room.

I got the backup running and moved my "equipment" to one of the shelves

below the window for easier access, but pushed it back a bit so that Katie

would not have a clear view of what was in store for her. I put one of the

towels down on my spare chair for Katie to sit on and I also moved a desk

lamp over to the server workstation. That way I could have Katie lay on my

"island" desk with me sitting at the end of it for her examination with

the light over my shoulder. With everything in place, I went downstairs to

get Katie. As I came down the stairs, she looked up from her magazine. I

told her that the doctor would see her now and as she stood up, I told her

that she was welcome to leave her jacket here as I motioned to the coat

closet and hangers. Katie did not even hesitate. She walked over to the

closet and shrugged her jacket off, taking care to hang it neatly before

turning back and walking over to me.

As she stood there before me she was naked for all practical purposes. Her

stockings, garter, and shelf bra only served to accentuate her features

and did absolutely nothing to cover them. For some people, seeing a naked

person is always something sexual and dirty. Some see a naked person as

being lewd and lascivious, no matter whether it is striptease or nude

beach, a Hustler or a classical painting. Just the same, for some people

it seems that the act of being naked can only be sexual and dirty. For

Katie, it had never been that way. Even when she was uncomfortable with

her nudity, it was due to insecurity and lack of confidence on her part,

not any moral issues.

Katie stood before me now as though it was perfectly normal to be standing

barely clothed in an office reception area. I further realized that it was

not just because we were the only ones there. If her actions were

accepted, she would be just as comfortable doing exactly the same thing

during normal business hours. The funny thing was that this turned me on

much more than if she had acted in a sexual or slutty way. I guess that we

were a perfect match when it came right down to it.

I gestured for her to proceed up the stairs and followed behind her,

taking great delight in watching her ass bounce up the stairs in front of

me. As we reached the top of the stairs, I told her that she would be in

the "first exam room on the left" to direct her into my office. Inside, I

motioned for her to take a seat in my spare chair as I went past her to

get to my own chair.

Once we were both seated, I began by asking Katie if she had any health

concerns since her last visit. She replied that there were no problems to

speak of, that she had been in good health for the past year. I pulled out

a pad of paper to record her information on and told her that we would

begin with the basics and asked her to roll her chair closer to me. I

pulled out my digital thermometer and slipped one of the disposable

sheathes onto it then held it out for her to take it into her mouth.

Waiting for her temperature, I held her wrist to take her pulse and then

noted her pulse and temperature on my notepad. Next I took out the blood

pressure cuff and the stethoscope. Katie did not say anything, but I could

tell by her expression that she was impressed that I went to that much

trouble for our for our little game. I fastened the cuff around her arm

and put the stethoscope on. Putting the stethoscope to her forearm, I

inflated the cuff and then listened for the systolic and diastolic pressures. I had practiced on myself several times to be able do this fairly professionally. Removing the cuff, I noted the pressures on my notepad.

I told Katie to turn her chair sideways to me so that I could listen to

her heart and lungs. I took a few moments to listen to her heart from both

the front and the back and then told her to take a deep breath as I

listened from the back. I moved the stethoscope several times, telling her

to take a breath and then let it out. I then moved back to her front,

repeating the listening and breathing but being sure to slide the

stethoscope over each of her nipples in the process.

With that done, I put the stethoscope away and told her to face me again.

I felt her neck, checking her lymph nodes, and then pulled out a tongue

depressor and my penlight. I had her open her mouth and I looked down her

throat, being careful that I did not put the tongue depressor too far back

and cause her to gag. I then used the penlight to look in her eyes and

ears. It may seem like I was taking too long to get to the good stuff, but

I sensed that for both of us the more realistic I made it the better it

would be.

I made a few notes on my pad about the examination so far and told her

that we would proceed to the breast exam if she could remove her bra for

me. I was a bit reluctant to have her remove part of her costume, but it

was only going to get in the way as we progressed. Katie leaned forward in

the chair to reach behind herself to unfasten the bra, then laid it on the

desk beside her. I gently felt her left breast and then the right, gently

pushing at it and massaging it from top to bottom and around the side of

her chest to feel along the lymph nodes under her arms. I then examined

each nipple. Rolling it between thumb and forefinger and pinching it

slightly. I noted to her that they had excellent response and good color

and made some more notes on my pad.

Despite the pleasure that I took from having her standing there in her

garter, stockings, and heels, I realized that her outfit would only

continue to get in the way of further examination so I asked her to remove

the rest of her clothes. She stood and slipped her shoes off, nudging them

under my desk. She then unsnapped her stockings and rolled them down and

off her legs. Finally, she slipped the garter off.

With her fully naked, I asked her to stand between my legs and turn

sideways to me. I rolled my chair a bit closer to her and placed my left

hand across her butt to steady her and ran my right hand down along her

belly, pushing slightly and squeezing at her to feel her abdomen. I made a

couple more notes and then told her that we would finish things up on the

examination table if she was ready.

I said that if she would get up on the table on her knees first, we could

take a rectal temperature and take a culture to get that unpleasantness

out of the way. Truthfully, I was not sure how she would react to any sort

of anal penetration. She had made it pretty clear in the past that sexual

penetration was not acceptable. However, she dutifully climbed onto the

table with her butt in the air for me. I began by inserting the

thermometer into another sheath and then carefully inserted it into her

anus. When it beeped, I withdrew it and noted the temperature on the pad.

She had not flinched at all, but I was still unsure as to how she would

take this next step. I picked up a cotton swab and held it to her anus. I

told her to relax and gently pushed it in, then slowly swiped it full

circle around the inside of her anus twice for good measure and withdrew

it. With no complaints from Katie, I decided to press my luck and told her

it would be best to do a quick digital exam as well. She gave no

resistance, so I pulled out a latex glove and the tube of KY. I pulled the

glove onto my hand and dabbed a good bit of KY onto my middle finger. Once

again, I told her to relax as I put my finger to her anus and then slowly

pushed it in. To her credit, she did relax and I had no problems entering

her. I gently felt inside of her, turning my hand this way and that to rub

at all sides before withdrawing my finger from her and discarding the

glove. Finally, I replaced the sheath on the thermometer with a fresh one

and told Katie that I would take a quick vaginal temperature as well. I

eased the thermometer into her pussy and then waited for it to record the

temperature. When I was finished writing down the temperature, I wiped

away the excess KY from her ass and told her that everything seemed fine

and that we could proceed with the vaginal exam if she was ready. I had

her get down from the desk and laid out a towel for under her ass and

folded another for under her head, then helped her to lay back on the

desk. I had her lay as close to the edge of the desk so that I could bring

my chair up and sit between her legs. I turned on the desk lamp behind me

and adjusted it so that it gave me a clear view of her.

I took a moment to put on a fresh pair of latex gloves. Even with her legs

spread, her inner labia still stuck together to hide her so I started by

running a finger down between them, spreading them open to expose her clit

and vagina. I spent some time examining her labia, pulling gently at them

and moving them around, and complemented her on how she kept things

trimmed. Katie trims her pubic hair close, just a short bristle, but then

she shaves her outer labia, leaving everything nicely exposed.

With her inner labia pulled back, I focused my attention on her clit for a

moment. I rolled it between my thumb and felt it begin to swell in my

grasp. I gently pulled at it, turning this way and that to examine all

parts of it. I used one finger to gently push back the hood to expose the

shiny pearl of her clit and gently caressed it with my finger. I felt her

twitch beneath my finger and with continued stroking I was rewarded with

an intake of breath from her and a slight shiver. I commented that her

responses seemed to be in good order before I continued with my

examination.

I dabbed some KY onto my finger and rubbed it in along her labia. She had

been getting wetter as the examination went on, but I wanted the excuse to

further rub her pussy and took some delight in the appearance of her pussy

as it glistened back at me. I squeezed more KY onto my finger and

liberally coated her clit with it, rubbing it around generously to make

sure it was fully coated. From there I turned my attention to examining

her inner labia, spreading them apart and stroking them with my finger. I

pulled out another swab and carefully inserted it into her urethra.

Gently, I moved it around a bit before pulling it back out.

This served little purpose except that I had been given the chance to

fully examine Katie and I was not going to neglect any opportunity. Quite

frankly, I was somewhat surprised at her patience. It was not that long

ago that if I merely looked at her pussy for more than a moment she would

get self conscious and cover it with her hand. Now here I was, able to

take my good old time looking at everything, not to mention poking and

prodding and moving things around to examine everything to my heart's

content. All without any fidgeting or complaints. Not even during my brief

anal explorations. Her only reactions had been due only to when I touched

upon a sensitive spot.

With everything else explored, I turned my attention to her vagina itself.

With a finger to either side, I spread it open a bit to begin my

examination. Just pushing to either side of the opening really did not

give me much of a view, so I gently inserted two fingers and pulled her

open a bit more. Again, not too much that I could do before it would

become uncomfortable for her, so I decided that was as far as I was going

to pursue such things.

In coating her clit and labia with KY, I was really starting to prepare

her for the next level of the examination. I wanted her to be well

lubricated for the cucumbers. I told her that we were going to do an

"accommodation test" to ensure that she could accept the standard range of

penises into her. She spoke up, saying that her husband's penis was just

the right size and that she could accommodate that quite properly. I took

the complement but assured her that it was a standard test, if she had

trouble with the test it could be a sign of other health issues. I also

assured her that she would be well lubricated and should not feel any pain.

I squeezed more KY onto my finger and began to coat her pussy with it.

Again, I was using more than was necessary more for the visual aspect than

for the lubricating qualities. I freshened the coat on her clit and worked

my way down, squeezing more out as I needed it. I coated her inner labia

the whole way to the edges of her outer labia and then worked a liberal

amount into her vagina. I wiped the excess off of my gloved hands so that

I would have a decent grip on the cucumber and took hold of the first one,

the narrow one. Katie moved a bit to try to see what I had in store for

her and I told her to just settle back and relax. I assured her that if

there was any discomfort, she should tell me immediately and I would stop.

I brought the cucumber up between her legs and told her that this was the

first test subject, the smallest of the group, and asked her if she was

ready. She took a bit of a breath before telling me to go ahead. I touched

the tip of the cucumber to her pussy, running it between her labia a bit

to coat the end of it with the KY. I then moved it to the entrance of her

vagina and slowly began to push it in. It slowly slipped into her without

much trouble. Her pussy did not even seem to be stretching much to

accommodate it. I asked her to tell me when it had gone into her a

comfortable distance, I did not want to go too far. As I eased it in

further, I gave it a bit of a twisting motion to help its progress and

Katie giggled and said that it felt "unique" when I did that. After a

moment, Katie told me that was about as far as it was going to go and I

stopped pushing. I let it sit like that for a moment and then slowly spun

the cucumber inside of her, causing her to giggle again.

I drew the cucumber back out of her and said that the first test had gone

very well. Katie commented that she was surprised that was the "small" end

of the "standard" spectrum and wondered how much bigger things would go.

"That filled me quite nicely," was her comment. I told her that we would

be moving to the middle range now and that she should not be concerned.

I took a moment to add some more KY to her vagina, coating it thickly once

again. I reached for the middle sized cucumber and brought it up between

her legs. Once again, I rubbed the tip of it along between her labia to

coat the end of it. At the grocery store, it did not look that much bigger

than the first, but rubbing against her pussy it did look quite a bit

larger in context. Being a little concerned about the girth of it, I took

a moment to squeeze some KY onto the tip of it directly and spread it

around with my finger. Placing it to the mouth of her pussy once again, I

told her that this one was a bit larger and that she should tell me if

there was any discomfort. When she said that she was ready, I began to

slowly push it against her. It slid between her labia, but it was obvious

that this one was going to stretch her a bit. I don't fully understand why

it was such a thrill for me to be able to watch this happen, but I greatly

enjoyed watching as I penetrated her with that cucumber. There was some

resistance as I pushed it into her, so I took it slowly and gently rotated

the cucumber as it went in. After about an inch and a half entered her,

the resistance diminished and I was able to steadily push it into her

until she said that was about as far as it was going to go. I paused for a

moment to let her accommodate it within her, then began to rotate it

inside of her as I had done with the last one. It was more of a moan that

I got this time from her instead of a giggle. As I rotated the cucumber, I

drew it back out a bit and then slid it in. It was definitely a moan that

I got that time. I slowly fucked her with the cucumber for a few moments

before withdrawing it and tossing it into the trash can alongside the

first one.

I told her that there was one more test subject and then we were done. I

again took a moment to replenish the KY coating of her vagina and applied

a liberal amount to the end of the final cucumber. If I thought that the

last one looked big in context to her pussy, this one was a monster! I

seriously doubted whether she would be able to accommodate it. I told her

to be sure to let me know if this was too much as I brought it to her

pussy lips. I rubbed it back and forth along her slit a few times and then

eased it against her opening. As I began to push it into her there was

considerable resistance. It was between her labia, but had not really

penetrated into her vagina. I pushed a bit harder and could feel it

gaining a bit of ground when Katie told me to stop for a moment. I

apologized, saying that I was sorry if it was hurting her and that we

could stop. Always one for a challenge, Katie told me to just give her a

moment, that she thought she could take it if I went slowly.

I let her catch her breath a bit and when she told me to go ahead, I began

to push that monster cucumber into her. She shifted her legs a bit a

couple times, spreading them further apart, and then told me to push

harder. I gave it steady pressure and could feel it slipping into her. The

sight of it entering her pussy was incredible! Her inner labia were

stretched around it and looked taut. Again, after about two inches it

seemed as though I had made my way past something and it began to slide

into her a bit more easily. She started to let out an "Ahh, ahh, ahh,

ahh..." as I was pushing so I stopped for a moment to ask if she was ok.

She told me to keep pushing and as her hand found her clit, I had my

answer as to how she was doing. She rubbed at her clit for a moment before

tentatively reaching her hand down further. She ran her fingers around her

pussy, feeling her outer labia and then her inner labia where they

stretched around the cucumber. Finally she grasped the cucumber itself in

her little hand, just to feel the size of it herself. With her hand

wrapped around the base of the cucumber, she helped me to wedge it the

rest of the way into her.

We were both just silent at that point. I just stared in awe at this dark

green shaft wedged into Katie's pussy. Katie continued to trace her

fingers around her pussy and the cucumber where it entered her, equally in

awe of the experience. It was at this moment that we heard a noise from

downstairs -- the noise of the front door opening...

Katie's head snapped up from the table and we stared in shock at each

other for a moment. The sound of the door slamming shut broke us out of

our paralysis and we both started scrambling in all directions. Katie

pulled the cucumber out of her pussy and I was treated to a very brief

view of her vagina still gaping open, still stretched from the cucumber. I

briefly worried that I had gone too far, that her pussy would never be the

same after being stretched so wide. The thought disappeared as I rushed to

clean up and get things out of sight. Katie placed the cucumber in the

trash, gathered her undergarments, and was looking around for a place to

hide. I wiped the desk with one of the towels and swept the towels, KY,

and gloves all into the trash can. I had been putting other things away on

the shelf after I had used them, so it was only a matter of pushing them

to the back to get them out of sight. I looked at Katie and she was giving

me a panicked "what do I do?" look. Her jacket was downstairs and did not

do a good enough job of covering her even if she had brought it upstairs.

I could not risk having her make a run for the bathroom and have the

person see her if they were coming up the stairs, so I pointed at the

desk, motioning for her to get under it. If anyone came upstairs, I knew

that they would probably at least stop at my door to say hello. Unless

they came around my desk, Katie would be well enough hidden. I only hoped

that whoever it was had just stopped in briefly and was not planning on

being here long.

I spun myself around to face the server, adjusted my desk lamp so that it

was not pointing off into space, and tried to make myself look busy. My

heart was pounding and my ears were straining to try to pick up any sound

of someone coming up the stairs. I thought that I heard something and a

moment later was sure that I heard one of the top treads squeak a bit.

When the voice came, even though I was expecting it, I nearly jumped.

"Hey, tryin' to impress the bossman, huh?" Recognizing the voice and

inwardly cringing, I turned around in my chair and said to Gerald that it

was monthly backup time. Of all the people I worked with, I think that

Gerald was at the absolute bottom of the list of people I wanted to face

in this situation. I'd be hard pressed to tell you which one of my

coworkers I would like to have wander into my office while my naked wife

was hiding under the desk, but Gerald was definitely the last person I

would consider.

Gerald was just one of those slimy people that you couldn't trust. I knew

that if he found us out, he would end up telling everyone about it at the

most embarrassing and inopportune moment. Something like standing up

toward the end of the company holiday party and suggesting that Katie

strip down so everyone would have a chance to see her little body like he

had seen that one evening in the office. Of course, he'd get some

extortion in as well. Try to convince Katie that if she would just let him

fuck her, then he would keep the secret. Only problem would be that he'd

still tell and just use that against us as well. I could picture him at

the holiday party suggesting that Katie get naked and go around and bounce

on everyone's dick the way that she had bounced on his. My stomach turned

at the thought and I mentally tried to will him out of the doorway and on

his way.

My luck with such things has never been good and Gerald stepped into the

room. My stomach tied itself in knots. If he decided that he wanted to

stay and talk for awhile, I was sitting in one chair at the server and my

other chair was behind my desk. If he came around the desk there was no

way that Katie could hide from him.

Fortunately, he just leaned back against the door frame to talk. It was

his usual trash talk, talking people down and complaining about the boss

and such. I suffered through it for about ten minutes before he said that

he had stopped in to pick up some papers and had to get going, his

girlfriend was waiting in the car. She was a cute strawberry blonde, the

kind of woman people described as being one of the nicest people. What she

saw in him...

With Gerald gone, I risked a quick glance under my desk at Katie. She was

wedged back in one corner, hunched over with her legs drawn up and her

arms around her knees. She gave me a questioning look and I whispered for

her to stay put until he left the building again. I did not know if she

meant to try to find a better hiding place or what, she had heard the

whole conversation and knew about as much about what was going on as I

did. There was no other place in my office and I could not risk her trying

to make a run for the women's room or elsewhere. Even if he did not see

her, if he even heard her then Gerald might decide to stick around to say

hello. Since she did not have any clothes to speak of to even change into,

the best thing was for her to just stay put.

Despite however cute she looked under there, I sincerely wished that she

had clothes to change into. Although at this point that would have also

presented a problem if she suddenly appeared, even if she was fully

clothed. Better to just wait it out. I made a feeble attempt to look

around at some things on the server as I waited for Gerald to come back

through. I only hoped that the presence of his girlfriend would expedite

things and get him moving along. For once, the fates smiled upon me and it

was only several minutes before he stopped back at my door to say

goodnight and that he was going to be on his way. I told him that I would

see him in the morning and wished him a good evening. I listened carefully

as he went downstairs and eventually heard the door open and close.

I knew that we were not totally out of the woods yet. I waited another

couple of minutes and then told Katie to stay put while I went downstairs

to check to make sure that Gerald had really left. For all I knew, he may

have suspected something and made up the bit about his girlfriend waiting.

I was getting entirely too paranoid about this whole thing. It was quiet

when I went downstairs. I crossed to the door and made sure that it was

locked, I figured that he would have at least done me that favor. The

lights were on in the reception area, so I went into one of the offices to

look out the window. I did not want to be too obvious, but I had to check

to make sure that he was not waiting. I could not see anything, so I

grabbed Katie's jacket from the closet and headed back upstairs.

Katie was still hiding under the desk when I returned, good girl! As I

entered my office I called out softly that everything was ok and after a

moment her head appeared from behind my desk. Her first comment was, "Why

did it have to be Gerald?" She knew as well as I what the implications

would have been if he had found out. She surprised me when she said that

anyone else and she might have actually considered inviting them to play

along with us. But she was most emphatic that there was no way she would

consider that with Gerald.

Unfortunately, the turn of events had taken the wind out of our sails. The

backup was nearly finished anyway, so we decided that we were just going

to head home when it was done. Katie slipped her jacket and shoes back on,

leaving the rest of her undergarments in a pile. She then headed to the

rest room to clean up a bit and I set about cleaning up things in my

office. I pulled the towels back out of the trash can and wrapped up the

equipment in them. Everything disposable I tossed into the trash. When

Katie got back, I told her that I was going to take the trash out to the

dumpster. No sense having the cleaning staff wondering about latex gloves

and cucumbers and such. I also wanted to take a look around outside to

make sure that Gerald was not still lurking around somewhere.

The trip out to the dumpster was uneventful. No sign of anyone waiting

around. By the time I got back to my office the backup was finished, so I

shut things down and we gathered our stuff together. Katie grabbed one of

the other towels to wrap her undergarments up in. We took a last look

around the office to make sure that we were not forgetting anything, shut

out the lights, and headed downstairs. I took another quick look outside,

shut off the lights, set the alarm, and Katie and I headed to the car.

The ride home was pretty quiet. It was unfortunate that Gerald had to pick

that night to stop by. We were really getting into things, but the end of

the evening definitely put a damper on the mood. In bed that night we

finally were able to talk about the evening a bit more. We both agreed

that we probably had taken things at the office as far as we should. We

both had always known the risks. Not just the risk of getting caught, but

the risk of what getting caught could mean to my job. Surprisingly, Katie

made that distinction. She admitted that she was getting more into the

idea of actually exposing herself to someone. Not just getting turned on

by the idea that someone might see her or the idea that someone could come

along. Up until then, the fishermen were sort of the only ones that we

actually planned on exposing Katie to. It looked like our adventures were

going to take a bit of a turn after this event. Time would tell...

There was another price to be paid for that night's adventures, though. As

I said, Katie had made it pretty clear previously that her anus was for

exit only. She told me that she let me play around with her ass because it

did not seem to do any harm. She did make it clear that she hoped it was

not a secret fetish for me because it really did nothing for her. I

assured her that I really was not into that, that I had just been a little

curious to see what she did. She said that was fine, but thinking about

it, she should be able to satisfy her own curiosity. After what she had

allowed me to do, there was no point in arguing and Katie got to play

proctologist one evening. A latex glove and some KY and I pretty much

agreed with Katie, it really did not do anything for me.

**Exposing Katie 009**

After our office exploits nearly got entirely out of hand, there were a

number of ways that things could have gone. We could have called it quits

after seeing quite clearly that our games could very well lead to our

destruction. We could have toned things down, promising to keep things

close to home and behind closed, locked, and non-public doors. It could

even have meant the end of our relationship if we asked ourselves who we

were fooling. That the only thing that seemed to be keeping us together

was something that had us on the road to personal destruction.

We had quite a few long discussions and surprisingly they were not about

the negative aspects of what happened. Granted, it was discussed that we

came awfully close to ending up in an awkward or dangerous situation.

Neither of us had any illusions that Gerald could have made things most

unpleasant for both of us. Although it would have most probably cost me my

job, Katie was definitely the one with more to lose. Even if she gave in

to his sexual advances not only would he end up telling anyway, but I

doubt that he would be either gentle or kind. From all that Katie had been

through earlier in her life, I knew the toll that would take on her.

Other than that aspect, which was actually discussed very little, our

discussions were mostly positive. We both reaffirmed that this was to be a

shared pastime, not something where Katie went off on her own and then

shared her exploits with me later. It also was not about swinging or free,

wild sex.

Looking back on our conversations, we are both sort of surprised that one

or the other or both of us did not suggest calling an end to our little

games at this point. When I finally admitted to Katie some time later that

I was more than ready to call it quits with our games or tone things back

severely but had decided to leave the decision up to her and follow her

lead, she laughingly admitted that she had been in exactly the same

position. She was about ready to give in and call it quits, but did not

want to bring things to an end over her insecurities and that she had come

to trust me enough that she left it in my hands. As time went on, though,

she began to think more about the good parts of our games and put that one

incident behind her. I agreed that my experience in the weeks after the

incident had been about the same. But these revelations came months later

for us.

The more immediate discussions started out with being more aware of our

situation when we were playing. We had been lulled into a false sense of

security in the office after nothing had happened for so long. We talked

about what risks we were willing to take and what to do when someone

stumbled across us. Accepting that there was a real chance of being found

out actually put us in a more secure position because we would not be

caught entirely off guard. Talking about these possibilities eventually

was what led us to more discussion about purposefully exposing Katie to

people.

We discussed the times that other people had become included in our games

from the very first incident at the restaurant, to Greg encountering us

out at the park and then the "planned" incidents at the car dealership and

with the fishermen. Of these incidents, Katie had better feelings about

the restaurant incident and the episode with the fishermen. At first she

had a bit of a time explaining her reasons even to herself, but she

finally agreed that it had a lot to do with the attitude of acceptance

that she got in those incidents.

Her least favorite of the episodes was the one at the car dealership. Even

though she ended up showing the least there, it was the most

"stereotypically sexual" of the displays as she put it. Although she felt

a certain power in her sexuality and had the salesmen bumbling around like

morons, she had no doubt about the "locker room talk" that had followed

between them once we had left.

In contrast, the couple at the restaurant had been very appreciative for

being included into our private moment. Katie says that she gets a warm

feeling when she thinks about the two of them, although we have never seen

them since. Likewise, with the older fishermen, she feels that they

appreciated her for adding a little spice to an otherwise normal day for

them. They were courteous and charming she explains.

The incident with Greg sort of falls somewhere in the middle for her.

Definitely towards the better end than the car dealership, though. She

liked being caught naked by Greg and seeing first hand his appreciation

for her, but it almost became too sexual with that. She did mention in

passing that she had some desire to explore something like that again.

With these discussions, we began to think of other ways to expose Katie to

someone. As it happened, Katie and I had been talking about the fact that

we needed a new mattress for our guest bedroom. When we moved into our

house, we had been given an extra old bed and mattress by a relative. At

the time we could not really pass up free furniture. The bed was only a

twin-size, so if a couple was staying with us we would usually give up our

master bedroom to them and snuggle up quite close in the spare bed

ourselves. Katie's diminutive stature does have its advantages! We do not

have a lot of overnight guests, but we figured that fixing things up in

there was next on the agenda and we wanted a full-size bed. That way we

could have a couple stay with us without displacing us from our own

bedroom. With our recent discussions about our little games, I saw this as

a perfect opportunity for some exposure. You have to test out a mattress

before you buy it, don’t you? I was not sure what opportunities would

present themselves, but it seemed like it at least had some potential.

On a Monday evening we finished our dinner and got ready for our shopping

trip. There had been an advertisement in the paper about a furniture store

that was having a sale. The store was far enough away that we were less

likely to run into anyone we knew. I had learned by now that Katie

responded better to these excursions if we had at least a basic plan for

her, so we talked over some ideas of what we could do. In less than a year

she had really loosened up about things, but she still had her moments of

worry about getting into trouble with the authorities. Her fears were more

along the lines of getting arrested or something along those lines and

with our recent scare, it seemed sensible to have some plan to fall back

onto. I also found that talking about these things had been helping to

build her trust in me because it showed her that I was looking out for

her. Not quite sure what possibilities we might encounter, we packed some

“props” into a duffel bag to take along and were on our way.

The trip to the store was uneventful; we talked more about how things had

gone at work than about what we were planning to do. We left the duffel

bag in the truck and went into the store to have a quick look around. The

store was a lot smaller than we expected, a small town affair, but the

prices were pretty good and they had enough of a selection that we were

sure that we could find what we wanted. It was pretty quiet there that

evening. There was another single woman, two other couples, and a

salesman. I was not surprised as I had figured that not a lot of people

would be out buying mattresses on a Monday night. The salesman, a

gentleman seemingly in his early sixties with a name-tag that said

“George” was nice and did not pressure us. He told us to feel free to ask

any questions, but that he would leave us alone to look. We did the usual

things to check out the mattresses. We sat on them and laid down on them,

checking out how firm they were. We ended up narrowing our selection down

to two mattresses and spent some time looking around at the other

available furniture as well. The woman had left the store shortly after we

arrived and one couple had left after awhile. When the second couple had

left, the salesman drifted over our way to see if we had any questions.

The store was going to be open for another hour, but it seemed doubtful

that anyone else would be coming in that evening.

We told him that we had narrowed down our selection and wondered if he had

any advice for us on the two we were looking at. George said that they

were both very good quality, pointed out features of their construction,

and gave us the whole sales spiel. When he was finished, I asked him which

one he would recommend personally. He told us that he had to be honest,

they were both good mattresses and it would really come down to which one

we preferred. Some people prefer a different feel to their mattress than

others. Some like firm, others like soft. Really, we would have to be the

judge. We admitted that this was for a guest bed, so our personal

preferences were not totally reliable. We did both sit on each mattress

again and lay down on it. I finally said that it was up to Katie since she

was more particular about such things.

George did not know it at the time, but he had been doing everything

right. He was kind in a grandfatherly sort of way, making us both at ease

and treating us like old friends without just seeming like a salesman

sucking up. Katie lay down on the bed again for awhile and then propped

herself up on her elbow to look at him. She said that she wanted to ask a

favor of George, but that she did not want him to think poorly of her for

asking. He motioned for her to go on, wisely not saying anything but

allowing her to speak in her own time. She said that if it was ok, she had

a set of sheets and a nightgown in the car. Would he mind terribly if she

put the sheets on the bed and tried it out? She said that it was really

hard to judge the practicality of a bed while she was in her street

clothes with the bare mattress (she was dressed in her usual jeans and

sweatshirt). His comment was, “For you, dear, anything you like.” He

continued and told her that he really did not expect any other customers

that night and that she should just lock up when she came back in from the

car so that we would not be bothered. Although she is a bit older than

that, he said it like he was treating a favorite granddaughter, not like

he was coming on to her. She smiled at him and gave him a quick peck on

the cheek as she went past him to go to the car. He was beaming from the

kiss, obviously the correct response to his comment. He was a kindly older

man and obviously enjoyed it when a woman found him charming.

We talked a bit while Katie was gone. Just small talk, the weather, the

local news, and so forth. Katie came back in and set the duffel bag and a

pillow down on the mattress. She opened it up, got out the sheets, and

handed them to me. Then she asked George if there was somewhere that she

could change. George told her that he would stay here with me, she could

change wherever she felt comfortable. The store was divided up into

display rooms, so all she had to do was find someplace suitable that was

out of sight from us. She thanked him and went off with her duffel bag in

hand. George and I continued to talk as I put the sheets on the one

mattress we had selected and by the time I had the bed ready, Katie

appeared again in her robe and slippers.

George told her that she looked quite the part, ready for bed and all. She

gave him a big smile as she turned back the top sheet and sat down on the

bed. She then gave George a sweet smile and asked if he would tuck her in.

He said that he would be honored and she started to undo her robe. George

took the edge of the top sheet and pulled it back for her. She stood up

and let the robe fall from her shoulders. The silky white nightgown she

was wearing was only modest in respect that it covered all of the vital

parts. It even was even cut below her knees to keep her decent from behind

if she bent over or covered her when she sat down. However, the spaghetti

straps, cut-out back, and low neckline left her shoulders bare, showed off

most of her back, and let you see the whole way down the front if she let

it gape open when she bent over. A woman with bigger breasts would have

filled it out more and you would have merely gotten a great cleavage shot.

From experience, I knew that the view she would give was of her pubic hair

framed between her breasts if she bent over just so. Further, the silky

material clung to her like a second skin, leaving nothing about her form

to the imagination and was thin enough that you had no problem seeing the

darker skin of her nipples and the shadow of her pubic triangle.

This area of the store just had exposed mattresses on frames, so the bed

did not have an actual headboard or anything. Katie draped her robe on the

next mattress over and sat back down on the bed to swivel her legs under

the covers that George was holding up for her. He tucked her in and she

gave him another smile. She moved around under the sheet, curling up with

her pillow and getting comfortable. She turned over a couple times, trying

out different positions. Even though nothing was showing, it was arousing

just watching her slink around on the bed. She finished with her “testing”

and started to get out of the bed. The nightgown had ridden up on her a

bit and as she parted her legs as she swung them down to the floor, George

and I were treated to a quick flash of her trimmed pussy. I had no doubt

that it was fully intentional on Katie's part, but she made it look

entirely accidental. I also know that George had seen the display, but he

was a gentleman and politely gave no sign of her indiscretion.

Katie said that she was ready to try out the other mattress. We pulled the

sheets off of the first mattress and transferred them to the other one.

She made sure to bend over so that George would have several opportunities

to see down her nightgown. George continued to be the gentleman, showing

no sign of what he was seeing. However, I could easily tell that not only

was he looking, but that he realized that she was intending to show off.

He was definitely appreciating her charms without making an issue of

things. As I said, being a perfect gentleman. We finished making up the

bed and George held the top sheet again for her to climb into bed.

Katie repeated her performance from the first mattress, turning over and

twisting around to see whether the mattress was comfortable. I did notice

that George was watching her a bit more intently after seeing her exposed.

She finished her routine and said that she thought that this mattress was

better, but that she was not quite sure. When George asked what she was

not sure about, she feigned embarrassment for a moment but finally told

him that it was because she normally slept in the nude. I saw his eyebrows

raise a bit, but he betrayed no other surprise at her comment. It was a

bit ridiculous in a way, considering that what she was wearing barely

constituted clothing in the first place. All that he said was, “Would you

require some privacy, my dear?” Katie told him that if he had no

objections, she certainly saw no harm in him staying. "Perhaps you might

have some questions..." he said, leaving it open once again for her to

dismiss him. “You are so good to indulge me in my whims,” was Katie’s

reply.

She moved her hands under the covers, pulling her nightgown up to her

neck, then took it off and handed it to George. He tenderly took it from

her and carefully folded it and put it on the other bed on top of her

robe. When he turned back to her, Katie wriggled under the covers and said

that things felt much better now. She stretched out with her hands above

her head. As she did so, the sheet slid tantalizingly down off of her

shoulders and across her chest. It stopped before it uncovered her

nipples, not for lack of Katie’s trying mind you! You could see the slight

swell of the beginning of her breasts, though.

Dropping her hands to the edge of the sheet, she pulled it back up to her

shoulders and smiled at George. She explained that she always made sure to

stretch out every morning. With that, she proceeded to try the bed out for

stretching. She began by pulling the sheet in with her hands and

stretching her right foot out towards the edge of the bed. She hooked the

edge of the sheet with her foot and drew the sheet in towards her. She

repeated this on the other side, drawing the sheet in on both sides so

that her feet and calves were exposed. She then wrapped her legs over the

sheet, drawing it up between her legs. Her legs and the sides of her body

were now exposed and the sheet passed between her legs, across her crotch,

and up to where her arm held it over her breasts.

At no point had George hidden his interest in seeing what she had to show,

but neither did he leer at her. But with the show obviously taking a step

to the next level, he displayed his interest a bit more openly by sitting

down on the bed beside her. He glanced up to me to see what my reaction to

the whole scene was. I gave him a smile to make clear that all of this was

perfectly ok with me. When he looked back to her, Katie turned a bit

toward him and feigned bashfulness suddenly. She pulled the sheet up over

her head quickly and then after a pause, she pulled it down so that just

her eyes were uncovered. She looked at him for a moment and said, “I am

being bad, aren’t I?” She paused for a moment and then continued. “It is

just that I feel so free when I am naked and I get a bit carried away. I

hope that I have not offended you.” She slowly lowered the sheet until her

face was uncovered and she looked at George, waiting for his reply.

George took a moment before answering. When he spoke, he told her that she

had not offended him. He did not want her to think that he was a dirty old

man, but that he had to admit that he was thoroughly enjoying her show. At

this, she played bashful again and covered her face except for her eyes

with the sheet again. He continued, saying that he did not want to imply

that he was not pleased with what he had seen, but he wondered if she

would be willing to show a bit more. Katie responded by slowly lowering

the sheet from her face. She was giving George a shy smile as she lowered

from her neck and down to expose her shoulders and the top of her chest.

Now, I must explain a bit about Katie. As I have said, she is fairly

small. Coupled with her small breasts and petite stature, she is able to

get away with a certain amount of “little girl routine” even though she is

in her early thirties. George had already been treating her as if she was

a favored granddaughter even though she was more probably the age of a

daughter to him. That just set the tone for her and she played the role

up. Do not get me wrong, Katie’s “little girl routine” is not juvenile or

anything like that. She can just get away with being bashful and shy and

end up having people want to take care of her and comfort her. This is

what she was doing now and George was falling for it in a big way. In a

way, I felt sorry for the guy. I certainly knew how her actions could turn

my own heart to mush.

Katie had the sheet down far enough to show the swell of her breasts, but

stopped before her nipples were exposed. She looked at George and asked in

a small voice if he would like to see her nipples. George nodded and said

that he would like to see them very much. She gave him a big warm smile

and lowered the sheet over her breasts but kept it covering her stomach.

She ran her hands back up to her breasts, cupping them and rubbing her

nipples. She informed George that her nipples got all hard and tingly when

she was excited. He asked her if she was excited now and she got a grin on

her face and told him yes, oh yes! She continued playing with her nipples,

telling George how tingly they were getting and pointing out to him how

her aureola were crinkling up, a sure sign that she was excited. She then

asked if he would like to see some more. What do you think? Of course he

did!

At his urging, Katie slowly slid the sheet down to uncover her belly. She

paused for a bit to point out to George that there was no lint in her

belly button. She ran her hands sensuously up and down her belly and

pointed out the faint fuzz of hair on her lower belly. She looked at

George and told him in mock seriousness that there was more down further.

Not a whole lot more, she whispered to him, saying that she kept it

trimmed and neat. She pushed the sheet down until her pubic hair just

started to show. She fluffed it up a little bit with her fingers, showing

it off to George. Again she asked if he would like to see some more. When

he nodded solemnly, she slowly pushed the sheet down further, exposing

more of her pubic hair. She had her legs together and stopped when you

could just see the crease where her pussy started to form. She ran her

fingers through her thin pubic hair and showed off how well she kept it

groomed.

She then pointed at the crease just above the edge of the sheet. She told

George in a small voice, “That’s my pussy. Would you like to see it?”

George said that he would like to see it very much if she did not mind

showing it off. She slid the sheet down further, uncovering her crotch and

the tops of her thighs. With her legs together, all that you could see was

her outer lips and the crease where they met. By the way her lips were all

puffy, I knew that she was incredibly turned on by her show. She took a

moment to prop herself up a bit on her pillow so that she could see better

herself. Then she ran a finger along the crease, telling George that her

pussy was hiding but that it was pink and wet and very warm inside. I do

not know about George, but I was about ready to blow my wad at this point.

Katie slowly drew her knees up and to the side, spreading her legs. Her

pussy was wet and slowly opened up for our viewing pleasure. She slid her

finger down along her slit and told George how wet and warm it was inside.

Bringing her finger back up her slit to her clit, her eyes closed as she

ran her finger over it. I knew that she could not contain herself any

longer. She was so turned on that she was in her own little world now. Her

breathing became deeper as she ran her finger back and forth across her

clit. Her legs spread wider as she succumbed to her passions and her pussy

opened up further. George and I just watched in silence as she pleasured

herself, moaning softly as she stroked herself.

It was not long before she came. Her legs tensed and spread open further.

She rubbed her clit harder and her back arched. Her chest above her

breasts was flushed and her breathing was heavy. From the spasms, we could

tell that she was having several orgasms, one after the other. Finally,

she quieted down and slumped back to the bed. She was sprawled across the

bed with her legs spread and a sheen of sweat across her body. Her chest

heaved as she lay there breathing heavily. All that George and I could do

was stand there in silence and look at her. She was beautiful. Her eyes

finally opened but remained heavy lidded as she looked to me and then to

George. “Oh, that felt delicious,” she said with a big smile on her face.

George was just speechless at this point. Katie turned toward him and

swung her legs off the side of the bed. Fully naked, she embraced him and

thanked him for indulging her. After a moment’s pause, he returned the

embrace. His hands strayed downward to run over her ass, but he was decent

about it and did not try to go any further.

When Katie broke the embrace, she was back to her perky self and with a

smile said that we would take the mattress and box springs. She picked up

her robe and stepped into her slippers. She put her robe on but made no

attempt to fasten it, leaving it completely open in front. George shook

his head a bit as if to clear his mind to get down to business. We walked

back to his desk with him to finish the transaction. He rung it all up and

told us that he was giving us a fifteen-percent “preferred customer”

discount. Gee, I wonder why? He asked about delivery and I told him that I

had my truck outside. I paid him and he let me out the front door so that

I could bring my truck around to the back door. I had absolutely no

concern about leaving my half naked wife alone with him and Katie seemed

to have no problems remaining with him either. I took my time to get

around to the back door and found it open when I got there. I went in and

back through to the showroom. Katie and George were sitting at his desk.

Katie had her knees drawn up with her feet on the edge of the chair; fully

exposing her pussy as she idly ran her fingers along her slit. They were

just talking like everything was perfectly normal.

George had a cart that he pushed up to the display to load the mattress

and box springs. Really, he and I could get it but Katie insisted on

helping. With her robe unfastened, though, it kept getting in her way so

it was only a minute or two before she had it completely off again. With

the mattress and box springs loaded up, she made no attempt to cover up

again. We had tossed the sheets beside her nightgown on the next mattress

and she had tossed her robe over there as well when she had taken it off.

She picked up her duffel bag and stowed the sheets in it, but made no move

to take out her clothes. The nightgown and then the robe followed the

sheets into the duffel bag and she carried it along as we pushed the cart

to the back. Even when George rolled up the overhead door to load things

in the truck, Katie made no move to cover up or stay back from the open

door. There was little chance of anyone seeing her at the back of the

building, there was little else around, but it was still a turn-on to see

her like this. She even took her duffel bag out and threw it in the cab of

the truck.

When everything was loaded, Katie turned to George to thank him for a

wonderful evening and for being so understanding. Standing there in only

her slippers, she almost shyly held her hands out to him for a final hug.

It started off fairly modest, as though he was hugging someone fully

clothed and as such no big deal. But as she pressed herself against him,

he got the message and took polite advantage of her embrace. His hands

quickly found her ass and rubbed it tenderly as she hugged him for several

minutes. When she finally broke the embrace, he let his hands trail around

her sides and rested them on her hips. He looked her in the eyes, telling

her that she had made a tired old man's evening and I could see the

sparkle in his eyes. They stood for a moment with him holding her at arm's

length. When she did not draw away, he slowly ran his hands up to cup her

breasts. He brushed them with the backs of his fingers, seemingly amazed

at what was happening. As his fingers crossed her nipples, her eyes closed

and she leaned her head back. He rubbed her breasts for a moment and even

tweaked her nipples a bit. At that she opened her eyes again and bent

close to give him a kiss on the cheek. She backed away with a smile on her

face, wishing him a good evening, and we got into the truck.

She rolled down the window and we said our good-byes and she waved to him

as we pulled away from the store, leaving him there in the darkness with

only the light above the warehouse door illuminating him. We pulled out

onto the street and were on our way. Katie opened up her duffel bag and

pulled out her robe to cover up for the ride home, but she left it loose

and unfastened. I ran my hand along her leg and found her pussy with my

fingers. It was no great surprise to me to find that she was still fairly

wet. We took care of that when we got home.

**Exposing Katie 010**

As we continued our newfound games, our relationship continued to grow.

Looking back over previous months, we could literally see the progress

that we were making. Looking at our previous years of marriage, it seemed

that we continued to have the same arguments and issues over and over

again. I think that if I had to use one word to describe our marriage from

before, it would have to be "frustrating" over any other single word. It

seemed that no matter what I did, Katie would be upset with me. Nothing I

did was right. She seemed incapable of understanding what I wanted out of

life and never seemed to understand whatever I did try to do for her.

To be fair, Katie felt much the same way about me. I was always concerned

with how I looked at a situation or what I wanted out of something. Both

of us were right in our analysis of the situation. And both of us were

wrong.

We were both guilty of the same trait. We focused on our own

interpretation of a situation. We would each try to explain our viewpoint

and get caught up in trying to get the other person to understand where we

were coming from. It dissolved into a battle of wills every time, leaving

us both more resolute in our own opinion that we each were correct and the

other one was being inconsiderate or unyielding.

Our games were obviously affecting how we were dealing with each other. We

definitely were opening up to each other more than we ever had before.

That alone made quite a difference. I think that a lot of misunderstanding

obviously comes from not being able to read each other's minds. In our own

heads we know what we are doing and why, but our intents are not always

obvious to our partners. Beyond that, I think that we tend to hold a lot

of ourselves back for fear of rejection. We don't tell our partner

everything. That just interferes further with them having any hope of

understanding where we are coming from.

So our games led to opening up and discussing things with each other. As

we learned to listen to each other, we each opened up more and we both

began to understand each other more. Just as the cycle of our relationship

before tore us apart, the cycle of our new relationship built and

strengthened us.

One sign I saw in our increased understanding of each other was as our

games became more spontaneous. Sure, there were things that we talked at

length about and planned ahead. Then there were the spur of the moment

events that one of us would say something and we would both immediately be

into it and just go ahead and do it.

Most of the time this was just something simple. We would be out someplace

and I'd tell Katie to show me her boobs so she'd lift her shirt and flash

me or we'd dare each other to take our clothes off in the car. Katie would

tell me that if I showed her my dick she would suck on it. Of course I'd

pull it out for her. Just quick impulsive things.

Sometimes things got a bit more involved. Given some privacy in an

otherwise public place, we'd dare each other to remove underwear. Not just

having Katie step out of her knickers while wearing a skirt or dress, mind

you. The more challenge the better. We're talking having to remove shoes

and jeans to remove underwear. I can still picture one episode where Katie

ended up jumping up and down as she tried to get back into a particularly

tight pair of jeans.

Then there were a few times that that our spontaneous activities got

fairly involved. One incident that comes to mind was a particular Summer

Saturday morning. We were going out with friends that evening and had a

number of things to do around the house, but decided to take the morning

and go for a hike. We got up early, grabbed a quick bite to eat, and

headed out of town. The air was still cool under the trees as we started

the hike up to the overlook. Once we reached the overlook and the sun

broke through the trees it was warm on our faces and exposed arms. As we

walked out on the rocks to the edge, I pulled my shirt off over my head to

bask in the warmth of the sun. Katie came up behind me and I wasn't too

surprised to find that she had also taken her shirt off by the time that

she joined me. I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her close

beside me as both of us stood bare chested to the morning sun.

We stood there together for awhile, just enjoying the view, fresh air, and

sun. The hike was only about an hour and a half from where we had parked.

A nice, simple hike to enjoy. The trail brought you out to this point

along the ridge and there was a bit of a clearing at the rocks. Most

people just came out to the overlook, but you could pick your way through

the trees in either direction along the ridge and there were other rock

outcroppings from which to enjoy the view. After a bit, we decided to opt

for a bit more privacy. We had not seen anyone else out on the trail this

morning, but figured that we wanted a bit of warning if anyone else should

happen along. Anybody that came up to the overlook would spend some time

there before they would start exploring around. We would hear them and be

able to cover up if there were kids or folks that might get offended.

We walked back along the ridge for a bit and found another good rock

outcrop that was out of direct sight of the first overlook. I found a nook

to sit in and spread my shirt out to have something to lean back against.

When I was settled in, Katie settled in beside me, curling up under my arm

and against my chest. We sat there for ten or fifteen minutes, just

drinking in the silence and basking in the sun. We watched a couple of

hawks play in the thermals and a chipmunk scurrying along the rocks.

Katie had her arm across my stomach and after awhile she stroked her hand

across my belly absentmindedly. It felt good and I gave a murmur of

approval. She continued to rub my stomach and between that and my own

absentminded thoughts of her topless state caused an awakening of my

anatomy a little lower than she was currently focused on. It was not long

before she noticed the change and she unbuttoned my jeans and slid the

zipper down. I had not worn underwear, figuring that it would probably

only get in the way if we found ourselves in a situation such as this. She

dug her hand down into my jeans a bit in order to pull my penis up into

view. A moment or two more and she was coaxing me to lift my butt so that

she could slide my pants down for better access. Settling back down, the

rock was cool and rough against my ass. Not that I was complaining, mind

you, considering the circumstances. Katie settled in against my side once

again and continued her caresses.

The warm sun, fresh air, having Katie snuggled beside me, and her gentle

caresses was making me quite mellow. The only thing disturbing my serenity

at the moment was having my jeans bunched up around my ankles, so I

eventually displaced Katie long enough to take my boots, socks, and jeans

off. Not one to let me show her up, Katie followed suit and then we curled

up together again, fully naked.

There is definitely something about being naked out in the open with the

fresh air and the sunshine. Katie bent down and licked the pre-cum from

the head of my penis and then sucked me slowly into her mouth. She circled

my knob with her tongue and sucked on it for awhile. Even though the

morning was warm, the air felt cool on my wet dick when it left her mouth.

When she plunged back onto my dick, her mouth was warm in contrast.

I enjoyed her ministrations for several minutes, stroking her back and

just basking in the sun. Wanting to return the favor, I pulled her away

from her task and got her to stand in front of me. Holding a cheek of her

ass in each hand, I drew her to me and licked along her juicy slit. It was

pretty obvious that I was not the only one turned on by our nudity and

such. I attacked her clit with a vengeance, licking and sucking it until I

could feel her legs going weak. I held her up as she moaned and her first

orgasm swept over her. I gently kissed her labia and thighs as I let her

recover.

As she came back to earth, she squatted down, insistent on having me

inside of her. Kneeling over me was going to bruise or bloody her knees,

so we ended up moving around several times to find a comfortable position

for both of us. We ended up moving to a rock ledge that I could lean back

against and Katie backed into me, allowing both of us a view out over the

valley. It was a perfect morning. Clear skies, crisp air, warm sun, and

our naked bodies our in Mother Nature. We fucked slowly at first, but our

pace quickened. I reached around to cup Katie's breasts and play with her

nipples as she thrust back against me. We pounded away at each other until

Katie came for a second time and I came soon after. Katie slumped back

against me and I curled my arms around her to hug her close to me. She

wrapped her arms over mine and we held each other for several minutes

before separating.

The morning was wearing on and we figured that we had better head for home

to get our chores done. It was a shame to get dressed again and there was

a definite temptation to start walking back to the car naked, but

sensibility prevailed and we reluctantly dressed again and headed back

down the trail. We were two thirds of the way back to the car before we

encountered anyone else coming up the trail. Back at the parking lot we

again ran into a few more people getting ready to head up the trail.

It was late morning as we were heading back home. In one of the little

towns that we passed through we decided to stop at a little country store

for something to drink. As we came out of the store, I spied a faded

barbershop sign across the street on the corner of a building slightly

further down the street from where we stood. I got a wicked idea and hoped

that our morning's adventures were not quite fully over. Asking Katie if

we could take a moment more, I headed across the street with her in tow.

We got to the corner and I saw the door to the barbershop halfway down the

side of the building along the side street.

We walked down the side street and then down a few steps to the door --

the barbershop was in the basement of the building. The sign on the door

said that they were open, but it did not look like they had much in the

way of business this morning. We opened the door and walked in. There was

one lone chair in the back left corner with a low wall across in front of

it, forming a bit of a stall. At the front of the shop were half a dozen

chairs and a low table with magazines and a newspaper on it for anyone

waiting. Today there was no one waiting, only the barber himself sitting

in the chair at the back with part of the newspaper.

The barber was an older man, thinning grey hair slicked back with tonic or

cream, white smock, and black rimmed glasses. An old school barber, not

one of these "stylists" that you find in the suburban malls. Perfect, I

thought. I said hello as we came in and asked if he had any appointments

or if he could fit me in this morning. He replied that he had finished

with his last appointment for the day and was just reading a bit of the

paper before closing up shop, but he had no problem fitting one more

person in. I approached the end of the low wall and Katie settled into one

of the chairs and started looking through the available magazines.

Although I have a beard, I keep it trimmed pretty close and shave my

cheeks and neck to leave just a thin line of beard along my jaw. I had not

shaved that morning nor had I trimmed my beard for several days, so I had

a dark "five o'clock" shadow and my beard was looking a bit scruffy. I

asked the barber if he still shaved with a straight razor. "Certainly,

sir!" was his reply. "Hot towel and lather?" I asked. "Only way to get a

good, close shave!" was his response. "Sounds excellent," I said. "Mind

you, I don't want to offend or cause trouble, but for the lady?" I asked.

As I said this I turned toward Katie, extended my arm toward her with my

palm out to gesture at her. Her head snapped up from her magazine to look

at me and then shifting her gaze to the barber. I turned back to him

myself and he had a bit of a question mark on his face. He looked at me,

then to Katie, and then back to me. I made a sweeping gesture with my hand

across in front of my crotch. His expression changed a bit as he began to

realize what I was asking. "I don't know, sir, never been asked for

that..." he stammered a bit. "I don't mean to push my welcome," I said.

"We can be on our way..." I left it hanging. He looked from me to Katie,

lingering on her for a bit, and then looked back to me. He cleared his

throat a bit and told me that it should not be a problem.

He folded up his newspaper and rose from the chair. Walking past me, he

flipped the sign on the door and turned the lock. "If you don't mind, sir,

rather not have anyone walking in and raising questions," he said. As he

walked past me, I had turned to follow his movements. With his back to

her, Katie had raised an eyebrow at me and then just shook her head a bit

with the trace of a smirk on her lips. I could almost read her mind,

knowing that her thoughts were running along the lines of here we go

again, he just has to push things a bit further each time.

As the barber turned back around from the door, he gestured to the chair

and told Katie to go ahead. I walked back with them and leaned my elbows

on the top of the wall to watch the show. Katie stood beside the chair for

a moment, facing us and looking back and forth from me and the barber.

Making up her mind, she bent down to untie her hiking boots and then

slipped them off. She hesitated another moment before unfastening her

jeans and slipping them off. She laid her pants over the wall beside me

and then climbed into the chair.

Once she was seated, the barber turned the chair around so that Katie

faced the mirror and began to pump the foot control to lift the chair up.

I moved over a bit so that I could still get a good view of the action.

Even with the chair at its highest point, the barber was going to have to

bend to reach her. It's not like barber chairs were designed to bring

someone's crotch to eye level. Katie was sitting as demurely as she could

with her legs together for the moment. The barber adjusted the chair a

bit, leaning Katie back some and then came around in front of her to his

counter.

He turned back to her with an electric trimmer in his hand, telling her he

would start by trimming everything close so that he could shave things

properly. As I have said, Katie keeps her pubes trimmed pretty good on her

own. She shaves her labia, leaving only a small patch of hair above her

clit. She keeps that trimmed fairly close as well. I had noticed on our

hike that Katie had not shaved too recently, though. That was part of what

started the whole ball rolling when I had spied the barbershop sign.

At his approach, Katie spread her legs a bit and pulled her shirt up her

belly to allow the barber to begin. It must have been the first that he

had really allowed himself to take a good look at her because as he looked

down at her, he blurted out that there was not a whole lot to trim, now

was there? I think that the comment ended up embarrassing them both a bit,

he looked away for a moment and Katie reflexively drew her legs together

again. After a moment, the barber recovered from his comment and turned

back to her. She spread her legs again and he quickly trimmed her small

thatch of pubic hair back to a close stubble. He was hesitant as he

carefully laid a single finger to either side of her slit and then ran the

trimmer up towards her belly several times.

The barber turned back to his counter, laying the trimmer down and opening

up the small cabinet that held the rolled up hot towels. He pulled one out

and unrolled it, draping it over his hands to apply it. There were a few

moments of awkwardness as he tried to figure out how to apply it short of

just stuffing it between her legs. Katie helped him out by drawing her

knees up and spreading her legs, allowing him to fold the towel in half

and drape it over her pussy and inner thighs. When the towel first went

on, Katie's eyes got a little wide as she drew her breath in sharply,

saying hot, hot, hot. After the initial shock, though, she settled back

and relaxed a bit.

The barber pulled out his straight razor and began stropping it, running

it back and forth across the leather. There is something distinctly

satisfying about a traditional shave. Probably similar to a manicure for a

woman. Going back to the counter, the machine whirred for a moment as he

dispensed some shaving cream into his palm. Ready, he turned back to

Katie.

He paused for a moment before reaching down and pulling the towel off of

her, draping it over his left arm. He scooped his fingers into the shaving

cream and bent down to spread it onto her. He was a bit hesitant as he

started up at her belly and worked his way down. I saw his hand tremble a

bit as he got down to the top of her slit. He stopped at that point to

scoop up some more shaving cream. Again he paused, this time a bit longer,

before reaching down to spread the shaving cream on either side of her

slit. He applied it slowly, gently, almost reverently.

With the shaving cream applied, he wiped the excess off of his hands with

the towel and took the straight razor in hand. Again he paused. I would

guess that he was wrestling with the idea of how to accomplish his task

without being indecent about it. When he finally began, he once again

choose to start at the top and work his way down. As he worked, he got

into his rhythm, flicking his blade along in precise strokes and wiping

the blade on the towel over his arm, and quickly finished up her lower

belly.

Again he paused. After a moment, he cleared his throat. Haltingly, he

said, "Ma'am... I'm going to... have too... touch..." It did not seem that

he could go on any further. Katie took pity on him and solemnly said, "I

understand... I don't mind..."

To this day I am totally amazed at the way that Katie is able to retain

her dignity in just about any situation. And it is a personable dignity,

an empathy, not an aloofness that said that she was better than those

around her. But her coolness does not detract from the sexuality of the

situation. If anything, it only turns me on more.

The barber continued, carefully placing an index finger to pull her skin

taut to shave it. He did his best to touch her as far from her slit as he

could, but to complete the job he could not help but touch her. Shaving

her top thatch had gone quickly. Shaving her labia took quite a bit

longer. I am not sure if it was a matter of being careful or whether it

was that he wanted to prolong the experience. Perhaps a bit of both. To

allow him to do a thorough job, Katie had to pull her legs back and spread

them to give him access. The result was that her pussy opened up to him

and he had an up close view of her inner sanctum as he worked.

Finally, he completed his work. He took the towel and started to dab at

her pussy to remove the last traces of shaving cream, then thought better

of it and handed the towel to Katie and told her that perhaps she would be

able to do a better job. She wiped between her legs a bit and then handed

it back to him, asking if he could wet a corner of it for her. He turned

to the sink and did as she requested. When he handed it back again, she

carefully cleaned with the wet portion before drying herself off. Whatever

modesty kept him from wiping her himself did not prevent him from watching

as she did it herself.

Cleaned up, she held the towel out for him and asked for a mirror. He took

the towel and handed her his hand mirror. She held it between her legs and

looked at herself, pulling her legs back some more to get a good view. He

had done a good job. There was not a trace of a hair to be seen. As I had

said, Katie kept things shaved and trimmed herself, but this had left

every square inch of her pussy totally exposed.

Just as the barber had reached the point that there was nothing more to be

done, Katie reached the point where there was nothing more to show off.

She told me later that it just did not feel right for her to make herself

cum for the barber as she had done with the mattress salesman. The vibes

just were not right. So she handed the mirror back to the barber and got

up from the chair. She came over to me and took her jeans down from the

wall, bending over to give the barber a good view from behind as she

pulled them up her legs. She then picked up her boots and went to sit in

one of the chairs in the waiting area to put them on. I pulled a twenty

from my wallet and handed it to the barber. He looked at me a bit blankly

until he realized that I was paying. He put his hands up and said it was

fine, no need to pay. I held the twenty out to him and he finally took it,

saying that he would get me change. No bother, I told him and said that we

appreciated the service. I think that he was a bit overwhelmed by the

whole experience at that point. Looking back, I agree with Katie. If she

had done any more she would have probably totally blown his mind.

By then Katie had her boots on and stood up. The barber went to the door

and unlocked it for us. We both thanked him once again, Katie with one of

her very sweetest smiles, and we were out the door. I took a look back as

we headed up the alley and he was still standing there behind the glass

watching us go. I mentioned this to Katie and we both turned and she waved

to him. He waved back a bit before we disappeared around the corner.

We walked back to the country store and climbed into the car for the ride

home. We spent the afternoon doing chores and I was treated to memories of

our morning when Katie took her clothes off to clean up for the evening

with our friends. It was quite a turn-on to see her bare down there and

after our shower I had to lay her back on the bed for awhile to lick her

to orgasm. I talked her into wearing a skirt and going without knickers for

the evening. Nobody saw anything, at least as far as we know, but the idea

of that bare little pussy was a delicious secret we shared that evening

just between the two of us.

**Exposing Katie 011**

The evening after our little escapade at the barbershop we went out with

our friends, Larry and Sharon. Larry and I had met several years before

when we both worked at the same company. We'd both since moved on to other

jobs, but had formed a good friendship and stayed in touch pretty

regularly. Katie and his wife, Sharon, hit it off as well so our two

families got together quite a bit. Larry and Sharon had two daughters, so

Katie got to go out with Sharon and the kids and play "auntie" too.

Our evening out was pretty typical. We went out to dinner at a fairly nice

place where things were quiet enough that we could all talk. Larry and I

talked about work and hobbies. The ladies' conversation seemed to mainly

center around the girls. It was a nice, casual evening. Good food, good

wine, good company, and good conversation.

The evening did not last too late, Larry and Sharon had to be home at a

decent hour to relieve the babysitter. As we were driving home, I placed

my hand on Katie's leg and slid it up under her skirt intending to fool

around a bit. She spread her legs to give me access and I brushed my

fingers across the smooth flesh above her pussy a few times before working

my finger lower to rub her pussy. Her body stiffened and I was a bit

surprised at how wet she was already. She lifted her hips and pulled her

skirt up around her waist, spreading her legs to give me full access. I

rubbed my finger along her clit and she was quickly moaning and thrashing

around. I found a place to pull the car over so that I could give her my

full attention and quickly brought her to a shuddering orgasm.

I watched her in the dim light, her chest heaving as she recovered, her

thighs still bared to me. After a few moments I put the car in gear and

pulled away. We drove in silence for awhile. In time her breathing slowed

and she stirred in her seat a bit but was still quiet. I finally spoke up,

asking her what had her so turned on. Still no response. I looked over at

her and asked if she was ok. In a small voice she said that she was ok,

just a little embarrassed. I asked her what on earth she was embarrassed

about, there was absolutely no reason to be embarrassed about an orgasm.

She replied that it was not exactly the orgasm, but what had gotten her so

turned on in the first place.

Slowly I drew the answers out from her. The whole evening she had been

acutely aware of her bare little pussy, that the thin material of her

skirt was the only thing that kept her at all decent. Mind you, it was not

like this was the first time that she had been out in public in a skirt

and no knickers. Not even that it was that rare of a situation. There had

even been a couple times in the past that I had made sure she was not

wearing anything under her dress when we had gone out with Larry and

Sharon. I'd ask her if she thought that they knew and wonder aloud to her

about what they would think if they did know.

She went on to say that she could not stop thinking about how her pussy

was totally shaved. Again, not really that big of a deal. Her normal shave

and trim did not leave much to hide behind. Although I did have to admit

that there was a definite difference between MOSTLY BARE and FULLY BARE.

Sort of like there was a definite difference between even the smallest,

tiniest bikini and being stark naked.

She continued on to say that she could not get the experience out of her

mind, that of the barber shaving her. That she kept thinking about sitting

there with her legs spread for him, letting him examine all of her up

close. That she calmly sat there as he touched her. In some ways, it was a

realization of her doctor fantasies. Yet it still seemed as though I was

missing something. We had been busy with our chores all afternoon, which

may have kept her mind off of things. Yet the evening had been animated as

well, leaving little time to dwell on other issues despite whatever bias

her lack of knickers may have evoked. There just seemed to be something

more that she was hesitant to tell me. I kept prodding until it all

finally came out in a rush.

"Oh God!" she started out. "All I could think of was that we were having

this nice, normal, friendly dinner with our friends when earlier in the

day I had exposed myself to a complete stranger so that he could shave my

pubes off! Are people really like this? That they carry on these normal

conversations like they live normal lives and nothing unusual ever happens

to them when really the strangest things happened just hours or moments

before only they never let on that anything even remotely different is

going on in their lives? I mean, we talked about work and kids and who we

saw last week. Sharon even asked me directly whether there was anything

new in my life. I know she just said it like people always say it, not

that she knew anything. But I just said oh, nothing much, what's new with

you? I didn't say oh, yeah, I did something different today. I walked into

a barbershop and bared my pussy to this guy so he could shave it. He

shaved it bare! You know, I can feel it right now because I am not wearing

any knickers and I can actually feel the air flowing across my bare pussy

even as we speak because my loving husband told me that I could not wear

any knickers tonight. I can feel myself getting wet just sitting here

talking to you about all of this. Nope, did not say anything like that.

Just nope, nothing new, how about you?"

It all came out in a torrent and she finally paused to take a breath. I

looked over at her. Her skirt was still bunched up around her waist, but

had fallen so that I could not actually see her pussy. She was breathing a

bit heavily again from the emotion of her speech. It was silent for

several moments.

In a soft voice she began again. "I wanted to tell them..." Her voice

trailed off. "I wanted to tell them." she repeated in a little stronger

voice. "I wanted to tell them what we had done. Tell them all about what

happened up on the rocks and how we were driving home and just on the spur

of the moment stopped in and got a shave." Her voice was softer than

before, but she was speaking with that urgency again. "I wanted to tell

them what I felt and how liberating it was to be able to do this. I wanted

them to know what I had done..." Her voice trailed off a bit and she was

silent for a moment.

This time the silence lasted a bit longer and when she spoke her voice was

small and quiet. "I really wanted to show them. Show them what I had done

so that they would know that I was not making it up. Let them see for

themselves and know that I had exposed myself to the barber just as I was

exposing myself to them." Another pause before she finished. "I wanted

them to touch me. To feel how smoothly he had shaved me. To have no doubt

about what I did. To know how much it excited me to have done that and how

excited I was by telling and showing them."

When she stopped this time I knew that she had finished what she had to

say and the silence drew on. Understand that Larry and Sharon were easily

our closest friends. If there was anyone in our lives that we were going

to share our "secret" lives with, it would have to be Larry and Sharon.

This was not the sort of thing that you just openly shared with family,

neighbors, and coworkers. If it were a wild moment sort of thing, deciding

to "experience" a nude beach while on vacation or going to Mardi Gras, you

could probably share it with casual acquaintances and joke about it. But

what we were doing, that we were doing it on a fairly regular basis, and

what it meant to our relationship would probably provoke difficult

questions if we started sharing it with people in our "normal" life.

We'd talked about this issue before. That if it was just nudity, it would

be one thing. Even though nudism is not exactly accepted in mainstream

American culture and we could be assured that there would be snickers

behind our backs from people if it was known we were nudists, it would be

manageable. But we added the element of sexuality to the equation,

something that nudists tend to be very careful to exclude to give

themselves legitimacy. We both could see that as soon as we crossed that

line that most people would immediately think that we were talking about

swinging and casual sex. We'd already encountered it a couple times in our

exploits. Times where people decided that since Katie was willing to

expose herself to them that she was "fair game" or that she was inviting

things to go much further. Luckily for us things never got ugly. We were

able to extricate ourselves from these situations and learn from them to

"read" future situations better so that we did not get into such problems.

This had a certain amount to do with involving kindly older men in our

games, they were much more likely to appreciate things for what they were

and not feel that they were "owed" something more. Perhaps we are being a

bit naive in our views to look at things this way, but on the other hand

it has ended up working pretty well for us for many years. Much better

than the early years of our marriage where we tried to live by the "normal

rules" of society.

However, at this point in our relationship and in our games I also

realized that if it were always just a case of "take Katie’s clothes off

and show her to someone" that it would eventually lose its appeal to her.

This was more than just a game. It was getting her to open up to me and to

herself. It was allowing her to be someone she had never been allowed or

allowed herself to be. I was amazed at the changes in her and proud of her

for making the effort. We had come a long way from a relationship that was

literally falling apart before our eyes. Yet it was not hard to notice

that she tended to prefer the more intimate episodes where we exposed her.

She did not just want to flash her breasts to the crowd and run away.

Although not exactly shy, Katie is not typically the wild type to begin

with. She seemed drawn to the opportunities for showing off to one person

or a small group and having the chance to get their personal feedback. It

had to last long enough that both she and anyone else involved could get

comfortable with the experience of her being naked. It wasn't just a

quick, cheap thrill.

And all of that was certainly understandable. Katie had come a long way.

WE had come a long way and our relationship had come a long way. Yet Katie

was still adjusting to this whole thing and needed the encouragement. I

fully realized that she wanted the intimacy in a large part due to her

background. She needed the person to understand and accept what she was

doing. She did not want to feel that someone was using her to get off or

have some creep following her home or making demands of her.

Even back after the episode where Katie had masturbated for Greg while we

were hiking at the state park, she had brought up the question of

commitment in her flashing. She did not want to consider the possibility

of seeing someone again after having them see her naked because she was

not sure that the familiarity would not lead to the boundaries continually

being pushed further with each episode. She also felt very strongly about

being touched for similar reasons, that it would break down the barriers.

Still, she questioned what it would be like to have him touch her or how

he would react if we saw him again. She knew where her boundaries lie and

got anxious when things moved towards one of those boundaries. In time, it

was not that her boundaries changed or went away but just that she relaxed

more as long as the boundaries were maintained.

All of these thoughts were flying through my head as this torrent of

thoughts and feelings had poured from Katie on this drive home I knew that

things had to continue to develop or Katie would lose interest. She wanted

this intimacy out of an encounter but was afraid of what commitments it

might bring. I knew that this conflict would probably end up ruining the

experience for her, not being able to get what she fully needed out of

exposing herself. In a way, all of what she had been saying was a relief

because she had found a way to find her intimacy while still being able to

maintain distinct boundaries. If we could involve someone that Katie felt

comfortable with and could be "intimate" with, but without the issues of

involving a total stranger and wondering where things would lead we could

continue to let our games evolve. Of course, there were a whole different

set of "commitment" problems with involving a friend, but if there was any

chance of it working we would have the best possible chance with Larry and

Sharon. Although none of us could fully control the eventual outcome, if

we understood each other's feelings and desires at the beginning we could

hopefully keep it from tearing everything apart. I think that at the time

I was not really thinking about the possibilities of anyone getting

sexually involved. I figured that with being married, we all could fool

around a bit with getting naked or playing games but it would be unlikely

that it would evolve any further.

Fortunately, Katie's outpouring of thoughts and feelings did not

completely catch me off guard. Despite all of the thoughts and feelings

swirling around in my own head I was able to recover and not let the

silence draw out too long. I knew that Katie would be a bit uncertain as

to how I would react and the longer I went before speaking the more chance

she would fear that she had gone too far.

I started off by telling her, "My dear, you are incredible. You never

cease to amaze me and I will always love you for it." I could almost hear

the sigh of relief from her. I assured her that I understood where she was

coming from and could identify with her feelings. We then began to talk

about whether there was any reality to the idea of including Larry and

Sharon in our games. Despite her bold words, I knew that Katie would not

do anything to jeopardize our friendship with Larry and Sharon and we were

both a little concerned about how it would be received. We were very close

with them and were able to joke and tease about things, but it is hard to

say where people draw their lines. Katie also admitted that she was not

completely sure that she could go through with it if there was any doubt

about what it would do to our friendship.

In talking, we decided that it would be best if the initial attempt was

made to look like an accident. We worked out a plan where the possibility

was set up on both sides, but to leave things open enough that it would be

somewhat spontaneous. I suggested that the next time that Larry and I got

together to go out for a beer, we could stop back by the house for some

reason. Katie could be coming out of the shower, not expecting anyone to

be with me, and walk out into the open in the nude. I pointed out that the

ball was entirely in her court. If we got home and she was sitting there

watching TV, Larry would never know the difference and she would not be

expected to perform. We finally agreed that we would try this and see

where it went.

Since we had just been out together, it was a couple weeks before Larry

and I got together again. On the appointed night, I went over the details

with Katie before I left to meet him. With the kids, Larry usually made an

early night of it and was home by ten. I could suggest that we stop by the

house for something, which would mean that we would be back around nine to

still give him time to get home. I let her know that she had complete

control. She could be fully clothed in front of the TV if she did not feel

comfortable with it, she could be in a skimpy towel if she was feeling

playful but did not want to go the whole way, or she could just go all the

way. The choice was up to her. I gave her a kiss and was on my way.

Larry and I had our usual conversations about what was up with our jobs,

asked about each other’s families, told each other the latest stupid jokes

we had heard, and all the usual crap guys talk about while drinking. He

brought up that some of the guys he worked with had told him about a

nearby bar with dancers every Friday night. They only went down to a

g-string and pasties, but he said that we should check it out sometime.

That seemed like a perfect lead in to what Katie and I had planned for him.

I quickly decided on a slight change of plans and decided to take Larry

into my confidence a bit. Jokingly, I said that although we could not take

advantage of that this evening, we could stop by my house to see if we

could catch Katie in her nightgown or something. Larry laughed and said

that he would not mind seeing that. When I said we should get going then,

he stopped me and said that he had not thought that I was really serious.

I said sure, why not? He asked if Katie would get upset. I told him that

he and Sharon were practically family and that Katie would probably get a

kick out of it. I could tell that he did not quite believe me, but I guess

that he figured that it was my neck if I wanted to stick it out. We paid

our tab and headed back to my place.

Driving home, I wondered if Katie was really going to go through with it.

We arrived at the house and I parked in the driveway. Larry parked out

front and I walked out and waited for him to join me. We walked around to

the back of the house and I let us in the back door. I was sure that if

Katie was paying attention she would know that we had arrived and I tried

to stall a bit so that she would have time to set up. When we were inside

I could hear the shower running and gave Larry the thumbs up. I grabbed us

a couple of beers from the fridge and motioned for Larry to quietly follow

me into the living room. I poked my head back the hallway to let Katie

know I was home, flipped on the TV, and then sat down to see what would

happen. The way that our living room is set up, neither of us could see

back the hallway. I was in an armchair that had its back to the hallway

and Larry was on the couch, around the corner from the hallway. Katie

would be able to see me as she came out the hallway, but would have to

come around the chair before she could see Larry and before either of us

would really be able to see her.

Awhile later I heard the water go off and knew that the moment of truth

would soon be upon us. A couple more minutes and I heard the bathroom door

open followed by Katie coming down the hall. Larry saw her first but I was

pleasantly surprised a moment later when I saw that she was actually fully

naked! Her act was perfect, she was pretending that she was not really

paying attention as she finished drying her hair with a towel as she

walked out. She suddenly looked up, "saw" Larry, said "Whoops!" and

scurried back down the hallway, saying that she would be back in a moment.

I was disappointed that it did not last too long, but was grateful just

for the fact that she had chosen to go fully nude and figured that it that

it was a good start. I knew that with each new phase that we entered that

I had to be patient and let Katie do things in her own time and own

comfort level.

She came back down the hall a few minutes later with her white terry-cloth

robe on. She apologized to Larry, saying that she had not realized that I

was not alone and hoped that she did not embarrass him. She gave me a

playful swat and told me to warn her next time. Larry told her that she

should not worry, no harm was done. Katie went to get herself a beer and

joined us a minute later. I figured that the show was over and hoped that

it went well enough that I could get Katie to go a bit further next time.

As it turned out, Katie had other plans. After she had asked about Sharon

and the girls, she said that she hoped that Larry would not get in trouble

with Sharon over what had happened tonight. Larry said that it was not

that big of a deal and he knew that Sharon would have a problem with an

accident like that. His only regret was that he wished that it had lasted

longer, he barely got a chance to register what he was seeing before she

ran off. With a grin, he said the only thing he could still recall was her

bare little butt. Katie returned his grin and told him that possibly could

be arranged, but only if he was positive that Sharon would not object.

Larry said that it wasn't like he was seeing that much more than when she

would wear her bikini and for as long as we all had been friends he could

not imagine Sharon having a problem with just seeing Katie naked. "Well,

if that's how you feel," she said, "This robe IS getting a bit warm..."

Having said that, she undid the tie of the robe and opened it up a bit

before slipping it off her shoulders and arms. Her motions caused it to

slide off her legs as well and as simple as that she was sitting there

fully naked in front of Larry and me.

Larry complemented her on her body and said that she was even more

beautiful than he had imagined. Katie thanked him and picked the

conversation up where it had left off. She seemed totally at ease with the

situation, but I could see that her nipples were hard little nubs and

there was a flush across her chest between her breasts. She was totally

aroused! We just sat around talking like nothing was out of the ordinary

until Larry said that he had better be going. Tuck the kids in and all

that. We are all close friends, so hugs and kisses are customary when we

say goodbye. Katie made no move to pull her robe back on to see Larry to

the door. She gave him a hug and a kiss and I saw his hand rub her little

ass while he hugged her back. She finally made a comment about neighbors

and moved back from the door when I opened it. She picked up her robe and

headed for the bedroom while I walked Larry out to his car.

We talked for a few minutes more and then Larry told me that I had quite a

wife there. He admitted to being a little bit surprised at what had

happened, but that he appreciated that we felt that comfortable with him.

I agreed with his comments about Katie and joked that he would have to see

if he could get Sharon to return the favor. He laughed and said that he

might have to see what he could do. I commented that we had better be

careful or this could get serious. He laughed again and said it could,

couldn’t it? I think that we had similar thoughts going through our heads

at that point. I waved him off and headed back inside.

Katie had come back out to the living room while I was outside and was

waiting for me on the couch, fully naked once again. When I walked over to

her, she started undoing my pants. When she had my cock out, she looked up

at me for a moment and said, "I wonder what Larry would have done if I

started doing this to him? I guess that would have been a bit forward,

wouldn't it?" She wrapped her lips around the head of my cock, tickling

its tip with her tongue. I told her about Larry’s comment and she paused

for a moment to say that we would just have to see what happens before

going back to work on me...

**Exposing Katie 012**

I have to admit that there are times that I quite simply get obsessed with

exposing Katie. It is as simple as that.

Quite a lot of the time, it does not even come down to being a sexual

issue. Katie just looks so natural being naked that it seems to be a shame

to cover her up with clothes. I love when she walks around the house

topless, fully naked, or in whatever manner of undress and I only wish

that we could extend the boundaries of where that casualness was accepted.

I'd even settle if only she were able to be topless to the borders of our

property. I can picture her out mowing the lawn or gardening in only her

jeans shorts and sneakers, waving to the neighbors and people walking by

on the sidewalk.

Of course, I'd always be tempted to push the limits and if they allowed

toplessness I'd only be dreaming about having her out in the driveway

washing the car as naked as the day she was born. If we lived someplace

more remote instead of right in town we could probably get away with some

more of this, but half the fun is in having people see her.

I have encountered quite a few people that say that if such things were

generally allowed, it would become commonplace and you would not get the

same thrill out of it, that you would become desensitized. I have never

bought into that viewpoint. I don't see asexual societies or lack of

interest in those parts of the world where women are allowed to swim or

sunbathe topless or where nudity is more accepted. Further, for all of the

years that Katie and I have been together and for all the years that we

have been playing our games, I have never ceased to be thrilled by the

sight of having her naked. Watching her in the morning as she gets out of

bed and her naked little butt wiggles its way down the hallway to the

bathroom is always special to me. I tell her that when we are in our

nineties I will still delight in getting her naked. For whatever time may

visit upon her body, I will only see the beauty of spending an entire life

with the woman of my dreams. And that is not something I could ever

replace with some fresh faced trophy wife half my age.

We had been having good luck with our "semi-public" exposure, Katie's

nakedness out in the park or along the town streets. Of course, the

understanding was that we were not really expecting to actually expose her

to anyone. More just that the possibility existed that someone could see

her. Still, she was getting pretty comfortable with the idea of being

naked outside.

Likewise, we were having good luck with our "public" exposure such as the

incidents involving the fishermen, George with our mattress shopping, and

the barber. Yet these incidents were still pretty isolated from being

"public" in reality. The incident with the fishermen was the only one

where Katie actually walked into the situation naked and that first time

out in the park with Greg was the only time that exposing her to someone

had not even been planned. The other times we practically asked permission

before she exposed herself to her audience.

Understand that these episodes here were not the only attempts that we

made. There were several other situations that just did not pan out far

enough to bother writing about. Either our initial gut instinct of the

situation told us not to even attempt anything or the situation ended up

feeling awkward and Katie did not progress beyond just some harmless

flirting. We could include stories of all our failed attempts, but quite

frankly I doubt that they would draw much interest. Likewise, there were

other favorable incidents that just were not unique enough to warrant

their own story as they were essentially just variations on a theme of

stories that we have documented.

All of our adventures were each a definite step forward and I was patient

with our progress. Still, I wanted to explore the possibilities of getting

more public with Katie's exposure as well as being more spontaneous about

it. We both wanted to see what people's initial, unprepared reactions

would be.

We talked about some options and opted to start out with some attempts for

Katie to show as much skin as possible while wearing just enough to keep

her "legal." We had talked about actually exposing her, but we were both

cautious about the consequences if someone took offense.

We had fun shopping for cutoff shorts, tube tops and halter tops, mini

skirts, and such. A couple people got to see Katie as she came out of the

changing room to show me her outfits. Not too much happened, though. The

mall was pretty quiet that evening and there weren't really any men

hanging around the women's sections of the stores, so there were not too

many opportunities to show her off. But Katie also seemed a bit nervous

about the outfits she was trying on. Somehow she just did not seem to be

her natural self in them.

I think that should have told us both something. To put it quite simply,

our attempts to take Katie out in public wearing these outfits failed

completely. The thing that I loved the most was how casual and natural

Katie was with her nudity. These outfits ended up drawing too much

attention, practically screaming sexuality and announcing that she was

trying to show off, thus destroying any semblance of her display being at

all natural. In turn, Katie felt uncomfortable and nervous with the way

that she was dressed and that blew any chance of her acting casual about

the situation.

Ignoring these warning signs, we pressed on. I figured that Katie just

needed some time to get used to the outfits. They weren't something that

she would normally wear. So I suggested that we go out for our late

evening walks with her wearing some of her new clothes. It is amazing how

deserted our town's streets get later on in the evenings these days. When

I was growing up it seemed that people took advantage of the cool evenings

to sit or walk outside. Now we rarely ever encounter anyone else on foot

other than people walking from their cars to their houses. They are easy

enough to avoid just by slowing down and letting them reach their house.

The people driving by in their cars are obviously not paying attention to

much of anything other than their destination or we probably would have

caused at least one accident by now. Judging by the flickering blue light

coming from nearly every house, people seem to prefer to live vicariously

through television and computer screens rather than getting out and living

themselves. Some have complained that our stories do not come frequently

enough. Rest assured that we are putting our time away from our writing to

good use in actually living our lives!

We started off one evening with a pair of jeans shorts that Katie had

trimmed into cutoffs and a white tube top that we had bought for her. The

cutoffs could easily have been a lot more revealing, but Katie kept enough

material in the crotch that they were not totally indecent. They did

display a good amount of the bottoms of her ass cheeks, though. The tube

top was actually too wide as far as I was concerned. It covered from above

her breasts to nearly the bottom of her rib cage. I had been looking for a

bandeau top during our shopping trip so that only the narrowest band of

flesh would be covered, but we were unable to find what I was looking for.

To me, the outfit really did not seem to expose enough. The tube top only

left her shoulders and midriff bare and although the stretchy knit

material showed her curves, it did too good of a job of hiding any sign of

her nipples. Her shorts were good, but just did not seem to be revealing

enough either. The problem was that if they were cut off any more they

would be too revealing, showing off more than we could get away with in

general public.

I still had to play, though. When we were suitably far away from our

house, I talked Katie into making a couple alterations to her outfit. I

helped her fold the bottom of the tube top under itself to decrease its

width and show off more of her belly. I then got her to undo the button of

her shorts, lower the zipper, and roll the waistband down a bit. Although

still not exactly the look that I was searching for, it was a step in the

right direction. At first I was a little concerned that with her shorts

undone, that they would work their way off her hips and slide down. Ok,

maybe concerned is not the word as having Katie's shorts falling off would

not necessarily be something I'd consider to be a bad thing. Since I was

concentrating on watching her shorts, I almost missed the real show.

Both of us keep pretty active and Katie keeps herself very fit and trim,

including working out with weights. Not muscle bound, but enough to keep

her toned. Apparently her lats were defined enough that with natural

movement the tube top wanted to work its way downward and her small

breasts did not provide enough resistance to keep it in place. A couple

blocks and the top edge of the tube top was working its way down the swell

of her breasts and slowly approaching her nipples before I noticed the

change. As we continued walking, I casually asked her to stretch her arms

over her head for a moment. She went ahead and did it, asking me why as

she did so. I was rewarded as her breasts both popped free of the tube

top. When I didn't answer her, she gave me a look and lowered her arms

again, not realizing at first what had happened. We walked like that for

about half a block before she realized what had happened. She just shook

her head and commented that she should have known as she reached to pull

the top back up. I asked her to leave it that way and after a moment's

hesitation, she acquiesced and dropped her hands back to her sides.

Walking further proved that the top had reached its equilibrium, it was

not going to slip down any further. Lucky for me, we did not encounter

anyone and Katie left her top down for the rest of our walk. As our walk

brought us full circle and we neared our house again, she pulled the top

back up and refastened her shorts.

For the next evening walk Katie dressed in a dark blue miniskirt and white

halter top that we had picked out for her. If she wore the miniskirt low

on her hips and was careful, she could just barely stay decent. She was

definitely going to flash someone if she wasn't careful. If she pulled the

waist of the skirt up her hips or did anything more than basic walking she

was going to show something. Bending over, climbing stairs, or sitting

down would have gotten her in trouble. In the interest of keeping her

legally covered, she was going to have to wear knickers with the miniskirt

in public, but I convinced her to go bare for our walk. The halter top

could have shown some more skin and still been legal. Although the

spaghetti straps eliminated the possibility of it sliding down, the thin

cotton material did a much better job of showing her off. It did not cling

to her curves like the tube top, but her nipples stood out against the

fabric quite clearly and in good light you could see the shadow of their

darker color.

Again I could not help playing and suggested that she ease the waistband

up a bit higher. Last time we had spent much of our walk with her tube top

down below her breasts, so I figured it was only fitting to give equal

time to other parts of her anatomy. I encouraged her to pull her waistband

up a couple more times until the bottom edge was about two inches above

her crotch to leave the bottoms of her ass cheeks on display and her pussy

peeking out in front. We walked a couple blocks like that before she moved

to adjust the waist again. I thought that she was going to lower it, but

she surprised me by pulling it up until the bottom edge of the skirt was

at the top of her pubes to fully expose herself. I could not help myself

and cupped her bare ass with my hand as we walked. She left her skirt that

way for about two blocks before lowering it so that her pussy just peeked

out the bottom again. She did surprise me by leaving it that way the whole

way home.

We ended up making about a half dozen attempts at having Katie dress in

these outfits. We went to a mall and a museum with Katie in her miniskirt

and halter top. We went out to the state park and an outdoor art festival

with Katie wearing a skimpy, tight, short, sleeveless sundress. We went

for a hike with her wearing the tube top and shorts along with her hiking

boots. The only episode that had any potential was the hike. The other

ones got a lot of attention, but it was leering, catcalls, and whistles. I

guess that we were being a bit naive about all of this and the response

was to be expected if we had really looked at the situation. Katie has

never wanted to be treated like only an object and before this we had been

having pretty good results with our adventures.

This was our first major setback and we finally admitted defeat. We took a

step back to look at the situation again. Katie's heart just wasn't in it.

There are times that despite being willing and able, things still just

don't work out the way that you plan them to. Our relationship had come a

long way and I think that was pretty clearly illustrated in that our

temporary setback merely led to discussion instead of an argument. As we

discussed the issue, Katie admitted that she actually felt more exposed

and on display wearing these clothes even though all the "naughty bits"

were fully covered. She'd feel more comfortable wearing casual clothes

even if someone could actually see something. That comment turned the

conversation around and we began to talk more along the lines of actually

showing something but doing it "accidentally" rather than dwelling on just

the highest percentage of bare skin.

Katie is pretty casual in her dress around home but feels a need to be

more "proper" in public. As I said earlier, my wish was that we could

extend the boundaries of where Katie could dress like she did around the

house and that is where I made the mistake in pushing her into buying and

wearing these outfits. These outfits really had nothing to do with the way

that she dressed around the house or anything to do with her "style."

So we started off again slowly. I knew that I had to rebuild Katie's

confidence a bit after what I had put her through. I have mentioned that

Katie is particularly conscious of her nipples. Personally, I find her

nipples to be incredibly sexy. Not to mention that they level the playing

field a bit. If a guy gets aroused, he gets an erection and you can tell

from across the room that he is aroused. A woman's arousal is not so

obvious. She can easily fake disinterest. Katie cannot fake disinterest.

Her nipples are noticeable when she is not aroused. They are readily

apparent when she is cold. And there is absolutely no mistaking when she

is aroused. When she is cold they stand at attention but when she is

aroused her nipples and aureolas get darker, her nipples get half again as

big, and even her aureolas swell.

Katie is a small person. Compared to some basketball players I am not

unusually tall, but at 6'-2" I tend to dwarf Katie at times. For the most

part, that is not an issue in our relationship. There are a few things

that are affected by our height difference. I'd like our kitchen counters

to be a bit higher than standard while she would like for them to be lower

than standard. Unless she puts the seat back after driving, it is a real

chore for me to try to slide the seat back before I get in. But for the

most part I love how we fit together (as well as in ways other than what

you were just thinking!).

But Katie is small, not just short. She is proportioned well. For her

height, her arms and legs look long. Flat tummy and small but well-rounded

breasts with no sag to them at all. She's an A-cup, so there is virtually

no reason for her to wear a bra for support reasons. I remember being

somewhat puzzled when we first met and I was getting to know her. Some

people say that I can be a little too analytical at times, but it would

seem to me that if you were concerned enough about how well you were

endowed to wear a padded bra that you would wear it consistently. It made

no sense to me that she would wear it one day only to prove that it was

padded by not wearing it the next. To me, the padding only looked

unnatural to begin with and even more so because it changed back and

forth.

My confusion only grew as we got to know each other better. Despite some

depreciative comments about her figure, Katie did not seem to have any

actual desire for bigger breasts and in private she was quite relieved to

be able to take her bra off at the end of the day, readily admitting that

it was constricting and uncomfortable. When our relationship reached the

point that I felt I could comment on such things, she was always evasive

whenever I would make any comments about just not wearing a bra. I only

learned the real reason for her padded bras one time when we were getting

ready to go out and I suggested that she should go bra-less. It was a nice

warm summer evening and we were going out to dinner at a nice little place

with a deck. Katie had put on a sundress and it just looked so light and

airy that it seemed a shame to have on that constricting bra. Katie

resisted when I suggested she take it off and go bra-less, but was still

evasive about why. I continued to push a bit and she finally made a

comment about people being able to see her. The sundress was of a light

material, but it was nothing that you could see through and I pointed that

out to her. It took some more prodding before she finally said that people

would see her nipples. At first I misunderstood, still telling her that

you could not see through the fabric, until she made a comment about that

someone could put someone's eye out. By this point in our relationship I

was quite familiar with her nipples. Besides the advantages of knowing

when she was aroused, they were also very sensitive and I loved to lick

and suck at them as it was the easiest way to get her aroused. There are

times when I can almost get her to orgasm just by playing with her nipples.

By this point the conversation was reaching the point of turning into an

argument, so I just let it drop. But it led to what seemed to be a logical

point to me, that of pointing out other women's nipples to Katie to prove

that it was not that big of a deal to show them off. My point was that if

she was a bit less self-conscious about it, that although other people

would look it would not be that big of a deal. That course of action DID

lead to a couple arguments about the fact that I was taking such an

interest in other women's nipples. I tried to explain that I was not

interested in other women's nipples, that I was interested in Katie's

nipples, and that I was only trying to prove the general acceptance of

nipples so that Katie wouldn't hide hers all the time. All I accomplished

was to dig my hole deeper so I eventually let the subject drop. It is a

wonder that we made it through those early years and I am only thankful

that we had the perseverance to stick with each other long enough for

something truly beautiful to develop.

So I found it a bit funny that even though people had seen Katie totally

naked, even though a couple people had watched her get herself off, yet

still she insisted on wearing these padded bras in public. Granted, she

wasn't as strict about that as she used to be and I understood her desire

to hide her nipples in certain situations such as at work and other places

where a certain modesty was appropriate.

So, I'll try to get back to the story from this tangent. After some

thought it seemed to me that this may be a place to start again on our

public exposure. I picked up a simple small white T-shirt for Katie. The

material was thick enough that it was not see-through, but it would be

snug enough to show off the form of everything underneath.

I pulled the shirt out one Saturday morning as we were getting ready to

run some errands out to the local garden center and home improvement

warehouse. Jeans and a T-shirt would not be at all out of place, so I was

hoping that Katie wouldn't be self-conscious about the shirt. I held it

out for her as she was pulling on her jeans. Katie rarely wears knickers

with jeans and I had made sure that today was no exception. With her jeans

pulled up yet still unfastened, she paused to take the shirt from me.

Personally, I wanted to just take her out on our errands dressed the way

that she was at that moment. Topless in jeans is a particularly good look

for her. She held the shirt up and then looked at me. "You're not going to

let me wear a bra, are you?" she asked. I just shook my head. She rolled

her eyes at me, but slipped the shirt on over her head. The shirt was not

skin tight, but stretched over her boobs and clearly showed off her

nipples. She stepped over to the mirror to take a look at herself. The

shirt fell over the top of her jeans, but you could tell that they were

unbuttoned. She asked me if she should tuck her shirt in or not. When I

replied for her to leave it out, she lifted the shirt to zip and button

her jeans, then let the shirttails fall back down, and giving me a smile,

asked if I was ready.

We decided to hit the home center first figuring that the morning would

warm up a bit more as it went on for when we'd be outside at the garden

center. Our plans for the weekend mainly were to do yardwork, clean some

things up and get some new stuff planted. Other than that, I needed some

hardware for a few small projects around the house and we wanted to take a

look at ceiling fans while we were there. We decided to start out looking

at ceiling fans and then pick up the supplies that we needed. Katie seemed

perfectly at ease in the truck, not self-conscious at all about the way

that she was dressed. As we made our way into the store and to the ceiling

fan display I noticed a couple guys checking her out, but nobody went

obviously out of their way for a closer look.

We had barely begun to wander around, looking at the different models,

when a salesman materialized to ask if he could help us. It seemed that he

couldn't help himself and I noticed his eyes dip to Katie's chest while he

was asking that first question and I figured that we were in luck. He was

probably in his early to mid twenties and he said that his name was Tony.

Katie began to explain the style of fan that we were looking for and he

was asking questions about the size of the room, what kind of lighting,

and whether we wanted a remote. All the time I could see his eyes continue

to dip from her face down to her chest and I knew that we had him hooked.

As he was looking up to point out a fan to Katie I took the opportunity to

take a step forward as though I was getting a better look as well.

Slipping between the two of them for a moment I brushed the back of my arm

across Katie's chest. I could feel her nipples against my arm and knew

that the contact would only make them harder. I stepped back away and took

a quick glance as I did so, seeing that my efforts had been rewarded. The

next time that he glanced down his eyes lingered much longer, finally

dragging them away when Katie turned to ask him a question. It was obvious

where he had been looking, but Katie pretended not to notice.

Katie took the next step when she asked if she could get a closer look at

two of the fans. The fans were on display hung from a grid above the area,

but it was probably ten to twelve feet up, much higher than normal ceiling

height. Tony looked at her a bit blankly so she asked if there was a

ladder or something that she could stand on to take a closer look. He went

running off and in a few moments returned with a stepladder for her.

She climbed the ladder and just as she reached the point where her was

about head level with Tony and me, she seemed to lose her footing for a

moment. Tony instinctively reached out to steady her since he was closer

to her than I was, grabbing hold of her leg just below her ass. As soon as

she regained her footing, his hand dropped from her leg and he gave a

nervous glance my way to see if I had noticed. I pretended to be not

paying attention and he relaxed. Actually, I was taking notice of another

guy watching the show from several feet away. He was pretending to look at

the fans as well, but whenever he would lower his gaze from the fans he

would invariably end up looking right at Katie. Katie asked some questions

as she looked at the fan, then turned on the ladder to look over at the

other fan that she was considering, again seeming to lose her balance a

bit. Tony was quick to catch her again. This time she was facing more

towards him, so his hand gripped her leg across her upper thigh. He gave a

glance my way and seeing no objection from me, he left his hand on her leg

to steady her as she faced away from the ladder. Steadying her had the

added benefit of drawing him closer to her. His head was only inches away

from her crotch.

Katie started down the ladder and managed to "accidently" rub up against

him as she descended. She asked if we could move the ladder over to the

other fan so that she could get a closer look at it. Tony obliged and she

was soon scaling the ladder again. This put us closer to the other guy

watching us as well. Tony wasted no time in reaching out to steady her on

the ladder. His hand rested on her leg just below her ass, practically

cupping it. I also noticed that he did not have a firm grip on her leg,

instead he left his hand somewhat loose so that as Katie moved she would

rub herself against his hand. I noticed the other guy give me a glance to

see if I was paying attention to what was happening to my wife. I did my

best to pretend that I was not paying attention, all the while getting

turned on by the attention these two guys were giving my wife. After

looking at the second fan for a few moments, Katie once again turned

around to look over at the other fan. As she turned, Tony raised his hand

a bit so that it slid across her one ass cheek and came to a rest on her

hip. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the other guy give me a glance to

see if I was noticing the increasing liberties that the salesguy was

taking with my wife.

Katie finished her review of the fans and started down the ladder. As she

descended, Tony's hand slid up to her waist to help steady her. When she

reached the bottom, she hopped down the rest of the way and I saw his hand

slide across her breast for a brief moment. Katie stepped back, limiting

his chance to really cop a feel, and thanked him for all of his help. She

said that we'd have to think about the options, but asked if he got a

commission and whether we should ask for him when we came back. Tony told

us that he did not get commissions, but that we certainly could ask for

him if we needed any more help. Absolutely no doubt on his intentions with

that comment!

We both thanked him again and headed over to the hardware area as he drug

the ladder off to wherever it was stored. As I was picking out the bolts

and other fasteners that I needed for a few projects, I saw the other guy

that had been watching our show at the ceiling fans walk down the aisle

past us. I pointed him out to Katie and told her that she had an admirer.

I suggested that she make a show of tucking in her shirt for him. A few

moments later she stepped back away from me as she waited for me to

collect my parts so I did not get to watch her performance myself. She

told me that she made sure to do a good job of tucking her shirt in,

pulling it tightly across her breasts and thrusting her chest out as she

sucked her stomach in. I collected the things that I needed and we headed

to the lawn and garden section.

A quick look confirmed that our voyeur was following us and that started

to make me a bit nervous. Although I could not really blame him for trying

to get more of a show and I had to admit that I only encouraged him by

getting Katie to tuck her shirt in, I guess that my instincts to protect

Katie were beginning to take over. I guess that it can be a fine line at

times. On the one hand I get a definite thrill in showing her off and I

have no problem with people looking if they will treat Katie nicely and

she is not going to come to any harm. On the other hand I have to admit to

getting nervous about situations where people may not understand the

situation and not respect where Katie is coming from. Some people think

that any woman willing to express her sexuality must be some sort of slut

or less of a person. Just because I admire a nice sports car doesn't mean

that I am thinking about stealing it or taking it for a joy ride. Perhaps

I'm a bit naive to think that a woman should be able to express her

sexuality without it necessarily being taken as an invitation to join in.

Just enjoy the show and be thankful that you were given the opportunity to

see something a little special that day.

I swung us into the kitchen display area with the mocked up kitchens and

appliances and such. The area was open enough that it would be fairly

obvious if he continued to just watch us. We spent a few minutes looking

at appliances and cabinets, making sure that we were facing away from the

guy. When I turned around he was gone, realizing that the show was over. I

felt a bit relieved, something about him was just a little too persistent

for comfort. The situation just had not felt right.

We made our way to the lawn and garden section and collected the things

that we needed there; peat moss, fertilizer, and some root stimulator that

we knew would cost more at the garden center. We paid for our things and

headed out to the truck and got everything loaded up.

We had a bit of a drive to the garden center, so we talked during the

drive. Katie had noticed the other guy watching us, but she was not as

concerned about his intentions. I guess that at times I am a bit more

concerned because I feel that since I am the one encouraging her to act

this way, it is my responsibility if anything goes wrong. As much as it

turns me on to play these games, I'd never forgive myself if she ended up

getting hurt either physically or emotionally. I guess that it is the risk

of doing such things, but I do my best to minimize those risks.

We spent most of our time discussing what kinds of plants we were looking

for. Gardening is one of our shared hobbies and we are both pretty

passionate about it. There are times when it seems like all you are doing

is trying to keep ahead of the weeds, but we generally enjoy being outside

for any reason so working in the soil and just having the gardens almost

as extended rooms to the house through the summer is a great benefit to

us. So we talked about getting some annuals to put in since the spring

bulbs were finished for the season and look for some accent shrubs and

ornamental grasses for a couple areas.

The garden center that we usually go to had been around for as long as I

could remember. Fancier places had opened up that catered to the Martha

Stewart crowd with craft stuff and fancy buildings and all. This place had

started off years ago as a farm selling produce in the summer. They

expanded with a small nursery and just kept adding on over the years. What

they lacked in fancy appearance they more than made up for in selection,

reasonable prices, and lack of crowds. As they added on, the place became

a somewhat jumbled arrangement of greenhouses with open spaces between

them that you could practically get lost in. If nothing else, it was an

interesting place to just wander around in to see what you could find.

We knew where we were going for the things that we were looking for, but

decided to wander around a bit just to see what we could find. As we

walked around, I could see several of the male customers checking Katie

out and I think that the younger male employees were passing the word

around about her because there seemed to a boy in a green shirt with the

center's logo walking by every time we turned around. The staff was made

up of the owners and a few older people, but then there were a bit over a

dozen high school to college aged kids working there for the summer. Most

of them were girls, but there were five or six guys and before long I

think we had seen each of them walk past us at least once. Surprisingly,

they all seemed to just want to walk by and take a look. None of them

stopped to ask if we needed help or had any questions in order to get the

opportunity for a longer look. So we contented ourselves with looking

around and tried not to notice that the same kid was making his third pass

by us.

Since we were slowly browsing, it was easy for them to plan their paths so

that they could pass by us without being completely obvious. If we were in

one of the greenhouses they would cross through it using the entrances

closest to us. Outside they would come out of a greenhouse close to us or

go down an aisle near us. As this continued, I was a bit surprised that we

warranted this much attention. I figured that they would tire of their

game after everyone got a couple looks at Katie. But as this continued it

eventually got sort of humorous and our urge to just to play with them a

little got to be too great. So when we saw that nobody was watching us, we

quickly sprinted down to the other end of the row that we were in, crossed

over to the next aisle, and resumed our browsing while keeping an eye down

towards where we had been standing moments before. Sure enough, the next

kid that came by was down where we had been. He came to a complete stop

and started looking around for us. As soon as he saw us he turned and

started towards us, then stopped and headed back the way that he had been

going. I guess that he decided that it was a little too obvious. But a few

minutes later another one came past our new location, which made it pretty

obvious that they were sharing their information. We were pretty clearly

the high point of their day. It was all that we could do to keep from

laughing out loud at that point.

We continued our browsing and let two more guys make their pass by us when

I suddenly had an idea. Once the guy had disappeared again, I grabbed

Katie's arm and told her "Let's go." We again sprinted down the aisle and

turned a corner at a cross path, going further down that aisle before

coming to a stop. As we had been browsing, we had been working our way

further into the maze of the place. We were in a space between greenhouses

with larger items, ornamental grasses and some shrubs. I had not seen

anyone other than the kids that were working there for awhile, no

customers. When we came to a stop, I turned to Katie and told her to take

off her shirt. I caught her by surprise and she let out with a startled

"What?" so I repeated my request. She recovered quickly and pulled the

shirt over her head, holding it in her hand by her side. I went back to

casually browsing through the plants and after a moment Katie joined me.

At first she acted a bit nervous, but she quickly relaxed and acted like

nothing was out of the ordinary. As I said, Katie in only jeans, bare from

the waist up, is one of my favorite looks for her. She'd taken her shirt

off before while hiking or on one of our late night walks in town, but

this was probably the first that she had done so in such a public place in

broad daylight and she looked fantastic! I was having a hard time trying

to pay some attention to the plants that we were looking at while also

taking advantage of seeing her like this and keeping an eye out for the

return of the next guy to make his pass by us.

Luckily, I caught a flash of movement over by where we had been moments

before and got to see his reaction. He repeated the routine of the last

guy that was caught off guard by our unexpected relocation, coming to a

stop and scanning to find us again. With the taller plants in this area it

was not immediately obvious where we had disappeared to. We continued with

our browsing as though nothing was out of the ordinary and our movement

caught his eye. He must not have had a clear view at first, because he

looked for a moment and then as Katie moved he did a double-take and then

outright stared at her for a long moment. He literally shook his head and

quickly headed back the way that he had come.

As soon as he was out of sight, I told Katie to put her shirt back on. She

hesitated a bit at first, I think that she was enjoying the freedom. But I

repeated my request and she had just gotten her shirt tucked back in and

resumed browsing when two of the guys showed up together. I could picture

the first guy racing back to his friend and telling him to come quickly,

that he wouldn't believe this. They watched us for a moment before once

again heading back the way that they had come. I figured that the second

guy was probably giving the first a hard time, "Yeah, sure she was naked,

in your dreams..." Katie picked up on what I was doing and had a silly

grin on her face as well at the thought of our effect on these boys.

It could have been fun if we were able to flash just the same guy again.

Sort of like the boy who cried wolf, his friends would think that he was

nuts and never believe anything he had to say after that. But there did

not seem to be any real pattern to the way that they were coming past us.

Not like they had an order of appearance, taking definite turns. Even if

they had been going in order, I'm sure that they would have started

varying it as soon as they realized what we were trying to accomplish.

So I waited until a couple of them had come past and then I asked Katie to

take her shirt off again but to be ready to put it back on quickly. As the

last guy disappeared around the corner, Katie quickly pulled her shirt off

then went back to browsing for several minutes before the next guy made

his appearance. Since we had not relocated this time, he came out from a

greenhouse pretty close to us. When he realized that Katie was topless, he

hesitated for a moment. No doubt he was considering going back for his

buddies, but he must have decided it was worth more to take advantage of

the opportunity. He walked past us on the next aisle over, trying to act

like nothing was out of the ordinary for fear of spooking us off.

Likewise, we just went about our business like nothing was out of the

ordinary as though not to call attention to the fact that we might be

doing something wrong. The only thing that betrayed us was Katie's nipples

and then we were betrayed only if someone was familiar with their

indication of her arousal. They were a deep red and were as erect as I had

ever seen them. I knew that I could probably bring her to orgasm just by

rubbing my hand across them at this point and licking or sucking on them

would send her over the edge in a big way.

The kid was oblivious to any of this. His only thought was most likely

about his good fortune at the moment. I doubt that he thinking beyond

that. He took his time working his way down past us, straightening out

some plants and picking dead leaves off and such. We continued to look at

the plants and talk between ourselves as he drew closer, doing our best to

act like absolutely nothing was out of the ordinary. I was beginning to

wonder if he would say anything, try to strike up a conversation or do

anything. Then I began to wonder if any of his buddies would come looking

for him when he did not show up for awhile. I had to admit that time had

seemed to slow down at that point and he probably was not really taking

that much longer than they had been taking before. I had figured that he

would probably take the most time when he was directly across from us to

get as much time up close as possible, but he seemed to get nervous the

closer that he got and sort of ended up rushing past us. Once he was

beyond us, he slowed down for a bit to take several looks back before

picking up speed again and heading back into another greenhouse.

Almost before he was out of sight Katie was pulling her shirt back on and

tucking it in. Sure enough, it was barely half a minute before the guy was

back with two of his friends. Their disappointment was obvious when they

saw that Katie had her shirt back on. They spent a moment or two talking

amongst themselves before splitting up. This time they did not leave the

area, though, but continued to "work" around us. I could see that as they

straightened things up, cleaned off dead leaves, and such that they were

all keeping an eye on the two of us. Actually, they were keeping an eye on

Katie. I could have probably turned purple and burst into flame at that

point and they would not have really noticed.

It was really kind of funny when you looked at the situation. It was like

they thought that if they kept a close eye on Katie, they would catch her

suddenly taking her clothes off or possibly that the clothes would just

magically disappear. At first they kept a cautious distance, but as they

worked the guy who had walked past us while Katie had her shirt off was

making his way toward us back down the same aisle as he had been in

before.

As he got closer to us, Katie looked up and upon finding him staring at

her she gave him a smile and said hi. He gave a nervous, mumbled reply but

could not take his eyes off of her. I could tell that she was still

aroused and her nipples were practically boring through her white t-shirt.

Still smiling, she cocked her head a bit to the side and gave him a

questioning look. That only made him more nervous, but like a deer caught

in headlights he could not seem to escape. He started to stammer a bit and

finally managed to ask if she needed any help. She kept smiling and said

thank you, but that she was just looking.

He seemed caught, though, like he could not look away. Katie just stood

there returning his gaze, her head cocked a bit to the side in question

and just continue to smile at him sweetly, waiting for him to continue.

That only served to make him more nervous. Katie finally asked him if

there was anything she could help him with. That was almost too much for

him, he started stammering. With all the wells, umms, ahhs, you knows, you

sees, the thing is, and buts I wasn't exactly sure if he did actually

manage to say anything coherent.

The fact that he was talking to us attracted his two friends, though, and

they started working their way closer to us. With his friends backing him

up, his words started to almost come together. Still basically staring at

Katie's chest with quick glances to his friends, me, and occasionally to

meet Katie's gaze, he managed to get across to us that he "thought" that

he had "noticed" that "possibly" she "might" have had her shirt off

earlier and he wanted to make sure that everything was ok. The way he was

saying it gave the impression that perhaps there was a totally reasonable

reason for this such as she had a bug crawl up her shirt or something and

had lifted the shirt to brush the bug away and that he had caught a brief

glimpse from fifty yards away and now he was just concerned and wanted to

make sure that the bug hadn't bit her.

Katie just gave him a smile. If it was that he did not want his friends to

know that he had spent at least five minutes appreciating her charms as

she stood only a few feet away naked from the waist up, she'd play along.

She explained sweetly that the day was so nice and it had seemed like it

was fairly private back here, so she had taken her shirt off for a bit to

enjoy the sun and fresh air. She frowned a bit and said that she hoped

that she had not offended anyone and certainly hoped that she would not

get in trouble for what she had done.

I could see what she was attempting with this and waited to see if he was

smart enough to see the potential in what she was saying, that he could

assure her that it was not a problem and actually give her permission to

go ahead and remove her shirt if she so wished. As nervous as he had been

talking to her so far I wasn't sure if he would pick up on it. He was

still pretty nervous as he started to reassure Katie that nobody had been

offended and that she was not in any sort of trouble. Ok, good start.

Would he take the next step and tell her that it was perfectly fine for

her to wander around topless?

He seemed to be regaining his composure as he talked and he relaxed more

as Katie thanked him for his understanding and for not getting her in

trouble. I have a feeling that he was just being gallant when he told her

that it was not a problem at all and that she should not worry about what

she had done. He almost had it. He had told her that it "had" not been a

problem instead of telling her that it "wouldn't" be a problem, thus

allowing her to do it again in the future. Katie saw her opening, though,

and took it. Smiling sweetly, she thanked him for his reassurances and

asked if she could ask a favor of him. He smiled back at her and told her

to feel free. That smile froze on his face and one of the other guys made

a choking cough as she asked if it would be a problem if she took her

shirt back off, that she had really been enjoying the feeling of freedom

it gave her. Seeing their reactions, she hastened to add that she'd stay

out of the way of other people and perhaps he and his friends could keep

an eye on things and warn her if anyone else was coming so that she did

not "surprise" any other customers.

Katie's enjoyment of the moment was obvious and for that I was always

grateful. As our games had progressed, I watched as she had started off

doing these things for me and then began slowly to enjoy them more as she

saw the pleasure that they gave me and then finally when the moment came

where she reached the point where I could see that she was taking an

obvious personal pleasure in what she was doing. As with any shared

interest in a relationship, there is a difference between a passively

shared interest where one partner goes along because they know how much it

means to the other and an actively shared interest where both partners

find the pastime personally rewarding. A lot of the time, it is the

actively shared interests that really bring a couple together.

I think that it took a moment before the kids began to understand what she

was offering to them. Basically that she would walk around topless and

that she was practically encouraging them to look under the guise of

playing lookout for her. You could see the wheels turning as they began to

realize what she was saying and then began to wonder if they could get

away with it. It did not take them that long to reach a decision and the

first guy said that he thought that they could accommodate her. He said

that if we stayed towards the back areas of the garden center we could

keep from bothering anyone. Of course, he said that he'd have to enlist

the help of the other guys as well so that they could take turns keeping

an eye out for us and not have management wondering where certain staff

members had disappeared to. I had been wondering if they would share their

newfound treasure or not. My guess was that they realized that if anyone

missed out, somebody would get disgruntled and spill the beans to

management.

Katie gave each of them a smile and thanked them for helping her out. When

none of them made a move and continued to wait with expectant and slightly

hungry looks on their faces, Katie gave a little laugh and told them,

"Guys, I'd feel a bit self conscious just whipping things off in front of

you. This isn't Friday night at the strip joint, just little ol' me

enjoying the fresh air." She cupped her breasts with both hands,

emphasizing "little" as she said it. "I'd appreciate a few minutes. Being

polite and respectful is always appreciated. Maybe you want to check if

anyone is coming and let your other friends know what is going on," she

finished, giving them a smile. They got the point and headed off, checking

back over their shoulders just in case she decided to change her mind.

Once they were out of sight, she gave me a smile and rolled her eyes. I

laughed as I drew her to me and gave her a kiss. "Have I ever told you how

much I love you?" I asked. "Oh, a few times," was her reply. "Have I ever

said how beautiful you are?" I asked. "Most often when I am either naked

or on my way there!" she laughed. "I'm hurt," I told her with a mock

frown. "I just feel that you are at your best as bare as the day God

delivered you to this Earth. Clothes and makeup cannot improve upon that."

"Aww, you're sweet," she replied and gave me a kiss. "You're misguided,

silly, and definitely have some ulterior motives lurking around, but I'll

concentrate on sweet and let the others pass." She gave me another kiss

and then pulled away, saying that she wouldn't want to disappoint anyone

if they came back and found her still fully clothed.

She pulled her shirt over her head and handed it to me, taking a few

minutes to run her fingers through her hair. I slung the shirt over my

shoulder, deciding that it would look more natural if she did not have to

carry it. Unable to resist, I reached out to caress her breast and slowly

run my fingers over her nipple. A shiver ran through her body and she told

me that if I kept that up these kids would have a show they would not soon

forget.

Reluctantly, I backed away from her a bit and let her collect herself.

Really, I had no complaints and could hardly believe my good fortune. I

had fantasies of Katie walking around topless in public for a long time.

Ok, so this still fell into our semi-public exposure category. It was

still a select few rather than just the general public at large, but I was

not going to complain about the progress that we were making.

We spent about another hour browsing like that. In truth, it really does

not make for exciting reading. Katie was naked from the waist up and

looked absolutely fantastic and totally at ease. The guys took her

admonition to be polite and respectful to heart. They would come by most

often singly, but occasionally in pairs. At first, they would make their

pass by us as before just to have a chance to gawk at her, but Katie would

smile to each of them and say hello. It did not take long before instead

of just passing by us, they would come up to us to say hello and talk

about the plants around us or other small talk for a moment before moving

on again and by the end they were actually looking at US instead of just

staring at Katie's boobs. There were a couple times that they suggested

that we head off in another direction to avoid other people and we browsed

around accordingly.

We finally decided that we had better get on our way. We needed to get the

plants that we wanted and get back to work at home or we would have wasted

the whole day at the garden center just for the thrill of having Katie

walking around topless. Not that there was anything wrong with that idea,

mind you. The guys were understandably disappointed to find her with her

shirt back on, but two guys quickly volunteered to help us get the items

that we were looking for. They got a cart for us and helped us load our

plants onto it. Another twenty minutes and we were on our way, promising

that we would definitely be back again in the future.

I'm pretty sure that we made their day. Frankly, we definitely made my

day! Although just going topless was fairly modest considering the times

that she has gotten fully naked and even pleasured herself in front of

people, it was probably the most open that we had been with exposing

Katie. As I said at the start, my thrill is in getting Katie naked in

normal, everyday settings and this pretty much fit the bill perfectly.

We got our purchases home and spent the rest of the day tending to our

gardens and getting things planted. The day was beautiful for it. Clear,

sunny skies with a cool breeze. I could not have asked for a better day. I

knew that Katie enjoyed what we had done at the garden center as well, but

I felt that she deserved a little extra for being such a willing

participant. So when I headed inside to relieve myself, I grabbed the

cordless phone and called for reservations at a restaurant that we both

enjoyed. They were able to accommodate me and one more piece fell into

place for the perfect day. I did not tell Katie about the reservations,

preferring to save my surprise.

We had a great afternoon. The gardens looked great. The new plantings fit

in well. And we just enjoyed spending an afternoon together working on

something that we both enjoyed. I had been keeping an eye on the time and

we were still in good shape to get cleaned up and make our reservations.

We finished things up and took some time to walk around and look at all

that we had done. We ended up standing in the backyard, just looking

around at everything. I came up behind her, encircling her in my arms,

looking over her shoulder at our day's work. She clasped my arms to her

with her own and we stood in silence.

I finally broke the silence and told her that we had just enough time to

get cleaned up. She swiveled her head around to look at me and asked what

the hurry was. I told her that we would not want to lose our table, naming

the restaurant. Her face lit up and she asked me when I had made the

reservations. I replied that I always managed to fit a few extra things

into my schedule when it came to my sweetie. Katie turned around in my

arms to give me a hug, telling me that I was good to her. I gave her a

kiss and told her that it was always my pleasure.

We headed inside and quickly stripped out of our dirty, sweaty clothes.

I'm not going to say that it always takes Katie longer to get ready than

it takes me, but she certainly appreciates some extra time. So I let her

get in the shower first while I took our dirty clothes down to the laundry

and took care of a couple other things. By the time I entered the

bathroom, she was done with most of her shower and had shaved her legs. I

noticed that she had trimmed and shaved some other things as well while

she was down there. I got into the shower with her and helped her finish

up, washing her back for her and then shampooing and conditioning her

hair. I've learned that it is often the little things in a marriage that

go the furthest and Katie definitely enjoys being pampered. I can always

score quite a few points in the evening just massaging her feet for her.

She finished rinsing off and after giving me a quick kiss, she left me to

my shower as she continued to get ready. I heard the hair dryer for awhile

as I soaped up and rinsed off, then she gave me a wave as she walked back

past the shower to go into the bedroom. I finished up in the shower, dried

off, shaved, and dried my hair.

When I walked into the bedroom I was greeted with a pleasant surprise.

Katie was standing at the mirror, doing her makeup. But it was her dress

that caught my attention. I had bought her a dress from Victoria's Secret

awhile back. It was a simple cream colored dress with a mock turtleneck

collar, long sleeves, and a hem cut just above her knees. It would not

have been anything particularly special except that it was a stretch-knit

of the softest material that clung to her body like a second skin. I had

only been able to convince her to wear it in public once before, although

she had worn it at home for an evening that she cooked me dinner for my

birthday. The time that she wore it out, she had insisted on wearing

pantyhose to "keep things in place" as she put it. She had wanted to wear

a bra, but finally agreed not to since it stood out under the material of

the dress so prominently. Still, I think that she had a perpetual blush

the whole evening and did everything she could to keep from attracting

attention, wearing a jacket to the restaurant and doing her best to hide

behind the table, her menu, or her napkin.

Katie was still getting ready, so I was not sure if she just had not put

her pantyhose on yet or if she intended to do without. I took the fact

alone that she had chosen this dress as a good sign and figured that our

activities so far today spoke well for the chance that she would wear

nothing under it.

We each finished getting ready and I was pleased to find that the extent

of her outfit consisted entirely of only the dress and a pair of strappy

high heels. I cannot explain how fantastic she looked to me at that

moment! The dress fit her like a glove and showed off every curve from the

swell of her breasts to cheeks of her ass. I'll take a woman's natural

curves over any form of artificial accentuation, whether by undergarments

or plastic surgery. If there was any one thing that I could ask for to

prove my love for Katie, I would ask that she be able to see herself as I

see her. I think that a lot of women tend to be harder on themselves than

those around them actually see them. Every now and then she will wonder

aloud what she ever did to deserve my kindness and patience. My only

response is to wonder what I ever did to deserve to have this angelic

creature as part of my life.

All that I could think of was my love for this wonderful woman as we

gathered our things together and headed out the door. I stepped off the

porch onto the steps before turning back to her and taking her hands in

mine. Being a step down put us closer to eye level with one another. I

sometimes joke that with our height difference, stairs end up being an

integral part of our romance. I took a moment to look into her eyes and

tell her that I knew that I never said it enough and that at times I got

preoccupied with other things and did not ever show it enough, but that

she was the most important thing in the world to me and that I never

wanted her to think otherwise for one moment. Her eyes just melted as I

said this to her and then took her into my arms and held her for a moment.

Her voice choked as she whispered in my ear that she did not know what she

had ever done to deserve me and was fortunate for the patience that I had

shown her. I laughed and told her that I thought that I was the fortunate

one for having her put up with all my crazy ideas and such. I said that

there were moments that I had a hard time believing that this beautiful,

tender, caring soul had actually chosen to spend her life with me. It was

not her fault if people just had never given her the chance before.

I held her away from me a bit so that I could look into her eyes. They

were getting a bit misty and my intention had not been to bring her to

tears this evening. I gave her a kiss and brought my hand up the inside of

her thigh, asking what she had on under the dress anyway. The spark

returned to her eyes as she pushed my hand away, telling me I was terrible

and that the neighbors would start talking if I was going to go around

feeling her up on the front steps in broad daylight. With the risk of

tears past, I turned serious again and told her that I had meant what I

said about her being the most important thing in my life. With a shake of

her head she told me that she knew, but that I was still terrible. After a

pause, she added in a softer voice that she would not have it any other

way.

We walked to the car and I opened her door for her. I caught her smirk as

she made sure to demurely take her seat so as not to give me a flash. I

went around to my side and we were on our way. We had a pleasant drive to

the restaurant. I managed to contain myself, not even running my hand up

her leg or trying to pull her hem up while I drove. Katie may indulge me

my liberties that I take with her body, but it is not like I treat her

like a piece of meat. I am not sure that I can convey the extent to which

she really is my soulmate. I'd be totally lost without her.

Nothing says that your soulmate cannot be naked, though...

The restaurant is in an historic building in a quiet section of a nearby

town. I have always hated "fancy" restaurants where both the staff and the

patrons have that snobbish smugness about the whole "specialness" not as

much of the experience of dining there but of the experience of being

"seen" there. This place was not at all like that. The building had

character, the food was excellent, and the staff and patrons had a more

casual, relaxed attitude that spoke of fully enjoying the experience of

dining there and not at all of any arrogance at this being THE place to

eat. And eating there was definitely an experience, as "dinner" could

literally take two to three hours from drinks and appetizers in the bar

through a six course dinner!

I parked and went around to open Katie's door for her, helping her out.

Again, she was demure and was the perfect lady as she got out of the car

and took my arm as we walked to the entrance. The street was quiet, just a

sleepy little town. A couple cars drove by and one couple passed us as

they left the restaurant. I saw the man give Katie a quick look, but he

could not give her much attention without being noticed by either me or

his wife. We reached the entrance and I pulled open the heavy wooden door

for Katie, then stepped into the cool dimness behind her. The building had

been a hotel a century before and we entered into a tall entry corridor of

wood paneling. A moment later a young woman came out of a doorway and gave

us a smile, bidding us good evening. We gave our name and she checked her

sheet of reservations. Checking our name off her list, she gave us another

smile and asked us to follow her. We followed her down the corridor and

through a door. The parlour was as dimly lit with an option of comfortable

chairs or sofas arranged for couples or small groups or a long bar along

the one wall with stools. There was a larger group of six people clustered

together in the one corner and a few couples seated around. Two more

couples were at the bar. I told Katie to pick a spot that suited her and

that I would go get our drinks.

I approached the bar and waited for a moment while the bartender finished

filling the order of one of the other couples. Although the staff did not

exactly wear costumes, they dressed in a manner befitting the history of

the building, just as the furnishings also spoke somewhat of days gone by.

The woman that had greeted us had worn a classic ankle-length dress with a

traditional print, sleeves to her elbows, and a scooped neckline that

showed off her collarbones and a simple string of pearls. The bartender

wore a white shirt with the sleeves gathered to his elbows and a dark vest

with a paisley lining. Finishing with the other couple's order, he turned

to me and asked for my pleasure with a warm smile. I placed my order for a

pint of lager and an amaretto sour for Katie. He drew the lager from the

tap expertly and then mixed Katie's drink. I thanked him, leaving a couple

dollars in his jar before picking up my drinks.

Katie had selected what amounted to a wide chair, narrower than a loveseat

but still wide enough that we could sit beside each other. I handed her

drink to her and then took my place beside her. She snuggled up against me

as she sipped from her glass. I took a sip from my own mug, relishing in

its icy coldness.

In truth, the dim light worked against us from an exhibitionistic

standpoint. Katie looked fabulous, but the full effect was probably not as

obvious as it would have been under brighter light. Still, all that

mattered to me at that point was that this wonderful creature that had

agreed to be my wife was beside me, covered in only the barest sense, and

that she was completely at ease with that. We talked quietly and Katie

snuggled in closer to me. Our first drinks went quickly and when I went to

refresh them I took a quick look at the menu, selecting grilled mushroom

caps stuffed with crabmeat. The bartender fixed the drinks and said that

the mushrooms would be brought out in a few minutes. I returned to our

chair and Katie snuggled in against me as I sat beside her. We sipped at

our drinks, continuing our discussion.

It did not take long for our appetizers to arrive. A younger guy brought

them directly to us, approaching from Katie's side to bend over and place

the plate on the table in front of us along with a few napkins and two

small forks. He was the first to obviously take notice of the state of

Katie's dress. He was discreet, but he took his time placing everything on

the table, bending over beside Katie as he did so. Katie gave him a warm

smile when he asked if there was anything else that he could get for us

and she told him that for the moment we were fine.

As he left, I set my drink down and handed Katie a fork and a napkin. I

picked up a fork for myself and holding the plate with the mushrooms

between us we made short work of them while they were still hot. The

mushrooms were perfectly tender and the crab stuffing was well seasoned

with a bit of parmesan cheese included. They were delicious!

As we had been eating our appetizers, the woman that had directed us to

the parlour had come and directed the large group and two other couples to

their tables while another couple had come into the parlour. We finished

eating and were sipping our drinks and talking for awhile before the woman

came once again and directed us to our tables.

Rather than one large dining room, there were several smaller rooms with a

few tables each. The largest room had perhaps a half dozen tables to seat

maybe twenty-five people. We were directed to one of the smaller rooms

that had three small tables set up for couples. Soft instrumental music

was playing and the tables had enough room between them that some privacy

was available for conversations. One other table was occupied by a couple

about a decade older than us and the third table was empty. When we

entered the room the other couple glanced our way, giving us a nod and a

slight smile. We returned their smiles as we sat down. That was something

of the nature of this place. It was rare to encounter anyone there that

did not behave in a pleasant manner. It was as though the shared knowledge

of the place made everyone friends.

We settled into our seats and the woman said that our waiter would be

along shortly. The two of them must have passed each other at the doorway

because our waiter arrived in mere seconds. I was not altogether surprised

to see that it was the waiter that had brought us the mushrooms in the

parlour. I could not say if we were at one of his regular tables or if he

made a deal of some sort to get our table after seeing Katie earlier. The

lighting was a somewhat brighter than in the parlour, so he did get a

better view of her although it was limited to her upper half with her

seated at the table.

He brought with him the first course of the meal, a plate of sausage

filled pastries with cubes of melon. He explained that we would then have

a rustic soup followed by salads and a sorbet before the entree. He

described each of about eight entrees in detail including seafood,

poultry, meat, and vegetarian options. To finish the evening, he said that

he would bring a dessert tray around for our choice along with coffee or a

nightcap. He left us with a menu of the entrees for our consideration and

said that he would return with our soup when we were ready.

Katie and I enjoyed the pastries and finished our drinks as we talked. It

was a totally relaxed and comfortable evening and our discussion flowed

freely. The waiter appeared again with our soup and asked if we had

decided on our entrees. Katie selected a vegetarian lasagna with

portabello mushrooms and red peppers and I chose a glazed breast of duck.

He complemented our choices and asked if he could refill our drinks. I

asked his advice on a bottle of wine and he offered a couple selections. I

chose one and he thanked us for our orders and left, telling us that he

hoped we enjoyed our meal.

Soup is not generally something that is "wonderful" except after a cold

day outside when it warms your very soul. This soup was wonderful without

even considering its warming qualities. An excellent combination of

vegetables, herbs, and a bit of meat. We ate at a leisurely, relaxed pace.

The excellent food and the atmosphere of the restaurant just created an

entirely pleasurable mood. You could not help but feel content, at peace,

and thoroughly enjoy the company of the people you were with.

The salads came next, simple fresh greens with a set of small cruets of

fresh made dressings. The waiter explained that they were a sun dried

tomato, a honey mustard, and a balsamic vinaigrette. He stuck around for

awhile, asking how we were enjoying the meal and whether we had been to

the restaurant before. Although he spent more time looking at Katie than

at me while he talked, it was not just a matter of trying to cop a look.

The waitstaff was always pleasant and personable. We said that we had been

there a number of times, but not recently. He asked if we had seen all of

the dining rooms, that each was decorated differently, and gave a bit of

the history of the building. We knew most of the story, but it was

interesting to hear some of the details. He talked with us a bit more

before leaving us to ourselves.

The salads were good and we both ended up trying a bit of all three of the

dressings. Katie's favorite was the honey mustard while I preferred the

sun dried tomato. As we were finishing the salads the waiter returned with

two small cups of citrus sorbet to cleanse our palates. He said that he

would be right back and returned shortly with our entrees. Both of them

looked incredible and their appearance was only surpassed by their taste.

The entire meal was the sort that you ate slowly such as to enjoy every

bite. We each sampled from the other's plate, not being content to only

experience our own selection. Katie was getting that content somewhat

sleepy look from the meal and the wine. As we finished our entrees, I

poured the last of the wine bottle and topped off both our glasses. I then

raised my glass to Katie. "To the most beautiful woman in the world, the

love of my life, my soulmate, to you, my dear." I toasted her. The tears

welled up in her eyes as she brought her glass up to mine and clinked the

two together. "You're good to me," was all that she could say. We sat in

silence for a bit, both lost in our thoughts as we sipped at our wine.

The waiter returned to clear the dishes and seeing our silence and

noticing Katie's teary eyes asked if everything was ok. That just brought

the tears back and all that she could say was that she loved me so much.

Wine tends to make Katie content and agreeable, but it can also bring out

her emotions. The waiter looked a bit confused, so she tried as best she

could to say that I was so good to her and that she wondered what she had

ever done to deserve me. She finally ended by saying that everything had

been so wonderful this evening and that she had a bit too much wine and

that it was making her emotional as she reached for her purse and dug for

a tissue. The waiter said that he was pleased that she thought the evening

was wonderful, but that he felt a bit uncomfortable that it brought her to

tears and said that if there was anything he could do to cheer her up that

she need only ask. "No, no," she said as she dabbed at her eyes with a

tissue. "I'm just being silly and emotional." He asked a couple times if

there was anything he could do.

Finally he said all that he had to offer us then was dessert and coffee.

Neither of us drink coffee and Katie was saying that she was too full for

dessert. The waiter said that dessert was included with the meal, so

perhaps she would like to take something with her. He cleared the table

and said that he would be right back with the dessert tray. We had seen a

bit of what was available when he had brought it around for the other

couple in our room, but when he came back he went through all the options:

cheesecakes, tiramisu, chocolate cakes, and such. I suggested that we

share one tonight and could take the other home with us. So we finally

decided on a slice of irish cream cheesecake to eat and have a slice of

chocolate raspberry cheesecake boxed up for us.

The waiter placed the one plate on the table along with a pair of forks

and said that he would box the other piece up and put it in the freezer so

that it would be good and cold for the trip home. I pushed the plate over

a bit so that we could both reach it easily and motioned for Katie to take

the first bite. She took a small morsel with her fork and after bringing

it to her mouth, closed her eyes as she savored the flavor. The cheesecake

was wonderful. A fitting ending to an excellent meal. We at it in silence.

Just savoring each bite and the exquisite flavor. With the cheesecake

finally finished, we finished the last bit of wine each and sat back,

thoroughly satisfied.

After a bit, the waiter returned to ask if there was anything else that he

could get us. I responded that I doubted that there was anything on the

face of the planet that could have made our evening any better than it was

at that point and that I meant that as the sincerest complement that I

could come up with at that moment. He gave me a slight bow and said that

he was pleased that we had enjoyed our evening. He laid the leather wallet

on the table with the bill and said that he would return with our dessert.

After he left, I looked over the bill. There was a reason that we did not

eat here often, but the evening was certainly worth it. I placed my credit

card in the wallet and closed it once again. The waiter was back in a

moment with a simple white box done up in a Victorian-style bow. He handed

it to Katie and deftly picked up the wallet, saying that he would be back

in a moment.

By this time we were alone in the room. The other couple had left while we

were enjoying our dessert. Softly, I told Katie that I only wished that

she could fully know the entire depth of my love for her. She gave me a

smile and said that she doubted it could begin to compare to how much I

meant to her. Privately, I'd argue her on that point, but I just took it

as a complement. The waiter returned in a few moments and laid the wallet

once again on the table telling us that he hoped that we would return

again soon before departing once again.

I retrieved my credit card from the wallet, added in a generous tip for

the waiter, and signed the check. Closing the wallet over the paperwork, I

asked Katie if she was ready to go. She asked that we sit just awhile

longer so that she could just drink it all in, saying that she did not

want it to end. We sat for several minutes, just savoring the moment. Her

eyes closed after a bit and she sat unmoving. Opening her eyes again with

a bit of a start, she said that she guessed we had better get going or she

was so content that she was going to fall asleep in her chair.

I stood and helped her from her chair. As we left the room, we ran into

the waiter in the hall. Impulsively, Katie wrapped her arms around him and

gave him a hug, thanking him for a wonderful evening. It caught him a bit

off guard at first, but then he returned the hug warmly. Wishing him a

good evening, we continued down the hall to the entry. In the entry hall

we found the owner standing there waiting. I recognized him from our

previous visits. He was perhaps a decade older than us, tall and thin with

a pleasant face. He looked the part of a Victorian gentleman, wearing a

smoking jacket and narrow wire rim glasses. He asked us how our evening

had been and Katie gushed that it had been simply wonderful. Katie was

positively glowing at this point in a way that was almost post-sexual. I'm

sure that the day's activities, her dress, the meal, and the wine had all

contributed to her contentment at that point. I could tell that the owner

was enjoying the chance to stand there and talk to her and could see that

he was not immune to the sight that she presented. Again, impulsively she

suddenly wrapped her arms around him, giving him a hug while telling him

how wonderful the whole evening had been and thanking him for having such

a delightful restaurant. Like the waiter, he was at first caught off

guard, but seeing no objection from me and not wanting to miss the

opportunity he then returned her hug warmly.

I could tell that Katie was in her special place at that point. She was

content, sleepy, and the wine was having its effect. She was at one with

everything. She finally parted from the gentleman, still thanking him for

the evening. I put my arm around her and steered her to the door as he

told us that he hoped we would return soon. "Most assuredly," I replied as

I opened the door and we stepped out into the fresh night air.

The heavy door banged behind us and we walked down the sidewalk to the

parking lot, bathed in the warm glow from the lights of the building. A

train horn sounded off in the distance as the crickets chirped their

songs. We reached the car and I unlocked Katie's door for her. As I turned

to help her into the car, she gave a bit of a giggle. "I should have used

the ladies' room before we left," she said. "Do you think they'd mind?"

she asked as she pointed to a somewhat secluded spot behind a bush along

the parking lot. I told her we could go back in, but she said that would

be too much bother and made her way over to the bush. "Stand guard for

me," she said with another giggle. The parking lot was not brightly lit,

but there was more than enough light to see her and what she was doing.

I'm not sure if it was the wine or whether she knew full well what she was

doing, but as she bent down she slid her dress up well across her stomach.

Much more than was really necessary and allowing me to see her trimmed

pussy. Spreading her legs a bit and getting her balance, she let forth

with a steady stream of pee that glistened a bit in the soft light. I've

seen drunks of both sexes relieve themselves in alleys or other places

before and it is rarely a pretty sight, but somehow there was nothing

vulgar or indecent about what Katie did. She finished and wiggled a bit,

standing up before pulling her dress back down and walking over to me.

I gave her a kiss and held her for a moment before helping her into the

car. Walking over to my side she had already unlocked my door for me. I

slid in and brought the car to life. Turning the headlights on you could

see the puddle in the mulch where Katie had relieved herself. This brought

another round of soft giggles from Katie as I backed the car around out of

the space. I pulled out of the parking lot and onto the road, but I think

that Katie was asleep before I had gotten out of town. On the highway

home, I looked over at her peaceful face many times and thought about how

lucky I really was to have her.

She slept the whole way home, only waking when I turned the car into our

street. She yawned and collected herself as I pulled into our driveway.

Things were quiet with only the sounds of the night around us as we got

out of the car. By the time that she had come around the back of the car

to join me she had taken the dress off and stood there naked except for

her heels in the pale moonlight. I gently took hold of her around her

waist and pulled her to me, kissing her gently on the cheek, her nose, and

then her lips. We must have stood there kissing like that for several

minutes. It was late at that point and I doubted that anyone was paying

any attention to our driveway at that point. Then I gently picked her up

and carried her to the house. Setting her down for a moment, I fumbled for

my keys and got the door opened. I picked her up again and carried her

into the house and the whole way to our bedroom before gently laying her

down on the bed.

I paused again for a moment to unbutton and remove my shirt and then laid

down over her, hugging her body to mine and relishing in the feel of the

touch of her skin against mine. We laid there and kissed again for several

minutes before I rose again and finished my undressing so that I could lay

next to her once again and feel all of her body against mine. We kissed

and touched each other for a long time. No words needed to be said. I

finally had to take things to the next level and bent my head down to lick

and suck gently at her nipples. Shudders went through her body as her head

dropped backwards over the side of the bed. I kissed along the undersides

of her breasts and along there sides. Gently I nibbled at her shoulders

along her collar bones and worked my way back up her neck to kiss her

mouth. We kissed and relished in the salty flavor of each other's tongues.

I broke away again and kissed down her neck, following a more central path

between her breasts this time, stopping to lick at her nipples a bit

before continuing down across her belly. I licked around her navel and

lightly bit at the flesh there. I spent some time backtracking to kiss

along the bottom of her rib cage, all the while rubbing my own body

between her legs until she spread them and wrapped them around me, arching

her back a bit to rub her pubis against me.

I continued my path of kisses downward, kissing to the line of her pubic

hair before branching around her center to kiss along the crease where

each leg joined her torso. With my hands I rubbed at the backs of her

knees, getting her to pull them up and expose her sex to me. Finally I

gave some small attention to it, blowing softly across its obvious

wetness. A sigh escaped her at the faint touch and again I blew across

her. I bent closer and kissed along the spine of her sex as I used my

tongue to softly open her up. Exposing her clitoris, I blew softly across

it and was rewarded with another sigh and a shudder. I licked across it

gently and gave it little kisses. As her breathing became heavier and her

shudders became stronger I strengthened my efforts. I felt her fingers in

my hair as I worked on her swollen clit. Her breathing became ragged and I

could feel her legs turn slick with her sweat. I probed along her clit

with my tongue and sucked upon it, bringing her higher and higher with

each passing minute. As I felt her legs tighten, I redoubled my efforts

and could feel the first orgasm building within her. Sucking her clit into

my mouth and lashing across it with my tongue finally sent her over the

edge as she gasped and bucked against me. I kept my mouth wrapped around

her little jewel and could feel it pulse as the waves of her orgasm washed

across her.

As her body relaxed and her breathing returned, I gave her clit and labia

little kisses. I could feel the little tremors go through her with each

touch. Finally I began kissing my trail back up her body to reach her

lips. I kissed her and she returned my kisses passionately. Her kisses

sucked gently at my lips and I knew that she could taste herself on them.

I moved my body into position until I could feel my rigid member slide

against her warm, wet folds. I nestled it between them, sliding the length

of my manhood between her tender lips and feeling the stubble of her pubic

hair against its head. I slid myself back and forth like this as I kissed

her. Rubbing myself against her clit until I felt her tremble and shake

for a second time. I could feel the heat and the increased wetness around

my dick when she came.

Adjusting slightly, I slid down further so that the head slipped into the

soft folds. Gently, slowly, I eased myself only slightly into her, just

the head parting her lips and gaining entrance. There was no resistance at

all. She was wet and warm and waiting for me. Slowly I slid my length into

her until my balls lay against her and our pubes ground together. I held

myself fully inside of her and kissed her. Laying down against her, I held

her and gently rolled us over so that she was on top. She pushed herself

up with her hands on my chest, rubbing them through the hair there. She

drew her legs up and knelt over me, still impaled upon me but I could feel

our bodies shift together at that perfect joining. She got herself into

position and began to draw herself away from me, sliding apart and then

back together ever so slowly. I snaked my hand down between us and managed

to rest my thumb upon her clit. I stroked at it as she stroked herself on

me.

The heat was slowly building inside of me, but once Katie is primed, her

orgasms seem to come easier with every one. My stroking of her clit

brought her to another and she ground herself down upon me as her head

lolled forward and her hair traced across my chest. After recovering, she

began to speed up the pace a bit and bobbed atop me. Still not with any

real hurry, but with a steady rhythm. I matched my attentions to her clit

to the new tempo and soon had her grinding herself against me as another

set of tremors wracked her body. I could feel the sweat and her juices

pooling across my hips and trickling down across my balls.

She increased her pace and I could feel her clenching herself around me,

increasing the stimulation and seemingly attempting to milk the cum from

me. Her pussy was on fire around me and I don't think that I had ever felt

her so wet before. I was tempted to hold out as long as I could, but

decided that I should just enjoy the moment. She was bouncing on me,

stroking me with her velvet touch, and I was working at her clit with the

same intensity while doing my best to keep my thumb on her little button.

Her grip on my manhood was getting tighter and tighter and I knew that she

was approaching another orgasm. The increased friction and the joy of the

moment were too much for me and I could feel the cum building within me. I

could feel my cock growing within her and knew that she sensed the coming

climax as well as she began to slam herself against me with a frenzied

lust. I gave up trying to keep my thumb on her clit and just rode out the

wave as I exploded into her as I felt her whole body tremble with the

shock.

I think that I actually passed out for a moment because then everything

was quiet and her body was thrown across mine, still joined at the hips.

Our hearts both beat heavily and our bodies were drenched with sweat. I

wrapped my arms around her and held her to me. She stirred a bit, but made

little effort to move. I drifted off to sleep holding her on top of me. I

woke a bit later on, my erection gone but our juices still sticky between

us. I thought of getting up and cleaning us up some but figured it would

do little harm to wait until morning. She was still asleep, but I helped

her to move a bit and put a pillow under my shoulder so that she could lay

her head on my chest and I could hold her against my side with my arm.

When dawn came the light woke me. My arm was asleep and she still slept

peaceably on my chest. I tried to move my arm a bit to restore

circulation, but my movement woke her and she gave me a sleepy grin. We

kissed a bit before taking stock of our situation. Our juices had dried on

us and the bed, leaving a flaky crust to things. We ended up getting up

and washing off a bit in the shower before stripping the bed and laying

down a fresh sheet before climbing back in and cuddling up again. We

drifted back off to sleep and woke again mid-morning. This time we got up.

I threw on a pair of shorts and Katie slipped into a nightie to go into

the kitchen and find some orange juice and split a bagel for breakfast.

That day and morning are still vivid in my memory and I count them amongst

my favorite memories. The only downside was two-fold. For several days I

had an ache in my shoulder, but that is not something I would dwell on.

The second is that the slice of cheesecake never made it into the

refrigerator and was not exactly worth eating by the time we remembered it

in the car that afternoon. That problem was simply solved, though.

Raspberry cheesecake made an excellent reason to return to the restaurant

the next time!

**Exposing Katie 013**

All in all, I was pretty pleased with the way that things had gone at the

garden center. Despite my fantasies, I had not really expected that we

would have the opportunity to have Katie just walking around topless for

that long in a public place. Granted, it sort of fell into our usual

"restricted access" public nudity, but I felt that we made some progress

both by initially surprising the boys and then by really leaving it in

their hands as to whom she was exposed. They could easily have brought

back just about anybody that they wanted to have see her. Of course, Katie

could just as easily have put her shirt back on and the show would have

been over.

Although we both enjoyed our little adventure, our intentions had been to

see if we could get away from our "restricted" exposure and see what some

more "public" reactions would be. Really, a lot of this came out of

Katie's "confession" of wanting to expose herself to Larry and Sharon and

some of the questions that were raised when she subsequently did expose

herself to Larry. The questions were not only of how far we could go, but

how far we should allow ourselves to go.

All sorts of things go on behind closed doors and to think otherwise is

just foolish. The question becomes a personal one of where to draw the

lines? Not everyone is going to mark the same boundaries. For us, we were

not looking to be swingers or anything like that. But what boundary do you

make between that public life of family, friends, neighbors, and business

associates and that of "play" time? Is it necessary to separate things

totally? As Katie asked, do you bare yourself to a complete stranger and

then a few hours later sit down to dinner with your closest friends and

talk about the weather, kids, and whether you are going to go with the

honey mustard or raspberry walnut vinaigrette salad dressing? Obviously,

you are not going to stand up in Sunday School and announce to your fellow

parishioners that you took your wife to the barber and watched while he

shaved her pussy and expect them to pat you on the back and tell you that

they are glad to have such people in the congregation. If they do, that

must be some church! But is there a middle ground? Or are you forced to

lead a dual life if you are going to even consider doing such things in

your life but still maintain some semblance of decorum in your everyday

life?

There was no way that either one of us would involve Larry and Sharon if

we knew that it was going to harm either our friendship with them or their

relationship with each other. Yet I was slowly beginning to realize my

naivete when it came to certain issues. I really had not given much

thought to where things would ultimately lead once I started down the path

of exposing Katie to Larry. I have to admit that my initial thoughts were

just that he would be safe. I knew that he would not be unkind to her and

knew that with his relationship with Sharon that he would not consider

cheating on her. What I wasn't seeing was that by involving Larry I was de

facto involving Sharon. And in involving Larry AND Sharon I was involving

another couple and that changed the dynamic considerably.

The lessons that I ended up learning were of the differences in how men

and women relate to the world around them. You can work next to a guy in

the office for years or see him every week at the gym and never know that

he is dying of cancer or his wife is leaving him or some other such

earthshaking event. Two women sit down next to each other on a bench in

the mall and within ten minutes are talking about their kids, sharing

recipes, and giving family histories to each other. Ok, so I exaggerate,

but women definitely have a need to share more about themselves. This is

what Katie began to explain to me, that she needed an outlet for what we

were doing. Sure, it meant something that we were sharing all of this

together and it was bringing us closer, but I slowly saw that it went

further than that.

Even if we only showed her to Larry and he kept that secret from Sharon,

Katie needed someone to share her story with. The womenfolk try to make us

feel guilty about what is talked about in the locker room or at the bar

when it is just the guys, but let me clue you in on the fact that women

share everything with their friends down to the details that would make a

man blush. But these were realizations that I came to much later. Perhaps

I should just stick to the story in the order of events as they happened.

At this point, the only issue was that I began to realize that Katie

needed a female confidant and the only question was whether we had a

chance of successfully including Sharon and Larry into all of this or if

we were doomed to hurt feelings and misunderstandings if we even tried.

So it may not have been the most straightforward or valid way to get

answers, but what happened at the garden center was more than just a

enjoyable episode for us. More than just that we had pushed the envelop a

bit further with a few more people than before and in a bit more public

place than before, but also that the guys had been able to treat Katie as

a person even though she had her top off. And that gave us some small

hope. It left us with the feeling that perhaps we were not totally out of

line for thinking that we could expose Katie without it being a fully

separate "sexual" life of ours.

Our initial failure with trying to have Katie's "play" accepted in public

had been that we had dressed Katie up "slutty" and then were surprised

when people reacted to her accordingly. I admit that I was being naive

about things. I was basing my reaction on knowing Katie as a person first

and then seeing her dressed in "hot" clothes. Anyone else, not knowing her

as a person first, was forming their entire reaction to her based solely

on how she was dressed.

The small white t-shirt and jeans looked wholesome enough at first glance.

Coupled with Katie's natural demeanor, it came across as though she was

unaware of the effect that her clothing was having on people. Even when

she ended up topless at the garden center, she acted so naturally about it

that the guys came to accept it as though it was not completely out of the

ordinary. Don't get me wrong, I mean they obviously got off on her being

topless but they were able to still see her as a person instead of just a

pair of boobs. This is really what we were looking for all along.

So to continue with our success, we took an evening to go out shopping to

try to come up with some more outfits that Katie could wear that would

allow her to show off while maintaining some semblance of a wholesome

look. The only thing to our disadvantage was that you can never seem to

buy clothing for the current season. Just as the Christmas displays start

going up before Halloween anymore, it seems like they have bikinis on

display while there is still snow on the ground and winter coats when you

could fry an egg on the sidewalk. The benefit to us was that the summer

clothing that we could find was all clearance priced. The problem was that

things were pretty well picked over and we really were not finding

anything that seemed to work. Most of the stuff was pretty modest and it

seemed that anything that was at all revealing was downright trashy, the

dregs that nobody else would buy. Trash at half price is still trash.

So Katie ended up looking at things more with an eye towards what she

would actually wear and was able to find some sundresses that she liked.

She picked out a few and disappeared into the dressing room with her

selection to try them on, coming out to model each one for me. One of them

really appealed to her but she asked me if I could try to find it a size

smaller. The size she had looked good on her but did seem just a bit

bulky. While she went back in to try on the next dress, I looked around

and did manage to find the dress in the next smaller size. I took it up to

the dressing room and stood there for a few minutes while waiting for her

to come back out. The dress had looked cute on her but with its ankle

length, short sleeves, and modest neckline it wasn't anything racy. At

this point I had resigned myself to the fact that we were not going to

find anything "revealing" that evening and was just happy that the trip

would not be a total waste if Katie found something "normal" to wear.

But standing there with the dress in my hand and absentmindedly looking at

it, I realized that it was actually made up of two thin layers of fabric.

Since the two layers were sewn together at the seams I could not get a

real view through only the one layer of the outer fabric, but it seemed

that it was translucent without being totally transparent. The wheels

began to turn in my mind. The only problem was that Katie was currently

considering the dress for "normal" wear and probably wouldn't take too

kindly to having it clipped apart into something that she could only wear

semi-indecently. I was just thinking that if the lining were cut out of it

she could still possibly wear it with a slip if she wanted to stay decent

when she came out of the dressing room. The dress that she was trying on

looked nice, but did not have the same style to it as the one she tried on

before, the one I was holding in my hand. She thanked me for finding the

smaller size and disappeared back into the dressing room to try that one

on. While I was waiting, I decided to make a quick search and was able to

turn up exactly one more dress in that size. I guess that luck was with

me. Looking at the pricetag, I decided that with the sale prices I was

willing to pay for a duplicate to play with. I went back to wait at the

dressing room, stashing the dress on a nearby rack where I could keep an

eye on it without Katie questioning why I was holding it.

Katie came out of the dressing room and the smaller size definitely fit

better on her. As it was, the dress actually looked pretty sexy on her as

it was, in a wholesome sort of way. Yet I was already trying to judge how

it would look with the lining cut out of it. From a purely legitimate

standpoint, it was a nice dress and Katie looked good in it. The full

length, sleeves, and modest neckline gave the dress a certain

respectability. The sort of thing that I could see her wearing to a church

picnic without any of the matriarchs raising a snit. But without a lining

I could envision being able to see the silhouette of her body through the

material and with the light cream color I wondered if you would be able to

see a shadow of her aureolas and pubic hair through it. If we could strip

the lining out of it I was pretty sure that it would do nicely, mixing

respectability and indecency in just about the right balance.

Katie decided that this dress was the only one that she really liked, not

knowing my evil intentions for its twin, and disappeared into the dressing

room a final time to change back into her street clothes. When she came

back out with the dress in her hand, I was standing there with its twin in

my hand. At first she did not comprehend, thinking that it was the larger

dress and told me that I could put it back on one of the racks. When I

told her that this one was the same size as the one in her hand, I only

confused her further and she told me that she only needed one. I replied

that this one was for me and in the way her eyes lit up I knew that she

had a brief mental picture of me wearing the dress, so I interjected that

she would still be the one wearing it but that it would still be for me.

She held the dress in her hand up a bit to look at it closer as she began

to realize what I was saying.

She commented that the salesgirl was going to look at her a bit strange

when she took two identical dresses up to the counter. I replied that I'd

take the other one to a different register and buy it there and would even

give her the money to buy hers since she was always so willing to indulge

me. I fished a few bills out of my wallet and handed them to her. We went

our separate ways and met up again several minutes later each with our own

matching shopping bag. I told Katie that the salesgirl had even

complemented me on my taste and had said that she was sure that my wife

was going to love the dress. If she only knew my real intentions for it!

We both had a laugh at that.

Altering the dress took some work and Katie ended up borrowing a sewing

machine from her aunt to re-sew the seams after we had carefully cut the

stitching apart to separate the lining. The work we put in just to have

some fun! It did turn out nicely, though. Our seams were all smooth and

you had to actually look closely at them to be able to tell that they were

not original. Doing so was important because we both felt that if the

dress looked "homemade" then it would be fairly obvious that any exposure

was intentional. If the dress looked like it was bought off the rack, then

perhaps Katie did not know how revealing it was?

When it was all finished, Katie put it on and wore it around the house and

outside in the yard just to see how the dress looked and how much you were

actually able to see under different lighting conditions. Some people

would have you believe that a material that is totally opaque and decent

suddenly turns completely transparent in sunlight or some other certain

condition and you could see every detail of the person underneath. I'll

admit that different lighting can make some difference, but I've never

seen a dramatic difference that went from completely discreet to "every

detail" under any normal conditions -- other than getting a fabric wet.

Under moderate lighting, the light cream color and minimal pattern of

Katie's dress only kept her barely discreet. You could not see any detail,

but if you looked you could see a bit of the shadow of her aureolas. The

light color of her pubes combined with the fact that Katie kept them

closely trimmed did not leave much to give a shadow down below, though.

She'd have to wear a black thong to give people the impression that they

were seeing her bush. Backlighting did a nice job of showing off the

silhouette of her legs, but the light and the viewer would have to be

positioned exactly for anyone to see the outline of her nether lips.

Brighter lighting and especially fluorescent lighting did bring out the

contrast of her aureolas through the material. It still was not to the

point that you could really see any detail, but it was fairly obvious that

she wasn't wearing anything else under the dress. The other benefit of

removing the lining was that now there was only one thin layer of fabric

covering her and it draped across her body in a more revealing way than

the two layers had. Most noticeable was the way that Katie's nipples poked

into the thin fabric. We actually switched back and forth between the

altered dress and the original one a few times to see exactly what

differences the lack of a lining made.

Katie did find an excellent way to show off when she stood over one of our

landscape lights in the backyard after dusk. The dress lit up like one of

those oriental paper lanterns, showing off her body quite clearly up to

her waist. The waistline kept the light from traveling any further up her

body under the dress, but if she leaned forward she could get the dress to

fall away from her chest a bit and give some tantalizing illumination up

to the underside of her breasts. So there was a way for the dress to

become completely transparent and show her off in all her glory without

resorting to rain or sprinklers!

For our first trip out with Katie's new dress, we ventured out to the

local town park on a Saturday morning. We briefly discussed the odds of

running into a neighbor or someone else that we knew, but decided that the

odds of that happening were pretty low. Besides, the dress was not totally

lewd and the whole point was to get people's reactions. We agreed that the

dress was not indecent enough to warrant any really slanderous comments

around the neighborhood if she was seen in it.

We parked the car and started out just walking around, holding hands and

talking like any other couple in love. Katie was wearing her dress

(obviously) with a pair of white Keds for a casual look. I was wearing my

usual jeans along with a knit shirt. Katie gives me a certain amount of

grief at times for always wearing long pants. As a kid, I was always

getting into things and scraping up my knees. I ended up always wearing

jeans to give me some protection and it's something that has always stuck

with me. Even on the hottest days it is rare to find me in shorts.

Completing our outfits, we were both wearing sunglasses so that we could

check out other people's reactions a little easier without being

completely obvious.

We strolled down along the treeline, skirting the open area with the ball

fields, tennis courts, and basketball courts. We passed a few other

couples and a number of families as we walked. We got the usual glances,

but nobody really stared and we did not seem to get the hairy eyeball from

anyone. Then again, we did not really come up face to face with anyone

either, so perhaps nobody got a good enough look to be either intrigued or

offended.

We bypassed the main playground area. There were maybe a half dozen

younger kids there with a few parents. We figured that parents might be a

little more protective of their children and take offense with Katie's

outfit. Off to the side a ways were some swings that were being ignored by

the kids, so we wandered over that way and Katie sat down on one of them

and I got behind her to start pushing her gently.

It was probably only about five minutes before a little boy and girl

separated from the other kids and came running over to us, full of

questions. Where were our children? Why was I pushing "the mommy" on the

swing? Where did we live?

A young couple quickly hurried over to "save" us from the inquisition and

apologize to us. Katie laughed and reassured them that it was not a

problem and said how cute they were. Introductions were made and Katie and

Melissa were soon sitting on swings talking while Andrew and I ended up

pushing the kids on the swings.

What was I saying about how women relate?

The women were sitting on their swings facing opposite to the kids so that

they could they could face them and keep an eye on them. That left Andrew

and me facing the women as well. As Katie and Melissa talked and we swung

the kids, I was beginning to think that we had been too conservative with

Katie's dress.

I figured that my fears were realized when I overheard Melissa

complementing Katie on her dress and telling her how much she liked it. I

was saved when she paused for a moment and then giggled, saying that she

was sure that Andrew liked it too. I had not really noticed him looking,

but apparently his wife had caught him.

Katie looked down at herself for a moment, gave a laugh, and told Melissa

that she knew it was a bit revealing but that I had convinced her that it

was not that noticeable.

Melissa laughed at that, saying that Andrew was the same way.

The kids were young enough that I did not notice that they were picking up

on anything that was being said. I think that Andrew felt a bit guilty

about being caught, because he didn't comment and seemed to do his best

not to gawk at Katie anymore. Melissa had seemed to have a sense of humor

about it, so I sort of thought that it was a shame that nothing more was

said.

After awhile the kids decided that they wanted to play on the slide and

the group of them left with hurried good-byes as the kids drug their

parents off to the other side of the playground. Katie and I stayed at the

swings for a bit as I resumed pushing her on her swing before we decided

to move along.

We walked around the park a bit more, getting a few whistles from some

guys playing basketball. Truthfully, I don't think that they got close

enough to really see the full effect. Their loss. Not exactly the most

exciting episode, but it let us know that it was conservative enough that

we could get away with her wearing it in public while still being daring

enough to provoke interest based on Melissa's comments.

Emboldened by our success, we continued on to lunch at a casual place in

town that we both liked. The restaurant was a little more risky in that we

were somewhat captive while we ate. Just a bit more difficult to get out

of the situation if things started going downhill. It did not seem that we

had anything to worry about, though. The waiter was very attentive and

several male patrons around us kept stealing glances her way. Katie kept

her cool, like nothing was out of the ordinary. But I could tell from her

erect nipples that it was turning her on to be so barely covered in

"actual" public as opposed to our usual "restricted access" public. After

lunch, we spent a couple hours window shopping in town. Again, a number of

guys were checking her out but other than some smiles and nods to either

her or me there wasn't much in the way of overt reactions to her outfit.

One salesgirl complemented her on the dress, adding under her breath when

she thought I was not paying attention that she wished that she had the

guts to wear something like that. All in all, I'd say that the day was a

total success.

The only real problem that we were finding with the dress was that there

was no casual way to take things to the next level. With the full length

hem and the high neckline, it was not like she could lift the hem a bit to

show more leg or unbutton a few more buttons to show off a little more

cleavage. It went from what you could see through the dress to her either

pulling the hem up past her waist or unzipping the dress at the back of

her neck and slipping it down off her shoulders to expose her chest. There

really wasn't any in between or casual way to flash a little more.

Although we both knew that these little episodes were no indication of how

things would go, we took them as a positive sign that you could cross the

line of "polite society" and get away with it to some extent. I had talked

to Larry on the phone since the evening that Katie exposed herself to him,

but the subject of what had happened did not come up. We had not had a

chance to get together for a beer and this was more of a topic to be

discussed in person than over the phone. Similarly, Katie and Sharon had

talked a few times on the phone but had not had a chance to get together.

So the four of us were due for a chance to get together for a night out.

Katie and I both knew that we were taking a chance by crossing this line

and spent quite some time talking about whether we wanted to take that

risk. Our final decision was that it wasn't something that we could

continue to ignore but that at the same time we were not going to force

the issue. We would let them know that the possibilities were open, but

they would have to make their own decision to proceed.

Katie gave Sharon a call and set things up. It seemed to always work

better that way. If Larry and I set something up it always seemed that the

women ended up calling each other anyway to work out all the details that

we had glossed over. Larry and me planning on getting together went

something like this:

Me: "Have time for a beer?"

Larry: "Sure. 7:00?"

Me: "Sounds good. Pete's? Wings?"

Larry: "Yep. See you there."

Katie and Sharon's discussion included weather and time of day and how

that affected what they would wear, coordinating what they would wear,

what they were hungry for, three other places that they would like to go

sometime, how the place we were going would affect what they wore, etc.

I'd argue that their time spent planning often exceeded the actual time of

the event itself.

After their conversation, Katie told me that Sharon and Larry seemed

anxious for a chance to get out and said that they would be leaving the

girls overnight with Sharon's mother. The girls always enjoyed their

sleepovers at Grandma's, but it sounded like Sharon wanted to set things

up so that they did not have any deadlines to be back home. I certainly

took that as a good sign!

While waiting for the weekend to arrive, it seemed we spent some part of

each evening discussing where and how things should go. At one point the

question was even raised as to whether the dress was going too far but it

was pretty quickly decided that we at least had to do that much so as to

start the discussion about what possibilities were open. That would be the

icebreaker, so to speak. Knowing Larry and Sharon, I had little doubt that

he had told his wife everything about what had happened the evening that

Katie came out of the shower.

Saturday finally arrived and we did our best to keep ourselves busy

throughout the day -- doing chores around the house and taking care of the

little issues of daily life. Late afternoon we decided that the house

could keep for another day and turned our attentions to getting ready. We

shared a shower and then I left Katie to shave her legs while I got out

and shaved at the sink. We finished our toiletries and then dressed

quickly. Katie did not have much to do in that department -- only slip

into her dress and slip on a pair of shoes. She disappeared back into the

bathroom to do her makeup while I finished up and then went out to the

living room to page through a magazine while she finished.

When Katie came out, she looked fantastic. She is blessed with that

simple, natural beauty that really needs very little accentuation. Truth

be told, I cannot think of many times that Katie does not look fabulous.

She cleans up well and turns heads in her business suits and skirts for

work or in a gown for an evening out. But she can just as easily turn

heads in jeans and a sweatshirt with her hair pulled back in a ponytail

with no makeup while walking the dog or digging in the flowerbeds. She

would say that I am taking it a bit far to say that even when under the

weather she still is a sight to behold, but wrapped up in her terry robe,

a bit pale, and her nose reddened from tissues only makes you want to take

care of her. Me, if I'm sick, any sane person would want to keep their

distance. Preferably a distance far enough that they don't even have to

see me at all. But Katie still takes care of me in such a state.

I stood and gathered her into my arms for a quick kiss and to whisper in

her ear how much I loved her. We gathered our things and left the house. I

didn't ask if there were any ulterior motives, but Katie and Sharon had

ended up deciding on the restaurant where Katie and I had begun this whole

adventure. It was a nice place, but a bit further away so we did not end

up there quite as often as we may have liked. With the distance, I was a

bit surprised that the ladies did not arrange for us to car pool instead

of meeting there. There was a nervous excitement during our drive. Our

small talk was interspersed with quiet moments as each of us drifted into

introspective thoughts about the possibilities of what was going to happen

this evening. As I said, there was some part of nearly every day during

the previous week that we spent talking about things. All the angles had

been discussed and we both knew that this was what we wanted to do.

However, we also both realized that our course of action was not without

its risks.

We reached the restaurant before Larry and Sharon, so I suggested that we

take a walk through the gardens. The evening sun was giving everything

that heavy, warm feeling and the gardens were always beautiful. Unless we

really got into them, we could keep the parking lot in sight and keep an

eye out for Larry and Sharon's car. The evening air was warm, but not

oppressive. I think that it was just what we needed to calm our nerves a

little bit before the moment of truth was upon us. We spent our time

looking at the different plantings for ideas for our own gardens.

I noticed a car pulling into the lot that looked like Larry's and a second

look confirmed that it was the two of them. We headed over towards where

they were parking at a leisurely pace and met up with them as they were

getting out of the car. The usual greetings and hugs were exchanged, but I

happened to notice Sharon taking a step back to size Katie up after giving

her a hug as Katie turned to greet Larry. The sun kept you from seeing

anything in great detail, but you could clearly tell that Katie had

nothing on under the dress. Sharon did not make any comments and did not

seem to be anything but her usual self, but her review of Katie was a bit

more than casual.

We made our way to the entrance and checked in with the hostess. We were

quickly seated at our table and conversation turned to our options for the

evening's meal. The lighting was such that Katie's dress gave vague

shadows of what lay beneath, enough to catch the attention of our waiter

whose eyes seemed to drift to Katie when given the chance. I was not the

only one to catch the waiter's object of attention. Sharon also noted the

effect that Katie's dress had on him. I also noticed a couple other guys

in our vicinity glancing Katie's way and I am sure that Sharon was

noticing this as well.

Other than this, our dinner proceeded about the same as any other time the

four of us got together. We talked about what was going on at our jobs,

how Larry and Sharon's girls were doing, and various other news from daily

life. The meal was good, as always, and after our desserts we paid our

bill and walked out into the evening air. We were in a relaxed, jovial

mood. I didn't just want to end the night there and since it was still

early not to mention the fact that the kids were with the grandparents I

knew that we would end up at one of our houses. Still, I didn't really

feel like just climbing into our cars yet so I suggested that we take a

stroll through the gardens. As evening settled in the paths were lit by

small lights, so it makes for a pleasant, intimate little walk through the

paths. The evening was beautiful and I could see a few other people

wandering around through the gardens, so I wasn't expecting enough privacy

to be able to replay our previous exploits. And in the dim lighting,

Katie's dress did not reveal much.

We wandered back along one of the paths, just enjoying the evening and

looking around at the plantings again. Can you tell that we are gardeners?

As we walked, Katie and Sharon gravitated together ahead of Larry and me

as the four of us split into "girl talk" and "guy talk" conversations. As

we strolled along, there were landscape lights along the path at regular

intervals that kept things illuminated enough to see where you were going,

but not bright like a sidewalk or parking lot in a public space. I wasn't

really thinking about Katie's dress, mainly because with the dim light

there was not much to see. But as we came to a tee intersection in the

paths with a light directly ahead of us at the intersection, I began to

notice the shadows of Katie's legs through her dress as she walked closer

to the light. As she and Sharon drew closer to the light, I was not the

only one to take notice of the view as I heard something halfway between

an intake of breath and a low whistle from Larry. We both just sort of

stopped where we were standing to take in the view as Katie got closer to

the light.

At the intersection, the ladies paused and turned around to see which way

we wanted to go. It caught them slightly off guard to find that we were a

few steps further back than they were expecting and that we were both just

staring at them. They both looked at us, turned to look at each other, and

then turned to look at us once again.

Almost in unison they both asked, "What's up with you guys?"

Larry seemed just a little guilty about being caught and did not say

anything so I made a comment about enjoying the view.

Again, almost in unison, the ladies turned to look behind them. It was as

good as any comedy routine. They looked back to us and then looked at each

other. In the process of all this, they were facing each other, so Katie

was sideways to us and the view was not nearly as good as it had been a

moment earlier.

I knew Katie was just playing along what with her standing over the

landscape light in our backyard before to show me the results. But I was

surprised that Sharon had not caught on to what was going on. She was

playing the perfect straight person in this little comedy routine. Looking

at Katie, she finally took a step back and looked down at Katie's dress as

she realized what the view really was. She took another step back towards

us and Katie turned a bit towards her, allowing the shadows of her legs to

be seen once again. Sharon continued to back up until she was standing

with us, telling Katie that she was most certainly the view. Katie leaned

forward to look down at her legs, pretending to catch on to what was going

on. She moved backwards, closer to the light, and let her legs drift apart

a bit. She looked back up at us and asked if that was any better. You

could clearly see the silhouette of her legs rising up to where they

joined but the angle of the light to her was wrong and you could not see

much detail at the juncture of her legs.

Sharon gave a short laugh and said that you could just about see everything.

"Oh, if you want to see everything then I should go like this," Katie said.

She took a look around us to see if anyone was close. The plantings in the

garden were not high enough to make the paths into a maze, but were high

enough to give some privacy from one area to another. Confirming that

nobody could really see what we were up to, she lifted the hem of her

dress just enough that she could take another step backwards over the

light and then let her dress fall back down. The landscape light was a bit

higher than ours, coming up between her knees. But again her dress was lit

up like a Chinese paper lantern. She had to spread her legs a bit more to

straddle the lamp, which only did a better job of showing her charms. The

light mostly went out to the sides from the lamp, it did not shine

directly up towards her nether region. But her dress caught the light

enough that everything up to her waist was plainly lit. We could all see

neatly trimmed and shaven vulva with her full labia.

I was not sure what exact effect this was having on Larry and Sharon. They

were mute in their observation of my wife. But I knew the effect she was

having on me! Both the sight of her naked beneath her dress as well as the

fact that she was exposing herself to two of our closest friends not to

mention doing it in a fairly public space was definitely causing me to

swell and harden.

Katie broke the silence by asking if this showed her more clearly.

Larry was able to find enough voice to say, "Ummm, yeah, pretty much so."

Sharon added, "Ahh, yep, pretty clearly. Might as well have nothing on at

all."

Again she had stumbled into Katie's setup.

Katie got a slightly lopsided grin and I was sure her eyes were twinkling

as she just said, "Ok."

Picking at the sides of her dress along her thighs, she started to slowly

draw it up her legs. We were all silent as we watched the hem slowly rise

up to expose her calves, her knees, and then more and more of her thighs.

As the dress cleared the lamp, its light glared at us, actually making it

a bit harder for us to see Katie as clearly for a moment. Still, it was

entrancing to watch the hem slowly climb her legs and I wondered how far

she would take this. Our eyes adjusted to the light, though, and we

watched as the material uncovered the tops of her thighs and the juncture

of her legs began to show again below the bunched up material.

The material continued to rise, fully showing her labia and had just

started to rise up the trimmed patch of her pubes when Katie suddenly went

"Whup!" and dropped the hem as she strode back over to us.

As the spell broke, I turned enough to see another couple coming around

behind us. I doubted that they had seen anything and as they passed the

four of us it was pretty much confirmed that they had missed the show as

they only gave pleasant smiles, no sign of wondering what we had been up

to a moment before.

As the couple passed further away, Sharon said under her breath that Katie

was bad, causing Katie to give a little laugh.

She replied that she hoped she had not been too bad and asked for Sharon's

forgiveness.

Sharon told her that it was not a problem.

The spell had been broken, though, and we moved on through the garden as

we talked and looked at the landscaping. I was hoping that Katie would

take the opportunity to expose herself again, but the chance did not

present itself. What she had done was in the spirit of fun. If she had

made another attempt I realized that it would seem forced, like telling

the same joke over again after it had gotten a good laugh the first time.

We walked and talked amongst ourselves for another half hour before Katie

suggested that we get going. When Sharon agreed, Katie immediately asked

if they would have time to come back to our place for a drink or two. We

had wine with our dinner, but not to excess, and the dinner and time in

the gardens had been over the course of a couple hours. Larry and Sharon

accepted our offer and we all headed to our cars.

Once we were in our car, Katie was beaming and asked how she did.

I told her that she was wonderful, that I was only disappointed that she

had to stop when she did. I gave her a kiss and asked her how far she

would have gone if the other couple had not come along when they did.

Her eyes twinkled as she asked me how far I wanted her to go.

I replied that she should have a pretty good idea by now that I wouldn't

be terribly upset if she never had to wear clothes again, but that I

wanted to know how far she would have felt comfortable going at that

moment.

She gave me a smile and said that she was not exactly sure. The practical

side of her had said that she was in a public place, so that part of her

was saying that it would be best to not remove the dress totally. Pull it

up to her armpits at the very most, but be ready to drop it back into

place if anyone came (as she had done). She paused for a moment and then

continued, saying that the truth of the matter was that she was flying on

the moment at the time, just doing what seemed right. The thought had

crossed her mind to pull the dress over her head and continue to walk

through the gardens completely naked. When she first saw the other couple,

this side of her had given her first thought of continuing to lift her

dress and include them in the show. The practical side had argued to not

make a scene and she had chickened out.

I asked her what she had planned for when we got home.

She responded that she was doing her best to not think about it, not plan

anything, just play things as they came and see what felt right at the

moment.

I agreed with her and trusted her judgment. Katie is definitely the more

intuitive one of the two of us when it comes to dealing with people.

Besides that, I also understood where she was coming from. Just as if

making another attempt to expose herself in the gardens would have come

across as forcing the issue, things just had to be played by the moment

tonight. It could not be scripted. If things felt right for her, I had no

doubt that Katie would take advantage of the situation.

Normally, it seems that the trip home never takes as long as the trip

going to someplace. Perhaps because anticipating the arrival makes it seem

like it is taking longer to reach the destination. So even though we were

headed home, the anticipation seemed to draw things out. Despite what

Katie had said about not thinking about what would happen, I know that I

was thinking about it and I'm sure that some thoughts were finding their

way into her head as well. We talked a bit and listened to the radio on

the drive, but I think that we both breathed an internal sigh of relief

when we pulled into our driveway. Both of us are generally patient people,

but that is only when we are able to do something. Sitting around, not

able to do anything, drives both of us crazy to varying degrees.

Larry and Sharon pulled in behind us and we let ourselves into the house.

Katie and Sharon decided that they wanted amaretto sours, so I poured

Larry a beer and mixed up two drinks for the ladies before pouring myself

a beer as well. With our drinks in hand, we settled into the living room.

Larry and Sharon took the loveseat while Katie and I took the armchairs.

The four of us chatted a bit and then once again it was Sharon that

started things off again. At a pause in the conversation she asked Katie

if she could ask her a question.

"Sure," was Katie's immediate response.

Sharon seemed a bit hesitant, but forged ahead. "I'm seeing something new

this evening and I'm not exactly sure that I understand it." She paused,

but Katie did not say anything, just waited for her to continue. The pause

drew out a bit longer. Larry and I were just spectators for the moment.

This was between the ladies. I'm not sure if Sharon expected an answer of

some sort from Katie, but she had not really asked a question yet. Still,

Katie's silence made it more difficult for Sharon to proceed.

Finally, she found her voice again. "Larry had told me about what

happened... What happened when you had come out of the shower the last

time he was over. I really did not think anything about it at the time.

No, well, I would not have thought much about it if it had just been that

he saw you by accident. But he told me everything. He told me that you

took your robe off again and sat there totally naked and continued the

conversation like nothing was out of the ordinary. He did explain that you

asked if I would be offended and only took your robe off after he had said

I would not have a problem. And we've all been friends for so long that I

didn't really have a problem with it. You were just naked. It's not like

anything happened and it's not like he hasn't seen other women naked -- I

mean even after we've been married. So really I had not given it any more

thought recently until tonight... And now you're practically showing

yourself to anyone who will look. It just isn't like you. We've been so

close all these years, friends, almost like sisters at times and tonight

I'm not sure that I know who you are. And I'm just confused..." The words

spilled out of her, picking up speed as she went along until she finally

had them all out. Her shoulders sort of slouched as her voice trailed off

at the end and she stared at Katie for a long moment before looking down

at her drink in her hand.

Katie was up out of her chair in the blink of an eye and kneeling in front

of Sharon, with her hand reaching to Sharon's where she held her drink in

her lap, apologizing for any trouble that was caused by her actions. She

said that she should have realized that it was not fair to leave Sharon

out of the loop, to do these things without talking to Sharon about it

first. That what had happened the evening with Larry was a simple accident

that had turned playful. It had not been a big deal, but to continue

tonight as she had done was a bit brazen.

As Katie continued to talk to her friend, Sharon finally looked up to meet

Katie's eyes and when Katie's words paused she asked, "So, what is all of

this about?"

Katie had moved from kneeling to sitting Indian style while she had talked

to her friend, keeping her hand on Sharon's as she spoke. When Sharon

asked this, she settled back and withdrew her hand to clasp her drink in

both hands in her lap. She looked down at her hands for a moment and took

a deep breath before she began again. She began by asking if Sharon

remembered how we had been having troubles with our relationship and

Sharon nodded.

I know that I bent Larry's ear often enough during those times. Not with

all the sordid details, but when I needed to talk to someone he was there.

I knew that Katie had similarly confided in Sharon. Neither one of us had

really gone into detail about how we turned things around either, just

that we had been doing better. Both of them had made occasional comments

about how we did seem to be doing better and about their relief that

things were working out for us. At times I had felt some guilty twinges

that we never discussed with them any details of how we actually turned

things around and Katie confirmed similar feelings as well. I think that

was one of the many reasons that we found ourselves at this point.

Katie went on to say that she thanked both of them for their support of us

as a couple and that she felt that their encouragement had a lot to do

with us not just writing the relationship off and going our separate ways.

But she admitted that we were both at pretty much of a loss as to what

exactly we could do to turn things around. She proceeded to give a cleaned

up synopsis of our very first adventure, leaving out the part about me

fingering her to orgasm in front of two complete strangers but making it

clear that I had undressed her in front of them and shown her to them. I

could tell that Larry and Sharon were a bit surprised, but they seemed to

accept that we had actually done it even if they could not fully digest

the understanding of how or why it had happened.

Katie went on to tell how that "shock" was what it took to break down some

barriers and actually get us to really start to talk to each other. She

touched on her issues with not feeling particularly sexy and how I had

patiently coaxed her to take her clothes off around the house and then to

expose herself outside when nobody was around to slowly get more used to

her body. She said that I had then encouraged her to expose herself to

carefully selected people in controlled situations in an attempt to show

her that there were other people that did find her attractive and sexy.

Larry and Sharon were both listening to her attentively, not making any

comments. But at that Larry had to interject that he had always thought

that Katie was a hot little number and Sharon quickly elbowed him in the

ribs for his comment. He said, "Hey! Are you implying that Katie isn't

attractive?"

Sharon replied that was not at all what she was implying, but that Larry

should show some respect and listen to her story.

Larry mumbled that he thought he was showing her some respect which only

earned him another poke in the ribs from Sharon. Katie giggled a bit as

she continued her story.

Katie explained that at first she was just humoring me with the nudity and

exposure and that the actual exposure to other people was pretty few and

far between. However, she recognized that I was making the effort to open

up and that she was enjoying how much better we seemed to be relating to

each other. The nudity didn't mean anything to her, but she was willing to

play along since it seemed to mean something to me and I seemed to be more

considerate of her feelings in return. And after awhile she had to admit

that she began to enjoy the freedom of being naked around the house as

well as the feel of the sun and fresh air on her body when she was naked

outside. But then she briefly told about exposing herself to the fishermen

and the mattress salesman and how she began to realize the impact that she

had on their day. Better than sending someone flowers or any other random

gift to just make their day special! She began to look at it a bit

differently after that, she explained. Not that she thought she was

performing community service or anything so virtuous, but just that she

began to see the bright point to their day that she was creating for these

people when she exposed herself to them.

Sharon had a few questions at this point. First she asked how far Katie

had gone.

Katie played a bit dumb and asked what she meant.

A bit embarrassed by what she had asked, Sharon backed up and asked how

much Katie had exposed? Was it just a quick flash? Breasts? Butt? Full

nudity?

Katie gave some more detail about the incident with the fishermen. About

taking off all her clothes and walking down to the shore. Answering

Sharon's further questions she told that it was maybe fifteen or twenty

yards across the inlet, so they probably could not see every detail. That

she had stood there for possibly five or ten minutes, just chatting like

nothing was out of the ordinary.

Sharon pressed further, asking if that was how most of the exposures had

been.

So Katie gave some more detail about the incident with George while we had

been mattress shopping. About asking to test the bed out, about bringing

our own sheets, and about changing into her nightgown. Again, she shied

away from actually telling them that she had brought herself to orgasm in

front of George. But she made it clear enough that he saw everything and

saw it up close enough to leave few questions about her anatomy in his

mind. She was quick to explain that he was the perfect gentleman about it

all and that she came away from the experience with a certain fondness for

him, not thinking of him as a dirty old man or anything.

I had known what Sharon intended with her earlier question about how far

things had gone, obviously we all knew what she was asking. But Katie had

wanted Sharon to actually ask it. I guess to have the courage to actually

say the words.

As open as Katie had been about George, Sharon found the words to ask

somewhat more directly. She asked if it had ever gotten, you know, sexual?

Katie's reply was yes and no. That no, it had never come to physical sex

with another person and that she had no intention on having sex with

strangers. She made it quite clear that she was committed to our

relationship and had no use for casual sex. But that yes, it had been

sexual in the sense that she did not ignore the sexuality of herself in

her actions. It was not like a visit to the doctor's office (I wondered if

she was going to tell that story!) where it was like you weren't supposed

to be attractive to the other person or even thought of in a sexual way.

The way that Katie explained herself seemed to put Sharon at ease.

I'm sure that Sharon did not feel that her next question was as difficult

as the last, but I could tell that it took more fortitude for Katie to

answer it. Sharon asked where all of that left us? Why Katie had chosen to

take things further after accidentally exposing herself to Larry and then

put on the whole show this evening.

Katie paused a bit before she started to explain once again. She began by

saying that first off it was hard to keep all of this a secret from our

closest friends. She could not count the times over the past year and a

half that they had been together and she had wanted to share some story

with Sharon or even just call her up out of the blue to tell her what had

happened. If there was anyone that we could share this part of our lives

with, it was her and Larry. And she said that she did just need someone to

confide in. It was all so wild and wonderful that it was hard not to tell

them, but that she had held back because she was not sure what they would

think of her. What they would think of the both of us for doing this kind

of thing. She told about our last dinner together and how she had

commented afterwards to me on the drive home about how everyone talked

about daily life as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened when

in reality all of this was going on. She refrained from actually telling

them about what had really happened just that day, about being shaved by a

barber and all.

Larry and Sharon were both taking this pretty well for something that does

not often come up in everyday conversation and there was no sense in

taking things to the limits and really blowing their minds. Let them

digest all of this in manageable pieces.

So Sharon wanted to know where things went from here.

That was really an open ended question if there ever was one. I don't know

if she expected Katie to suggest that we all get naked and have an orgy of

epic proportions right there on the living room floor or what.

Actually, Sharon did seem pretty relaxed about things since finding out

that we had not gone completely overboard into casual sex or swinging and

wife swapping or whatever other sinister possibilities had crossed her

mind. But I was not sure if her relaxed attitude was because we had

apparently drawn some lines that she agreed with or whether she had

convinced herself that the lines that we had drawn left them safely on the

other side.

Larry just seemed a bit amused by all that he was hearing and curious as

to where things would lead. I have to admit that I would have been in

about the same position in his place. I would have already seen my best

friend's wife naked once, gotten a few flashes, and from what I had been

hearing, it would be pretty evident that the chances of me seeing her

again would be pretty good.

Katie paused again for a bit before she continued. She had to admit that

she had no illusions that this was a simple matter. She said that due to

our long standing friendship, she had to let them in on our secret. If for

no other reason than that she would ultimately burst if she could not tell

anyone but me. But that having shared it with them, it was not the sort of

thing that you could share in the way that you just asked if someone

wanted to go bowling with you. She hastened to add that she was not

necessarily suggesting that we all go out flashing, although she would

certainly enjoy it if they were willing. More that what she asked of them

was merely understanding and at the very least if they would allow her to

relate some of our experiences to them from time to time in the way that

we always shared things with them. Her face grew solemn and she paused

again. "And I certainly understand that these things do have certain

boundaries. I'd never do or talk about anything in front of your girls.

That just would not be right." Her face softened a bit and she looked from

one to the other of them before asking, "But do you still accept me for

who I am? You don't think that I'm completely out of my skull or anything,

do you?"

It was Larry and Sharon's turn to pause for a bit. Katie continued to look

to one and then the other of them and back again, waiting for their

response.

Sharon finally turned to Larry for a moment before turning back to Katie

and telling her that she did not feel that it changed anything between us.

I could see Katie relax at those words. Sharon continued to say it was a

bit unusual, but that we had been friends for so long and were so close we

were almost family. It wasn't like this was going to scare them off. She

felt that she knew Katie and me well enough that she did not feel that

there was anything malicious or hurtful about what we were doing now that

she had a better understanding of what was going on. She said that she

could not see herself having the courage to just expose herself like Katie

had done (I was disappointed by that statement), but that she certainly

would not mind living vicariously through Katie's actions every now and

then. Turning to Larry, she asked if he disagreed at all.

Larry responded that there were no objections from him, considering that

he was the one who had said that he had not minded seeing Katie naked

accidentally and asked for a better look. That netted him another swat

from Sharon and a laugh from Katie.

Katie leaned forward from where she was sitting and wrapped her arms

around their legs, laying her head along Sharon's knee as she hugged them

and told them she was so relieved that they were not upset with her.

Katie sat back and finished off her drink. I imagined that she was a bit

thirsty after her extended speech. The rest of us had been sipping at our

drinks while she talked, so we were nearing the bottoms of our own

glasses.

As she finished off her own drink, Sharon asked if Katie really felt

comfortable being naked around people. "I mean, you could just take

everything off now and sit around just like we have been for the past

hour?" she asked.

"Well, after everything we've discussed, I have to admit that I would feel

a little self-conscious if I just stood up right now and took my dress

off," was Katie's reply.

Sharon gave a laugh and commented that it seemed strange that Katie would

be embarrassed in front of them in the privacy of our home when she seemed

more than willing to show off out in public earlier, not to mention the

stories that she had just told about showing off to total strangers.

Katie replied that it was not so much embarrassed, but that she would feel

self conscious about baring her body after just baring her soul. Hard to

explain, she said. With that she collected everyone's glasses, asking if

people would like a refill, and headed for the kitchen.

In her absence, Sharon took a few moments to ask me some questions. How I

felt about things? What my opinion was about Katie showing herself off to

other men? Whether I got jealous?

I tried to answer openly and honestly. I said that the changes in Katie

were remarkable and I only loved her more for the strength that she found

in herself to do these things. That this had given her a lot of self

confidence and that in turn really helped our relationship. I said that I

supposed there were moments of jealousy, but that they were short lived

because I had no fears that Katie would be going home with anyone but me.

And that realization turned any jealousy into pride and thankfulness for

having such a wonderful wife.

I should have seen it coming, but when Katie came back with the drinks she

was as naked as the day she was born. Larry just got this grin on his face

that I knew would take awhile to wipe off while Sharon just let out a

brief "Oh, my!" as she first saw Katie but accepted her drink when Katie

handed it to her.

Katie had said that she would have felt uncomfortable just standing up and

taking off her dress in front of them. But it had almost been an

invitation for her to do so. After handing everyone their drinks, she

curled up in her armchair with her own drink. She made no attempt to cover

herself, but sat with her knees to one side and her calves curled back

against her thighs. With clothing, it would have looked completely natural

and to tell the truth her nudity did not necessarily make it seem

unnatural. She was neither making any special attempt to exhibit herself,

nor was she making any effort to conceal herself. It is what I like best

about her, that she can be completely naked and make it seem like it is

the most natural thing.

I think that her disposition set them both at ease, because we all just

found ourselves drifting back into normal conversation. What needed to be

said had been said, the questions had been answered, and Katie's nudity

finalized the discussion. She looked incredible. Her hair and makeup still

perfect from the evening. Her pubes carefully trimmed. I did notice that

her nipples were quite erect, showing that her nudity was at least having

some effect on her. As our conversation ebbed and flowed, Katie gave no

special consideration to her nudity. She did not attempt to cover her

breasts with her arms as she sat. Although she did not sit for any length

of time with her legs spread open, she repositioned herself several times

as she sat to stay comfortable and made no attempt to cover her pussy when

it was exposed. Everyone had ample opportunity to see her charms if she

moved in such a way that it was exposed. Along with her erect nipples, the

way that her nether lips parted told me that she was at least somewhat

wet.

We all talked for quite some time. But the reality of Katie's nudity never

came up in conversation. In a way, it was amazing at how easily Larry and

Sharon just seemed to accept it all.

Finally, well past midnight Larry said that they had best be on their way.

It had become obvious that although everyone was comfortable with Katie's

nudity it was not meant to be that it progressed any further that evening.

Katie collected our glasses and headed to the kitchen with them and I

think all three of us stopped just to watch her little butt wiggle along

its way. When she returned, we all exchanged our usual hugs.

Katie went to hug Sharon first and I caught Sharon's slight hesitation

before putting her arms around Katie. She put her hands at Katie's sides,

low enough to miss her breasts. Then as Katie wrapped her arms around

Sharon, she relaxed a bit and let her hands slide around Katie's back to

hold her more fully.

Katie asked if anything was wrong and Sharon replied that it was the first

time she had hugged a naked woman.

"Just wait until we are both naked!" was Katie's reply and they both

laughed.

Katie drew away and tilting her head to Larry, asked Sharon if she minded.

Sharon said no, of course not, so Katie plastered herself against Larry as

he wrapped her in his arms.

After a moment's look, Sharon came into my arms as we exchanged our hugs.

"Guess you lose out a bit tonight," she said in my ear.

"Well, maybe next time," was my reply.

Looking over Sharon's shoulder, I saw Larry's hands drift a bit lower to

caress Katie's butt as he held her.

We all separated and walked Larry and Sharon to the door. Katie hit the

lightswitch, turning the interior lights off as I opened the door for them.

"Shouldn't get the neighbors worked up too much," she said as she walked

with the rest of us out into the dark of the front porch.

Without the lights on in the house, she was pretty safe from any of the

neighbors seeing anything. Still, it surprised me a bit that she was being

so bold as to go out on our front porch totally naked.

As I shook Larry's hand, he said we'd have to get together again soon and

Sharon agreed.

They walked out to their car and Larry opened Sharon's door for her and

closed it once she was in. He walked around to his side and got in and

started the car. As he backed out into the street, he flipped the

headlights on and they washed across both of us.

Katie did not even flinch as we stood and waved good-bye to them. We were

only in the light for a few seconds, but if any of the neighbors had been

attracted by the sound of our voices and happened to look at their window

to see what was going on, they would have been treated to quite a sight of

Katie standing butt naked outside enthusiastically waving her good-byes!

As their car pulled out of sight, we turned and headed back indoors. It

had been quite a night. I locked the door and followed Katie into the

bedroom. She slid between the covers of the bed and I quickly removed my

own clothes and followed her under the covers as well.

"So, where do you think all of this will take us?" I asked.

"We will just have to see," was her reply as she slipped into my arms.

**Exposing Katie 014**

The next morning dawned overcast and rainy. That seemed like more than

enough reason for us to pull the covers up around us and stay in bed. That

Katie had her naked little body snuggled against my equally naked body

only increased the reasons exponentially. Finally, it had been quite late

by the time Larry and Sharon had gone home, leaving us both tired and

Katie emotionally drained from all that had happened over the course of

the evening. We had snuggled up together and quickly drifted off to sleep,

too tired to fool around. That only served to make me that much more aware

of Katie's body pressed against mine when I woke.

I lay there, quiet and still, listening to Katie breathe and just enjoying

her body next to mine. She stirred after awhile and caught me watching

her. She gave me a sleepy smile and asked what I was looking at. I smiled

back at her and told her I was just looking at the most beautiful woman in

the world. She grinned at me and shifted to look behind her, asking where?

I laughed and grabbed her, pulling her on top of me and giving her a kiss.

My hands roamed up and down the sides of her body as our kisses became

more passionate. My hands slid down to cup her ass and I grabbed a cheek

in each hand and gave her a good squeeze.

"Careful!" she said. "No damaging the goods unless you plan to buy them!"

"Oh, I can buy them, can I?" I asked. "Does that mean that they are then

mine to do as I please?" And I gave her cheeks another good healthy

squeeze.

"Yep, yours to do with as you please," she replied.

I ran a finger down between her cheeks and worked it between her lips,

finding her pussy already starting to moisten. With my other hand I cupped

her ass to pull her up my body a bit more so that I could reach her a bit

better. With her repositioned, I probed my finger down along her slit

further until I could feel the nub of her clit. I felt the jerk go through

her body as I touched it. Gently I rubbed at it with the tip of my finger

as I used my other hand to caress her ass cheek. Drawing my finger back

away from her clit, I could feel that she was getting wetter.

We began to kiss again as I probed her pussy with my fingers and rubbed

her ass. I was beginning to rise to the occasion. She felt me against her

leg and broke from my grasp to wiggle her way down my body. She pushed

herself up with her hands on my chest and scooted around so that my member

was poking out between the cleft at the top of her legs. Slowly she drew

her wet nether lips back and forth along my rod, coaxing it to attention.

She took the head of it in her hand, pulling it up from where it lay

against my body so that she could rub herself on it better. I lay back and

just watched her. Sliding her hand down further along my length, she got

up on her knees and rubbed my head between her lips and against her clit.

I could feel her warm wetness against me and then the slight cool feeling

of the air as I was exposed again.

I love watching as I enter her and she soon obliged me, rising up a bit

more on her knees and wiping my head back and forth along her seam before

slowly settling down onto me. She leaned back down to me and I took her in

my arms as she laid her head against my chest. We lay like that for a few

minutes, just taking in the sensation of being joined. I ran my fingers

lightly down across her back and caressed her butt as we lay like that.

In time she raised herself back up and with her hands on my chest for

balance, she looked down as she raised herself off of me slowly. I fluffed

up the pillow beneath my head so that we could both watch as I slid out of

her, slick with her juices. Just as the ridge of my head showed at the rim

of her pussy, she changed direction and sank back down onto me until she

ground herself against me.

She always said that she loved the feeling of me filling her, loved how

she could feel me pulse inside of her with my heartbeat. She paused like

that for a few moments, her head hung down so that she could see our

juncture. Then she rose again, exposing my glistening member slowly to the

air and light.

She had just begun to sink back down upon my shaft when the doorbell rang.

Her head snapped up to look at me as I just said "Damn" under my breath.

"Maybe they'll go away if they think nobody is here," I said. Then I

remembered that we had not put the car in the garage when we had come home

the night before with Larry and Sharon. Our detached garage is behind the

house, so sometimes we just leave the car in the driveway beside the

house. That meant that it was somewhat obvious that somebody was at home

unless we had gone out for a walk. The rainy weather pretty much confirmed

that was probably not the case.

She hung like that for a moment, just a bit more than the head of me

inside of her, until the doorbell rang a second time.

"I guess I'll go check," she said as she pulled off of me. My penis

slapped down onto my stomach with a wet sound as it freed itself from her

pussy. She grabbed a robe from the closet, not the terry cloth one but a

cream colored one that reached her knees. She pulled it on as she

disappeared out the door, pulling it nearly shut behind her.

I lay on my back on the bed for a moment, just staring down at myself as

my erection faded away. Although it was not quite a puddle, there was a

wet spot across my lower abdomen and my penis and scrotum was wet as well.

I should have asked her to grab me a towel before she went to check on our

visitor. Hopefully whoever it was would quickly be sent on their way and

we could pick up where we left off.

I could hear some voices, but could not make anything out to let me know

who was there. I felt a bit silly laying there like that. The covers were

across my legs, but from about mid-thigh on up I was exposed. My erection

had pretty much left me and the little guy seemed almost pitiful as he lay

there all wet and wrinkled.

I was trying to decide whether to wipe myself off with a T-shirt from the

laundry hamper and put my robe on or whether there was still some chance

that Katie would be back to pick up where we left off when I noticed that

the voices were getting closer. Damn! Not only that Katie had invited the

person (persons?) in but she was coming this way for some reason. Katie

was talking when they came to the door, so I had no idea who was with her.

I drew the covers back up over me. Katie could wash them if she complained

about the mess. I wouldn't have had to pull them up if she wasn't giving

tours of our bedroom to people on Sunday mornings!

A moment later she pushed the door open and came walking in with someone

behind her. It took a moment for her to move to the side before I could

see that it was Sharon following her.

Sharon gave me a smile and said, "Still in bed, sleepyhead?"

"Umm, yah," I said. "Rainy Sunday morning and all. Wasn't expecting to

have to get out of bed quite so early."

Katie sat down on the corner of the bed and drew one leg up under her. She

patted the bed beside her, motioning for Sharon to sit down as well. Ok,

this was a bit of a turn of events. Anyone else want to come in and sit on

the bed with the naked guy under the covers? The covers were up across my

chest, but my arms and shoulders were out so Sharon could see that I did

not have a shirt on. Perhaps she thought I was just sleeping in shorts or

pajama bottoms, not realizing that I didn't have anything on.

"So, what's up," I asked, doing my best to seem natural about the

situation.

"Well, I just had to stop by to talk to Katie," Sharon said. "I kept Larry

up half the night with questions and he finally sent me back over here

this morning to talk to Katie."

Considering that we had been up half the night with them, I wondered if

Larry had gotten any sleep. I guess that Katie and I had been doing this

long enough that what happened last night was not a complete culture

shock, but for Sharon and Larry I could see that it was not the sort of

thing that you could just go home and not think about.

"So, I hope we are not in too much trouble," I said.

"No, not in trouble," Sharon said. "I just kept thinking about things and

had to come back over and talk to Katie. I was going to ask if she wanted

to go out for a cup of coffee or something."

Everyone spent a few moments looking back and forth to each other.

Finally, Sharon asked if I planned to stay in bed all day. I thought that

was sort of forward for someone to barge into your bedroom on a Sunday

morning and then start criticizing you on top of it. I started to say,

"Ummm, well..."

Katie broke in and simply stated, "He doesn't have anything on." Her eyes

twinkled with mischief.

"Oh, I see..." Sharon replied, raising her eyebrows.

"You want to see?" Katie asked with a devilish grin.

I will never know if Sharon is naturally just the perfect straight person,

whether these two have some unspoken way that they communicate, or how

many of these "coincidences" are planned ahead of time. Whatever the case,

it seems that things are often taken to the next level when Sharon makes

some innocent comment that Katie twists slightly into something a little

more lewd.

Sharon acted a bit shocked by the suggestion, but when I started to object

Katie cut me off by saying that I certainly had more than enough fun

showing her off and that now it was her turn for a change. That also

quieted any protest from Sharon as well. It did seem only fair if even for

what had happened the evening before without considering all the other

times I had talked Katie out of her clothes. Although, everything the

evening before had been her own doing. It could be argued that she had

shown herself off without any urging from me. Still, it was hard to

complain if she decided that she wanted a chance to play.

I lifted my arms off of the covers and allowed Katie to start to draw them

down. She paused for effect for a moment as she reached my lower abdomen,

then drew the covers down the rest of the way to expose me. I wish that I

could say that I had a raging hard-on to show off, but things had really

happened too quickly for me to get excited at the thought that Sharon was

going to see me. I was not completely deflated, but was the little guy was

still laying there limply against my abdomen. Things had dried up a bit,

but the sticky remains of Katie's juices were still pretty obvious. Sharon

took it all in for a long moment before it dawned on her that she caught

us in the middle of something.

Sharon brought her hands up to cover her mouth as she sucked in a breath.

"Oh! God! I'm sorry. I... Oh, God! I didn't know I... I mean... Oh, God!

I'm so sorry... You were... Oh, God!" Sharon was completely flustered,

just babbling. She kept raising her hands to cover her eyes, but then let

them drop a second later as she was drawn back to look like not being able

to help yourself as you are passing an accident.

Katie flipped the covers back up to cover me and simply said, "Whoops!

Should have cleaned up cleaned things up." She got off the bed and headed

for the bathroom, leaving Sharon sitting on the edge of the bed with me.

Sharon sat there quietly until Katie came back into the room a moment

later with a warm washcloth. She pulled the covers down again and quickly

wiped the remains of our lovemaking up. Once finished, she flipped the

covers back up to cover me and went back down the hall to deposit the

washcloth in the bathroom. She was soon back.

Sharon started to babble again, apologizing for interrupting us and saying

that she did not know. Katie quickly cut her off.

"So we were having a little morning play," Katie said. "Now we can just

have a different sort of play."

Sharon tried to continue her apology, but Katie just shushed her.

"As I said, as many times as Tom has exposed me I am looking forward to my

chance to expose him. You ok with that?" she asked Sharon.

Sharon took a bit of a breath and then slowly nodded. I had been a bit

worried that this was going to completely kill the mood. Sharon had been a

bit nervous when Katie first suggested exposing me and I think that the

evidence of our recent play just made things a bit too real for her to

deal with. I did not want to push her too far and have this be the end of

the possibility of any future play, but she seemed to have calmed down and

I trusted Katie's intuition about how to proceed.

Katie lifted her hand back to the edge of the covers and after looking

once again for Sharon's consent, slowly but steadily pulled them down to

uncover me. Sharon's reaction had spoiled the mood for me a bit as well

and I was pretty limp at this point. Not to the extent of the so-called

"cold water shrinkage" but definitely not in any state to impress anyone.

Katie picked up on that as well and commented that I certainly was not

doing anything to impress Sharon. Her hand moved to brush against me. She

rubbed the backs of her fingers along my length and then turned her hand

over to run her fingertips down along my shaft. At the base, she shifted

to run her palm down across my scrotum and then back up to wrap her hand

around the base of my member. She gave it a bit of a squeeze as her

attentions were causing me to come to life again.

Sharon watched the movement of Katie's hand in silence, but I could tell

that she was overcoming her earlier discomfort. With Katie's touch, I was

starting to swell to the occasion once again. Slowly at first, but as I

started to harden Katie wrapped her hand around me and pumped back and

forth to quickly bring me to full attention. She again lightly traced her

fingers along my shaft and used the palm of her hand to caress my balls.

She pulled my member away from my abdomen, letting it stick straight up

into the air, and remarked that this was the way she liked to see it. She

gripped me about mid-shaft, her grasp surprisingly strong for her little

hand. First she pulled downward, stretching the skin and making my head

swell and the veins stand out until the skin was near shiny. Then she

reversed her direction and pulled the loose skin up until it nearly

enclosed the head. A moments pause and then she pulled downward again,

stretching the skin and swelling the head once again as it strained

against her pull.

Grasping the base of my manhood, she used her other hand to lightly caress

its head. I was getting pretty worked up by her attentions and let my eyes

close as I let out a moan. She continued to rub the head of my shaft and

especially the ridge of it. As Katie worked on me, I suddenly felt another

hand on my thigh. I only allowed my eyes to open slightly and saw Sharon

watching intently, her hand absentmindedly on my leg. I don't think that

she consciously decided to touch me but was merely getting caught up in

things. I let my eyes close again and just enjoyed the feeling of being

touched.

Katie must have noticed Sharon's hand, because I heard her murmur her

ascent to Sharon. The hand on my leg quickly withdrew which only provoked

Katie to encourage her further. Again I felt the hand on my leg,

tentatively at first and then gaining some confidence as she rubbed

cautiously at my leg. More encouragement from Katie and I felt the hand

drift higher up my leg.

Katie had been grasping the base of my shaft with one hand to pull the

loose skin taut and lightly stroking her other hand over the head of my

shaft, encircling it with her fingers. The hand at my head disappeared and

again I heard Katie's encouragement. The other hand at my leg disappeared

for a moment or two, more encouragement from Katie, and then I felt a

light grasp around the head of my shaft once again. The grasp had a

decidedly different feel to it, not just in pressure but also in the

temperature of the hand (a bit cooler) and the shape and feel of the hand

itself.

I risked opening my eyes slightly again and was rewarded with the sight of

Sharon grasping my cock. At first she just grasped it lightly around the

head, almost unsure of what to do. Katie still clenched the base of my

shaft and I soon felt her other hand begin to massage my scrotum. I let my

eyes drift closed once again and just concentrated on the feel of their

touch.

Katie found one of my testicles and grasped it gently, rubbing over it

with her thumb. It caused me to shiver slightly and I could feel the head

of my shaft throb slightly in Sharon's hand. She felt it to and

involuntarily gripped me a bit tighter. Once again encouragement from

Katie and I began to feel Sharon's hand move to caress my head. Another

hand was on my leg again and I could picture Sharon touching me.

Katie was gently massaging my testicle, first one and then the other, and

I could feel the pressure building within me. Sharon was becoming more

confident, sliding her hand down my shaft and then back up and over the

ridge of my head. She'd stop and then run her thumb back and forth over

the ridge as she held the head in her hand and felt it swell against her

palm.

I could not help myself and gently bucked my hips against her hand. She

paused for a moment and then resumed her pumping with her hand. As her

motions gained aggressiveness, I could feel the pressure building within

me and bucked against her hand more. Katie's hand found both my testicles

and grasped them, gently squeezing them together. I let out a long breath

as I felt my climax coming. Sharon pumped away at me until she felt my

member begin to throb. She grasped it with both hands and pointed it

straight up.

I had to watch and opened my eyes to watch my first shot of cum spurt up

and then fall back onto my head and down onto Sharon's hands where they

encircled my shaft just below the head. As further shots oozed down over

myself and her hands, she held my shaft with one hand and used the palm of

her other hand to rub my cum into the head of my penis. Its sensitivity

triggered more spasms as she did this and her grip around my shaft

tightened as though relishing in the feel of my member throbbing in her

hands.

As my spasms subsided, she slid the hand around my shaft down towards its

base, displacing Katie's hand. Sharon used her other hand to slowly pump

up and down my shaft with a light touch to cover the length of it in my

own juices. Katie's other hand disappeared from my scrotum and I heard her

say that she'd be back with a washcloth. While she was gone, Sharon

continued to rub my cum along the length of my shaft. Only when Katie came

back did her hands leave me, to be replaced with a warm washcloth as Katie

cleaned me up. Opening my eyes, I saw Sharon disappearing out the doorway.

No doubt headed for the bathroom to clean herself up. My eyes found

Katie's and I was somewhat amazed at the way that they sparkled. Katie was

definitely enjoying herself!

She leaned in to me and I kissed her. She finished up with the washcloth

as I told her that I loved her. She gave me a big smile and pulled the

covers over me once again as she headed for the door with the washcloth.

She passed Sharon at the door. Sharon stood there in the doorway, looking

a bit timid once again. I motioned for her to have a seat on the bed again

and she complied. Katie was soon back and she took her seat on the bed as

well.

"So, what was it you came over here for?" Katie asked with a giggle.

"Ummm... Wanted to talk to you a bit," was Sharon's reply. "But I guess I

got a bit more than I bargained for. Huh?"

"So, what do you want to talk about?" Katie asked.

"Actually, I was hoping to talk to you alone a bit..." Sharon answered.

I shook my head. "Sure, just take advantage of a guy and then just treat

him like he isn't important," I said.

Katie slapped my leg through the covers and laughed. "Oh, don't complain

there buster. You just got more than most men could ever dream of. You're

probably ready for a nap anyway." To Sharon she said, "Give me a moment

and I'll throw some clothes on. We can leave this complainer here and go

get a cup of something at the coffee shop."

"Yep, that's how these women are." I said to no one in particular. "Love

them and leave them. Not so much a kiss goodbye."

Both women giggled a bit but first Katie and then Sharon gave me a quick

kiss. I lay there in bed as they got up. Sharon went to the door to give

Katie some privacy to change, but Katie had already dropped her robe and

headed to her closet totally naked. I noticed that Sharon saw Katie, but

she just kept going and headed out to the living room to wait.

Katie quickly pulled some clothes on and came back over to me to give me a

kiss before leaving. She had not put on a bra so I took the opportunity to

cup her breast and tweak her nipple as she bent down to me. She told me to

behave myself and that she would be back soon.

I lay in bed for awhile longer, just enjoying what had happened. Finally I

got up, pulled on my own robe and headed for the kitchen to find some

breakfast for myself. I could tell that things were most likely going to

get interesting around here.

**Exposing Katie 015**

Our most recent adventure, that involving Sharon interrupting our Sunday

morning play, had been spontaneous and unexpected. I loved how Katie and I

were getting to the point where we could just go with the flow and know

pretty much what the other's thoughts were about what was happening. There

was no jealousy nor was there a fear that the other was jealous. In a lot

of ways, it felt good that Katie was just as quick to expose me as I was

to expose her. Letting Sharon masturbate me was a bit more than I could

have expected considering that we had a rule against people touching Katie

during our adventures, but Larry had hugged Katie on two occasions that

she was completely naked and gotten in some good fondling. Believe me, it

wasn't something that I was going to argue about!

But as I waited for Katie's and Sharon's return I began to have a few

fears. Not about anything between Katie and me, but I began to second

guess Sharon's reaction to things. She had started out excited by the

temptation of seeing me naked, but when she realized that she had caught

us in the middle of sexual play it had unnerved her quite a bit. I guess

that just seeing me naked could be seen on a non-sexual level, but seeing

the remains of our sex had crossed that line. She had regained her

composure and seemed to get into things, but was somewhat quiet and

withdrawn after I had climaxed. Perhaps a bit embarrassed by her obvious

enjoyment of what had happened?

I trusted Katie and her judgment, but had to admit that I was a bit

concerned that we had moved too quickly with Sharon. I did not want to

have everything fall apart before anything had a chance to even happen.

When Sharon just dropped Katie off without coming in, I was almost

convinced that we had gone too far. Katie quickly put my mind to ease,

though. She said that she and Sharon had a good discussion and that Sharon

only had to get back to her family and had said to be sure to say hello to

me and give me a kiss for her.

I think that what Katie had to learn most in all of this was to trust me

not to treat her as badly as others had done in her past. For me, I think

that what I had to learn most was to trust Katie's judgment when it came

to dealing with others. She definitely has a lot more skill in dealing

with people than I do. And I think that her skill has only gotten better

as she has come to see through my actions that not everyone was out to

harm her in some way. If only I could learn to quiet my own inner fears as

well as Katie has done with hers.

We talked a bit about her conversation with Sharon, but I got the

impression that there was a certain amount of "girl talk" that I just

wasn't going to hear about. That was fine. I knew that Katie would tell me

anything that was really important. She did mention that Sharon had been

interested to hear about our adventures with exhibitionism. Although Katie

told how Sharon kept saying that she could never do anything like that

herself, Katie thought that Sharon was just a little too interested to be

able to turn around and casually forget about doing such things. I

couldn't help but wonder whether anyone else in the coffee-shop had gotten

an earful of their conversation. I'm sure that Katie was discreet in her

storytelling, but I could imagine that as she got into the excitement of a

story her voice would rise and she would not have been paying as close

attention to her surroundings.

The rainy day did put a bit of a damper on our activities for the day. We

took some time taking care of the usual household chores and then settled

down to read the Sunday paper together. When Katie and Sharon had left for

the coffee-shop, Katie had just thrown on some clothes. She had grabbed a

pair of jeans and one of her button down Oxford cloth shirts, leaving the

shirt unbuttoned to a point between her breasts. The shirt fit snugly

enough that it did not gape open to show off her breasts, but it did show

off skin from her neck down across the flat of her chest. I think that the

look is a great tease. Not really showing anything she shouldn't be, but

pretty obvious that she is not wearing a bra and that only a couple

buttons are between decency and having her breasts exposed.

Once she was home again and we had started in on the household chores, it

was not long before another button or two was released from its bonds.

Katie knows how much I love to just look at her and is sure to humor my

desires. For the most part she was still covered, but as she was cleaning

her movements would often give me a view of a breast peeking out from her

shirt. I've gone on about how much I love to just see Katie fully naked,

but I have to admit that getting a "peek" of her nakedness has a certain

thrill to it of seeing something forbidden even after all the years that

we have been married. I love watching her from bare naked to wrapped

completely in a winter parka with her face barely showing and everything

in between!

Our chores and the Sunday paper only got us to about mid-afternoon. By the

time that we sat down to the paper, another button or two had become

undone. So her breasts were both on display at times. That seemed to make

the dreary state of world affairs somewhat easier to take. But with the

paper finished, we were once again at a loss for activities. The weather

did not have either of us in the mood to go out someplace. It just seemed

like a day to stay holed up inside. We could not seem to hit on anything

that we wanted to do.

Nothing interesting was on television, neither of us had a good book we

were reading, we were not in the mood for watching one of the movies we

had. It was just one of those times when absolutely nothing seemed

interesting. Of course, boredom is the devil's playground as they say.

Katie's teasing through the morning had definitely set the stage for

continued games, but it was more of a playful mood than just heading off

for a romp in the bedroom. If the weather had been warmer, I could have

possibly convinced Katie to play naked in the rain in some secluded spot.

But the day was dour enough that doing so just did not seem appealing. I

think that it was the combination of the playful mood and the desire for a

more pleasant day that got my mind to thinking.

I suppose that a little back-story is required at this point. This was

after the point a few years ago that the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue

came out with the body-painted swimsuits. I had bought both the magazine

and the calendar that came out afterwards. After the year was over, I took

the calendar down but kept the two of them together on my bookshelf. One

day Katie came across them and pulled them out to look at them again.

She commented about how that took the term "painted on clothing" to a

whole new level and questioned whether it was art, whether in and of

itself it was something that turned people on, or whether it was mostly

just an attempt by Sports Illustrated to push the boundaries by really

having naked models while attempting to maintain the guise of showing

swim-wear. She pointed out that they included all the information on the

swimsuits that were used for reference as though it was all about showing

off the swim-wear, which to her only confirmed that they were doing their

best to sidestep the issue of the models being naked. "Thou protesteth too

much!" and all of that.

Her question about whether the body-paint in itself was a turn-on led to

me telling her a story about how back in grade school I saw one of my

father's Playboy magazines that had a pictorial of Veruschka in

body-paint. Some of the designs were abstract, but a number of the photos

were of her with "painted" clothes on. If you looked at it from a

distance, it just looked like she was fully clothed. Only upon looking

closer could you see that she was really naked. One image that I can

picture clearly to this day was of her painted up as a gangster with a

dark jacket, white shirt, and red tie. The only physical props she had

were a gun, fedora hat, and a cigarette. Everything else was paint. The

pictorial left a definite impression on my young mind and the idea of a

woman with "painted" clothes has always been a turn-on for me.

Katie always (even to this day) gets this funny smile on her face when I

start going on about something from my past that she has never heard about

before. We have known each other for over fifteen years now and she sort

of thinks she knows me better than I do myself at times. Much of the time

I have to admit that she actually does know me pretty well. Then something

like this comes up and she cannot believe that she has never seen this

particular side to me.

At first, she could not quite understand why a naked person that looked

like they had clothes on was a turn-on for me. This led to another story,

about how my one roommate in college maintained that nobody paid any

attention to greetings. He set out to prove this at his evening job at a

fast food place. He was getting sort of tired of the job anyway, so he was

not too concerned about the consequences. He was required to say to each

customer, "Welcome to ---, may I take your order?" He changed this to,

"Welcome to ---, may I fuck your daughter?" A bit forward of him if you

ask me, but his point was that they sort of sounded the same if you said

them quickly. In any case, he did this for a week without one person

actually hearing what he was really saying. He finally gave up on his

little game, mainly because he got bored with it. So two slightly weird

stories from my past in one evening had Katie considering that I was more

of a lunatic than she had ever previously thought.

So I tried to explain further. Have you ever noticed that you usually only

serve to dig a deeper hole for yourself the more you try to explain

something? I told her that it often seems like a majority of the

population operates on auto-pilot, never bothering to look beyond their

definition of what is normal. Although some people take delight in

blatantly crossing those boundaries and getting in people's faces,

sometimes there can be a lot of fun in crossing the boundaries more

covertly and seeing what you can get away with. So the body painting was a

human trompe l'oeil of sorts. Luck was on my side and the light finally

dawned for Katie and I knew that I had explained myself to her.

This discussion led to us searching the internet for pictures of body

painting and nudity and we ended up finding a lot of pictures of Fantasy

Fest in Key West. We had seen pictures of Mardi Gras before, but after

seeing a few women flashing their tits for beads you've pretty much seen

all there is to see. Only the sizes and shapes change. Fantasy Fest

intrigued us both, though.

I guess that it was a combination of the accepted partial or full nudity

instead of just merely flashing coupled with the creativity of the

body-painting that appealed to us both. We each have our artistic

interests and we were amazed at the detail involved in some of the

designs. I'm not sure which one of us was more interested in the full body

paint costumes. The idea of a woman being completely naked except for

paint had quickly become a real turn-on for both of us. We downloaded a

number of the pictures and brought them up a couple times to talk about

them since first seeing them.

You can see that my fetish for body paint has a long history. Now it began

to work in my mind that it also had the potential to provide the

possibilities toward achieving my other fetish of having Katie completely

naked in public. I think that is much of the reason that I found myself

drawn to the images of painted clothes in particular and also why I like

my term of "human trompe l'oeil" so much in referring to such body paint

-- that by "misleading the eye" the wearer is allowed some secret freedom.

We've actually found a few related experiences where people that were

fully naked except for body-paint at Fantasy Fest or similar venues

received less attention than people in revealing clothes that still had

all the important parts completely covered. People just did not realize

what they were really seeing.

So, getting back to the story, the playful mood and the wish for warmer

weather combined to remind me of Fantasy Fest in sunny Key West. We had

never quite gotten to the point of discussing actually doing any paint

work ourselves, but this rainy afternoon seemed like the perfect

opportunity to put it to a test. I excused myself for a moment and went

into my study where I pulled out my set of acrylic paints. It has been

years since I have actually done any painting with them, but I keep

meaning to make some time for it again. This was not exactly the use that

I had been meaning to put them to, but it would work. I rifled through

them a bit and turned up a few colors that I thought might look good. A

tube of black, one of white, alizarin crimson caught my eye, hookers green

just begged to be used, and I finished off with a tube of hansa orange. I

grabbed a couple brushes and set everything on my palette to take out to

the living room.

At the doorway I told Katie to close her eyes for a moment and finish

unbuttoning her shirt. She sat there smiling with her eyes closed as she

did as I instructed. I don't think that she could have imagined what I was

up to, but I guess that she had decided that whatever I had thought up

would be better than sitting around bored for the rest of a rainy Sunday

afternoon.

When she was ready, I came into the room and knelt on the floor in front

of her. I put my supplies down on the floor and decided to start with some

white. I squeezed a bit onto the palette and ended up deciding to forgo

the brush. First I pulled her shirt down off her shoulders to make sure

that it would stay out of the way and then I dipped my finger into the

paint and raised it to the naked canvas in front of me. I paused for a

moment, trying to decide what I was going to attempt to paint on her. I

finally decided to just go with something abstract. I raised my finger

towards her shoulder and drew my finger down along her breast just to the

outside of her nipple and continued down towards her belly in a bit of a

sweeping curve until the paint ran out. She had flinched slightly when I

first touched her from the coolness and slippery feel of the paint. She

knew something was up, but I wasn't sure if she knew what I was doing yet.

I dabbed my finger into the paint again and mirrored my first stroke down

the other side of her. I squeezed out a bit more paint and decided to try

a brush. I loaded it up pretty good and worked on filling in what I had

started with my fingers. I think that the brush tipped her off to what I

was doing, but she continued to sit there patiently with her eyes closed.

I squeezed out some crimson and used a second brush to paint in two

crescents across her breasts and over her nipples. Imagine sort of a

v-neckline in white with cups of red across her breasts. I realized that I

needed something to wash my brushes out in, so I told Katie to stay put

for a moment and I would be right back. I dashed to the kitchen and

quickly filled a jar with some water. When I returned, Katie was still

sitting there with her eyes closed and a grin on her face. I don't know if

she had peeked, but she seemed to definitely be enjoying what was

happening to her.

I dipped the brush in my jar of water to rinse it out and loaded the brush

up with black paint. I touched my brush to Katie's nipple and could see

the shiver run through her body as she reacted to the cool slime of the

paint. I carefully painted just her nipple so that it would contrast

starkly from the rest of her crimson colored breast.

The tremors that passed through her body as I concentrated on getting my

paint-job just right told me of the effect that I was having on her. To

her credit, she kept her eyes closed (at least I did not catch her

peeking) and held relatively still so that I managed to get her first

nipple painted. I started in on her other nipple and could tell that she

was really having to hold back from the sensations that I was imparting to

her sensitive spots. I got her second nipple about halfway painted when

Katie finally could not keep her silence any longer.

"Umm... I can pretty much tell BASICALLY what you are doing to me, but

what EXACTLY are you trying to do to me?" she asked.

Playing naive, I said, "Oh, nothing much. Just painting your beautiful

body."

"Any particular reason you may be doing this?" she asked.

I explained that I had been thinking about the Sports Illustrated calendar

and the Fantasy Fest pictures that we had seen and just thought that I

would try my hand at it. By this point I was nearly finished with her

nipple.

"So, am I going to get to see this masterpiece?" she asked.

"Of course, dear," I answered.

There was a bit of a pause. Then she asked, "Nothing else going on?"

"I don't think so. Why?" I asked.

"Ummm... Well, you're doing a damn good job of getting me all hot and

bothered with the way that you are playing with my nipples there," she

said.

I finished up with my painting and told her that she could take a look.

She opened her eyes and looked down at herself then asked if she could go

look in the mirror. With my permission, I followed her into the bedroom so

that she could stand in front of the full-length mirror.

She looked at herself for awhile, turning a bit to look at her breasts

from different angles. Then she turned to me and asked what was next.

I said, "I don't know, what would you like to do next?"

"Do you plan to paint any more of me, or is that it for now?" she asked.

"Well, to paint any more you'd have to take the rest of your clothes off."

I told her.

"That could certainly be arranged. But I do think that it would only be

fair that you removed some clothing too, mister, and that I got to paint

on you as well," she said.

That definitely was not an argument that I was going to have with the

lady, so we both quickly stripped. Katie went to the closet and came back

with some old towels, which she laid out on the floor of the living room

so that we would not have to worry about any accidents. I got the rest of

my paints from the study and we both sat down on the floor. It worked

better to take turns painting. With both of us trying to paint at the same

time, we'd invariably end up moving at just the wrong moment and messing

up the other person.

We lost track of time a bit and spent a good portion of the afternoon

painting each other and wound up looking like we were the victims of some

drive-by hippy graffiti artists or something.

Katie had a harder time of it since painting over my body hair was a bit

difficult. She had fun painting my penis and balls, though. She painted

the head of it blue and then painted white and red stripes along the

shaft. She said that she was going for a patriotic theme, but it sort of

ended up looking more like a barber pole. She painted my testicles blue

(what other color would they be, she asked) and painted two big eyes on

them. She painted little flowers and other patterns across other parts of

my body.

I continued the abstract theme rather than really painting anything in

particular on her. She wasn't sure that she wanted to have to clean paint

out of her pussy, but did allow me to get a little creative down there. I

painted her white up to the edges of her lips to accentuate her pink and

then painted her clit crimson with a black stripe down across it to

continue the theme I started with her breasts and to make it stand out as

well.

It was definitely a fun afternoon, but we quickly realized that the

acrylic paint was not going to work very well for body paint. As it dried,

it would crack and "alligator" with any movement. Eventually it began to

peel and flake off. But we had a good afternoon out of it and left our

"decorations" on for dinner. It was a sort of silly thing to do, but there

is nothing wrong with being playful and I'm never going to argue with

anything that gets Katie out of her clothes. The evening found us in the

shower together with some cold cream and quite a bit of scrubbing to the

get the last remnants of it off of our bodies.

The idea stuck with me over the next few days, though. Slow moments at

work and my mind would turn to either thoughts of better paints to use or

designs or other things that I could paint on Katie. I found myself

becoming somewhat obsessed with the idea of painting "clothing" on Katie.

The thought that she could possibly be out in public with only a thin

layer of paint keeping her "decent" was a real turn-on for me. I realized

that keeping the "clothing" low-key was definitely the way to go.

Something that was revealing or flashy would draw attention and the

chances were greater that people would notice that something was out of

the ordinary. Being conservative would actually allow us to be more

daring.

However, a better paint would have to be found before we could try things

out in public. The way that the acrylic flaked off would easily unmask us.

On the way home from work one evening, I stopped in at a novelty store and

found a small kit for face painting with a half dozen tubes of different

colors. After dinner, I pulled my purchase out and showed it to Katie. She

got that amused smile on her face that meant a combination of the

realization that she was soon going to be losing her clothing, that she

always considered me a little like a kid in a candy store when it came to

her losing her clothing, and that indulging me was not only about the

easiest way for her to say that she loved me but also that it pretty much

assured her the position of being the most incredible woman on the face of

this planet in my eyes.

I think that is a mistake that a lot of women make. That they see being a

sexual person as being degrading. Unfortunately, it comes from society

seeing the question as being black or white. That a woman is either a

virgin or a slut and anything in between automatically pushes her to the

slutty end of the spectrum. It is a shame, because Katie is a perfect

example of being able to approach nudity and sexuality with a wholesome

innocence.

Once things from dinner were put away and the dishes were done, we headed

for the living room and Katie was sitting before me with her shirt off

once again. I suppose that it would have been just as easy to try it out

on an arm or leg, but somehow it just made sense to paint her boobs.

We quickly determined that the face paint was not what we were looking for

either. It covered much better than the acrylic and did not have the

problem of cracking or flaking off, but it achieved this by remaining

somewhat greasy. That would definitely be a problem with it rubbing off on

things and it was pretty much impossible to do any sort of detail.

Paintbrushes did not work well and I ended up applying it with my fingers.

It just did not give the look that we were searching for.

That did not stop us from playing with it and soon we had drug out the old

towels again and were both naked and painting each other. Since we were

not able to work with any detail, it just became a matter of smearing

paint on each other in an attempt to cover as much skin as possible. We

ended up with both our bodies covered with somewhat primitive

multi-colored tribal graphics covering them. Again, it was an enjoyable

way to spend a few hours in an evening.

We probably would not have been quite so intent on covering our bodies if

we had known how hard it would be to get the stuff back off, though. Most

of the acrylic paint had come off just rubbing with soap and water and a

little cold cream here and there to take the stubborn bits off. But soap

and water just seemed to smear the face paint around and we ended up using

up Katie's whole jar of cold cream to get it off.

Rigorously washing off each other's bodies did have its moments. Katie

took great delight in soaping my penis to clean it off. She had wisely

decided that she was not too keen on the idea of getting the face paint in

her pussy even before we found out what a pain it was to wash it off.

Still, she had allowed me to apply a lime green stripe to her clit to

match the lime green that I had applied to her nipples. So I got her back

by doing a very thorough job of cleaning her up. I tried to explain to

Katie that I was only trying to wash it off as I continued to rub first

her nipples and then her clit with a generous coating of cold cream, but

she just informed me that I had better clean things up quickly and start

rubbing her clit with something other than my finger pretty darn soon.

Let's just say that I wasn't about to argue with the woman on that point!

Nothing like the gentle cascade of warm water across your bodies while

making love. We finished our shower scrubbed squeaky clean and well

satisfied.

Although the face paint had not worked out quite the way that I had wanted

it to, it only served to firm my resolve about finding something that

worked and getting a "paint clothed" Katie out in public.

We had seen some pictures of people being airbrushed in the Fantasy Fest

photos, so I did a bit of web searching and turned up a source for

airbrush body paints. I had an airbrush from some college design classes,

so an order was placed. The paints were pretty expensive. One 4 oz. bottle

was more than the price of my whole face painting kit! So I limited myself

to four bottles: black, white, red, and henna brown. I also ordered a set

of body art stencils that they sold to do temporary tattoos. I figured

that the black and henna brown would work well for temporary tattoos if

other things did not work out with the paints. Besides, the acrylics and

face paints had shown us that the darker colors worked better anyway.

Lighter colors made it much easier to tell that she wasn't wearing

anything. I got the white and red mainly to accent the darker colors.

While I was waiting, I got my airbrush out and made sure that everything

was still in working order. I loaded it up with some paint and spent about

an hour spraying designs on some cardboard boxes I had laying around. I

still remembered enough that I was able to do a fairly decent job of

things. Not to the level of the people able to paint feathers, scales, or

anything too fancy, but I felt confident that I could paint some clothes

or simple designs on Katie.

About a week later a box showed up in the mail. Everything arrived safely

and we took a quick look through things but did not have a chance to

experiment for a couple days. We did paint just a stripe of it on Katie's

thigh. Although the paint was hypoallergenic, we wanted to make sure that

Katie was not going to have any strange reactions to the paint and figured

that it was better to test in an inconspicuous spot than to have her break

out in some horrible rash. After a day without any reactions on her thigh,

I also put a couple dots of paint along her labia to make sure that there

would not be any problems in more "sensitive" areas.

The "test strips" held up well and removed fairly easily. The instructions

called for using rubbing alcohol to remove the paint, but we also found

that hand cream or baby oil broke the paint down in more sensitive areas.

When we finally had some time one evening, we talked over our dinner about

what we wanted to do with the airbrush paints. We agreed that tonight we

were just going to experiment, but that there were some specific things

that we wanted to try out. The "test areas" of the paint had done well.

Katie had not experienced any sensitivity to the paints. The dots on her

labia wore off more quickly, but she had no irritation or other indication

that it was even there.

One thing that we wanted to see was how an expanse of the paint would look

as well as how it would wear. With the acrylics, small areas of paint

looked believable and did not break up as quickly. As Katie would move

around, the larger areas of paint would stretch and begin to crack. The

face paint did not have the problems with the cracking, but larger areas

were hard to get even and were more prone to smudging.

Katie was pretty eager to try the temporary tattoos out. I think that

anyone with some creativity is intrigued by various thoughts of body

ornamentation, but the only problem becomes the question of being locked

into something permanent. Somehow that ends up seeming less creative.

Katie had gotten a henna tattoo at a fair years ago, but it took quite

awhile and was not exactly something that you could easily do on your own.

So Katie wanted me to do something that she could "wear around" for

awhile. That also fit well into our interest in finding out how long the

paint would last.

Not wanting to worry about over-spray or any dropped paint, we set up a

stool down in the basement and draped an old towel over it for Katie to

sit on. She stripped down quickly, as excited to try this out as I was.

She settled herself on the stool and waited for me to begin.

I figured that I would start with some broader stuff and work my way up to

doing some finer detail. I explained my intentions as I got the airbrush

ready, turning on the compressor and filling up the cup with paint.

We were going to start out with a bikini top and I did not want to start

right in on her sensitive bits, so I made a pass between her breasts to

give the "clip" between the cups and then began to work on the cups,

starting at the bottom of her breasts. As I got up to her nipples, she

flinched and told me that it definitely tickled. I "covered" up her

breasts, giving her a fairly small bikini. The edges were a bit "fuzzy"

though, so I took a piece of cardboard and used it as a mask to make the

edges more distinct.

With the basic shape of the "bikini" finished, I took a step back to look

at it. The shape looked pretty good and if you let your eyes unfocus a bit

it looked about right. I studied her for a few minutes before I stepped

back in to put the "string" on the bikini.

It took a few false starts before I went ahead and actually started to

apply paint. The problem was that I had to have her lift her arms so that

I could get the "strings" the whole way around her torso. But when she

lifted her arms, it would stretch the skin under her arms. Then when she

would lower her arms everything would return to normal. I could see that

if I wasn't careful I'd end up with the "string" dipping too low under her

arms. For a couple minutes it looked like I was having her do slow motion

chicken imitations, flapping her arms as I had her raise them up and down.

Once I was satisfied that I could do a good job, I applied some quick

strokes to paint in the narrow bands of the "straps" of her "bikini"

around her torso and over her shoulders.

Stepping back, I took another look. For a first attempt, it definitely

looked good and I thought it would actually be passable at a distance. I

took a moment to dump the black paint out of the airbrush cup and run some

water through the airbrush to clean it out. Then I put some white paint in

the cup and after taking a moment or two to look at things, added some

accents and highlights to finish off the top of Katie's "bikini" for her.

Taking a step back again, I looked her over and thought that it looked

pretty good. I asked Katie if she wanted to take a look at things or if I

should continue. She told me that she'd rather wait until she could see

the whole finished project, so I asked her if she wanted a bottom to go

with the top. She responded by spreading her legs to give me access.

As inviting as that was, I decided that I wanted to start elsewhere and

work up to her most intimate parts. I had her get up off of the stool and

turn away from me. After sizing things up for a moment I sprayed in the

strings of her suit, running them above her hips and dropping down a bit

in the front and back. I then had her bend over with her hands on the

stool with her legs spread and painted in a little triangle in back for

the "connection" then ran another "string" down between her ass cheeks. I

didn't bother running it the whole way down, just far enough that it would

"disappear" when she was standing normally.

I had her turn around and continued the "string" across her abdomen and

then had her resume her seat on the stool. We worked for a minute on a

position for her that gave me access without being too uncomfortable for

her. I picked up my cardboard mask again and used it to get a sharp line

for either side of the bikini and then filled in between them. I started

at the top and worked my way down to the top of her clit. As the spray hit

her clit, she gave a shudder and told me that was definitely a unique

feeling.

I took a moment to blot her dry a bit with a towel and had her spread her

legs a bit more. We had discussed how "thorough" I should be with my

painting of her nether regions. Katie had not experienced any sensitivity

to the paints, so she was not worried about that. We had a bit of a laugh

over the issue of the paint not all coming off when removed. It wasn't a

big concern to her as long as it was in an area that would normally be

covered so that she would not have to explain it to people, so paint

residue on her nether regions would not be a problem.

She paused for a moment and then said, "Unless I have my GYN appointment

coming up..." That led to more laughter.

So I painted her completely. I did not open up her labia and paint inside,

but I covered her clit and labia completely.

Typically, Katie's labia sort of seal together unless she is extremely

wet. I love playing with her, stroking the velvety softness of the

outsides of her lips and then opening her up to expose the dewy wetness

inside to my searching tongue.

So with her labia "sealed" the paint covered her completely. Obviously,

you could see her nether lips if you looked, but if you were not looking

for anything out of the ordinary it did seem to all blend together.

Stepping back from her, it looked pretty good. Even when she spread her

legs, her labia stayed stuck together. I knew that if that as she became

aroused her labia would become lubricated and eventually part, but I knew

that we could pull it off as long as Katie did not think about it too

much.

I rinsed the airbrush out again and swapped to white paint to add in some

highlights as I had done with the top. The dark colors did a good job of

masking what you were actually looking at and the highlights served to

draw your eye away from the areas that might give the game away.

Finished, I took a step back to look at her. Obviously, if you were

standing right next to her in full sunlight you'd have to be half blind

not to see that she was naked. But if she were several yards away in a

setting where a bikini would not be out of place, I felt that she would

have a decent chance of pulling it off.

I offered Katie the chance to go upstairs and take a look at herself in

the mirror, but she decided she'd rather let me finish up and then look at

the final result. With the "bikini" done, we turned our attention to her

"tattoos." Katie looked through the stencils and picked out two. A tribal

strip and a design that she wanted to have done with the henna colored

ink. She spent a few minutes trying to decide whether she wanted the strip

around her upper arm or her ankle and finally decided on the ankle. I

don't exactly consider that I have some sort of foot fetish (I think I

have enough other ones), but I do think that there is something sexy about

an ankle bracelet or toe ring. So the ankle "tattoo" worked for me as

well.

The "tattoo" was a fairly simple matter of wrapping the stencil around her

leg and then making a couple light passes over it with the airbrush. I

even took the time to work with it a bit to try to make the design match

up so that it was continuous instead of having an obvious

starting/stopping point.

The stencil for the "henna tattoo" was basically triangular in shape and

fit perfectly between Katie's breasts. It was low enough on her chest that

it would not show if she wore something without a plunging neckline or

kept a blouse buttoned up except for the top button or two. It did not

exactly go with the bikini top, but we were experimenting with things

anyway so I wasn't going to argue.

With everything finished, she headed upstairs while I cleaned things up. I

threw the towels in the laundry and cleaned out the airbrush thoroughly,

leaving it on the counter to dry out.

When I got upstairs, Katie was sitting on the couch watching TV while she

waited for me. She had not bothered to put anything on and seem quite at

ease sitting there in her "bikini" in our living room.

I sat down next to her and asked her if she had checked herself out in the

mirror. She said that she was pretty pleased with how it turned out. The

"tattoos" looked real good to her and she was surprised at how natural the

"bikini" looked from a distance.

Feeling a little devilish, I asked her if she was up to trying it out. She

got a smile on her face and asked me what I had in mind.

Now normally we try to keep it low key around our house. We have some cool

neighbors, but we don't want them getting the wrong impression. We have

both been naked outside, but we're pretty discreet about it. But I figured

I would take a chance this evening in "testing" Katie's "bikini" out.

There was nothing inherently wrong with Katie being out in the yard in a

bikini and I doubted that anyone would be able to tell that anything was

amiss if they saw her out there. Basically, I wanted to see whether she

would agree to it and if she did, how readily and willingly it would be.

I wasn't exactly surprised when she stood up and headed for the back door

as soon as I finished my suggestion. She only asked how long she had to

stay out there and whether I was coming out with her. I opted to stay

inside. Our back yard is fenced in, so I figured that she could stay out

of trouble even if someone saw her. Also that without me out there to

"protect" her there would be more of a chance that one of our neighbors

might interact with her. So I told her that she should stay out for at

least fifteen minutes.

It wasn't quite dusk, but the sun was setting and the light was warm and

muted. I took up my position by a window, standing back a bit so that

nobody would see me watching. Even if she had been actually wearing a

bikini, it would have been a good show for anyone looking. I had kept

things pretty small and the "string bikini" left her ass cheeks bare.

Katie walked down the back steps and out into the yard. From a distance it

looked pretty much like Katie was going for a barefoot walk in her gardens

in her bikini. I had to look pretty closely while she was walking to catch

a glimpse of her "lips" and know that something wasn't quite right. But I

think that someone else would have to see her standing with her legs

spread for awhile before they would really notice that something was

amiss.

She took her time, just wandering about the yard as if she was checking on

her plants. I was having a such a good time enjoying watching Katie

walking around out there that I kept forgetting to look to see if anyone

else was watching her. Nobody else was out, but I'd try to scan the nearby

houses to see if I could catch anyone looking out their windows. Then I'd

get caught up in watching Katie myself and forget to look around.

Katie stayed out there well past her fifteen minutes. She had taken her

time to walk pretty much the whole way around our back yard before coming

back up the steps and into the house.

Her first question was to ask me how she did. I took her into my arms and

told her that she did beautifully. As I held her to me, she could feel my

erection through my pants, a sure sign of how she did. Her second question

was whether anyone else had been watching. I gave her a guilty look and

explained that I spent too much time watching her to really know. She

giggled and gave me a kiss.

She snuggled up against me as we kissed and I let my hands roam down over

her back to her butt. I rubbed my hands over her ass cheeks a bit before

cupping them in my hands and gently squeezing. She has a cute little firm

butt. I pulled her up onto her tiptoes so that I could reach a finger

between her legs from the back. I wasn't too surprised to find her wet and

slippery. I moved my hands down below her ass cheeks and picked her up,

wrapping her legs around me in the process. We continued to kiss as I

carried her to the bedroom.

I laid her down on the bed and spread her legs a bit so that I could lay

down between them. She was wet enough that her labia started to peel apart

as I spread her legs, revealing a strip of moist pink peeking out from the

midst of the blackness of her painted bikini. The contrast was incredibly

sexy, similar to the contrast of bikini lines on a tanned body.

I ran a finger down along the exposed pink, causing her lips to part

further and reveal their secret treasures to me. I continued to run my

fingers along her labia, delighting in the transition from velvety

smoothness to slick wetness as her arousal increased. Her breathing was

growing deeper and she was letting out soft moans as I rubbed along her

crease.

Bending my head down to her I took a slow breath, drinking in the musky

sweetness of her scent. Getting closer, I allowed the very tip of my

tongue to caress her seam and she shivered in response. Again I licked

along her seam, bolder this time as I took in the salty warm taste of her

and she responded with a louder moan that trailed off into a sigh. I

licked up her seam and over the bundle of nerves at the base of her clit,

sending more shivers through her body. I continued up over her painted

clit and could detect no change in taste. I had wondered if there was any

flavor to the paint, but I could detect no difference in taste or texture

as I crossed from bare skin to painted.

I continued my oral pleasuring of her, licking along her seam and crossing

over her clit every third or fourth stroke as I slowly built her up

towards climax. As she got closer, I slowly inserted my index finger into

her to gently rub her from inside. I nibbled on her clit with my lips and

then gently sucked it into my mouth. My tongue found the sensitive nub and

I continued to roll my tongue across it as her body stiffened beneath me.

I continued to suck on and tongue her clit and stroke my finger inside of

her as her climax drew closer. Her breathing was coming faster and deeper.

Her hands grabbed at the sheets on either side of her as the muscles in

her legs stiffened beneath me and her back arched. As she came, I

continued to apply a steady sucking pressure to her clit which tends to

increase the intensity of her orgasm for her. As she began to buck against

my face, I used the finger inside of her and my arm wrapped around her

thigh to hold her to me and keep my lips wrapped around her clit. She let

out a series of gasps, moans, and little cries as she climaxed, her whole

body shaking and tensing as the waves of pleasure hit her.

I released my hold on her clit and kissed it gently, then kissed slowly

and gently down her labia as I withdrew my finger from her. I licked her

juices off of my finger and then gently lapped at her. The taste of her

seems to change after orgasm and I delighted in the different flavor of

her.

As her breathing returned to normal, I drew away from her sweet honey pot

and pulled myself up over her. I bent my head down to kiss her and our

lips and tongues met. We kissed for several moments before her hands found

my penis and guided it to her waiting warmth.

Slowly I eased into her, relishing in the warm wetness as it surrounded

me. When I was into her to the hilt, I lowered my body onto hers. With her

orgasm, she had worked up a sweat so her body was now cool and a bit

clammy. I wrapped my arms and legs around her to warm her up as I kissed

her neck and shoulders. As my mouth found hers, she sucked hungrily at my

lips and tongue as her passion and body temperature rose once again.

I lifted myself off of her so that I could lever myself slowly in and out

of her. Looking down between us, it was a bit odd to watch to watch the

pink of my penis penetrate her jet black skin with only a small ring of

her pink labia as it encircled me. I bent my head down and took a

similarly jet black nipple into my mouth and sucked. Her hand caressed the

back of my head as I suckled at her.

We fell into a rhythm as her hips moved to meet my thrusts. As we made

love we'd kiss or I'd kiss and nibble on her shoulders and breasts as

she'd caress my back and the back of my neck and head.

I paced myself and brought Katie to two more orgasms. The second one, as

she tightened around me, had its effect on me, though. Involuntarily my

pace quickened and my thoughts went to the sensations of her velvet

passage as I slid through it. I could feel myself swelling inside of her

as I reached my own climax. As I felt that familiar tightening in my

scrotum and the first pulse throb through my groin I slammed against her

one last time and buried myself to the hilt in her, bringing us both to

orgasm. I collapsed onto Katie and she wrapped her arms and legs around

me, drawing me to her and grinding our hips together as though unable to

get enough of me inside of her.

We both lay there, our sweat soaked bodies plastered together so that we

could feel each other's pulse beat as we both struggled to regain our

breath. All of the painting session and Katie running around our backyard

essentially naked had served as an extensive foreplay and our orgasms took

it out of us. We both drifted off and fell asleep for about forty-five

minutes. We awoke feeling refreshed and kissed and snuggled a bit before

getting up and heading to the bathroom to clean ourselves up. The paint

had held up remarkably well. There was some wear in places, but most of it

held together.

Our discussion turned to whether we could actually take Katie out in

public "dressed" in paint and how to go about it. The discussion continued

over the next several days. She showed off her "ankle tattoo" at work and

a number of people expressed interest in it. Jokingly, she told me that I

might have to set up a sideline business. I could think of a few of her

coworkers that I would not mind applying some paint to. The bikini lasted

for three days before wear and bathing began to take its toll. There had

been some spots that wore pretty quickly, but for the most part it held

up.

Casting about for ideas to get Katie out in public, I remembered one of

the other things that had come up while we were looking for information on

body painting on the internet. It was an exhibitionist story that involved

an early morning jog around a high school track with painted on spandex

running shorts. With our discussions I went back to find the story again,

printed it out, and took it to Katie to let her read it.

After reading the story, Katie seemed excited to give it a try to see what

would happen. The woman in the story, Niki, had worn a sports bra and had

the shorts painted on. At first we discussed going for the whole outfit

being painted on. Katie's breasts are small and firm and I initially

figured that we could get away with it. But the more that we discussed it,

the more we realized that it would be better to start off a bit cautious.

In the story, they had used tempera paint and hairspray to give it a sheen

like spandex, but made it clear that Niki had a devil of a time getting it

back off and I could not imagine tempera paint holding up any better than

our first try with the acrylics. Our airbrush paint gave a soft sheen and

we figured that would be enough for our spandex.

We finally decided to go to a bicycle/walking trail through a residential

area near us where Katie often goes to rollerblade and that I would take

my bicycle along. Parts of the trail are wooded and it is somewhat removed

from the houses and apartments that surround it, sort of a greenbelt. The

path is paved and people often use it to run, bicycle, and roller-blade.

There are also a couple parking lots where you can park if you do not live

nearby. We decided to go on a Sunday morning so that we would not run into

crowds of people.

We got up early to get her painted and everything. Believe me when I say

that with the painting alone we nearly did not make it out of the house.

Katie was already worked up thinking about what she was about to do and

then with the close proximity and the caress of the airbrush and paint, we

were both about ready to call it off and just ravish each other. But we

managed to contain ourselves and get out the door.

Even though Katie keeps her pubic hair trimmed pretty close, I started by

trimming her as close as I could with my beard trimmer. Then I took a roll

of wide masking tape and encircled each of her legs and then a final piece

of tape went around her waist. I started painting on her "shorts" with the

black paint. I was pretty thorough with my painting, including spreading

her ass cheeks and painting her from stem to stern. With the black paint,

any "pink" showing through would be immediately noticed. So she ended up

with "shorts" that extended about two inches down her legs and up low on

her hips. It ended up looking pretty good. You really had to be up close

or looking for certain details to realize that something was amiss. I

finished up with a gloss of white in areas to give the shorts a bit of a

sheen. Standing back and looking at her, I decided that we were ready.

We made it to the trail before 8:00 a.m., pretty much when the real

die-hard runners are the only other people out there. And those people are

so into their running that they are barely aware of their surroundings,

much less what other people are doing. Getting caught was not exactly what

we were trying for, mind you. More that we were seeing if we could get

Katie out in public bare-assed naked (literally). Katie had put a beach

towel on the seat for the ride, but was naked except for her T-shirt as

she had opted to go barefoot until she put her roller-blades on.

We got out of the truck and I got my bike unloaded while Katie sat on the

curb to put on her roller-blades. She pulled on her socks and then started

putting on the roller-blades as I attended to my bicycle. Once I had the

bike unloaded, I turned and looked at Katie. She was sitting there with

her leg up, pulling her roller-blade on. Her legs were apart and her pussy

was spread wide open to the world. What a sight! She caught me staring and

sort of gave me a puzzled look until she realized what I was staring at.

She gave me an embarrassed grin and said that she would have to remember

what she was "wearing."

With her roller blades laced up, she stood up and pulled her T-shirt over

her head. Her roller-blades are black with purple trim, so she had

selected a bright purple sports bra to complete her outfit. Her thought

was that the bright color would draw people's attention away from her

lower body. She also had on wrist and elbow pads and a Walkman. Normally

she clips the Walkman to her shorts, but she could not do that this time

so she held it in her one hand. We started out and discovered the first

problem right away. To push off on roller-blades (or ice skates), you push

your leg out and back while crouching somewhat. The more "power" you put

into it, the more you crouch down and push out. Well, this spread her legs

and her pussy opened right up. Against the black paint of the "shorts,"

her pink showed up like a neon sign!

Whoops, I don't think that we were going to fool too many people here.

There were not any people around in the parking lot, so we spent some time

working on it and she got to the point that she could go along without

showing everything off with every stride. She had to keep it real casual

though, no speed skating today! She did think that she would have some

problems going uphill because she has to put more effort into it. The

other thing we quickly learned was that there was more of a chance of

being discovered by someone coming up behind her than by someone coming at

her from the front. Part of it was probably that you are less inclined to

stare at a woman's crotch while she is facing you and watching you do it.

Coming up from behind, she cannot see you so you are more likely to check

her ass out without her noticing. The other part was that the cleavage of

her ass made it a lot more apparent that she had nothing on. Spandex hugs

the curves, but even the tightest outfit still has a part that spans the

gap. Without that little part there, it was fairly obvious. From the

front, it was not all that obvious because there was no gap. We decided

that I should ride behind her to limit the chances of someone being able

to come up behind her and get a good look.

Despite the risks of being caught, we decided to go for it. So we started

out onto the trail from the parking lot. Katie turned onto the trail while

I waited behind a bit before starting out so that I could follow a ways

behind her. From a distance nothing looked terribly out of the ordinary,

just a woman rollerblading along and listening to her tunes. The trail is

about eight feet wide, more than enough for two people to pass without

running into each other. After a bit, I caught up to her and rode

alongside her so that we could talk. She wanted to know how things looked

and I told her that so far it looked pretty good. I said that it really

just looked like she had one hell of a wedgie from the back if you paid

attention to it, but that the overall outfit was distracting enough that

people were unlikely to focus on the details.

We went along as we talked and after five minutes still had not run into

anyone else on the trail. Although the trail is relatively flat, Katie was

a little concerned that she would not be able to keep from showing it all

off while going uphill if someone caught us on one of the inclines. We

were coming up to our first one and we already knew the effect from

behind, so I said that I would ride ahead to see what she looked like. I

rode on up to the top then turned around and waited as she came towards

me. She waited until she saw that I was in position, then started out

herself and started pumping harder, getting down into more of a crouch and

pushing out to the side more. At first, I really could not see anything

out of the ordinary. As she got closer it first looked like she had

something on the seat of her spandex. Still closer, it looked like she had

busted the seam of her shorts and her underwear was showing through.

Except that you do not usually wear underwear with spandex, do you? Even

when you could tell that it was her pussy showing, it still looked sort of

like she had ripped the seam of her shorts. I guess because you are not

expecting to see a woman with painted on shorts your mind sees what it

expects to see. Only when you were up close and could make out the shape

of her parted lips did it finally become apparent that she was not really

wearing shorts.

She came up to me and since I had been turned around to watch her

approach, she stopped in front of me. I was telling her what I had seen

when her face suddenly froze. I stopped talking and immediately heard the

footfalls behind me. I resumed talking to Katie, just making small talk to

see what would happen. The guy came past us and barely gave us a grunt of

acknowledgment. As he reached the bottom of the incline and disappeared

around the bend I told Katie that he was gone and she let out a bit of a

sigh of relief.

"It always gives me butterflies," Katie said.

Now Katie makes nudity seem just about as natural as anyone I know, but

until she knows how it is going to be received it makes her nervous. The

extent of the possible consequences is what determines just how nervous

she gets. That her state of undress wasn't even noticed calmed her a bit.

I got my bike turned around and rode alongside of her as we continued to

talk. As we continued on, a runner came around the bend up ahead of us. To

make room for him, I dropped back behind Katie to let him pass and watched

for his expression. I saw him check Katie out as he passed us, but there

was no double-take or anything and he just kept running. I took a look

behind me and he was still just going along and was quickly out of sight.

Obviously he did not see anything out of the ordinary. I pointed this out

to Katie and she said that she noticed his glance at her as he passed, but

was afraid to turn around for fear that he had stopped and was just

staring at her. I pulled up alongside of her again and we continued down

the trail just exchanging small talk.

A bicyclist appeared in front of us and I dropped back behind Katie to let

him pass. He gave Katie a once over, checking out her form, but didn't

show any signs that he saw anything out of the ordinary. When I pulled

back up next to Katie, I asked her how she was doing and she admitted to

some mixed feelings.

"I'm enjoying the freedom of it," she said. "You don't realize how

constricting clothing can be until you go without. Sort of like swimming

in a suit is never the same after you have been skinny dipping. So it's

great that I'm 'allowed' to be out here like this. But it's also a bit

disappointing in a way that nobody has caught on."

I had to admit that I agreed with her completely. Although having other

people see her naked is an incredible thrill for me, I always worry to

some extent about her getting hurt either emotionally or especially

physically. So I was just happy that we were able to get Katie out in

public in her state of "undress."

We came across another runner. This time he was up ahead of us going in

our direction. I fell in behind Katie and we both passed him. I really did

not have any chance to see his reaction and did not want to be too obvious

in looking back at him. I briefly considered the fact that we had not

encountered any other women this morning.

We were getting to a point where the trail becomes more open and were just

getting ready to turn back when a bicyclist came up from behind me. He

called out, "Back!" to let know he was behind us and slowed down to go

around us. I had to pull in front of Katie to let him pass and as I looked

back I saw him looking over at Katie as he passed her. Then, once he was

in front of both of us, he looked back again and said good morning. I had

a feeling that he had noticed something out of the ordinary, but he turned

around and kept going. As soon as he was out of sight, Katie came to a

stop and asked if I thought he had noticed her. I told her maybe, but that

I was not sure. Since we were going to turn around anyway, we decided to

head back.

It wasn't long before we came across the runner that we had passed. He saw

us coming and I think that he slowed down a bit. He definitely turned to

watch as Katie went by him. He did not say anything, so I'm not sure if he

really knew what he was seeing or just appreciating a sexy gal in

skintight shorts.

We continued along for a while when I heard, "Back!" from behind me once

again. I slowed and pulled in behind Katie before glancing back to see the

same guy on his bicycle. Maybe he was turning back just like us, but I

somehow had a feeling that he was really back for another look at Katie.

He went past us about the same speed as before, but he was looking at

Katie the whole time. After he passed her, he looked back twice at her

before riding out of sight.

"I guess he noticed me," Katie said after he was out of sight again.

"Yes, I am pretty sure now," I said as we continued down the trail.

We came to an where the path widened out a bit in a little clearing and

the guy was pulled over to the side with his water bottle out. Katie gave

me a quick glance over her shoulder and I could tell she was a bit

nervous. The guy was not blocking the trail or anything, but Katie slowed

to a stop.

"Hey!" he called out with a smile.

Katie and I said our hellos back.

He had this slightly weird look on his face as he said, "Don't take this

the wrong way, but is there a reason that you don't really have any shorts

on?"

I gave a laugh and Katie did as well. The guy seemed ok and I could tell

that her nervousness had passed.

"Well..." Katie started to answer but then her voice trailed off.

"She is into the nudity thing, but has to at least give an appearance of

decency," I said.

He laughed at that. "So, that is only paint?" he asked.

"Just paint," Katie said.

"You painted it all?" he asked. He was a little bit incredulous, but it

was fairly obvious that he was trying to get a chance to see a bit more.

"No," Katie laughed, "I'm not painted inside and I just have to be careful

how I move so that I don't show my pink parts!"

As she was talking, I walked my bike up past her so that we were all

facing one another. Really, standing up close and looking down at her

there was not all that much to see except a slight "camel toe" view. I've

mentioned several times about Katie's comments about how she is all "lips

and nips" and was self-conscious about it at times. But really, if she is

standing normally you don't see her lips that much unless you are closer

to eye level with her crotch and then you will notice them between her

legs. So the view was not all that indecent.

I knew that the guy was most assuredly wishing that the view was indecent.

And I had a pretty good idea after Katie's earlier comment about being

somewhat disappointed that nobody had noticed her nudity that she would

probably be feeling a bit playful now that she had been given an audience.

Katie made no move to continue on her way, so he introduced himself as

John and we introduced ourselves. I asked him what tipped him off. He said

that the first time past, something just did not look right. He debated

whether he could get away with another pass to check her out and finally

decided that one more pass would not hurt. He expected to pass us from the

front, but found that we had turned around again. After the second pass,

he was certain that she was not really wearing shorts. It just did not

really look like spandex and seeing her ass again confirmed it. He

admitted that it was much harder to tell from the front. He knew that he

could not get away with a third pass, but he reasoned that if she was out

in public like that she must intend to show off so he decided to wait for

us to catch up to him. Katie laughed and said that it was definitely our

intent to show her off.

Another runner came down the trail and I moved aside some more to let him

pass. He just went on by, obviously not noticing anything out of the

ordinary with Katie. When he was past, John asked Katie if she really did

not mind showing off. She said no, that it really was sort of fun. He

turned to me and asked if I did not have a problem with other men checking

out my wife. I said no, that it really was quite a turn-on for me as well.

"Would you mind if I asked for you to show off a little more?" he asked.

"What would you have in mind?" she asked him.

I guess that both of us telling him that Katie enjoyed showing off gave

him the courage to come right out and say it. It wasn't that he said it

like he was demanding it, just that he did not beat around the bush (so to

speak) or seem embarrassed to ask.

"I'd like to see more of your "pink parts" if you would." he said.

Katie gave him a smile and turned her one leg out a bit. Actually, it was

sort of difficult for her to show too much while on rollerblades without

losing her balance. She was wet though, and her lips began to open up. The

contrast between the black paint and her pink flesh made her inner folds

stand out quite clearly.

"Yes," he said, "I certainly do see that not everything is painted. Nice.

Very nice!"

She continued to stand like that, with her right leg a bit forward and

turned to the side so that the strip of pink showed plainly, drawing both

John and my eyes downward. She did her best to open up as much as she

could and let us both see.

I've heard women complain about men that stare at their tits while talking

to them instead of looking them in the eye. Staring at a woman's crotch

while talking to her is even more obvious, but Katie did not seem to mind

one bit. Somehow we managed to keep up some semblance of conversation and

not just stand there gawking at Katie's pussy.

We made small talk for several minutes and another bicyclist went past us.

Although Katie was not directly facing the path, I think that he could

have seen some of her pink if he had been looking. Katie made no move to

cover herself or even close her legs, but he went by without much of a

glance.

I'm not sure if it was just personal desire or if John was considering

getting someone else to see Katie as well, but after the bicyclist had

disappeared he turned the conversation back to Katie's exposed charms.

"Would it be too much to ask to see the view from behind?" he asked.

Other than her painted ass cheeks, there really wasn't too much to see

from behind. But it was fairly obvious that what he was asking for was

more along the lines of having her bend over so that he could get a better

view of her "pink parts" from a different angle.

"No, not at all," Katie answered.

First she handed me her Walkman and then she spun around on her

rollerblades and turned her back to us. She shifted back and forth from

one leg to the other, rolling each leg forward and back a bit to swivel

her ass at us. She then bent down to place both hands above her one knee,

pointing her ass towards us and letting her legs drift apart. John and I

moved a bit closer together to get a better look between her legs.

Katie was obviously getting turned on by the course of events and her

labia peeled open readily. The surrounding expanse of black made her pink

opening look all that much more rosy. It gave us an excellent view of her

charms.

She had to stand back up and turn back around to face us rather quickly

when another runner came through. The runner sort of looked at us like he

was wondering what was going on, but with two guys there he just kept

going.

"So, did ya' like?" Katie asked John with one of her sweet, innocent

smiles.

"Yeah! Wow!" he said. "That was great! Although, if you don't mind my

asking, what's with the sports bra when you are showing off everything

else?"

I laughed and told him that I had tried to have her go for a painted top

as well but we were concerned about taking things too far.

"But you do go in for the whole nudity thing?" he asked.

"Sure, when I can get away with it," Katie replied. "Why? Do you want to

see my tits?"

When he said, "Sure! Why not?" she lifted her sports bra up and flashed

her tits at him.

"Excellent!" he said.

She pulled the sports bra back down and adjusted her tits inside it.

"I think you should give John the full effect and take it completely off,"

I told her and you could see John's eyes light up at the suggestion.

"That's going a bit too far," she said. "What if someone came along? I'd

never get it back on in time."

"Why?" I asked. "John and I will keep anyone from bothering you."

Again, John offered his support, telling her she could just turn away and

put her top back on -- or leave it off, if she so desired. John was a bit

smaller that I am, but was also tall and muscular. I don't think that we

would have any problems.

"Besides, there have only been a few other people out here anyway and

they've all gone right on by," he said.

"Well, that's because there wasn't anything that would definitely compel

them to stay!" she said. "Having my breasts hanging out just might give

them the idea that they want to stick around."

I knew better, though. Despite her protests, I could tell that she was

excited enough that the idea of standing out in the woods totally naked

was probably appealing to her at this point. All it would take would be a

little time, a little patience, and some gentle coaxing.

I knew that John really wanted to see her naked and just hoped that he did

not get too pushy because that would turn her off. I think that he

understood though because he continued to coax without becoming whiny or

demanding.

Nobody else had come along the trail for awhile. I was not sure if that

was good or bad as far as convincing Katie to go further. Although not

having anyone come along made it seem safer, it was obvious that it was

only a matter of time before someone did come along.

I finally hit upon an idea that I felt had some potential. I suggested

that she take her top off and we would continue along the trail with her

between John and myself. I explained that if we were stopped alongside the

trail and she was topless, people would be tempted to stop to see what was

going on. If we were moving along, anyone else would have less time to

think about it and react. Plus, except for another bicycle we could

probably outdistance anyone who took up pursuit. Even with a bicycle, John

and I could buy Katie some time to get her sports bra back on.

Finally she gave us a grin and said, "What the heck! I might as well."

As simple as that, she reached down and grabbed the lower edge of her

sports bra. She carefully lifted it over her breasts and then skinned it

up over her head and off her arms. I had been holding her Walkman, but at

this point reached around and put it in my bicycle pack. Looking back to

Katie, I offered to put her sports bra in too.

"Oh, no! I am keeping this with me! If I give it to you, I probably won't

get it back until we get home!" she said.

"She knows me too well," I replied, giving John a wry smile.

We set off with John in the lead, Katie in the middle, and me bringing up

the rear. I thought briefly about letting John bring up the rear so that

he'd have more of a chance to see her, but I felt I owed it to Katie to be

in a position where I could see what was going on.

For all practical purposes, Katie was completely naked now. All she had on

were her roller-blades, wrist and elbow pads, and her painted on shorts.

Actually, my guess was that anyone who saw her wouldn't even notice her

shorts weren't really there at this point since she was topless. People

were going to look at her bare breasts before they were going to take the

time to try to determine whether her shorts were real. My judgement was

soon put to the test as two bicyclists came toward us from the other

direction.

"Hey, now!" the one said as he passed us.

"Great tits!" the other one called out after he had passed us.

"Thanks!" Katie called back to him as we continued along.

Fortunately, neither one of them turned around or decided to follow us.

I heard John saying, "If they only knew..."

We continued on and passed a runner. Looking back, he had stopped and was

just staring after us. I gave him a quick wave and kept going. We went on

a ways further without seeing anyone else before Katie called out for us

to stop. I pulled up behind her and John turned around and came back to

us.

"Ok, that is enough for me," she said, somewhat out of breath.

We had kept up a pretty good pace, but I think that it was the excitement

that had her heart racing over the actual physical exertion. She took a

moment to pull on her sports bra again but took her time and made a bit of

a production getting everything tucked into place. She was clearly excited

and her nipples pointed out through the fabric with obvious arousal.

John took it all in before finally accepting that the show was over.

"Well, guys, I am sorry to see it come to an end. Thanks for letting me be

a part of it, though," John said. "You two are really great. I sure wish

my girlfriend was this playful."

We wished him a good day and he told us he really doubted that it was

going to get any better than this. Katie laughed at that. We started off

towards the parking lot and he headed away from us, resuming the ride that

we had interrupted.

Back at the parking lot, I got my bike loaded up as Katie took off her

roller-blades. Once I had the bike on the rack, Katie called me over to

where she was sitting on the curb. She had her roller-blades off and had

her beach towel wrapped around her waist. "What's up?" I asked her. She

pulled the towel apart and told me that she thought I had better get her

home and take care of her. Looking down, I could see that she was wet and

her juices were covering the tops of her thighs. I could not believe how

turned on she was from the experience! Too bad there wasn't any good place

for a quickie. There were some other people in the lot and although public

nudity is a slight risk, public sex is just begging for trouble unless

you're pretty sure of the area you are in. Katie wrapped the towel back

around her to climb into the truck but once we were on our way, she opened

the towel back up so that she could idly play with herself on the ride

home.

At a traffic light, she put a well lubricated finger to my mouth so that I

could get a taste of her juices to remind me of what I was missing. I was

about ready to molest her right then and there, but she was doing a good

job of fending me off to make sure that we were both in a frenzy by the

time we made it home.

Although I kept to the speed limits and did not run any stop signs, I did

my best to get home in record time. I pulled the truck into the garage and

closed the garage door behind us. She started heading for the house, but I

caught her hand and pulled her over to the truck. I pushed her up against

it and kissed her hard. We were both worked up and this was not going to

be "making love" but rather "animal lust" as far as we were both

concerned. As I kissed her, I got her sports bra off and she was pushing

my cycling shorts down so she could grab hold of my cock. After some

intense kissing and fondling, I turned her around maneuvered her to the

front of the truck. She braced herself against the fender and spread her

legs for me. The pink of her pussy contrasting against the paint was still

a hell of a turn-on. I slid into her and kept up a steady rhythm as we

went at each other there in our garage.

It did not take us long for each of us to reach an earth shattering

climax. Even with the doors closed, I wondered if any of our neighbors

heard the commotion. We picked our things up and headed into the house

towards the shower. A warm shower shared between us was the ultimate end

to an exciting morning!

**Exposing Katie 016**

We're the sort of people that treat the property surrounding our house as

an extension of the rooms to our house. We've created gardens that fill

every corner to create outdoor rooms and paths. In time, as things grow

larger, we will have our own little oasis in the midst of civilization.

Living in town, it is the only real way to get some privacy outdoors.

Normally, our gardening tapers off during the heat of the Summer.

Typically each year there is a slow buildup after the holidays as we can

see the end of Winter coming and we start our planning. Time is spent

looking through seed and nursery catalogs, making lists and plans for

annuals and any new perennials or larger plants. Then we start checking to

see what will be available locally and what will have to be ordered.

Orders are placed, plans are refined, and we begin to start our seeds in

the basement under the gro-lamps. Then as the cold weather recedes, we are

in a flurry of activity through the Spring as we clean up our planting

beds and gardens, put down mulch, and plant our new additions. Usually by

June we are winding down on things as we head into the heat of the Summer.

Hopefully everything is established as the weather gets drier. At that

point it is more a matter to tending to things, some weeding, and watering

during the driest periods. Then in the Fall we get back into things,

cleaning up things for Winter and doing some Fall planting as well.

The Summer had turned out wetter than normal and we had a couple areas

that we wanted to do some things with that we had not gotten around to in

the Spring. A couple evening conversations led us to plan another trip to

the garden center with some ideas and some items to look for. Although it

was unspoken, it was on both our minds that this would be the first time

that we would be back to the garden center since Katie got the chance to

wander around the greenhouses topless.

I had little doubt that they would remember us, but I wasn't exactly sure

how they would react to seeing us again. Not that I expected them to

complain if Katie came by to disrobe in front of them once again. Just

that the first time we had the element of surprise. I wasn't sure if now

that they knew what to expect whether it would make them bold and lead to

any potential problems.

I could tell that Katie did not share my concern and was actually eager to

put herself on display again. It was a little amazing to think that there

was a time that she would never have even considered doing such a thing.

Actually, there was a time that she was uncomfortable being naked around

me if I paid too much attention to her. And then to go through the stages

and watch as she would do it but only to humor me and then as it

progressed to the point that she actually took pleasure in it for herself.

She had definitely come a long way!

The way she saw it was that they had treated her politely the last time

and she figured that they were smart enough that they would most likely

continue to mind their manners because they would realize that any

problems would quickly put an end to the show as well as any future shows.

That made sense, but there was also the chance that someone would get

greedy and want more. I decided I'd go along with Katie's instincts on the

matter while keeping alert for any signs of trouble.

It did not take Katie long to prepare for our trip, basically because

there was not a whole lot that she had to put on. Forgoing any

undergarments whatsoever, she put on a one piece sleeveless denim dress

that reached mid-thigh and zipped up the front and then slipped on her

white sneakers. The dress was modest, your typical soccer mom type fare.

But the zipper all the way down the front made it quite simple to get

daring.

Our trip to the garden center was made without incident. Katie did take

the opportunity to tease me a bit by unzipping herself to give me a view

of her breast and pert little nipple. She went so far as to tug on it and

tweak it to bring it to full arousal. When we got to our destination, she

made sure to swing her legs wide so that I got a good glimpse up her dress

to her cutely trimmed pussy as I held the door of the truck open for her,

just in case I had forgotten that she was not wearing knickers. I had a

feeling that some people were in for quite a show this afternoon!

We entered the garden center and began browsing without incident. Despite

having this conducive weather, the place was pretty deserted. I guess that

people were just not thinking about gardening out of force of habit more

than anything. That worked to our benefit, though. Less chance of

"civilians" seeing our show and complaining to anyone or otherwise

interfering.

We were probably there for ten or fifteen minutes before one of "our" guys

happened to walk by and see us. He got a smile on his face that pretty

much said that his day had just gotten a whole lot better and I watched as

he sized up Katie's outfit before coming over to say hello and ask if he

could help us.

Katie gave him one of her best sweet smiles and launched into a discussion

of paperbark maples, river birches, wintergreen, and assorted perennials

to complement the specimen plantings. To his credit, he seemed to shake

off his thoughts of Katie's outfit and what may hide beneath it and

concentrate on what items Katie was listing and where the plants were

located. He suggested that we look at some of the larger items first and

then work back towards the smaller fill-in items which would give us more

variety to work with and pointed the way to start out.

As I said in the last story about this place, it is not your nice,

orderly, sterile suburban garden center but rather a sprawling complex of

greenhouses, sheds, barns, and open areas in between. Most of their

business is from commercial landscapers and the more serious amateur

gardeners, so you don't exactly have all the nice displays and careful

signs to let you know where items are and what exactly they are when you

find them. Sort of like exploring an old country general store where you

never quite know what you'll find tucked in some corner or up on some

shelf.

I trailed along as he led Katie towards the back to the trees. She was

talking about how she liked the bark texture of the two trees and how the

evergreen of the wintergreen would complement the stark bare trunks in

winter. But she was undecided on which one of the two trees would work

best in the location she had in mind. He asked about the siting for the

trees and she described the low hill backing up along a rocky area along

the driveway where we planned to plant things. He asked the usual

questions about how much sun the area received, soil types, and such. Her

description of good soil, but on the dry side led him to suggest a river

birch as the paperbark maples required moister conditions.

As they talked, he led us out through the greenhouses to the open areas

where they had the trees and larger bushes heeled in until someone bought

them. We passed a couple of the other guys that we recognized from our

last visit. You could see them perk up when they recognized Katie and I

also noticed a few nods from the guy with us to his coworkers. Probably to

let them know that he'd do his best to let them know if anything was

happening this time or possibly just to acknowledge that he was "the man"

for spotting us first.

He led us to the trees and showed us a few samples of the river birch and

then we walked further on to see some of the paperbark maples. For those

of you unfamiliar with them, these trees have bark that flakes off as it

grows. It isn't much of an issue during the summer, but during the winter

it makes for an interesting spectacle.

Katie had examined several examples of both types of tree as we stopped at

each, genuinely interested in them but also giving the guy a chance to

look her over as she was looking the trees over. The denim was too thick

to see the shape of nipples or anything through it and it wasn't tight

enough to really show off her curves, but that did not stop him from

taking the opportunity to check out her ass when she bent over or to try

to look down the front when she was facing him.

Katie straightened up from looking at one paperbark maple and caught him

doing his best to look down the top of her dress. It wasn't like she

didn't know he would be trying. Heck, it wasn't like she wasn't giving him

ample opportunity to look either!

She had started to ask him a question about the tree but then paused and

asked him his name, explaining that it was sort of awkward to carry on a

conversation when she could only refer to the other person as "you" all

the time.

He introduced himself as Andy and Katie introduced herself and me. With

the formalities aside, she continued with her question. As she did so, she

reached up and "absentmindedly" slowly drew the zipper to her dress down a

few inches. It had been zipped the whole way up, completely to the base of

her neck. She did not even lower it the whole way to the tops of her

breasts, but Andy's eyes were drawn like a magnet to her actions.

As he continued to stare, Katie just trailed off on what she was saying

and paused with her hand still on her zipper to see what he was going to

do. After a moment of total silence, Andy finally managed to tear his eyes

off of the small sliver of exposed flesh below her neck and meet her eyes.

When their eyes met, he stammered out an apology while her eyes sparkled

and a smile started to form on her lips.

Katie's smile grew as she asked him if she was distracting him. He started

to try to deny that there was any problem, but even then his eyes drifted

back to her hand at the zipper a couple times and only managed to stammer

a bit more. Finally he just gave up. Katie let out a little giggle at

that.

"I'm sorry," she told him. "I'm not making fun of you but it's kinda funny

how easily guys are distracted. I really don't mind you looking, but it

can be a little unnerving to be stared at so intently. I was just getting

a bit warm out in the sun here and wanted to get a little air."

As if to illustrate her point, she fanned her face a bit with her other

hand. Her right hand still had not strayed from the zipper, though, and I

have to admit that it was keeping my attention as well.

What came next wasn't all that surprising to me considering that nobody

else was around and Katie had come here fully planning to show off.

"Tell you what," she said. "Since it seems to me that the problem is that

you're afraid of what you might miss seeing if you look away at the wrong

moment, perhaps I should just give you a little look and then it would be

over with and we could get on with our business. Does that sound good to

you?"

She said this all very sweetly, like it was the most sensible thing to

suggest she do given the circumstances. Not at all condescendingly or with

any attitude towards him. All Andy could do was nod silently as his eyes

once again went back to her zipper.

Katie drew the zipper down, not so slowly as to be a tease but also not so

quickly that it was like she just wanted to whip them out. I guess

"purposefully" would be a good description. She drew the zipper down far

enough below her breasts to gain access and then took each side of the

dress in her hands. With a little movement to shrug the dress off her

shoulders a bit, she opened it up to show off her breasts. Despite her

calm demeanor, I could tell the level of her excitement by how her nipples

stood out and how her aureolas were all crinkled up.

She let us both take a good long look before pulling her dress back

together and pulling the zipper back up. I noticed that she left the

zipper pretty low, just above the mid-point of her breasts and I had a

feeling that her display was not going to completely solve Andy's

attention issues because her dress was sure to gape open when she bent

over now.

"There you go, Andy. Is that better?" she asked him.

Andy seemed a bit at a loss as to how to react to all this, but stammered

out a thank you and apologized for his earlier staring.

Katie replied that he should not let it concern him too much, that she

took it as a complement that he was interested in looking at her and that

as long as he was polite, courteous, and respectful she had no problems in

letting him look.

"If you said that you liked my dress, I'd take that as a complement. I

don't see why I shouldn't take it as a complement if you say that you

like, ummm, 'other things'..." she said with a smile.

Andy seemed to get his voice back and assured her that he most certainly

did like her "other things" and that he very much appreciated her giving

him the opportunity to see them. He also told her that he thought that she

was pretty cool for the way that she viewed the situation. As an

afterthought he turned to me and thanked me for being understanding and

allowing it to happen. He sort of stammered a bit trying to think of what

to thank me for, but I guess that "understanding" was as good as anything.

At this rate, we were never going to get the plantings that we needed.

Thankfully, Katie turned things back to her questions about the tree. Andy

seemed to get over his distraction and did a good job of answering our

questions. Based on what he had told us about the river birch doing better

in dry conditions, Katie said that sounded like the best deal for us so we

headed back over to those trees to find one or two that suited us.

We looked their stock over but the selection available was not that great.

Andy suggested that we select what we liked here and then we could also go

back and see if they had any others available in the stuff that had just

come in. So we selected two containers that Katie felt she could be

satisfied with and Andy pulled some flagging tape from his pocket and tied

it around a branch on each one to show that they had been sold.

Just about that time, two more of the guys came strolling our way. They

were guys that I recognized from the last time, so I wasn't too surprised

to see them come by to see if anything was going on. Truthfully, I was a

little surprised that it had taken this long for anyone else to check in

on us. Considering our adventures the last time, I half expected everyone

who worked there to be following us around as soon as we walked in the

place. I took it as a good sign that they were being casual about things.

They acted like they were just passing through and did not expect to

happen across us. In truth, I'm sure that they had been all over the place

looking for us. But once they saw us they came on over to say hello,

rather than pretend that they did not know us or something.

They stood off a little bit from us and from the way that they were

glancing at Katie and then at Andy, it was obvious that their unspoken

question was whether anything was going on or had happened yet. Andy took

the initiative, telling them that we were looking at the river birches and

then introduced everyone to one another. The two newcomers were introduced

as Steve and Aaron.

They seemed to take the introductions somewhat awkwardly. I wasn't exactly

sure if they thought we were taking names and they were going to get into

some sort of trouble or if they found it uncomfortable to actually know us

after they had seen Katie's boobs. If either situation was the case, I

cannot say that I understood it.

As far as getting into trouble, Katie was the one that had taken her top

off so I don't see how it would make sense that they would be the ones

getting in trouble.

If they felt awkward knowing us after seeing Katie's boobs, that didn't

make a whole lot of sense to me either.

Although, a coworker had once related to me a story about how his whole

evening at a strip club had been ruined for him when it turned out that he

had gone to high school with one of the strippers and she recognized him.

I was never quite clear on whether it was just the fact that someone had

"caught" him at the club or if it was the fact that he had to face the

idea that the stripper was an actual person that had bothered him. More

likely it had something to do along the lines of the latter issue

considering that it was fairly common knowledge that he frequented the

club regularly.

I guess that it is part of that whole idea of "objectifying" women that is

confusing to me. I guess that I see a woman as a whole person whether she

has clothes on or not. Further, I see the fact that she would allow me to

see her naked as something special that she is willing to share with me,

not something dirty that would cause me to not want to know her

personally.

As it turned out, I'm pretty sure that it was along the lines of the

latter point. Somehow that it was easier to gawk at a stranger, but once

she is someone's spouse, sister, or daughter it is harder to objectify

her. Which could actually be a good thing if it meant that it would make

them more considerate of boundaries.

Andy was explaining to them what we were looking for and said that we

would probably require some help when it came time to load everything up.

As they were talking, Katie was checking out a few of the other trees to

make sure that she had picked the ones that she definitely wanted. Steve

and Aaron must not have been too embarrassed about checking out women that

they knew because when Katie bent over to look at the one tree they were

definitely taking the opportunity to check her out. I was pretty sure that

Katie was doing her "checking" for their benefit. Andy noticed his

friends' glances and proved that he was a quick study.

"Hey, guys, show some respect," he said. "If you like what you see,

complement the lady and perhaps you'll get a closer look rather than

having to sneak glances down her top."

As I had said, Katie had been doing her best to act like she was checking

on the trees and that she was unaware of both the view that she was giving

as well as the fact that anyone was paying attention. Andy's comment drew

her back into the conversation though.

"I'm not exactly sure why you'd be trying to look down my top," she said.

"There's very little to see there down there, literally!"

As if to emphasize her point, she pulled her top away from her body and

looked down at herself. Nobody else could see anything, but I knew that

she was completely bare underneath while Andy knew that she was at least

bare to the waist and the other two could pretty much infer from her body

language that she was looking at skin instead of a bra.

"It's not the quantity, but the quality that counts," Andy chimed in.

I was going to have to watch that kid, he had already learned a few

lessons about being a smooth talker!

Katie gave him a smile and told him that he was sweet, but asked (somewhat

rhetorically) if they really were that interested in seeing her body. She

pointed out that they had all seen her before (not mentioning how recently

Andy had seen her) and reiterated that there wasn't all that much to see.

I think that they all should have realized from the last time that Katie

was perfectly willing to get out of her clothes with a little

encouragement.

The guys were finally overcoming their awkwardness and embarrassment

because they began to offer complements and encouragement to her. They

promised to keep an eye out for anyone coming our way, that they

definitely appreciated seeing her body, and that she should just make

herself comfortable.

The last was said quite earnestly, like their foremost concern was for her

comfort and well-being. I'm sure that they had no idea of the extent to

which Katie of all people did not really need to be convinced that she

would be more comfortable out of her clothes. However, it seemed to work

best to let them think that they had talked her into it.

Katie gave them all another of her warm, sunny smiles and thanked them for

making her feel at ease. She admitted that it was a bit warm, but

regretted that she could not repeat her previous actions since her outfit

was a one piece today. I was a little surprised that none of the guys took

the hint and suggested that she just take the complete outfit off. Even

though they did not know that she had nothing on underneath, surely the

thought of her running around in her underwear should have crossed their

minds. I know that it certainly crossed mine! Even though I knew she

didn't have any knickers on, I could picture her running around the

greenhouses in just a pair of white knickers.

So she agreed to open the top of her dress up some more, saying that it

would be more comfortable for her and would also allow them to "appreciate

the view" as she put it. Everyone's eyes followed her hand as it went once

again to the zipper and purposefully drew it downward.

The zipper had just reached about the mid-point of her breasts when her

eyes flicked past us. Her hand continued downward, but she had released

the zipper and acted as though she was just brushing something off the

front of her dress. I took a quick glance and saw that another couple had

entered the area. They did not look to be much older than us, but you

could tell from their appearance that they would object to our little

games. The way they were a little too clean cut and overweight just spoke

volumes towards the idea that they let the right wing form their opinions

for them.

The guys took a moment to realize what was going on, but quickly

understood the situation. Steve and Aaron hurriedly said their goodbyes

and moved along. Too many people standing around would just look

suspicious and whatever trouble we could get in for our games, we did not

want to get the guys in trouble with their bosses if customers started

complaining. Aaron headed off while Steve wandered over to the other

couple to see if they needed any help.

I did take note that Katie made no move to pull the zipper back up. She

wasn't indecent as she stood, but I could see that it would gape away from

her body if she bent over.

Andy collected his thoughts and suggested that we head off to look at

other plants. Katie had mentioned wintergreen as an evergreen ground-cover

below the trees, but said that she was open to suggestions. She liked the

idea of the color of the leaves and berries in the winter as well as the

idea of the wintergreen flavor.

Andy led us through buildings and open spaces, passing only a few people

on the way. I'd be able to find our way back out of the place but as is

often the case when following someone I was getting a little lost in all

the twists and turns.

Andy finally brought us to a halt in an outside area nestled into the

corner between two buildings. There was a little waterfall feature backed

into the corner with a display of various plantings around it and then

pots of plants situated on "bleacher" shelves to either side of that.

Andy pointed out the pots of wintergreen and also went over some other

options, pointing out mediterranean heathers, and a dwarf holly or two

that he thought might work well for us.

Katie and I were looking at the various shrubs while Andy was pointing

things out. Katie turned and caught my attention without alerting him.

Unobtrusively she had lowered the zipper well below her breasts. It was

not the whole way to her navel, but about to the bottom of her rib cage.

She was just standing upright when she first caught my attention. The

dress was pulled apart a bit at the top and then the strip of exposed

flesh vee-ed down to the zipper. You really could not see the curve of her

breasts in the narrow gap. As I was watching her, she first turned

slightly to the side and bent over to let the dress fall way from her body

to give me a view inside her dress to her breast. Then she turned back

towards me, still bent over, and arched her back slightly. It gave just

enough of a view down the front that I could see a bit of her pubic hair

and tell that she wasn't wearing knickers. With her point proven, she

straightened back up with a smile on her face and Andy none the wiser for

the moment.

Andy finished his spiel and stepped back again to let us look at things

and see if we had any questions. Katie moved forward and began examining

the various plants. At first she was turned away from Andy and me as she

bent over, so other than an excellent view of her ass there was not too

much to see. But then as she asked a question she swiveled a bit sideways

to look back at us and we were presented with an excellent view of her one

breast as her dress hung away from her body. She paid us no mind as we

stared and Andy was able to continue to answer her questions as he took in

the view.

She continued to toy with us as she examined the plants and asked Andy

questions. She made sure to bend over often and in such a way that her

dress would hang open and we would get a view of one or the other of her

breasts.

We were all having fun with our little game. The rules were unspoken, but

it was fairly apparent that everyone understood them. Katie was showing

off as much as she possibly could without admitting that she was aware

that she was exposing herself or that we were watching while Andy and I

were doing our best to pretend we weren't seeing anything out of the

ordinary while taking it all in.

We were all doing pretty well with our roles until Katie upped the ante a

little bit. She had been bending over while facing to one side or the

other from us such that we could look into her dress from the side. She

had also managed to ease her zipper down a bit more without calling

attention to the fact that she was doing so and we could see her breast

and down along her belly quite a ways. So it was a little ludicrous to

really believe that she didn't know she was exposing anything or that we

were seeing anything. But she had wandered around topless before and then

exposed her breasts to Andy and literally let him know that it was ok for

him to look at them, so it sort of made sense in our little game that

there wasn't anything amiss with what was going on. But up until now it

had only been her breasts. And although I am sure that Andy thought about

seeing more, he was probably pretty pleased just that he was seeing this

much.

So when Katie finally turned toward us, I knew what was coming and turned

my attention to Andy to see what his reaction was going to be while

keeping Katie in the corner of my eye to judge when to expect his reaction

and to know what he was seeing.

Katie took her time, doing everything in her unhurried manner. When she

finally bent over again to look at one of the plants I don't think that

Andy expected to see much when he glanced at her because it was obvious

that her breasts would not be exposed to a frontal view. When she

continued to bend lower, I could see his eyes begin to drift down.

Probably thinking he'd get a chance to see what color knickers she was

wearing. He gave a visible start when her little patch of pubic hair came

into view. Looking down from the top, it was impossible to see much of

anything of her actual pussy, but it let him know that except for her

dress and shoes she was completely naked. With the course that her zipper

had already taken from being fully zippered down to its present location

near her navel, it didn't take too much imagination to see it dropping the

rest of the way.

Still bent over, Katie asked Andy a question about the plant that she was

looking at and then looked up at him. Again, he seemed unable to take his

eyes off of her so they remained locked in their staring contest for

several moments. Her looking up at him and him looking down at her,

although his focus was not on her eyes but rather down past them, down

through the valley between her breasts, down past her belly, to that tuft

of hair that was visible between her legs.

Finally Katie cleared her throat and Andy was able to drag his focus back

to her face.

"Am I distracting you again?" she asked sweetly. "Is there something else

you would like to have a better look at?"

Andy mumbled and stuttered a few times before he managed to croak out that

he did not realize that Katie did not have knickers on.

"Dear boy," she said with just a trace of good-natured sarcasm. "The whole

point of a dress is that it is less constricting. Now you already know

that I don't really need any support upstairs anyway, but there definitely

isn't anything to support downstairs. So it's just more comfortable not to

wear them, I rarely do."

I wondered if that last bit would sink in for future reference - that she

rarely had any underwear on.

She slowly straightened up and his eyes strayed back to catch a last look

at her tuft of pubic hair before it disappeared.

Katie repeated her question. "Is there something that you would like a

better look at?" she asked Andy.

Andy finally seemed to get himself together again and said that he would

love to see whatever she felt comfortable showing. She smiled at him and

said that having only about the last foot of zipper done up didn't really

do much to cover her and it did seem a bit pointless to not just undo her

dress completely. This time, when her hand reached her zipper, she drew it

down more quickly than the past two times as though clearly stating that

it was no big deal. Almost as though she was wondering why it was still

fastened in the first place.

She paused for several moments with the dress just undone like that. The

dress hung loosely from her shoulders, but her breasts were mostly

covered. You could just see a hint of the swell of them on either side

before the fabric covered them. But the strip of exposed bare skin ran

from her neck, down between her breasts, across her belly, and clearly

showed off her pubic hair and pussy. Katie keeps her pubic hair trimmed

close and then shaves it to shape as well as keeping her labia shaved. The

patch of hair above her pussy is not the thin "landing strip" that some

people do, but is narrowed from its natural delta. Her prominent labia

were plainly visible.

She stood like that, allowing us to take in the view. She was neither

doing anything to cover up her nether region nor was she doing anything to

purposefully show herself off.

After several moments, though, she simply said, "I suppose you want the

full effect." With that she lifted her hands to the collar of the dress

and drew it apart so that it settled more loosely on her shoulders and

exposed the whole front side of her. The sides of the dress fell to either

side of her breasts and then dropped down, exposing her whole body to our

gaze.

Again, after several moments she made a comment about doubting that we

would be happy until we had seen everything. She turned around and flipped

the tail of her dress up to expose her cute little butt and slowly bent

over with her legs a bit further than shoulder width apart to give us an

excellent view of her asshole and pussy. With the way that her pussy lips

peeled apart, I knew that she was getting wet and excited.

She held that pose for a few moments before bending over still further so

that she could look back between her legs at us. With a sweet smile, she

asked if we had gotten a good view of everything. Despite knowing that it

would bring an end to our current view, we both thanked her and said that

we enjoyed the view.

Katie straightened up and turned back around. Rather than do anything to

draw her dress back together, she adjusted it slightly to make sure that

her breasts were still exposed completely, making it clear that she

intended to leave her dress open and herself exposed.

To his credit, Andy was not completely distracted by Katie's state of

undress. Although it was plain to see his eyes travel down to take in her

breasts and pussy as he talked to her, he kept up his end of the

discussion with us and answered our questions. He even managed to tear his

eyes away from Katie occasionally when I was talking.

Katie continued to walk around, looking at the various plants and asking

questions. I absolutely loved seeing her out in all her glory like this!

Katie was also doing her best to show herself off. She'd draw the sides of

her dress back so that she could stand with her hands on her bare hips and

stand with her feet somewhat apart with one foot turned to make sure that

her pussy was exposed. I could tell that Katie was turned on by her hard

nipples and the way that her aureolas were all crinkled up. Although it

was not like her juices were running down her leg, I could see that her

labia were glistening with wetness.

I heard a noise and saw movement out of the corner of my eye. I turned to

see what was happening as Katie turned away and quickly fastened the

bottom of her dress and raised the zipper to her waist where she could

readily close it the rest of the way if it was warranted. I had to give

her credit for not immediately covering up completely. I was proud of her

for that.

Fortunately, our play was not at an end as I quickly saw that our

newcomers were Steve and Aaron again. They had undoubtedly dealt with the

customers and then scrambled to catch up with us again. I noticed that as

they made their way over Katie was pulling her zipper back up to her

breasts. At first I didn't understand since it was "safe" and wasn't any

civilians, but then realized that they had not even seen her breasts yet

since we had been interrupted before. She wanted to give them the full

show.

They made their way over to us and made their hellos and a little bit of

small talk about the customers and what plants we had been looking at.

Conversation trailed off and there was a bit of an awkward silence after

that as they had just been about to "appreciate the view" when we were

previously interrupted and now they were not exactly sure if the offer

still stood.

Before the silence lasted too long, Katie took care of the issue by

stating that she was glad that they were back so that she could make

herself more comfortable. Andy was smart enough not to make any indication

of what he had already seen.

All eyes went back to her zipper as she reached up and slowly pulled it

down below her breasts. She took the sides of her dress in either hand and

began to draw it apart once again. Just as her nipples were about to be

exposed, she paused. It was all quiet as all eyes were intent upon her

hands and what she was about to reveal. With no further movement, though,

eyes began to drift up to search out hers to see what was happening. When

she had everyone's attention, she asked for a favor. With nods and

affirmative answers, she continued.

"Well, I was just thinking that I've been a bit of a tease here," she

began. "You guys have all been so sweet and accommodating to me and here I

am making you work for every little glimpse. It's such a nice day that I

would prefer not to be so restricted by my clothing. And you guys didn't

seem too bothered by me being topless the last time. So would you mind if

I just undid my dress?" She then hastened to add, "I'd be sure to cover

back up if anyone else came."

Right! Like this was something that they'd object to! Andy was the only

one of them that knew the true extent of what they were about to see, but

I had little doubt that they had been wishing for a reprise of her topless

act ever since she had done it the first time.

Andy was keeping quiet. I think that he wanted to see his friends'

reaction to her lack of knickers. To their credit, Steve and Aaron played

it pretty cool. They told her that she was more than welcome to "get

comfortable" and that they'd keep an eye out in case anyone else came.

Katie gave them one of her warmest smiles and thanked them for their

consideration. She had let go of the zipper during the discussion, so she

raised her hand back up and took hold of it. She pulled it down in one

steady motion from below her breasts to the bottom of her dress. She had

to bend over a bit at the bottom, to reach the hem of her dress and to get

the zipper to unfasten at the end. As she straightened back up she pulled

the edges of her dress apart a bit and flapped at them as though to air

herself out a bit. I cannot vouch for how well it cooled her off, but it

did do an excellent job of showing her off.

Steve just let out a low gasp as his eyes found Katie's pussy and Aaron

said "Holy Shit!" in a soft, shocked whisper.

Katie giggled a bit at their reactions and Andy snickered a bit. I had to

smile myself at their shock. It was hard to say whether it was just the

fact that they expected her to have knickers on or if the bareness of her

trimmed and shaved pussy was what was too much for them.

Still giggling a bit at their reaction, Katie said, "I guess I should have

warned you that I'm not real big on wearing any underwear..."

As they continued to stare speechlessly, their eyes going back and forth

from her breasts to her pussy, Katie said, "Well, I guess I better let you

guys have a good look at everything so that you will be able to

concentrate again." She gave them a smile and a sweet laugh as she said

this.

She proceeded to do much the same as she had done for Andy. She was fully

exposed, breasts and pussy, and she kept her legs slightly apart and the

one knee turned out slightly so that her labia were clearly on display for

them. Again, I could see them glistening and knew how turned on she must

be. She let us all take in the view and then turned around and flipped up

the tail of her dress and bent over to show off her ass.

"I'm guessing that you probably won't be satisfied until you see

everything," she said to us.

At first, she kept her legs only slightly apart, so we only got a show of

her ass cheeks. Not that Katie's ass isn't something in its own right -

small and firm and incredibly cute - but I suppose that I'm a bit

prejudiced about it!

After a moment, she let her feet slide apart until we could once again see

her asshole and pussy. She was certainly wet because her labia peeled

apart easily as her legs spread, letting us see between her parted lips.

She had bent over far enough that she was looking between her legs back at

us with a smile on her face. I suppose that it could have been somewhat

disconcerting for the guys to have her staring at them as they looked at

her most private parts, but none of them seemed to be able to tear their

eyes away.

Finally, she asked her question again, whether we had all gotten a good

view of everything. There were murmurs of ascent and she slowly

straightened back up and turned around to face us again.

"There you go, guys. You've seen it all. So there shouldn't be anything

distracting about me anymore."

Yeah, right! Nothing distracting about a sweet, beautiful woman wandering

around pretty much naked. Nope, nothing distracting about that!

But Katie made no move toward covering up at all, making it clear that she

intended to do just as she had said and remain exposed. She went back to

asking Andy questions about the various plants to further illustrate that

she felt that it was back to business as usual.

Katie started asking me about some of her selections, so that we could

begin to narrow things down. With Andy's advice, we started picking out

what we wanted to buy and Aaron was dispatched to get us a wagon for our

selections.

Although everyone was obviously aware of Katie's nudity, it was refreshing

that everyone carried on with things and accepted it. Sure everyone had

stared when she was showing off. Heck, I was staring too. But this was

what I had been dreaming of for a long time. That Katie's nudity would be

accepted and appreciated.

And Katie pulled it off beautifully. As I have said, she looks completely

natural and at ease being naked. As she moved around, looking at plants

and talking to Andy about her selections, it pretty much looked like it

was completely natural for her to be wandering around with her dress fully

unzipped.

Aaron came back with a wagon and we started loading up the plants that we

had selected. The only downside was that as she bent over the sides of her

dress would fall forward and hide the view for anyone off to her sides. As

we were getting things loaded, she rubbed up against the guys a couple

times. Since she still had her dress wrapped around her sides and back, it

wasn't like they were rubbing up against bare skin. But the fact that they

were rubbing up against a nearly naked woman was not lost on them.

We got everything loaded up and the guys took over the wagon for us. The

plan was to head back the way we came a bit to drop off the wagon and then

Andy was going to take us back to their receiving area to see if any more

of the river birches had come in recently. Of course, Aaron and Steve came

along to "help out" with things. Not that Katie's undress had anything to

do with that...

I was surprised but pleased that Katie did not choose to fasten her dress

back up. It was a risk, but we had not seen anyone other than the one

couple that had interrupted us previously and we were further back from

the main areas now. We reached the point where we were going to turn back

to the receiving area without incident and left our wagon there. No sense

dragging it all over the establishment, it was already too full to put the

birches on if we found some that we liked. So better to leave it here and

pick it up on our way back through to the checkout.

As we walked along, Katie was making small talk with the guys. They said

that they really enjoyed working at the garden center and that the three

of them were headed to college for horticulture majors in the Fall. Katie

asked about that and they said it was at a college about two hours north

of us. Neither Katie nor I had gone to college there, but we both had

friends who had so we were familiar with the campus.

This whole time Katie was walking along with the front of her dress open.

Since we were all walking along together, it wasn't quite the same as when

we were all facing her and she was on display in front of us. But any time

anyone glanced over at her they were going to get a glimpse of something,

so just knowing that she was so casually exposed was exciting to me. I did

notice that as we came to a new area Katie was cautious and ready to cover

up if there was anyone there, but she did not let her tension show too

much. I could recognize that she was alert, but I doubt that the guys

noticed.

We came to the receiving area and Andy cautioned that it was possible

there was someone back here but that he wasn't sure who it might be. So

Katie took a moment to fasten her dress again. She only pulled the zipper

up to the top of her stomach, though. Well below the bottom of her

breasts. Nothing was exposed except for bare skin, but it definitely

caught your attention.

The receiving building was a fairly large structure that was divided into

two parts along the peak of the roof. The one side was an enclosed

warehouse type space and had about two thirds of the space filled with

pallet racking to store various items that needed to be kept dry. Dim

light filtered in from skylights in the roof and high windows along the

outside wall and it had that earthy acrid smell of soil and fertilizer.

The other third was a staging area with a parked forklift and some pallets

and other items that had not been dealt with yet. This was the area that

we entered through a man door, but there were also several overhead doors

spaced around the walls. We crossed the space and exited through one of

the overhead doors into the space under cover of the rest of the roof.

This space was open on the other three sides and was pretty much a loading

dock. There was another forklift parked off to the side and a tractor with

a tiered trailer that was loaded with smaller plants. Off to the other

side was one whole section of larger trees.

There was one guy working on loading containers onto the trailer behind

the tractor. I recognized him as another one of the guys that we had seen

the last time. When he saw our group he stopped and came over, asking what

was up. Obviously, he recognized us and eyed the open front to Katie's

dress. Andy introduced us and introduced him as Mark to us. He continued

on to tell Mark that we were looking for river birches and wondered if any

new ones had come in since the ones that were out in the retail space had

been somewhat picked over.

Noticing Mark's glances at the open front to Katie's dress, Andy first

turned to Katie and said, "Should I ask him?"

Katie just gave a nod and said, "Ok."

Andy turned back to Mark and did his best to explain the situation while

making it seem perfectly normal. That Katie had been hot and that the

discussion ended up revealing (so to speak) that Katie would be more

comfortable opening up her dress if nobody minded. Mark had seen her

topless the time before, so it wasn't exactly like this was a surprise to

him. But like Aaron and Steve, he probably did not realize the full extent

of what he was about to see and probably figured that she had knickers on.

Doing his best not to look too eager, Mark said that it wasn't a problem

for him if nobody else minded. He continued on to say that he hadn't seen

anyone else back here for quite some time so it was unlikely that we'd

upset anyone.

Katie gave him a smile and made a comment about how great the customer

service was around here. Her hand went to her zipper and a hush fell as

everyone's eyes followed it. She purposefully drew the zipper down and

unfastened it. When he realized that he could see her pussy, Mark let out

a quiet "Jesus!" under his breath. The rest of us had to laugh a bit at

that, all understanding his reaction perfectly.

Katie paused for a moment with the dress unzipped and just the strip of

flesh showing from top to bottom. She raised her hands to the sides of the

dress by her neck to open the dress up to expose her breasts, but stopped

for a moment as though thinking something over. Only a slight moment later

she said, "What the heck, I really don't have anything else to hide." With

that she flipped the dress off her shoulders and let it slide down her

arms. She let her one hand slip out of it while she caught the dress with

the other hand. With a slight toss to her other hand, she caught it in the

middle so that it was easier to hold.

She stood before us completely naked except for her little white sneakers.

Everyone just stood there in silence, staring at her.

Everyone there had seen her running around topless on our last visit.

Everyone there had seen her pussy. Granted, Mark had not seen her ass or

the full frontal effect up until this moment, but everyone was just

standing there practically in shock. I've seen Katie naked for years and I

was having a hard time finding my voice!

Katie gave us a few moments, but as the silence continued and we all just

stood there practically with our mouths hanging open she had to comment.

Shaking her head and speaking to no one in particular, she said, "Gee,

here I thought I was doing these guys a favor. I thought I was distracting

them because they were worried about missing something if they looked

away. Logical solution is to show them everything, right? They've seen it

all now: top, bottom, front, back. Nothing left to see, nothing left to

hide. So it makes sense to just leave it all uncovered, doesn't it? Except

they are all now catatonic like I grew a second head or something."

Lowering her head and speaking in more of a muttered undertone she

continued, "Thought I had it figured out. Thought it made sense. But

nooooo...."

I knew that she was not really upset, but she was playing it up. As she

was talking, she'd gesture with her hands and throw her arms about which

caused her breasts to wiggle nicely. Or she'd put her hands on her hips

which thrust out her breasts and pelvis, drawing attention to both. It was

all completely natural, which just made it all the more sexy. None of her

actions were any different or restrained in any way from what they'd have

been if she had clothes on.

Looking back up at us she shook her finger at us, causing more breast and

ass jiggling, and continued. "You men. I have no idea what to do with you

guys. I know you like to look and I don't mind if you do. On a nice day

like today it's pretty nice to take in some fresh air and some sun. But

can you at least show a lady some respect or am I going to have to put my

clothes back on?" She shook her dress at us for emphasis.

That was enough to break the guys out of their stupor and they began to

apologize and assure her that she should feel free to do what she wanted

to be comfortable. Of course, the relationship between her comfort and

their being able to hang out with a naked lady had absolutely no

connection, I am sure!

To their credit, they were generally showing her a reasonable amount of

respect. I think that some of it was the age difference, but I also think

that a lot of it had to do with her keeping them off balance. What with

the nudity in general and then having her standing there lecturing them

while fully naked it was a bit of a cautious respect - like they weren't

exactly sure what she might do next. A little cautious respect never hurt,

though.

The guys seemed to pull themselves together a bit and Katie made no moves

to put her dress back on. Andy was the one that collected himself first

and after conferring with Mark for a moment the two of them headed off

with Katie to take a look at the river birches that had just come in. The

rest of us fell in and followed along behind them. As we passed a pallet

stacked high with bags of potting soil, Katie nonchalantly tossed her

dress onto it and continued on with her white tennis shoes being the only

covering on any part of her body. That action spoke volumes. She was

committed to her nudity whether anything happened with the guys or if

anyone else showed up.

I found a lot of thoughts floating through my head as I walked along.

I was proud of Katie for the changes she had made and how far she had

come. A couple years ago and we were destroying our relationship between

Katie's insecurities and lack of confidence in herself and my dwindling

patience with the situation and not knowing what to do to change things.

That alone was worth all that we had done because I was seeing that Katie

was more confident and more at ease with herself in all aspects of her

life these past months. It was like watching a beautiful flower bloom.

There was also the realization of my dreams of seeing Katie accepted naked

in public. Those feelings are probably a bit difficult for me to explain.

It was definitely arousing for me to have her walking around naked like

this, no doubt about that. I had to keep readjusting myself and noticed

the other guys doing the same. But it wasn't an immediate thing, like I

wanted to bend her over and have my way with her right then and there. It

was more of a cumulative effect that would leave me with no doubt that I

was married to the sexiest woman alive when I got her home and the visions

from this afternoon played through my mind as we made love to each other.

Above all, I was just amazed at how at ease Katie was with the situation.

She was acting no differently than if she still had her dress on. Some

women can be perfectly at ease in a bathing suit at the pool or beach, but

if they were caught out of context - say they had come home from the pool

and had to answer the door for the delivery-man in the same bathing suit -

they are self-conscious about it. Or women that dress sexily and have that

attitude about how they know that they look good and it is all about

putting on that show. Katie had none of that. She was not at all

self-conscious about being naked but she also did not have any attitude

about showing off or that she was on an ego trip drinking in the attention

either. She was just being herself and it all came across as perfectly

natural and wholesome that she should be naked. The more you were around

Katie while she was naked, the more it seemed like a total shame to cover

up her body. The thought had crossed my mind more than once to move to

some tropical island paradise where she would never have to wear clothes

again!

We came to a cluster of about a dozen river birches in large containers.

These were definitely in better shape than the few remaining ones out in

the nursery that had been left after the nicer ones had already been

picked over. As Katie inspected the trees, everyone got a pretty good look

at her from just about every conceivable angle as she moved around the

trees and bent to look at them. From the deeper coloring to her nether

lips and their glossy sheen, she was just as aroused as the bulges in the

rest of our pants attested to for us.

Those bulges left no doubt that everyone was fully aware of Katie's

nudity. Yet they were minding their manners and actually paying some

attention to helping us out.

Katie and I decided on two of the containers but I could tell that Katie

was definitely enjoying herself and wasn't ready to call an end to the

display. So as Mark and Andy pulled the containers out from the group for

us, I asked if there were any other plants that had come in that we should

take a look at while we were here. It seemed like a plausible question and

I am not sure if they realized that I was mainly just buying time. Andy

asked what sort of things we might be looking for and helped to direct us

around the place to look at various plants.

Nothing in particular turned up, though. Truthfully, we had already

selected more than enough stuff to keep us busy planting for quite some

time. That and the fact that I was getting a bit surprised that nobody had

noticed that about half the staff had disappeared someplace. So we finally

had to put an end to things. But our wandering around to look at things

gave us another fifteen to twenty minutes of Katie frolicking in her

nudity.

I thanked Andy and the guys for all their help and said that we really had

to get going. Katie also thanked everyone for all their help and then

commented that she figured that she had to get dressed before we headed

back to the "public" areas. You could see the disappointment in the guys'

faces at the reality that the show was finally coming to an end. However,

we were nowhere near the pallet where she had dropped off her dress, so

they at least had a little longer to enjoy the sights.

The mood was a bit downcast as we walked back across the building. When we

did reach the pallet, Katie did not immediately reach for her dress.

Instead, she turned to Andy and thanked him once again for all his help.

Then Katie took a step back so that she could take the group in as a whole

and thanked them all for indulging her and for the respect that they had

showed her.

"I know that this was all pretty out of the ordinary. I just like getting

naked. I can tell that it is not like you guys aren't enjoying this too,

but I do appreciate that you indulged me. And don't doubt how far being

polite and respectful will get you. You wouldn't have seen any of this if

I didn't think you were nice guys. So I just wanted to thank you all for

making my afternoon quite enjoyable!" she told them.

She then stepped forward and gave each one a hug and a quick kiss on the

cheek. Starting with Mark, she wrapped her arms around him and pressed her

body against his for several moments. She caught him a bit off guard and

he only managed to clumsily put his arms around her for a moment or two

before she pulled away a bit to kiss his cheek. Aaron was next and he was

only a little better prepared. As she approached him he put his arms

around her and actually hugged her in return, rubbing his hands up and

down her back a little as he did so. She gave him a quick peck on the

cheek as well and then moved away. Steve did about the same as Aaron,

getting a good hug in and rubbing her back with his hands as he did so.

Last was Andy and I'm sure that Katie had planning it that way. He had

spent the most time with us, so she obviously wanted to give him time to

prepare and not be caught off guard like Mark had been.

Katie slipped into his arms and he hugged her to him. He started with his

hands just below her shoulder blades, but as she snuggled into him his

hands dropped to the small of her back and his hug pressed her pelvis

against him. He definitely took longer with his hug than the others and

instead of just clumsily rubbing her back as the others had done, it was

more of a caress. He put more feeling into it than the other guys had. It

sort of stood to reason, considering that he had been the one most closely

involved in helping us as well as spending the most time around Katie

while she was in various states of undress.

He slowly released her and she stretched up on her tip-toes to kiss his

cheek. She placed a hand on his shoulder to steady herself and his hands

went to her sides to help support her. I noticed that his hands fell at

the lower sides of her breasts and I didn't feel that it was particularly

an accident. She finished her peck on his cheek and backed away from him

and he let his fingers trail across the sides of her breasts as she moved

away.

Katie went to the pallet and picked up her dress, taking her time to slip

her arms into it and then zip it up so that she was decent again. We both

made some small talk, thanking the guys for their help and they made

comments to us in return about how cool we were. Mark had to continue with

his work, so Andy, Steve, and Aaron accompanied us with the two river

birches on a cart back to the second cart with our other purchases. Aaron

and Steve bid us good day at that point and Andy helped us with the cart

with the birches while Katie and I followed along with the other cart.

The checkout process at the cashier passed uneventfully. Andy stuck around

to help us get the carts out to the truck and get everything loaded up.

Katie gave Andy another hug and he told us to be sure to come back soon.

Something was telling me that our landscaping budget was going to be

running a bit high this season!

Our discussion on the way home was lively. Katie was full of questions:

what I thought about what happened, how she looked, what I felt the guys

had thought about what had happened. She was practically bubbling over

with excitement!

I did my best to answer her questions and not do anything to curb her

enthusiasm. Heck, I was excited about the afternoon as well!

So I told her how beautiful she had looked and my thoughts about moving to

a tropical island where she would never have to wear any clothes ever

again. She laughed at that thought. I told her how incredible it was to

see her out in public like that and that she had definitely made my day by

bringing to life one of my all-time favorite fantasies. Obviously, she had

heard many times about how much I wanted to see her naked in public - that

was the whole point of our exploits. But she had not really realized that

what she had done was "public" enough for me.

I went on to tell her that I was sure the guys would be thinking of her

for weeks to come. Or should that be cuming for weeks thinking of her? She

laughed at that too.

We got home and I pulled the truck through our gate and into the backyard

to unload. Our plan was to get a few things planted, but heel the rest of

the stuff in at our garden so that we could work on it as we had time.

It may seem strange to some that we did not immediately head for the

bedroom and ravage each other. But that was not the mood that we were in

and I really had no problem with that. All along this had been about

getting Katie to accept nudity as being fun and playful and not

necessarily that it had to be sexual all the time.

Katie was not exactly dressed for yard-work with her dress and sneakers,

so she disappeared into the house for a few moments while I started

unloading some of the smaller stuff from the truck. I received a pleasant

surprise when Katie rejoined me for it was fairly obvious that she was not

finished being playful. She had changed into her usual work-boots and

jeans, but came out with a cropped t-shirt that I had a feeling had just

been cut. I could tell that I was in for a treat because with her just

standing there as she pulled on her work gloves I could just barely see

the curve of the bottoms of her breasts.

As she began to help out with the unloading, I was not disappointed. As

she would reach to pick up a pot, the shirt would rise up to uncover her

nipples. When she would bend over to put the pot down on the ground the

shirt would gape open so that if I was standing to the side of her or

behind her I could plainly see up it. True to her fashion, Katie worked

along like she had absolutely no idea of what was going on.

With everything out of the truck, we stood back and looked things over to

select what got heeled in and what we figured that we could get planted

yet this afternoon. We were not quite ready for the birches, so those were

going to get heeled. We divided up the rest of the stuff and pulled out a

group of things that we were going to plant. With those set to the side,

Katie went to the garage for a pair of shovels and we began the process of

heeling things in.

The idea behind "heeling something in" is basically to dig a shallow hole,

set the plant in it, and then mound the earth up around it. It isn't fully

planted, but the earth berm around it helps to keep the plant from drying

out like it would above ground. If you're going to have it there for any

amount of time you typically take it out of any pot or burlap and make the

hole deeper. We planned to get everything in over the next week or so, so

we've found that things can be left in their pots. Makes it easier to pull

them out and move them around again.

To put it simply, digging also required a certain amount of bending over

and reaching so I was treated to a continued show. At one point Katie dug

her shovel into the ground and then reached her arms up over her head to

stretch. Needless to say, the shirt rode up to expose both her breasts

completely. Back by the garden, we were not in direct view of any of our

neighbors' houses, but we weren't exactly hidden either.

We got all the plants heeled in and took stock of the plants that we

actually wanted to get into the ground. We ended up with about eight to

ten plants sitting there in front of us. Katie and I talked things over a

bit about where they were going in and then set about working on things.

I moved the truck out of the way and parked it while Katie went in the

garage to get the wheelbarrow. We loaded a number of plants into the

wheelbarrow along with the shovels and set off for our first location. We

had four pots of perennials to put in near one of our trees.

As I said, our back yard is fairly private for being in town. The detached

garage across the back of the property pretty much blocks off the view

from behind us. Up at the house, we have plantings arranged to create

several sheltered "rooms" behind the house and on the side of the house

opposite the driveway. From these rooms back to the garage it is fairly

open with the lawn, driveway, and garden but is still bordered on the

sides. Along the property line by our driveway, the neighbors have a six

foot slat wood fence. Along the other side of our backyard is a four foot

chain link fence that continues around behind the garage to meet up with

the wood fence. This fence has a series of bushes and trees planted in

front of it. So we have a certain amount of privacy and people cannot just

walk into our yard unless they climb a fence or go through one of the

gates up by our house or through the gate in the wood fence at the back of

the two properties. You'd pretty much have to be standing in just the

right place or looking out a second floor window from one of the

surrounding houses to get a view of our backyard. Not to say that those

weren't possibilities, though.

With our new location, although we were up closer to our house and hence

closer to our neighbors' houses as well, we were also somewhat sheltered

by the "room" plantings and it wasn't like we were right under anyone's

window. I couldn't see anyone watching us. Still someone could easily be

surreptitiously watching us from behind the shades of a window.

Katie grabbed two of the pots and placed them down around the tree. Again,

I was treated to a view up her shirt as she bent over. She came back to

the wheelbarrow and grabbed the other two pots. This time I got a nice

lengthy look up her shirt as she bent over to place the two pots and then

spent some time moving things around a bit.

She got things located where she wanted and we began to work on digging

the hole and getting the plants in place. I was treated to a continuing

display as she'd bend over to dig or move the plants. At times the bottom

of her shirt would get hung up on a nipple as she straightened up and it

would leave the bottom half of her breast exposed for a bit (yes, her

nipples are that prominent!). It was definitely a good show and made the

time fly by as we worked.

We headed back to the garden with the wheelbarrow and loaded up the last

of the plants. I was treated to another show. This time I could not help

myself. I knelt down next to the pots as though I was messing with

something and as Katie bent down next to me to pick two of them up, I

reached up to her exposed breast and tweaked her nipple. She paused what

she was doing so I ran my fingers across her breast, fondling it gently.

As she offered no resistance, I moved my hand across to her other breast

and fondled it for a moment before tweaking that nipple as well.

"I was beginning to wonder if you were even paying any attention to me,"

Katie finally said.

"Dear, I always pay attention to you. I was just enjoying the show and

didn't want to scare you off," I replied.

With that I tweaked her nipple again, squeezing it hard. Her eyes closed

and she gave a brief shudder at the pain/pleasure that it invoked.

Once she recovered she commented, "I was wondering how far I was going to

have to go before you noticed." After a pause, she continued, "Where was

that tropical island that we were going to move to where I could be naked

all the time? I have to admit that you've gotten me to the point that

clothing is starting to feel constricting to me!"

"Go ahead, dear," I told her. "Don't let me be the one to keep you from

being comfortable."

"Don't tempt me," she said. "Or you're going to have the whole

neighborhood talking about your wife's boobies. Only problem is that it's

going to be my ass that the local police are going to be dragging down to

the pokey."

I laughed at that. "I think I saw a movie like that once back in college,"

I said. "It was 'Reform School Girls' or something like that. Maybe they'd

let me watch!"

She laughed as well. "You're so bad!" she told me.

We finished up loading the plants and headed up towards the house with

them. Although I did not see anyone watching, we were much closer to our

house and therefore closer to the neighbor's houses as well. It would have

been much easier for someone to observe us from behind a window curtain as

we moved closer to the houses.

It was a bit unusual to not see anyone out. On the one side of our house

was an older couple. They were both overweight and tended to retreat into

the air conditioning at the slightest sign of more than warm weather. Of

the two of them, the wife was a bit of a gossip, so it would be more

likely that she'd be peeking out the curtains than he would be. On the

other side was a couple with two children. A nice day like today and I'm

sure that they were out to a soccer game or some other event with the

kids. I doubt that anyone further away would have had much of a view of

where we were in our yard.

Still, even if nobody was actually watching us it was a thrill that Katie

was being so casual about things in our very own backyard. Once again she

treated me to a good show as we worked. In a way, I felt bad because she

ended up doing more than her share of the work because I was spending too

much time just watching her. I guess that is the price she paid for

distracting me!

She was also getting pretty adept at getting the hem of her shirt to

"catch" on her nipples and hang there as she straightened up. Or perhaps

it was just a matter of her getting more turned on and her nipples

providing more to catch on as they became more erect. Either way, her show

was becoming more daring as we went along.

We finished things up and stood back to take a look at our work. Katie

made a show of stretching with her arms above her head and the hem of her

shirt rose a good two inches above her nipples. She held her position for

a long moment before bringing her arms back down. Once again, her shirt

caught on her nipples and stayed there. She made no move to dislodge it,

standing there surveying our work and talking to me with her nipples and

the bottoms of her breasts bared to the world.

She looked great standing there in the afternoon sun! Of course, she would

have looked even better standing there fully naked, but there is something

to be said with taking satisfaction in what you do have rather than always

wishing for more. Besides, the image of her standing there was combining

with the images in my mind from earlier at the garden center and the

result was definitely provocative.

Although we could have stood there for the rest of the day like that, it

was obvious that we had to move on at some point. With unspoken agreement,

we both bent down and started picking up our tools and cleaning things up.

We loaded everything in the wheelbarrow and headed back to the garage to

put things away. Of course, I was treated to a few more views while Katie

was bending over.

In the garage, we worked quickly at putting things away. As Katie was

reaching to hang up the shovels, the hem of her shirt rose up to expose

the bottoms of her breasts and then her nipples. She stretched a bit

further and the hem ended up about an inch above her nipples. It was too

good of an invitation to pass up so I slipped up behind her and ran my

hands up across her belly to cup her breasts. She pressed back against me

as she continued to hold onto the handle of the shovel, letting me know

that my action was pretty much the response that she desired.

I rubbed my palms over her breasts, feeling her nipples stiffen. I let

them slip between my fingers and squeezed them gently as I continued to

palm her breasts. I could feel Katie's sigh more than hear it and felt her

body relax against mine.

Still, she continued to hold onto the handle of the shovel. Almost like

she was bound to it and was offering herself up to me as though she could

not resist my advances. I decided to test that concept a little bit.

Still holding her breast and nipple in one hand, I lowered my other hand

slowly down across her belly. At first I just rubbed across her belly at

the waist of her jeans but then began to rub more firmly and work my

fingers down below the top of her jeans. She still offered no signs of

resistance, only pressing back against me as she held onto the shovel

handle.

Taking the next step, I fumbled for a moment and then unbuttoned the

button of her jeans. I resumed rubbing her belly while sliding my hand

down further into her jeans. It was immediately apparent to me that she

had not bothered to put on any knickers under her jeans. It was pretty rare

that she'd wear them under pants anyway, so I wasn't exactly surprised.

A bit more rubbing and I was ready to push things further again. I brought

my hand up from her pants and with both hands I pushed her shirt up her

torso and then up her arms to a point where it caught at her shoulders.

Still no resistance. So I lowered my hands to her pants to lower her

zipper. With her body exposed from her shoulders to her lower belly I

resumed my rubbing, letting my hands roam all across the front of her

body.

With her total lack of resistance plus her obviously increasing arousal,

it was pretty clear where this was heading. We were back in the garage

along the one side of Katie's Jeep. The sun was still bright outside and

it was dim in the garage, so we would not be clearly visible to anyone

looking in from outside. Besides, to get the right angle to see in you'd

have to be in our house or backyard to see us directly. Still, the garage

door was wide open and the potential to be seen was still there. That is

what gives the thrill.

I started with her shirt, nudging her to get her to release the shovel

handle for a moment while I pulled her shirt up and off her arms. I noted

that she went right back to holding the handle as soon as her arms were

free again. I then knelt at her feet to unlace her work-boots and remove

them. While I did that, I was thinking about whether to leave her in her

socks or not. By the time I had her boots off I decided that full nudity

was definitely the ticket for today so I pulled them off as well.

Rising, I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of her jeans and slipped

them down off her hips and down her legs to let her step out of each

pant-leg. Dropping them at her feet, I rose and slowly traced my

fingertips up her legs, across her hips, and up the sides of her stomach

and chest. She shivered delightfully at my touch.

I explored her body with my hands, caressing everything from her shoulders

to bottom to arms to stomach to thighs. Of course her breasts and pussy

did not escape my attentions, just that I did not focus my attention on

them alone. I did wedge my foot in between her feet and nudge them apart

until I had better access to her pussy, though.

I could tell that she was getting worked up by my ministrations. Her

breathing was heavier and she was moving to my touch. If my hands moved to

her breasts or pussy she'd push her body against my hands, seeking more

attention to those areas.

Gradually I acquiesced to her voiceless requests, spending more time

caressing her breasts and pussy and returning to those areas more

frequently.

I took a moment to remove my own shirt and then I pressed my body up

against hers. She melted into my arms as I wrapped myself around her. I

pulled her to me with one arm around her waist and the other across her

breasts and held her tightly for a moment or two.

Releasing the embrace, my hands moved to her breasts. I cupped them and

squeezed them, increasing the pressure until a moan escaped her. Then I

grasped her nipples between thumb and forefinger of each hand and squeezed

them and pulled them out from her body until a louder moan escaped her and

she threw her head back against my shoulder.

Katie isn't particularly into S&M per se, but we've found that the

pain/pleasure of having her nipples pinched is a definite turn-on for her.

Still, I massaged her breasts and nipples for a few moments to take away

the sting afterwards and she snuggled against me.

I continued to caress her body, moving my hands downward across her belly

to her legs. I circled my hands to the inside of her thighs and slowly

drew them up to her pussy. I stroked gently at her labia majora with my

fingertips and could feel small shivers run through her body as I did so.

Gradually I worked my way inward until finally I stroked my fingers down

along the ridge of her labia minora. The shivers gave way to a shudder at

that.

Gently, I stroked along her labia minora, lifting my fingers at the top

and moving back down to the bottom so that with each stroke upwards I

spread them apart a bit more. When my finger finally contacted the

hardened nub of her clit, her body was racked with a strong convulsion and

a groan escaped her lips.

I took pity on her and decided to forgo teasing her any more. I kept my

finger on her clit and began to rub it in a circular motion, applying more

pressure as I continued. Katie was alternating between moans and whimpers

as I continued to rub her clit and she was beginning to buck her pelvis

against my hand.

When her orgasm came, she cried out. I doubt that anyone was around close

enough to hear her, but it sounded particularly loud considering our

location. Her knees buckled a bit and I had to hold her up while she

recovered.

As her strength returned, I let her stand on her own as I knelt to remove

my own work boots and socks. Straightening up, I quickly unfastened my

jeans and pushed them and my underwear down my legs and off my feet.

Once again I pressed my body against hers, wrapping my arms around her to

hold her to me. My hands roamed her body again, rubbing her chest, belly,

and thighs. As I could sense her arousal building again, I began to give

her nipples and clit attention again.

I was getting her worked up again rather quickly, so I gently disengaged

her hands from the shovel handle and moved her over to the front of her

Jeep where I encouraged her to bend over and brace herself against the

bumper. It didn't take much encouraging to get her into position with her

legs spread enough for me to enter her from behind.

I held my penis so that I could rub it back and forth across her nether

lips a few times to wet the head of it on her juices. I then eased forward

a bit until I could feel her entrance and pushed further until the head of

my penis was fully inside of her. I paused for a moment and then withdrew

until I could just feel the tip of my penis touching her. Slowly I pushed

my way back in. I love slowly working my way into her and we have found

that the sensation particularly stimulating for her as my entrance and

exit from her vagina stretches and releases her from around me.

I did this for awhile, just slowly pushing the head of my penis into her

and then slowly withdrawing it. It was a bit of a game that we played.

Despite the stimulus that it provided, I knew that it only served to fuel

her desire to have me fully inside of her. So I began to work myself

deeper inside of her with each push. Not all at once, but inching my way

further into her with each stroke. She was moaning with each stroke and

when I was finally buried totally inside of her she repositioned herself

so that she could reach back with one hand to finger her clit as I stroked

in and out of her.

Katie is no longer a stranger to self pleasure. Initially she had been

embarrassed to even admit that she had ever done it. Then it took longer

before she could relax enough to do it while I was watching. It had taken

her awhile to realize how much it turned me on to watch her, which

embarrassed her again at first. Once she got over those issues, it quickly

became a way for her to both turn me on as well as to increase her level

of pleasure.

I could feel her rubbing her clit as I thrust in and out of her. I held

back and allowed her to reach her second orgasm. She did so noisily,

crying out and bucking against me. She dropped her hand from her clit to

the bumper so that she could steady herself with both hands. I could feel

her pussy clutching at me as it spasmed in the throes of its orgasm.

I had continued to gently pump into her while she climaxed, but came to a

stop and paused for a moment while she regained her breath. As she

regained her composure, I started to slowly pump in and out of her again.

Katie moaned and shifted her hips to attain better positioning. As I

increased my pace, she got herself into position and her hand found its

way back to her clit again.

Multiple orgasms are not unusual for Katie. More the norm than anything

for her. But the fact that she had a fairly strong initial orgasm followed

by stimulating herself to an even stronger second orgasm and was now

working towards stimulating herself for a third orgasm pretty much

indicated her level of arousal - she couldn't get enough!

The whole day had been arousing to me as well. From the toying around with

the guys at the nursery to Katie's subsequent total nudity in front of

them on to her flashing me in our own backyard and now our current sexual

escapades. Granted, we were not exactly out in public view. But the garage

door was open and someone could easily be attracted to the fairly obvious

noises we were making and decide to come in to investigate. Nothing was

preventing them from doing so if they so chose.

Seeing how much it apparently turned Katie on as well was the icing on the

cake, though. I swear that I could feel my penis swell further inside of

her at the thought of it and stepped up the pace of my thrusts. I could

feel the pace of her frigging her clit increase in turn. We were both

feeding off each other's arousal and our mutual pleasure was continuing to

build.

If anyone was nearby, there was little doubt as to what was going on

inside our garage. Our cries and the wet slapping sounds that our bodies

were making against each other were pretty obviously identifiable. I

wouldn't consider myself to be overly loud during sex, but I was

definitely groaning as I approached climax. Katie is usually vocal about

her climax and this was no exception. I could tell that she was building

towards a considerable orgasm due to the extent of her vocalization. She

was breathing heavily and moaning, occasionally letting out little cries.

I could feel her fingers rubbing furiously at her clit as well.

Katie's fingers went into overdrive, frantically rubbing at herself like a

woman possessed and then suddenly came to a complete stop. She cried out

and her whole body convulsed. Her vagina spasmed around my penis and the

added friction sent me over the edge. I fell against her and wrapped my

arms around her as I groaned loudly and could feel my semen spurt into

her. Katie's body continued to convulse and I could feel her legs shaking.

I wrapped my arms around her more tightly and helped to support her in

case her legs failed her.

I cannot say that it was the most intense orgasms that we had ever

experienced, but it was definitely up there in the top ten. Pressed

together, we could feel each other's heart beating and we were both

gasping for breath. Our bodies were covered with a sheen of sweat from our

exertions.

Slowly we regained our composure. I hugged her tightly and kissed her

shoulders and the back of her neck. Katie brought her hands up to clasp my

arms to her. We stood like that, holding each other with me buried inside

of her, for several minutes.

Finally, I softened to the point that I came out of her. Katie made a sad

sound and turned around to face me. I gathered her back into my arms and

hugged her close. She returned the hug, clinging tightly to me as I told

her how much I loved her.

It was probably a bit weird to be standing in our garage totally naked

professing our love to each other. Some might say that having sex out in

the garage in the first place might be a little odd. But it felt totally

natural for some reason. Being naked felt totally natural. Truthfully, I

don't think either one of us wanted to end the moment and put clothes back

on.

However, when we broke our embrace Katie looked down at both of us and

gave a laugh. Between sweat, my cum, and Katie's juices we were both

pretty sticky. Reality pretty much said that we couldn't stay naked out in

the garage forever but the problem with a detached garage was that we

couldn't just easily sneak into the house to clean up either.

I knew that Katie was going to have a tougher time getting back into her

jeans in her current state. Although they were not so tight that they

interfered with her working in them, they were still tight enough that

she'd have a hard time sliding back into them as "wet" as she was. So I

told her that I'd run up to the house and get her something to slip on.

I used my t-shirt to wipe off my spunk and her juices and slipped my jeans

back on. Forgoing socks, I just slipped into my work boots and stuffed the

laces into the tops. I wadded up my socks and underwear in my t-shirt

along with all of Katie's clothes and walked up to the house.

On the surface, I was being nice by carrying her things up for her. She

didn't even bat an eye when I gathered her things together into my bundle.

But my real intention was to leave her out in the garage with no clothes

and the door wide open. I didn't bother looking back as I headed up to the

house.

Once inside, I threw the bundle into the laundry basket in the bedroom.

Going to her dresser I pulled out one of her t-shirt dresses and headed

back out to the garage.

Walking back, I pretty much confirmed that there had been very little

chance of anyone seeing us from outside of our property and that even from

within our property the inside of the garage was in shadows and it would

have been difficult to make out any details. I was pretty sure that Katie

had moved, because I could not make out her form or see anything moving

around. It was only as I walked up to the garage door that I could make

out any real detail of forms inside the garage.

When I entered the garage, I found Katie sitting on the floor in front of

her Jeep. She explained that her legs were still a bit unstable but that

she didn't want to "slime" anything up by sitting on it. She pulled her

work boots over to her and did as I had done - slipping them on and

tucking the laces into the tops. I gave her my hand and she rose to greet

me with another naked hug. Looking down as I held her, I noticed that

there was a wet imprint on the concrete from where she had been sitting.

I almost hated to let her cover up, she looked so cute standing there in

just her work boots. But I handed her the t-shirt and she slipped it over

her head. That was a pretty good look for a consolation, though. Her

nipples showed quite plainly through the material.

We headed out of the garage and I pulled the door closed behind us. As we

walked up the driveway to the house, I wondered if anyone was watching and

was currently questioning why Katie had changed clothes in the garage.

When we reached the house, I opened the door for Katie and let her pass

inside. She was lifting her dress up before she was even through the door

and was pulling the t-shirt over her head before I could get through the

doorway myself, giving me an excellent view of her cute little ass as she

headed further inside.

I followed her into the bedroom where we both removed our remaining

clothes, which didn't take long as Katie only had to kick off her boots

and I only had the added step of removing my jeans. From there we headed

into the bathroom and into the shower.

Once we had the water adjusted to a suitable temperature, Katie reached

for the soap. I stopped her and took the bar from her hand. For all that

she had done today, she definitely deserved some pampering!

I started with her neck and shoulders, soaping her body and massaging it

as I went. I worked my way down her back and then reached around her to

wash her belly and then back up across her breasts. I have to admit to

spending some extra attention on them. There is something about the

slippery feel of breasts and nipples covered with soap suds!

Finished above the waist, I knelt and started at the bottom of her legs

and worked my way up to her ass. I spent some time massaging her ass and

hips with the soap before I reached a hand between her legs to scrub at

her crack with my fingers.

It wasn't that long ago that such a move would have gotten me slapped and

put Katie in a foul mood. Katie was not into anal, but she had come to

appreciate that her anus was sensitive and that having it caressed could

be stimulating.

Some would fault me for saying such things - telling me that I'm being

overly critical of Katie at times. But that is not at all my intent.

Beyond the arousing and lascivious nature of telling these stories, the

other intent has always been to merely tell our story. We still get

e-mails from people that say they enjoy the stories but that they could

never get their wife to do such things (or the woman herself says she

could never do such things). So I'm merely reminding people of where we

did come from and that such a relationship is possible with a bit of work.

So I started by running my index finger down along her crack, back and

forth a couple times, to wash it out. Not that I am implying that Katie's

crack needed or needs washing out, mind you! I then grasped an ass cheek

in my other hand to spread her cheeks apart for better access. With the

tip of my soapy middle finger, I circled her anus. As I applied more

pressure, she let out a moan. I rubbed her a bit longer for good measure

before moving on.

I soaped up my hands and repositioned both of us so that I could wash her

front without the water washing the soapsuds away. I rubbed her belly and

down her abdomen. I then reached further down and soaped up her inner

thighs. Soaping up my hands again, I worked my way upward. I spent some

time soaping her pubic hair and then began to wash her vulva.

I started at the creases of her thighs and worked my way inward. I was

thorough, gently separating her labia and washing between the folds. I

could tell that she was getting aroused again by my ministrations. By the

time I reached her clit, I knew that she was going to have at least one

more orgasm today.

I soaped up my hands again to go to work on her little nub and Katie

responded readily. When her orgasm came it was not nearly as strong as the

ones out in the garage, but she certainly seemed to enjoy it! I held her

as the water pelted against us and her breathing returned to normal and

her legs stopped trembling.

She wanted to please me in return, but I made it clear that she had

pleased me all afternoon and that it was her turn to be pampered. She let

me finish up by washing her hair and face. I was especially gentle while

washing her face, caressing her with as much loving care as I could put

into the gesture.

Once she was finished, I took a couple minutes to wash myself off quickly.

I let Katie stand in the warm water while I was soaping up and then

changed places with her to rinse off. After turning the water off, I

grabbed her towel and proceeded to dry her off. Again, I did my best to be

loving and gentle with my actions. I think it was working because she was

positively glowing by the time I was finished.

I wrapped the towel around her shoulders and let her out of the shower to

dry her hair while I toweled off. I took my time, listening to the whine

of the hairdryer. I stepped out of the shower about the time Katie was

finishing up with her hair. She had taken the towel off and dropped it on

the toilet seat, so she was standing there totally naked once again.

Considering that we slept in the nude she very possibly had been naked

more than she had been clothed today.

At the moment, she was presenting a pretty good view. She was bent over to

let her hair hang as she ran the hairdryer through it to give it body. Her

legs were spread to give her balance, so I had an excellent view of her

pussy from behind. If I stepped to the side, I had a good view of her

breasts hanging down and jiggling as she moved. I stood there watching her

as she finished up, just enjoying the show.

Katie finished up and passed me the hairdryer. She gave me a kiss and ran

her hand across my penis as she went past me and headed for the bedroom. I

ran a comb through my hair and spent a few moments drying it out. I know

that there are quite a few women that get ticked off about that sort of

thing. That a guy can use the toilet, shower, not even shave, spend a

minute or two drying his hair, brush his teeth, get dressed, and be ready

to go out in public. Katie would kid me about such things, but truthfully

she could pretty much do the same thing and be perfectly presentable. She

had that easy, natural beauty to her and I think that she was finally

beginning to accept it when I told her so.

Entering the bedroom, I found Katie asleep on the bed. She does have this

catlike ability to just settle down and fall asleep so easily. But I

couldn't blame her. Between the excitement of the day; the exertion of

moving our purchases around, digging holes, and getting things planted;

and then the effects of four orgasms I figured that she was entitled to a

little nap before dinner. In fact, a little nap before dinner sounded

pretty good to me as well.

I stood there for a moment, just looking at her as she slept. She was on

her back with a pillow lengthwise behind her head and shoulders leaving

her upper body twisted to the side and her one leg turned as well. With

her legs spread a bit her pussy was exposed and her lips, still damp from

her shower, had peeled open to reveal her pink treasure. Her arms were

askew, the one she was laying on was stretched out perpendicular from her

body while the other was thrown above her head. It was sort of funny that

such a little thing was taking up so much of the bed. Her nipples were

fairly flaccid, letting me know that she was already pretty deeply asleep.

Her chest rose and fell steadily with her breathing.

I finally laid down with her. I carefully nestled in behind her, gently

removing the pillow and leaning her back against my chest as I stuffed the

pillow behind my own head. She stirred a bit but did not wake. After

giving her a few moments to settle again, I slowly moved a little bit at a

time to make myself more comfortable.

It didn't take me long to start getting drowsy myself and I could feel

myself nodding off. The last thing I remembered was her turning in my arms

and snuggling her face up against my chest and throwing her arm across me.

**Exposing Katie 017**

"You did what?"

Sharon's voice was just a little too loud and several people turned to

glance at her. Larry and I looked up from our end of the table and even

their girls looked over from where they stood at the salad bar at the

sound of their mother's voice.

It had been four weeks since we were out to dinner with Larry and Sharon

and Katie had done her "Japanese lantern" imitation in the restaurant

gardens. Time seems to fly by so quickly anymore and it had been a bit of

a surprise to us to realize that a month had passed since we had last

gotten together.

Understand that the four of us are practically like family. There are a

few phone calls between us during pretty much every week and we try to get

together every couple of weeks. Larry and I are in cooperative business

fields, so we're often on the phone to pick each other's brains and such.

Katie and Sharon are best friends, so they're constantly talking together.

But we had all been busy lately and just hadn't gotten together face to

face at all. So we had decided to meet at a local pizza place for dinner

one evening to catch up.

Without seeing each other in person, nothing had really been discussed

about our "activities" since we last saw them. Larry and I were at one end

of the table with Katie and Sharon at the other end and the girls in

between us.

Larry and I had been discussing an offer that one of his co-workers had

made to him concerning a hunting cabin that the guy, some of his family,

and a few friends owned together. They took turns going up there every

couple weeks to do maintenance - check in on things, mow the fields around

the cabin, and keep things cleaned up. But as with any routine chores, the

"chore" part sort of comes to the front and they were having some troubles

getting people to volunteer to go up there on a regular basis. Larry was

telling me that the co-worker had asked if Larry would be willing to fill

in. He could have the run of the place - take some beer up there and he

could be out in the mountains for the weekend. All he would need to do was

mow the field and do a few other things around the place before coming

back. So Larry was asking me if I'd be interested in heading up there with

him to just get away for a weekend.

We had been talking from the time we met up in the parking lot until we

were seated. The waitress had come around and taken our orders for drinks

and a couple of pizzas, interrupting our conversations for a few minutes.

With our orders in, the girls headed up to the salad bar while the adults

took a moment to finish up conversations. Apparently, Katie took the

opportunity while the girls were otherwise occupied to fill Sharon in on

at least some of the details of what we had been up to with our

"playtime."

Sharon nervously glanced around her, aware that her voice had been quite a

bit louder than she had intended. People's attention returned to their

dinners and their own conversations and Sharon lowered her head and her

voice to barely a whisper to ask Katie again, "You did what?"

With Sharon's outburst, Larry gave me a questioning look and nodded

towards the ladies. Since the girls were headed back our way, I just gave

him a quick "I'll explain" and let it go at that for the time being.

The girls got back to the table and Sharon and Katie turned their

attention to them, seeing what all they had brought back from the salad

bar and such. Larry and I excused ourselves and headed up to the salad

bar. Over selecting toppings for our salad, some three-bean salad, and

other items I briefly related our "painted lady" and garden center

experiences. I wasn't sure which one Katie had been telling, so I told

Larry about both incidents.

Larry just chuckled and shook his head as I gave the overview of the

stories. I figured that he was picturing things in his mind as we talked.

We finished filling our plates and headed back to the table, passing Katie

and Sharon on their way up to the salad bar.

As they passed us, I raised an eyebrow at Katie and she said simply,

"Shorts (slight pause) and garden center..."

Sharon noticed our exchange and gave me a questioning look. I just smiled

at her and gave her a nod in agreement. Sharon just gave me this goofy

smile and shook her head in wonder.

Back at the table, Larry and I started in on our salads and talked with

the girls about school and kids' TV shows and whatever else came up. The

ladies came back after awhile and rejoined us and the conversation ebbed

and flowed. The pizzas had not come yet, so the girls asked if they could

go up to the salad bar again. Their mother gave the ok and they headed up.

With them away from the table for a few minutes, Sharon leaned over and

asked Larry if he had heard about what had happened. When Larry said that

he only got a brief version, Sharon quickly filled him in on what she had

heard from Katie. Larry just looked at Katie and shook his head with a big

grin on his face.

"Too bad you do not roller blade," he said to Sharon. Looking at Katie, he

said, "Man, you're something else..."

Conversation on those topics fell away as the girls returned to the table.

Larry and I decided another trip to the salad bar was in order for us as

well and we headed up.

Larry knew all too well where things had been between Katie and me in the

past, so he could certainly appreciate how far she had really come. As we

filled our plates again, he told me that his sex life with Sharon had

never been bad, but it had never been too wild either. Although he could

not complain, he said that he often wished that Sharon would just let

loose every now and then.

"She dwells on what other people are going to think or she convinces

herself that she is too old or not in perfect shape. I was really sort of

surprised to hear what had happened over at your place that morning."

I started to explain and Larry cut me off.

"No, don't misunderstand. I'm not at all bothered by what happened. I have

to admit that I'm enjoying those naked hugs of Katie's and have to be fair

- what's good for the goose and all that..." he said. "Besides, it seems

to have been ahhh... Shall we say, stimulating... to our relationship..."

We both chuckled at that.

"Hey, I know exactly where you are coming from, believe me. A lot of the

reason that we involved you guys in our little games was that we wanted to

share the fun with someone, but keep things safe." I told him that I would

have to fill him in on some of the other things we had done.

When we got back to the table the pizzas had come, so there wasn't much

chance to talk about things further with the girls there. We talked with

one another and kept up a conversation with the girls about what they were

both involved in.

We finished up the evening with soft-serve ice cream from the machine and

the girls tried to outdo one another with the toppings they put on their

sundaes. Afterwards, we decided to all go over to Larry and Sharon's and

hang out for the rest of the evening. Katie had been kidding around with

the girls and decided that she would ride with them and Sharon could ride

with me in our truck for the trip.

Sharon was full of questions for the ride back to her place. I sort of

figured that had been the intention. She wanted to know why I enjoyed

showing Katie off and admitted that Larry also seemed to be interested in

having her show off a bit.

After a couple false starts, I finally summed things up for her by asking

if she remembered getting wild in college. She said yes, that it had been

fun to just cut loose and have fun, but now she had responsibilities and

she could not do that anymore.

I just gave her a look and asked her why we were not allowed to have fun

anymore now that we were grown-ups.

"Why do the kids get to have all the fun?" I asked her. "Who says that we

cannot have slumber parties and mess around? What is the good of being an

adult if you cannot make your own rules?" I kidded.

She laughed and said, "If we have to take responsibility for everything,

we might as well take responsibility for some fun, shouldn't we?"

"There you go!" I said.

There was a bit of a lull in the conversation as I drove. Out of the blue,

I looked over at her and said, "Show me your tits."

"What? Here?" she asked, caught totally off guard.

When I said yes, she said, "But someone might see me."

"So?" I asked.

She looked out the window a bit before shrugging and saying, "What the

heck. You're right, what does it really matter if someone sees?"

She pulled her blouse out of her slacks and reached up under it. Grasping

the bottom edge of her bra, she pulled it and her blouse up over her tits.

For all the years that we had known Larry and Sharon, this was the first

that I had ever seen her breasts bare. Thinking about it for a moment, I

realized that Larry had been in the same position when Katie came out of

the shower. Having been used to seeing Katie naked, though, I guess I

hadn't really thought about the full effect of seeing someone you were so

familiar with in other respects exposed for the first time. I regretted

that I could not savor the moment a bit more considering that between

paying attention to my driving and the dim evening light I did not have

much of a chance to get a really good look at them.

I hadn't needed to see them exposed to know that Sharon's breasts were

larger than Katie's. That much was pretty obvious. But there was

definitely something to seeing them "in person" as it were. They had good

shape to them, but were soft and fleshy compared to Katie's with pale

areola and small nubs of nipples.

I reached over and tweaked the nipple closest to me, rolling it in my

fingers. I then took a moment to run my fingertips across her breast to

get some sense of the shape and feel and weight of it. I spent a moment

more just caressing her boob before withdrawing my hand. She lowered her

blouse and adjusted her bra.

"That wasn't too bad, was it?" I asked and she shook her head.

"Actually, they are pretty nice," I said and she gave a bit of an

embarrassed smile.

It wasn't much longer before we arrived at their house. We all settled

down in the living room and the kids turned the TV on. The four of us

adults chatted about the usual topics until it was time for the kids to go

to bed. Larry brought up the issue of his co-worker's hunting cabin again

and the ladies both thought he should take him up on it and the two of us

could have a guy's weekend. They said that they'd have a ladies' weekend

with the girls which elicited squeals of delight from the girls about

having a sleepover with "Aunt" Katie.

The girls then gave us hugs and kisses and Larry and Sharon excused

themselves to make sure that teeth got brushed and all of that. About

fifteen minutes later they were back downstairs with the girls safely

tucked in upstairs. Sharon had changed into sweats and brought a set down

to ask if Katie wanted to get more comfortable as well. Larry asked if

anyone could use a beer and headed into the kitchen to get a round as

Katie headed for the powder room to get more comfortable.

When Katie came back out Larry handed her a beer and we headed back into

the living room. Sharon settled in on the couch beside me while Katie and

Larry took the chairs beside each other. We talked a bit more on several

topics before things came around to the "adult" topics once again.

Sharon still wanted to know more details about me exposing Katie. She

admitted that when she first heard about Katie "accidentally" exposing

herself to Larry she had thought that it was pretty harmless because of

how close we had all been. But then as she heard about some of the other

stuff she had started to get concerned.

Katie and I both started to speak up but Sharon was quick to quiet us and

our fears, she said that we had explained that all the last time.

Katie added a final two cents worth "Other than you and Larry, it is

always look but don't touch," she said.

Sharon gave Katie a smile and kidded her that it would have been helpful

to know that before. She then returned to her curiosity about our

adventures. Actually, relating our stories to Larry and Sharon was part of

what got me headed towards writing them down for others to enjoy.

So Sharon was still curious about the "why" of our adventures.

"You and Larry have seen each other naked, right?" I asked her.

She nodded and looked at me a bit funny. I certainly admit that it was

sort of a stupid question.

"So, what did you think about seeing me naked the other weekend? What did

you think of that experience?" I asked her.

"Wow! It was... It was incredible!" she said.

"So, is my body perfect? Am I that much different from Larry?" I asked.

"Well, no, not really," she said. "The two of you are actually pretty

similar. It was just... Well, it was just different."

"Ok, if it was so incredible because it was different, why don't you

consider asking strange men to show you their dingus and give them a

handjob behind the local grocery store? Someone new every week to keep it

fresh and interesting?" I asked her.

She knew that I was teasing her with this but was still a bit embarrassed

and self-conscious. Yet she kept up with me to see where it would lead.

"I couldn't do that, not with a total stranger like that. You were nearly

family already. It was nice to share that with you, to be able to share

that openly and all."

"That is really all there is to it," I told her. "We got into exposing

Katie because it was something different. It got Katie to realize that men

found her attractive, not just me saying it because I had to. From that it

sort of evolved. It broke the daily grind, something unexpected. I know

that it always makes the guy's day when Katie shows off for him and it is

a real kick for Katie to see firsthand the effect that she has on the

guy."

"No doubt about the effect that I have on a guy!" Katie chimed in with a

twinkle in her eye. "But that only goes so far," she continued. "I found

myself wanting more than just showing myself off and running away. I

wanted to be able to share things a bit more in depth with people.

However, I didn't want the risk of getting involved with strangers. That

is where you guys came in. Something different, but still safe."

Larry got this grin on his face and said, "Safe? You thought we were

safe?"

He went over to Katie's chair, picked her up out of it, and laid her down

on the floor. He straddled her and held her arms above her head with one

hand.

"You feel safe with me?" he asked her.

"Perfectly," she said and smiled up at him.

He started pulling her sweatshirt up with his other hand, first exposing

her naked stomach and then the undersides of her bare breasts.

He stopped for a moment and looked at her again.

"Perfectly safe," she confirmed once again.

He moved to kneel beside her and placed his hand on her bare stomach with

his fingers pointing down toward her crotch. He looked her in the eye and

slowly started moving his hand under the waistband of her sweatpants,

daring her to stop him. Katie merely met his gaze and continued to smile

up at him.

I wasn't too surprised by Larry's actions. Between Katie's full exposure,

the naked hugs, and Sharon giving me a handjob, there was an implied

consent to certain freedoms by this point. My only concern was whether

Sharon was ok with her husband's actions.

It didn't seem that Sharon had any problems with what was going on. She

was watching the display unfold before her with seemingly amused but rapt

attention. I tugged on her sleeve and motioned for her to come closer to

me. I swung my legs up on the couch and she lay back between them with her

back against my chest.

After a few moments, I eased my hand under her sweatshirt and rested it on

her belly. We continued to watch our spouses and just lay there together.

Larry had his hand well inside Katie's pants by now and you could tell

that he was stroking up and down along her pussy. Katie continued to smile

up at him, not saying a word. Her only change was to part her legs to give

him better access. After a moment, her legs parted further and I could

tell that his finger entered her because she finally closed her eyes and

parted her lips.

I moved my hands up to cup Sharon's breasts under her sweatshirt and

meeting no resistance from her, proceeded to caress and massage them as we

watched our spouses. Sharon's nipples were responding to my attention, but

it actually felt a bit odd to have my hands full of breasts and that her

nipples were not nearly as large or as hard as Katie's.

Larry looked up at us from the floor and took in my hands under Sharon's

sweatshirt. Other than her bare belly, Katie was not really exposed nor

was Sharon. But it was obviously a exhibitionistic/voyeuristic

opportunity. So I moved my arms within Sharon's sweatshirt to pull it up

across her belly with my forearms and then rotated my hands to expose her

breasts as I played with them.

This also gave me another chance to take a better look at them. They

weren't all that large compared to a lot of what you see in the movies and

TV, but she was quite a handful compared to Katie. Katie wears bras so

infrequently that bra size is not a topic that I find myself well versed

in. You could stand a half dozen topless women in front of me and I'd

probably get the bra size wrong for every one of them. Katie joking refers

to herself as "less than a double a-cup" or that it's like going to the

doctor when he pulls out the tongue depressor, "AAAA..."

I've really noticed the change in how Katie talks about her body. What

used to be bitter self-depreciation has turned into good-natured jesting.

I guess that I should back up and give a better description of Sharon.

Slightly taller than Katie, Sharon is just over five and a half feet tall.

She has shoulder length dirty-blonde hair and a lighter complexion than

Katie. She has a fuller figure than Katie and stays in shape. Running

after two precocious girls probably has something to do with staying fit!

Over the years we had all seen each other in shorts, bathing suits, and

such. But tonight was the first I had a chance to see her in less than a

bathing suit. As I started to say, Sharon's breasts were a good handful.

They were pale with pale quarter-sized areola, little nubs of nipples, and

you could see the trace shadows of a few bluish veins under the surface of

her skin compared to Katie's dime-sized crimson areolas and prominent

nipples with a smattering of freckles across her chest.

I leaned in to whisper in her ear to ask about the girls and whether I

should be cautious about exposing her. Her voice was distracted and dreamy

as she told me that they were down for the night and would call from the

top of the stairs on the rare chance that they did need something.

Larry got the hint and moved to reposition himself and urged Katie to move

with him. He backed up so that he could sit against one of the armchairs

and positioned Katie between his legs and resting against him so that they

were facing us.

Even though he had his hand down her pants a moment ago, he backed up a

bit and mimicked my actions to get his hands under her sweatshirt and

expose her breasts both for himself and for Sharon and me to watch.

And all four of us were definitely watching each other. It was a bit

different to see Katie being fondled by another man, even if it was my

best friend. Not an issue of jealousy or otherwise a bad thing, just

different.

The ladies settled back into our arms and enjoyed our attentions. However,

Larry had tasted the "forbidden fruit" (as it were) and it wasn't long

until his hands were once again roaming down across Katie's belly towards

the waistband of her sweatpants. He rubbed across her belly a few times

and let his fingers slide under the waistband. About the third time that

he did this, Katie raised her hips for him. He paused a moment, unsure of

her intentions. When her hips remained raised for him, his hands slowly

went to the sides of the waistband of her sweats and started to push them

down. He got them down to about mid-thigh before he could not reach over

her any further. Katie took pity on him (or perhaps she was just a bit

anxious) and pushed them the rest of the way down to her ankles and then

spread her thighs so that he could have access to her pussy.

Sharon had been settled back against me, but I could sense her alertness

without seeing her face. I suppose that curiosity on several fronts had

gotten the better of her. Curiosity to see what her husband was going to

do to Katie. Curiosity to see how Katie was going to react. And I suppose

a certain curiosity just to see Katie.

When Katie got naked at our place after dinner the last time we had gotten

together, she had not bothered to always keep her legs together or to

cover her crotch. But she had been reasonably discreet and had not sat

with her legs gaping apart for any length of time.

Now she was in just that position. Spread wide and on display. I know that

wasn't her main intention at the moment. Her intentions likely did not go

far beyond giving Larry access to play. Technically, it had been Larry

that had moved them back against the armchair so that she would be on

display. The story of her life - people just always putting her on

display!

It took a few moments before Larry brought his hands to Katie's exposed

pussy. Even though it had been pretty obvious that he had been fingering

her shortly before, I suppose that having your performance watched by your

own wife and the husband of the woman you're playing with may give you a

slight pause! Even if that husband currently had his hands full of your

own wife's breasts!

His hands had been at her sides, near her waist, from starting to push her

sweatpants down. He brought his hands to the tops of her thighs and

stroked up and down them slowly several times as he worked his way to the

insides of her thighs.

I briefly considered whether I should follow along, keep pace with what

Larry was doing to my wife and do the same to Sharon. I decided that it

was better for us each to take our turn, put on a show for the others and

have our moment in the spotlight. I continued to massage Sharon's breasts

and play with her nipples, though. I could tell that watching Larry and

Katie was getting her aroused and continuing to play with her was only

helping that along.

Larry had finally brought his hands to Katie's pussy. He was mostly

stroking her upper inner thighs, but the motion of his hands was including

her labia majora. As he continued to rub and stroke her, the circles of

his hands were slowly diminishing and concentrating more and more on the

area of her vulva. As of yet, he still had not touched her labia minora or

clit directly. But his hands continued to circle inwards and he was

pushing her labia together in his motions, which was indirectly rubbing

Katie's clit I'm sure.

Finally he gave up the pretense of massaging her legs and was rubbing up

and down her outer labia. Pushing inwards as he reached the top of his

strokes, he was obviously applying pressure to her clit indirectly.

Katie settled back in against Larry, looking pretty content. Her

sweatshirt was still up above her breasts and her sweatpants were down

around her ankles. Her legs were spread to give Larry access between them,

but her labia minora had not quite opened up yet. The edges were peeling

apart, but you could not actually see into her pussy yet.

Katie looked pretty content being exposed and gently fondled and massaged,

but I was hoping that Larry intended to take things further. He had not

seemed to have any problems feeling her pussy up while his hand was down

her pants so I doubted any reluctance on his part and I certainly knew

that Katie wasn't exactly bashful about having an audience for her

orgasms!

I wasn't sure if it was the idea of Sharon and me physically watching him

with his fingers up Katie's pussy that was giving him pause. Sort of like

the difference between an R-rated movie where you knew what they were

doing vs. an X-rated movie where you could see what they were doing.

But if I had any problems with what was happening I'd have stopped him

long before this and I'm sure that Sharon would have also spoken up if she

objected. Frankly, I could sense a tension in Sharon but I was pretty sure

that it was more about seeing what was going to happen next than about

seeing what was happening.

Fortunately, our mental deliberations were brought to a close when Larry

moved his index finger to stroke along the ridge of Katie's inner lips. We

could easily see the shiver that went through Katie's body at his touch

and I swear that I could see her areola crinkle up from across the room as

well.

He left his other hand resting on her upper thigh with its fingers lightly

brushing against her outer labia on that side but the main concentration

was now to run his finger gently back and forth along her inner labia. It

only took a few strokes before it was beginning to open up for him. A

little more pressure and Katie shifting a bit and they opened up like the

petals of a flower and allowed us to see the pearl of her clit and its

hood as well as the opening of her vagina.

With her labia opened to expose everything, that apparently broke any

reluctance that Larry had to continue further. He ran a finger down across

her clit and circled it around the inside surfaces of her inner labia. He

stuck it into the opening of her vagina up to the first knuckle and then

slowly drew it out. The wetness was plainly visible and he used it to

lubricate her clit and began to rub at it. Katie melted against him and

let out a soft breathy sigh.

Larry dipped his finger back into her vagina, this time working it in to

the second knuckle and slowly drew it in and out a few times before moving

back to her clit. His finger glistened with her juices and her moan was

louder as he began to rub her clit again.

The lubrication lasted longer this time and I could begin to see Katie's

hips twitching against his finger. His rubbing continued and I could see

her breathing become heavier and her nipples were hard little nubs.

Larry's finger moved to her vagina and then hesitated for a moment. His

finger moved to her inner labia and gently traced along first one side and

then the other. Taking one side between thumb and forefinger, he first

rolled it back and forth a bit and then pulled on it a bit. Bringing both

hands to her pussy, he grasped her inner labia on each side between thumb

and forefinger. Again he rolled the flesh of them between his fingers as

though to judge their thickness and texture. Then he pulled at them, first

pulling them out away from her body as though to judge their length and

then apart to expose her vagina and causing her clit to stand out.

Although up to this point I had never seen Sharon naked below the waist, I

knew that Katie most likely had. So I felt that it was pretty safe to

infer that from Katie's "lips and nips" comments about herself, the

likelihood that Katie had seen Sharon, and the lack of any "lips and nips"

comments about Sharon pretty much meant that Sharon did not share Katie's

particular endowment.

I had seen Sharon's nipples and could confirm that they were not nearly as

prominent as Katie's, which led me to a brief speculation as to whether

the two were tied together. Hard to say and quite unlikely that I'd ever

get to examine enough to make an educated opinion...

In any case, I assumed that Larry's actions stemmed from a certain

fascination with something new to him. He spent a little more time

"examining" her before resuming his rubbing of her. When he did resume, he

kept her labia spread apart with one hand while he dipped his finger into

her vagina up to the second knuckle again for some more lubricant. Keeping

her labia spread, he began to work on her clit with earnest.

Katie's arousal had ebbed a bit during his examination, but it made a

speedy recovery as his finger worked its magic across her clit. Once again

I could see her nipples harden and her areola tighten up and crinkle as

her breathing increased. As Larry continued I could see the flush spread

across her upper chest that told me that her climax was drawing closer.

He paused for a moment to relube and slowly sank his finger into her

vagina. He slowly drew it out again and just as it came free he plunged it

back into her, eliciting a groan from Katie.

From her response, Larry shifted his tactics a bit. Moving the hand that

he had been using to spread her labia open, he took a moment to lube up

two fingers at her vagina and then used them to rub her clit while he

finger fucked her with his other hand. He started off slowly, pumping his

finger in and out of her while he rubbed his fingers back and forth across

her clit at about the same pace.

Katie was quickly responding to Larry's actions. Her hips were starting to

twitch and her breathing was becoming heavier and deeper. When the twitch

to her hips turned into a rocking motion I knew that she was close. Larry

picked up on her state as well and stepped up his pace. As he quickened

his pace he focused his attention on rubbing her clit and stopped finger

fucking her. He did leave his finger buried in her vagina, almost as

though he was using it to hold onto her.

Katie was beginning to buck her hips against Larry's hand, so having a

hold of her wasn't without its merits. She was also starting to gently

moan and gasp as his pace continued to quicken on her clit. Knowing her, I

knew that she was holding back so as not to disturb the girls asleep

upstairs. Yet the softness of her cries and gasps made watching her that

much more arousing.

Finally Katie came. Her whole body went rigid and she lifted her butt off

the floor to press her pubic mound against Larry's hand. Her mouth formed

a silent "o" and her eyes practically rolled back in her head as her face

turned slightly red from the strain against the force of the orgasm.

Sharon and I could see the tremors course through the muscles in her legs

and could see the sheen of sweat across the exposed portions of her body

the whole way from her face and upper chest, down across her breasts and

stomach, and on down her legs. Her hips bucked several times against

Larry's hand as the waves of her orgasm hit her. He had moved the hand

that he had been using on her clit to her hip to help steady her, but left

his other hand cupping her vulva with his finger still buried in her

vagina.

Eventually the tremors passed and she settled back into Larry's lap. He

withdrew his finger and rubbed both his hands along her sides as she

snuggled into his embrace.

The four of us all sat there in silence, all of us just sort of looking at

each other.

Katie still had her sweatshirt up around her armpits and her sweatpants

down around her ankles. The sheen of sweat was disappearing, but she had a

glow to her skin and her pussy glistened with her juices. Her labia were

still spread and were flushed and puffy from the recent activity. Katie's

expression was somewhat sleepy and content as she gazed over at us.

Larry was continuing to stroke his hands along Katie's sides, embracing

her with his arms as his hands moved up and down. His expression seemed

somewhat curious as he gazed over our way, likely wondering what our next

move was going to be or what was going to happen next.

I could not see Sharon's expression, but she seemed relatively relaxed in

my arms. Her sweatshirt was still pulled up to her armpits to expose her

breasts. During Katie's climax, I had stopped actively fondling her

breasts and just cupped the underside of them in my hands. After Katie was

finished I had absentmindedly begun to fondle them again, caressing them

and rubbing her nipples.

Sharon didn't seem to have any problems with my actions or the situation,

but I did realize that she was in a bit of an awkward situation at this

point. This wasn't the first time that Katie had climaxed in front of

other people and everyone in the room had seen her naked before, so it

wasn't exactly uncharted territory for her.

With Sharon it was a different story. Although it was likely that Katie

had seen her bare pussy as well as Larry, I rather doubted that anyone

other than she and Larry had witnessed her orgasm firsthand much less

brought her to orgasm since they had been married over ten years before

and dated years before that. I was a bit hesitant to merely assume that

she was going to follow Katie's lead and give a similar show.

But Larry was looking at us expectantly and I was sure that Sharon could

see his expression and was making no protest. So I slowly dropped my hands

from her breasts and rubbed them down across her belly. I rubbed back up

to her breasts and then back down again two or three times before pushing

against the waistband of her sweatpants on the downward stroke to move it

down an inch or so.

Still no reaction. If anything, she settled a bit more deeply into my

embrace.

So I rubbed my hands only halfway up her belly before running them back

down to again push at her waistband. This time I allowed my fingertips to

slide under the waistband and then bent my fingers so that I could better

push against it. I succeeded in pushing it down to the point that I

exposed the top edge of her pubic hair before stopping and reversing

direction. The waistband sprung back up slightly to cover her pubic hair

but still Sharon made no move to stop me.

At this point, I pretty much had to assume that she knew where things were

headed based on my actions and Katie's display and that if she objected to

things going any further she would have said something by now. So as I ran

my hands back down across her belly I moved them out to the sides and when

I reached her waistband I slipped my thumbs under it. As I did so, she

lifted her hips so that I could slide her sweatpants down. That pretty

much removed any further questions about her intentions!

I slid her sweatpants as far down her legs as I could reach and then she

helped to push them down to her ankles as Katie had done.

Now, finding myself in Larry's earlier position I understood his actions a

bit better. It wasn't hesitancy to proceed further as much as just a

chance to take things in.

I'm not sure what the factors were with the situation. When we were

younger it seemed more urgent to get right to the task at hand although I

cannot exactly say that it was just our age that made us want to savor the

moment. Having been married for many years and suddenly having both the

chance as well as our spouse's blessing to intimately check out another

woman probably had something to do with it. As did knowing each other for

all these years and getting the chance to see what clothes had always

heretofore hidden.

Definitely a moment to savor and take your time!

I found myself doing as Larry had done, stroking along Sharon's legs as I

reviewed what lay before me. Nudity does lend a different appearance to

the body. I had seen Sharon in shorts and brief tops and swimming suits

before, so I had seen her legs and arms and belly bared before. But to

have her bared from breasts to ankles somehow made even those "common"

pieces seem that much more naked.

If I had to sum up the overall general impression of Sharon's body

compared to Katie's in only a few words I'd have to say that my impression

was of her being paler and fuller.

Understand that neither woman tans darkly, but the coloring of Katie's

lips, nipples, and her "other" lips contrasted darkly against her skintone

and were much more defined than Sharon's which were only slightly darker

than her skintone. Sharon's overall skintone seemed lighter as well, what

I've heard described as "translucent" skin - you could see the light trace

of a bluish cast of veins beneath her skin in places. Sharon's pubic hair

was light colored, straighter more than curly, and sparse rather than

bushy. In contrast to Katie her labia majora were fleshy, giving a

prominent bulge to her pubic mound, while her labia minora were all safely

tucked inside so that all that was visible through the hair was a crease

that promised treasures within.

As I stroked my hands along her sides and down along her legs, I started

to move my hands across the tops of her thighs and worked my way inward

with each pass. Doing so, I encouraged her to bend her knees and spread

her legs a little further with each pass until she finally took the hint

and moved her feet apart and spread her legs to give me access and give

Larry and Katie a view. As I was basically looking over her shoulder, I

realized that I was not going to get much of a chance to visually inspect

her pussy from this angle. I briefly considered the possibility of eating

her out, but this evening was about showing off and it would ruin Katie

and Larry's view if my head was between Sharon's legs.

Besides, I had a pretty good feeling that based on how things had been

going lately and how things were going tonight that this would not be the

last time I would have to become familiar with Sharon's private parts.

Moving closer to the prize I rubbed my hands across her labia majora,

feeling the downy softness of her pubic hair. It was a unique sensation to

be feeling another pussy after only having Katie's to play with all these

years. Or perhaps it was knowing Sharon for all these years as a close

friend and both the wife of my best friend and the best friend of my wife

that made the experience so unique. I'm sure that the fact that my wife

and best friend were watching my every move further contributed to the

situation.

I continued to stroke her vulva for awhile. Not only was her pubic hair

softer than Katie's but with her labia majora being fleshier and her labia

minor tucked completely inside of them, it gave an entirely different

"landscape" to explore.

Whereas I'd normally run my fingers along the exposed crest of Katie's

labia minora, I found myself cupping my palm over Sharon's entire pubis

and gently rubbing in a circular motion. Judging by the way that Sharon

snuggled against me and her soft sighs as I did this, I figured that I

must be doing something right.

As I continued to rub her, I switched from a circular motion to rubbing

along her seam so that I could start to work my fingers into her pussy.

It didn't take much effort. A little pressure and my fingers slid between

the folds of her pussy on the downward stroke and I could feel the opening

to her vagina. Reversing direction and dragging my fingers back upwards I

came to her clit, my touch against it sending a shudder through Sharon.

I took a moment to nudge at Sharon's legs a bit to get her to spread them

apart further. She readily obliged me and I realized that I was not going

to miss out on seeing much due to my position behind her. Compared to

Katie, there just wasn't anything there. Katie has commented about how

blatantly sexual she feels that her pussy looks with her labia sticking

out and all. She has come to understand how beautiful I think it is, but

she spent many years wishing that it were more "discreet." But as

"discreet" as Sharon's pussy may have been when everything was nicely

concealed, once she was spread it was like she was open for business. It

was basically clit and vagina and no window trimmings.

Please understand that I'm not attempting to make a judgment. I'm only

trying to describe my observations. Katie and Sharon are both beautiful

women that I love dearly and would not change in any way. Comparisons

between them are meant to celebrate their diversity, not as though to

imply any deficiencies towards either of them. The diversity in women's

bodies is the spice of life!

As I said, Sharon's labia majora were fleshier than Katie's, giving her a

prominent mound. Her labia minora were a thin ruffle that surrounded her

clit and vagina. Her clit was like a large pink pearl with its hood

extending to the top of her labia like the body of a caterpillar. I

grasped the body of it between my thumb and forefinger and squeezed a bit,

causing her clit to protrude and I rubbed it with my other finger. Sharon

gave a soft moan and I shook the body of it gently as I continued to rub

her pearl. This caused Sharon to give slightly louder moan and a shiver

ran through her body.

Larry had obviously been fascinated with the extent of Katie's labia

minora. Likewise, I was fascinated with Sharon's lack thereof. Whereas

Katie's clit was hidden within the "flower" of her labia, Sharon's was

sitting right out in the open as though waiting to be played with.

I took some time to "explore" her nether region as Larry had done with

Katie's labia. I probed along her labia and inside of her vagina, but I

got the greatest reaction from being somewhat rough with her clit. Rolling

it between thumb and forefinger brought moans and sighs, but grabbing it

and shaking or pulling on it had her squirming and gasping. I had wondered

if she would be able to relax enough to climax while having an audience,

but the indications were that she was not going to have any problem.

With one hand firmly on her clit, I brought my other hand up to her

breast. I palmed it and gave it a light squeeze as I rolled her clit

between my fingers. Sharon moaned and bucked her hips against my hand. I

continued to knead her breast while I rubbed and squeezed her clit.

Sharon's breathing was becoming heavier and her hips were rocking back and

forth against my hand. I got a hold of both her nipple and her clit and

pulled on them both while rolling them between my finger and thumb. Sharon

let out a moan and a shudder went through her body.

Sensing that she was close, I continued with my actions. I did move my

hand to palm her breast and let her nipple slip through my fingers so that

I could squeeze her nipple and massage her breast at the same time, which

she seemed to respond to favorably. Rolling her clit between my fingers

and squeezing on it also seemed to be the thing to be doing. She was

clamping her lips together but still her moans were getting louder as she

bucked against my hand on her pussy.

When she came, I almost missed it at first. Katie's orgasms are dramatic.

For a small body, they are strong and wrack her body and send tremors all

through it. Although she usually has no issues with being vocal, she had

held back this evening which was understandable with the girls upstairs.

Sharon's orgasm was quiet and I got the impression that it wasn't just

because of the girls upstairs. Her body just tensed up and her mouth

opened in a silent "O" as her hips twitched almost like a strong

heartbeat.

After a moment she gave a sigh and settled back against me. I could tell

that she was a little self-conscious, so I wrapped my arms around her and

gave her a big hug.

The four of us actually just sat there for a few minutes just grinning at

each other before Larry asked if anyone wanted another beer. It was a

shame to see the ladies get up and adjust their sweats to cover up again,

but I suppose that all good things must end at some point.

As we headed for the kitchen we seemed to gravitate towards our spouses. I

put my arm around Katie and noticed that Larry was doing the same with

Sharon. I suppose that it was natural to "touch base" with each other

again after something like what had happened.

With fresh beers all around, we stood in the kitchen talking. The

conversation never really touched on what had just happened, but it was

casual and easygoing. Not like anyone was nervous or embarrassed about

what had happened.

Larry asked if he should confirm with his co-worker about the hunting

cabin and I said I was up for it. The ladies again encouraged us and said

the girls were definitely up for a ladies' night and have a sleepover. The

two of them started talking about that and Sharon was saying that the

girls would love to give everyone "makeovers" and that was about where

Larry and I wandered back to the living room with our beers to continue

our own conversation.

We talked briefly about our plans, who was going to bring the beer and

what else we would need and so forth. We commented on the fact that there

was probably four times as much planning going on in the kitchen and they

were staying at the house than our planning for driving two hours and

spending the weekend out in the wilderness.

It was getting late, so things wound down and we said our good-byes. Hugs

and kisses are common for us, but things seemed a bit more intimate as we

all parted. Kisses on the lips are not unusual, but my kiss with Sharon

was decidedly more passionate than anything we had shared before and our

hands were more free with one another as they roamed each other's bodies.

Katie confirmed later that her kiss with Larry was a similar experience.

Larry and I shook hands in parting, grinning at each other the whole time.

Katie and Sharon hugged and kissed each other, giggling the whole time and

agreeing to get together to plan out the next weekend together. Larry and

I agreed to finalize our own plans once he talked to his co-worker.

The conversation on the drive home was easygoing. We talked a bit about

what had happened and about other things as well. Katie seemed especially

content now that it was clear that we could share our experiences with

Larry and Sharon and she was looking forward to their coming "girls'

weekend."

It was late and we were both pretty tired by the time we got home, so

there wasn't any more "play" for the evening. We got ready for bed and got

undressed, curling up against each other's naked bodies for the night.