**Getting Katie to Flash**

One of the benefits of El Nino out here on the East Coast this past winter is that we missed 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 or Florida, 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. Rather than exposing her, I was working on getting her to be more accepting of her naked body. 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 it 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 I was able 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 attention to driving. This usually left her aroused and wanting more. One of these times she complained about being so close and then I stopped. I told her that there was nothing stopping her from finishing things. There had been a long enough break that she was a bit out of the mood by the time that I suggested that she finish herself off. 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, which she had 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 also were spending a fair amount of time at a local state park. As I said at the beginning, this past 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 areas. Mainly 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 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 four 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, but I doubt that they really saw anything. 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 figured that it was time to actually expose her again. On a particularly nice Saturday afternoon, I suggested to Katie that we should go for a stroll around the local park. She agreed that it would be nice and I told her that I get 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. She gave me a “that’s all?” look when I laid out her hiking boots and socks, a pair of khaki shorts, and a long, large white T-shirt. I think that she was expecting me to set out a thong and pasties or something. 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. 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 that I had picked out was long enough to keep her covered as long as she did not bend over too much. She resisted 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. 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, but the contrast 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 and striking poses. 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 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 she posed before me 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 (and show me her ass), 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 said that he could not touch, but he was more than ! welcome to look. 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 nearly 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 embarrassed 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 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 pose for 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 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 said that shaving was too much upkeep and the 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 the fingers of her other hand in and out of herself. 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 opened up her eyes and propped 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, 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 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.

Until next time,

Tom and Katie

#### Katie “Shows” in the Jeep Showroom

This past spring, 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 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 about half and hour from us. If he did give her a better deal, the local dealer had already told her he would match any better 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 in her crack. 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 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 knicker-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.

Until next time, Tom.

I am not a writer; I will leave that to Tom. However, he convinced me to add a few words at the end of each story and said that he would clean them up for me. He wanted me to give a little insight into what I was feeling and how I looked at each episode. I had my misgivings about this episode at the start. As Tom said in our first story, I have had a history of being used and abused. I really love Tom for taking the time and having the patience to help me work through this. Still, as far as I have come in the past year, I am not about to put myself in a situation where I am going to be used or abused again. This episode looked like one of those situations to me. I did not want to expose myself and have the whole dealership thinking of me as being “easy” and then have to put up with that anytime I took my car in for service or anything. I compromised with Tom on doing this at a dealership that I did not plan on buying from, but I still did not feel totally comfortable! with it. I have to say that a lot of this has to do with my learning to trust Tom (or anyone else for that matter). It also has to do with me being more positive and sure about myself. Obviously, I do not want to do anything that ends up with me feeling bad about myself again. This seemed like one of those situations. I did not want a bunch of grease monkeys ogling me and thinking that I was some kind of slut. I finally agreed because I knew that I had to trust Tom’s judgement and that it was something that he wanted me to do. I did draw the line at actually fully exposing anything.

Actually, it turned out pretty well. I realized how easy it was to wrap the salesman around my little finger. Yes, he was a bit of a jerk, but I quickly saw the humor in teasing him. The other thing that it helped to show me is how other people see me. I have never been pleased with my body. However, from other people’s reactions to it I am slowly realizing that it is not that bad. We are all human and nobody is perfect. Really, being sexy has more to do with attitude than physical beauty. Take an average woman and a drop-dead gorgeous blonde cheerleader-type with big tits. If the cheerleader just stands there and whines while the average woman is being playful and has a positive attitude, you’re probably going to find the average woman to be sexier. Tom has been trying to tell me this for years, but I never really believed him. Now that I see other guys reacting to me showing off, I begin to see the truth in his words. By the way, I did get my Jeep about two weeks after this episode. It is really great! It is also a big time man magnet. I get all sorts of looks and waves while I am out cruising.

Katie

#### Katie “Accidentally Shows Off for their Friend

Things had been going better with our marriage. Exposing Katie definitely was an instrumental part of this. It was giving us something intimate to share with each other, it was getting Katie to have a better view of her body, and it was getting Katie to trust me. I was her backup and she was learning that she could depend on me and my judgement. I think that it was also enabling her to make a break from her upbringing. Her parents had been so conservative and abusive and she was enjoying the freedom from their views and values (along with the freedom from her clothes!).

It had been about six months since we had gone out to dinner and exposed Katie to another couple. We had been spending more time with Katie in some state of undress and had done some minor flashing. A couple of the more memorable incidents have been documented here. After Katie had masturbated for Greg while we were hiking at the state park, she had brought up the subject of commitment in flashing. On the one hand, she did not want to make any commitments in these situations. To her that meant physical contact or really the possibility of meeting up with the person again. On the other hand, she admitted that she wanted to reach out and touch Greg. I was also finding that she preferred the more intimate episodes when we exposed her. She did not just want to flash her breasts to the crowd and run away. She seemed to prefer showing off for one person or a small group and get their personal feedback. I cannot say that I understood her fully, but I will make a guess at what she was after. She wanted the intimacy because of her background. She did not want to feel that someone was using her to get off. She wanted something in return. However, she was afraid to make a commitment in the situation. She did not want some creep following her home or making demands of her. In my mind, I sort of link the words “commitment” and “intimacy,” but for her they seem to be very different. In any case, I had been thinking about this for awhile. I knew that things had to be taken to the next level or Katie would lose interest. She wanted this intimacy out of an encounter but was afraid of what commitments that might bring. I knew that this conflict would probably end up ruining the experience for her, not being able to get what she needed out of exposing herself. The answer that I finally came to was to involve a friend in our exploits. Someone that Katie felt comfortable with and could be “intimate” with, but without the “commitment” problems of a total stranger.

I had not discussed this with Katie at all yet; I wanted to make sure that I was comfortable with what I was proposing before I tried to talk Katie into it. No sense in having us both raising insecurities. I finally had to admit that if I started this ball rolling that it would quite probably end up at some point with this friend having sex with Katie. It took some soul searching, but I realized that this was not a problem for me and was, in fact, a turn-on. It is a logical progression from exposing your wife to other men to having another man have sex with your wife, but not one that every person can deal with. In trying to pick out a friend for this “honor,” I quickly dismissed our single male friends. I figured that would lead to a “commitment” that Katie would be uncomfortable with. The possibilities that he would see her as an easy, no consequences lay or would become “involved” with her were too great. Kathy and Mike have confirmed for me in their stories that people generally think that a marriage is “open” if you are playing around like this. People cannot understand that it is something that a couple does “together” for mutual enjoyment. We have not put ourselves in this position very often, but a guy will often get the impression that he can go off with Katie alone and not have to deal with me. They do not understand that this is an activity that we share. In any case, I figured that a married friend could be better. It would be an extension of our friendship, but everyone would still realize that they had their own families to go back to. This meant that the friend had to have a reasonably strong marriage as well. At the time, I really was not thinking about the possibilities of getting involved with the friend’s wife. I was sort of thinking that with him being married, we could fool around a bit with exposing Katie but it would be less likely that it would evolve into a sexual relationship. I did not want to lure any of my friends into cheating on their wife, but I did not really think that it would be an issue if it were only friendly nudity.

With the particulars worked out in my head, the obvious choice for me was our friend, Larry. I had known him for years and we had been able to talk about just about anything with each other. We were in the same industry and often got together for a couple beers to figure out where we were headed in life. Katie and I often got together with him and his wife, Sharon, for an evening out or went out for an afternoon with them and their two daughters. Katie and Sharon would also get together for lunch or to go shopping alone or with the girls. All around, I figured that our relationships were strong enough that there would not be any problems. They were already somewhat of an extended family for us, so I did not think that it would be much of a leap to “expand” that relationship. Although I was tempted to run this past Larry first, I knew that I had to talk to Katie about it before I made any moves on it. This was all about trust, so I could not start something behind her back. I did not want to spring a whole involved plan on her all at once, so after dinner one evening I asked her if she remembered the conversation that we had after she had exposed herself to Greg out at the park. She said sort of and asked what part of it. I said the part about touching him. She sort of blushed and said that it was not really that big a deal, she was mainly just daydreaming out loud at the time. I told her that it was ok, really. I was just curious if she really wanted to do something like that. She admitted that it was an arousing idea to her, but that she would have to know the person before she could actually do something like that. I laughed and said that was sort of hard considering what the circumstances were for such a situation. Then I said, “Unless it was someone that you already knew.” That startled her. She immediately said that she could not do that; she would never be able to face the friend again because of what he would think of her. I told her that I was not talking about going that far all at once. What about just exposing herself to a friend of ours “by accident” and seeing where it would lead? She admitted that it could be fun if it was “accidental.” My plan was to set this up on both sides, but leave things open enough that it would be somewhat spontaneous. I suggested that Larry had been bugging me to go out for a beer and we could stop back by the house. She could be coming out of the shower, not expect 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 not know the difference and she would not be expected to perform. She finally agreed to the situation and I called Larry to schedule our night out.

On the appointed night, I went over the details with Katie. 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 talked 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. What a perfect lead in. I mentioned that since it was not Friday night, we could stop by my house to see if we could catch Katie coming out of the shower. 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 did not think that I was 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 going to go through with it. We arrived and I let us in the back door. When I had parked the car in the driveway, I knocked on the bathroom window to signal Katie that we were there before going around front to meet Larry. When we were inside, I could hear the shower and I gave Larry the thumbs up. I grabbed a couple beers from the fridge and motioned for Larry to quietly follow me into the living room. I poked my head back the hallway and 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.

I heard the water go off and knew that the moment of truth would soon be here. After a couple minutes, I heard the bathroom door and then heard her coming down the hall. Larry saw her first; she was actually fully naked! She was pretending that she was not really paying attention. She had a towel and was finishing drying her hair with it. 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 done it fully nude and figured that it might lead to something else down the road. I knew that I had to be patient with all of this and let Katie do things in her own time as she was comfortable with them. She came back out a few minutes later with her white terrycloth robe on. She apologized to Larry, saying that she did not realize 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.

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 did not think that Sharon would have a problem with it, he just wished that it had lasted longer. Katie gave him a grin and told him that could be arranged. Larry said that he always thought that she was cute and didn’t see that much more than when she would wear her bikini. “Well, if that’s how you feel,” she said, “This robe is getting a bit warm.” She opened up the robe and slipped it off her shoulders and arms. 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 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. At this point, I was not surprised when Katie did not put 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 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. I agreed and he said that he would have to see if he could get Sharon to return the favor. I laughed and said that he had better be careful or this could get serious. He laughed back and said it could, couldn’t it? I think that we had similar thoughts going on at that point. I waved him off and headed back inside.

Katie had come back out to the living room and was waiting for me on the couch, still naked. When I walked over to her, she started undoing my pants. When she had my cock out, she 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 said that we would just have to see what happens.

Until next time, Tom

Hi there, me again. Tom is definitely persistent, but knows that if he pushes too hard I will just get stubborn on him. He pretty much sums things up here. If this had just continued as get Katie out of her clothes and show her to strangers, I would have gotten fed up with it. Tom is correct when he says that I would have lost interest (or worse) if I was not getting anything out of it. His plan to involve Larry worked out well, as you will see in future installments.

As for other topics, I want to say for both of us that we were disappointed to hear that the “Spicing Up the Marriage” stories from Kathy and Mike have come to an end. I understand that writing these adventures down takes time, but I do think that it is unfair to say, “We are not writing any more, but we really want to read everyone else’s adventures.” I for one really enjoyed the department store story. I do that to Tom every now and then for the same reasons. We would both love to hear the “short” stories since the “marathon” stories are just too much. Please keep writing!

Katie

#### Katie and Tom Go Shopping for a Bed!

Katie and I decided that we needed a new mattress for our guest bedroom. When we moved in to our house, we had been given an old bed and mattress by a relative and could not really pass up free furniture at the time. The bed was only a twin-size, so if a couple was staying with us we would usually give up our bed to them. 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 bed. I saw this as a perfect opportunity for some exposure. You have to test out a mattress before you buy it, don’t you?

On a Monday evening we finished our dinner and got ready for our shopping trip. I had learned that Katie responded better to these excursions if we had a basic plan for her. In less than a year she had really loosened up about things, but she was still worried about getting into trouble. She did not want to get arrested or raped and having a plan usually set her mind at ease. It also helped build her trust in me because it showed her that I was looking out for her. 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 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, only one other couple and a salesman. I had figured that not a lot of people would be out buying mattresses on a Monday night. The salesman, a gentleman in his early sixties with a nametag 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. By this time, the other couple had left and the salesman had drifted over our way to see if we had any questions. 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. 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 and 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. Katie spoke up and said that she wanted to ask a favor of George. She said that if it was ok, she had a set of sheets and a nightgown in the car. Would he mind if she put the sheets on the bed and tried it out? She said that it was really hard to judge while she was in her street clothes with the bare mattress. His comment was, “For you, dear, anything you like,” and he told her that he really did not expect any other customers that night. Although she was much older than that, he said it like he was saying it to a favorite granddaughter, not like he was coming on to her. She smiled at him and gave him a 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 where she could change. George told her that she could use the back room; nobody would bother her there. She thanked him and went off with her duffel bag in hand. George and I talked for a few moments more as I put the sheets on the one mattress and then she 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 asked George 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 the respect that it covered all of the vital parts. It even went halfway down her thighs, long enough to keep her decent when she bent over. 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 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. The material was also thin enough that you had no problem seeing the darker skin of her nipples and the shadow of her pubic triangle and clung to her curves.

She sat back down on the bed and swiveled 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 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 know that George saw, 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 see that he was looking at her charms when he thought that neither of us was paying attention to him. 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 noticed 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 seemed to be embarrassed 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. All that he said was, “Give me a moment, dear.” He walked up to the front door and I could see him lock it and flip the sign to closed. When he came back he said to Katie, “No one will be waltzing in here, you can do what you want, dear.” “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 another bed. 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 was 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. George had dropped all pretense of pretending not to notice. He was not exactly staring, just quietly and intently watching every move that she was making. He looked up to me to see what my reaction to the whole scene was. I gave him a smile and he realized that this was all ok with me. When he looked back at 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.

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 titties. 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 areola 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, 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. 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. Her eyes opened but remained heavy lidded as she looked to me and then 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 over 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 too far. Katie broke the embrace and said that we would take the mattress and box springs. She picked up her robe and put it on but left it open in front. George shook his head a bit as if to clear it 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 twenty-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 I could bring my truck around to the back door. I was momentarily concerned about leaving him alone with Katie, but she seemed to feel safe with him. 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. As George and I got the mattress and box springs ready and loaded them into the truck, Katie stood around in her robe. She did not bother to fasten it and her breasts and pussy would flash into view as she moved.

When everything was loaded, Katie collected her clothes and the sheets and pillow. After tossing them in the truck, she returned to the door to thank George once again for his understanding. She started to give him another hug, but stopped. Turning to me, she took her robe off and handed it to me. She turned back to George and told him that she wanted to do this right. She wrapped herself around him and George took polite advantage of her embrace. His hands quickly found her ass and rubbed it tenderly as she hugged him. When she broke the embrace, he let his hands trail around her sides and rested them on her hips. He looked her in the eyes and when she did not object, he slowly ran them up to grasp her breasts. As his fingers crossed her nipples, her eyes closed and she leaned her head back. He rubbed her breasts for a moment before she opened her eyes again and bent close to give him a kiss on the cheek. She backed away and got into the truck. We said our good-byes and were on our way. Katie covered up with her robe for the ride home, but I ran my hand along her leg and found her pussy with my fingers. It was no great surprise that she was fairly wet. We took care of that when we got home.

Until next time,

Tom.

Then Katie writes:

I think that this was the first time that I actually enjoyed exposing myself to a stranger. My first experience was really under Tom’s control; I really did not have a choice in the matter. Exposing myself to Greg while out hiking was arousing, but it was sort of more rebellion for me than enjoyment. More that I could be a bad girl as much as anyone and throw caution to the wind than actually doing it for myself. The Jeep dealership was the same way. I felt the power that I had over them just from showing my knickers a bit. More bad girl turn the tables on people stuff. The incident with Amy while shopping caught me off guard. My initial intent was just to play it up for Tom. I knew that it would turn him on and still was not really doing it for myself. However, I did not expect what another woman could do to me. I had figured that it would sort of be like touching myself, and that I could turn it off. (You know, put on a show for Tom but not really get mixed up in the feelings.) Boy was I wrong!

I think that this experience started turning my views around and I began to realize that there was enjoyment for me in the experience as well. Prior to this, it was more of an ego thing for me. I felt good about myself because of the reactions that I was getting, but the experience itself was not really doing anything for me. I am not sure if I am making any sense or not. The one exception was exposing myself to Larry. He was already a friend and it sort of seemed that we broke through a barrier there. It was like after seeing me naked, there was no reason to keep any distance between us. We could share anything. That was only made firmer with the experience with Sharon. After being naked in bed together it was like we were all one family. Something that I only realized later I had never had. I had never had an actual family with my parents and sister; we were always at each other’s throats. Family was what was missing between me and Tom as well. I don’t mean not having kids, I mean that there was not that bond. Now I had a family! People that I could share anything and everything with and not have to worry about being misunderstood. It was great! Taking off our clothes seemed to open everything up between us. Then there were the fishermen. I did not feel this sense of family with them, but I realized that we both had something to get out of the experience. I talked about this a bit at the end of that story. Now with George I had put it to the test. I was actually able to touch another person’s life for a short time. There were no commitments, but we shared something that evening. It was very sweet. Ok, enough of the soap box. I just want people to know that there can be a lot more to life if you just allow it.

Luv,

Katie

#### Katie Goes Bra Shopping!

Katie and I had gone shopping at an out of town mall. One thing that Katie was shopping for was some new bras. Now, I do not fully understand why she wears them. She is small and firm enough on top that she really does not need one. She even admits that herself. In fact, she was braless that day under a baggy knit shirt. However, 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 two saleswomen and us. One was a matronly older woman and she was keeping pretty much to the checkout counter. The other one was a younger girl, maybe early twenties, and she was stocking the shelves and straightening things up. 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 knew the girl. She said no and wondered why I asked. I said I did not know, it just seemed that the girl was being a bit more than just friendly. Katie simply said 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 was beginning to realize the extent to which Katie was definitely changing. 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 and came over and 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 she 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. She 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 had 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 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 around. The racks of clothing pretty much hid us from the other saleswoman and another customer toward the front of the store. She 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 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 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 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 over 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 that we had company coming. The women separated, both looking a bit dazed. 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 we waited in silence. 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 ones Amy 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 the bag to Katie. In taking it from her, Katie ran 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 because she knew that it would turn me on and 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 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. She squeezed my hand and said that she would take care of me. We made our way 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. Until next time, Tom.

Ha! I had almost forgotten about this experience. As he said at the end, I am not really into the girl scene, but I knew this would blow his mind. Actually, Amy was a cute kid. I had not really expected for it to go as far as it did, but she sort of caught me off guard and I succumbed. There is something different in the way another woman can touch you. I am not really sure about sex with another woman, mainly because I am more into the real thing than toys and I have to have something inside me to feel truly satisfied. However, I could be up to some serious snuggling and cuddling at some point.

Getting myself hot and bothered with my fantasies, Katie.