**Homework**

by[**JackieL**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=145497&page=submissions)©

Several of my playmates have encouraged me to tell my story and relate my adventures as I explored the many faceted world of uninhibited sex. In this first meeting I will relate a little background and set the stage for all that follows. Each of the following episodes are actually reports written for my teachers as I complete, or fail, the assignments they give me.  
  
I am 29, divorced, 5’2”, 115 pounds with 34b, 23, 35 figure that I take care of with tennis and swimming. Up until just before Christmas last year I had lived what I considered a normal life, college, marriage, divorce, and a pretty good job. But somehow I felt something was missing, nothing real got me excited. There was just no zip in my life. Sex was good, but predictable, and a little short of what I had been lead to believe when we girl talked in highschool. The “hubby” was a typical Texas Red Neck, wam, bam, thank you Ma’am, at least at home. As I found out he had a lot more imagination with the chippies. Good by guy!  
  
Working on a client proposal one evening I kept getting hit from a porn site. After the thing popping up on my search engine several times I clicked on it. I am not sure why, I was bored, I was curious, and I was frustrated with my project and my life. I saw things I had never thought about. I guess I knew that such things went on, but I had never given any thought to it. At first I was shocked, I clicked off as fast as I could.  
  
I couldn’t think, I walked around the house , got a drink, and still the images flooded my mind. I went to my desk and clicked back on.  
  
I was like the fat girl at the buffet, I ran from one thing to the next, wanting to get it all, liking this thing, but always looking for the next treat. Hours flew past as I wandered a before unseen world. Feeling as if I must be mentally perverted I viewed pictures of sucking and fucking, of beautiful women in singles and couples being peed on or cum on or gang banged as I played shamefully with myself.  
  
With the rising sun I finally went to my bed. I dreamed in spurts of naked women and hard dicks as I tossed and turned for the few hours before I had to go to the office. At work that day I was totally distracted, my mind wandering to the sites I had view that previous night. I cut the work day short and as soon as I could get home I was back on the net.  
  
For weeks this went on. I did get better control of myself, and did manage to function at the job. My life revolved around porn. I saved hundreds of pictures and bookmarked dozens of site. And finally I found the story sites. Up until then the pictures were like ice cream, good, but didn’t really serve a purpose other than to help me feel better. And they did make me feel better, sometimes two or three times a night as I masturbated myself almost constantly.  
  
Reading the stories brought the pictures to life for me, adding a completely new dimension to them. I printed out stories and took them with me to read in my free time. I put myself into each story. Unfortunately I had no one to talk to about it all. Gradually I began to think about trying out some of the tales I had read.  
  
I knew that I couldn’t misbehave at home or at work, I had too much to lose. My mind started working on ways to experiment and bring to life some of the tales. My first idea was a dismal failure. I rented a hotel room in a near town. The plan was to order room service, meet the bell hop at the door naked and have him eat me as I ate dinner. All went well until the knock on the door. I was standing there completely naked and couldn’t move. Finally, after he knocked several times I called out to him to leave the tray outside.  
  
I was so pissed at myself! I cussed and called myself names for an hour. Then finally I was determined to give it another try. I picked up the phone to order my fuck and what did I find, room service was closed for the night.  
  
I started shopping for sexier clothes. I would go to malls and try on outfits with short short shirts, thin blouses and tight tops to show my tits. I bought sexy heels and stockings. I wore these in the dressing rooms and in my house, but would never get out the door in them. I needed help. I was no good at being bad!  
  
This wasn’t like anything else I had tried. At college I had professors telling me what to do, at work I was given quotas and goals, in each case I had accountability to someone. Still I was on the computer each chance I had. There I finally found the answer. I had seen the chat rooms, but had never tried them. I started just watching the conversations at first and slowly an idea developed.  
  
Here separated by the anonymous Internet I could talk to people about what I wanted. I could ask advice and direction, but I had even one more step in mind. I could ask for homework!  
  
I was hesitant at first as I entered into private conversations in the chat site, but soon found that most of the guys were really pretty nice, just real horny. It was hard getting a guy to understand what I wanted, but there are plenty of men on the web and I soon found a few willing souls. I learned that if I wanted something from a guy I had to give something in return. My first attempt a cyber sex was a thrill as I learned that I not only enjoyed it but was good at it. I think I have a real talent for cyber blow jobs.  
  
Finally I got to the point. I wanted my cyber chat partner to give me a scenario to act out in real life. I left it pretty much open to the guy to lay it out for me. The only rules I placed on the game were that I wouldn’t involve my job or get into pain or danger. Once the idea was accepted my chat partners came up with some imaginative ideas. I had shaved my pussy a few weeks earlier and I would sit and talk, role play and diddle for hours getting the game set up.  
  
My first assignment was a simple flash. It was still winter and I was to wear an overcoat and heels, and standing on a not too busy street corner flash an oncoming driver. This was a first of many firsts to come for me. I was petrified as I walked from my car to the street corner, and I wasn’t sure I would be able to do it. I kept thinking of having to face my teacher if I failed, and of how good I would feel to tell him I was successful.  
  
I watched cars approach until I was sure a single car with a single occupant was coming. He caught the light, and my eye at the same time. I smiled and waited, and when the cross traffic light turned yellow I casually opened my coat. What a thrill! The look on his face is something I will never forget. Coat still open I turned and walked off as he sat through the green light.

**Homework Ch. 02**

Well it has been several months since my last (and first) story was posted. I fell in love, or thought I had. That’s another story that I will tell some other time, but for now I am back in the chat rooms and at the encouragement of my friends writing my stories again.  
  
When I last left you I was walking back to my car wearing heels, an overcoat and a very big smile! I had just done my first public flash and was walking on a cloud. I could not wait to get back to my computer and tell my teachers what I had done. These guys had coached me, and encouraged me, and given me the courage to start living the life I really wanted, free and uninhibited. Needless to say they were very proud of me and already had my next homework assignment lined up.  
  
The boys had gotten together and pooled their imaginations for me. They decided to send me an e-mail with all the details for my next homework.  
  
I received their e-mail that night and immediately started checking my mostly new wardrobe to make sure I had everything I needed, I was sure I did, but you know how we are, a whole closet of clothes and nothing to wear. From our online chats they knew I would be going to Houston in a few weeks and that was where my newest adventure was to take place.  
  
A week later I am in Houston, trying my best to make it through long boring sales meeting, and a couple of nights of “inspirational pep talks” by over paid self help gurus. I could hardly function as I sat there thinking of my plans for the first free night to come.  
  
I have shunned panties for almost a year now, and depending on the business suit I wear either thigh highs or a garter belt and hose. I found myself getting wet thinking about the boys and their assignment for me and how much fun it would be to tell them all about it later. I would sit there in a meeting of about 50 of our companies top national sales people and could feel my eyes glaze over, not from boredom, but lust! My thighs would get wet I was getting so horny. Anticipation is half the thrill they tell me, but it was all I could do not to start playing with myself right there.  
  
Finally the night I was waiting for arrived. Wednesday night was completely free from business requirements and all mine.  
  
I made it back to my hotel in the early evening, about 5, and began my ritual of preparation. I stripped and ran a hot full tub to soak in. Lying there I slowly brought myself near to climax, and then backed off. I repeated this process several times. I was horny as I could possibly be, but wanted to save the satisfaction as a reward for my performance later. Once finished bathing I shaved my pussy, making sure that it was as bare as a babies butt, and then applied my favorite lotion to my monds and the rest of my body. I walked the room naked as I let the lotion settle into my skin. I was careful with the makeup, not too much, I wanted to be pretty, not whorish.  
  
Now came the clothes. The boys had been pretty specific about that. First I slipped on some thigh highs in a medium taupe, then the skirt. It was a black pleated skirt that would flare when I turned and flounce as I walked. The blouse was a white silk, not see through, unless the light was behind it, but thin and light enough that my nipples stuck out plainly even when they were not hard. (I couldn’t imagine them not being hard this night) My heels were a black pumps with thin 4 inch spikes. I have gotten really great at walking in heels up to 5 inches and can even dance in the 4 inch ones. A gold necklace and watch finished me off.  
  
I looked at myself in the mirror, liking what I saw. I did a few hip swishes to see how much the skirt would flare, and in a fast turn it laid out almost flat. From my mirror angle I could not see how much it exposed but I felt sure anyone more than a few feet away would see everything I had. I grabbed my shoulder strap purse and headed out the door.  
  
In the elevator I was glad that I had taken the precaution of removing the buttons form my blouse. I had cut off the top 4 of them, leaving the first one just below the level of my nipples. If I hadn’t I might be tempted to close them now. When I stood straight, shoulders back the blouse pulled tight and closed over my chest, but any forward movement allowed it to open revealing more and more of my breasts. The slight jiggle of my tits against the fabric kept my nipples pointed and a long tingle in my body.  
  
The elevator chimed the first floor and as the door opened I took a deep breath and put on my best “oblivious to the world” face. I stepped from the elevator into the lobby full of people going about an evening’s business. My skirt bounced on my thighs about 3 inches above my knees, as my heels taped a sexy beat on the tile floor. I know I drew looks, but was careful not to acknowledge any.  
  
Across the street from the hotel was the Houston Galleria, a pretty upscale and huge shopping mall with several floors of nice shops to spend the day in. That was my evening’s destination. My teachers had decided that The Houston Galleria was the perfect place for homework assignment 2. I had been there before and couldn’t agree with them more.  
  
I crossed the street at the crosswalk and had the feeling of hundreds of eyes on me as I walked across the open sidewalks. I made sure that my steps were long and that the skirt fluttered around my thighs. I even did a little hop step onto the curb as I crossed.  
  
I entered at the Nieman store and a gentleman held the door for me. I think his wife was a little put out as he made a point of smiling and greeting me.  
  
Oh the wonderful world of high class department stores! I could spend days just here, but I must go on.  
  
The first objective was to head directly for the staircase that rose the 3 floors of the mall. My teachers picked this mall because it had wonderful open stairways. I kept my head high as I walked straight to the stairs, not looking to see if I would have an audience. I knew I would, this place was as busy as most malls on the weekend. I did see 2 teenagers approaching from the other side of the staircase as I took the first step up.  
  
Well here I was, ready for my second public exposure! I took the stairs on my toes, bouncing as I made each new step. This caused my already short skirt to flip up first in the front with my rising knees, then in the rear. I could feel the coolness of the air-conditioning under my skirt, but it did nothing to dampen the heat running though my body that started at my pussy. I was trying my best not to look around, but did see the boys stop before they got to the stair and watch me climb. I could just imagine what the view was doing to a couple of adolescent boys!  
  
The Galleria is built with an open interior mall area the houses a skating rink, sitting areas and vendors carts. Each floor overlooks this area with a walkway like a balcony with an open handrail. I knew that I had an audience by now so as I reached the top level I turned to walk off in one direction, and then as if I had changed my mind did a quick turn in the opposite direction. The fast turn lifted my pleated skirt out almost parallel to my hips! Anyone looking from below got a very clear view of my naked butt and shaved pussy!  
  
Oh my, this was fun!  
  
So far I was just a young lady out shopping as far as anyone could tell. If my attire was a little, well, less formal than most, I was not doing anything obviously lewd. But the boys had other plans for me still to carry out!  
  
From our on line role playing games they knew that I was bi-curious and that was to be part of my game tonight. But first I needed a drink. From prior visits I knew there was a bar on the top floor and there I headed. I took a stool at the bar and ordered a Collins. Casually I checked out the other patrons. Unfortunately the crowd was thin and no really interesting prospects to play with. But still sitting there in my short skirt and thin blouse turned me on even more. The future would definitely hold some bar room games I knew. In the mirror I could see my nipples pushing against my blouse quite plainly. No one could miss them! I slipped off the stool to the ladies room.  
  
The tiny ladies loo was empty as I stood and looked at myself in the mirror. My face and chest were flushed, adding a bright color to my cheeks. I couldn’t help it, I raised my skirt and slipped my hand to my bare pussy to play. God I was horny…and wet! Gently I played with my clit. I didn’t want to end up with a moaning, screaming orgasm right here! Right to the edge I played and then forced myself to stop. I was so wet. I dampened a paper towel and used it to clean myself up a little, at least wipe up the leakage.  
  
I was ready to complete my mission now. Quickly I finished my drink and left the bar.  
  
I wandered the mall, looking in shoe store windows, trying to find just the right combination of sexy shoes and salesperson. After window shopping about 6 stores I finally found what I was looking for.  
  
I entered the store and started to select shoes from the display. There was only one other customer at the time, and she was checking out. The sales girl was young, I guessed maybe 19 or 20, and very pretty. She had blonde hair to just off her shoulders, cut very similarly to my soft brown style. She was about 4 inches taller than my 5’2, and maybe a little on the thin side. Her uniform of black skirt and red cotton blouse was attractive on her, but far from sexy. When she finished with the other lady she approached me to assist. Her nametag identified her as Lisa. Of course she had beautiful blue eyes, the color I would have like if I could trade my brown in.  
  
I introduced myself, holding my hand out to her, “Hi, I’m Jackie.”  
  
She was a little timid in taking my hand, but replied with “I’m Lisa, how can I help you?”  
  
I wanted to say make my fantasy come true, but just told her she could help me find some really sexy shoes.  
  
I picked out about 5 pair for her to get for me and took a seat. The fitting chairs faced the rear of the shop and the stocking area and I selected one with a footrest stool in front of it. I propped my foot on it and waited for her to return. She came out of the back with an armload of boxes that she placed on the chair next to me. I don’t think she noticed at first the way my shirt had slid up my thigh to reveal the top of my thigh highs, lace and bare skin showing. As she took a seat on the stool and reached to remove my shoe her eyes got wide and her face flushed red! Quickly she looked away and fumbled with a box. Then slowly she returned to her job, eyes cast down and looking only at my feet she slipped my old shoes off and the first of the new ones on. I stood up directly in front of her, then stepping over the foot rest tested the new shoes with a walk across the store.  
  
“These feel pretty good”, I told her, “but I want to try the others too”.  
  
“Yes ma’am” she replied  
  
Ma’am I thought, crap I hadn’t even turned 30 at that time, what was she calling me ma’am for!  
  
I sat back down, this time being sure to be extra careless about my skirt. Maybe I was just being mean now, but this girl was going to look at my naked bare pussy! Again she focused on my feet as she change the shoes for a new pair. Again I stood and tested the shoes. This time I did a small pirouette as I turned back to her. From her low vantage point I know she had a clear view of my bare butt!  
  
“What do you think Lisa?” I asked.  
  
“ They really do look great on you ma’am” she replied, smiling just a little.  
  
Still ma’am but at least I got a smile.  
  
We worked out way through a couple of more pairs before I noticed her to begin to look up as she fitted me. As I sat for the final pair she made no attempt to hide her gaze between my open legs. She looked up to meet my eyes as she slipped a pretty red pump over my heel. Then she blushed and looked down again.  
  
As I walked with this pair she commented, “ You really are very pretty, and those shoes make your legs look terrific!”  
  
Honestly I didn’t know what to do next. I picked 2 pair that I wanted to buy and as I checked out we small talked a little. I found out she lived with her boyfriend and worked here till 10 most nights. She invited me to come back again as I left, and I wanted to think she had enjoyed my little game too.  
  
Back out in the mall I started looking for my next stop. I wandered the boutiques for smaller women, being 5’2 makes it fun to shop. Three or four shops later I found my target. This time the sales girl was about my age, a striking brunette with a great figure who must have dressed off the rack at the store. She looked very nice, understated sex with a dress that clung to her figure. Her name was Pam, and she approached me eagerly to help. We picked over the racks until I had about 6 sets to try, a combination of skirts and blouses and dressed, all designed with men in mind. She carried the clothes to the dressing area for me. As we walked I began to undo the few buttons on my blouse, and as she pointed me into a curtained stall I let my blouse slip down my back and over my arms. I was standing topless in front of her, my breast firm and flushed, my nipples hard, as I held out my blouse and asked her if she could hang it for me. She hooked the new clothes over the curtain rod and turned to get a hanger for my blouse. As she did I unfastened the button at my hip and slipped the zipper down allowing my skirt to fall to my feet. When she turned back around I hooked a toe into the skirt and flipped up to my hands then passed it to her. She didn’t even seem to notice that I was now naked except for my stockings and heels.  
  
I began to try on outfits. I would slip into something, walk the hallway, look in the mirrors and then strip nude again as I worked my way through the clothes. Pam stayed with me the entire time, once or twice helping me zip or fit a piece. Everytime she touched me a shiver passed through me.  
  
About halfway through my rack of clothes another patron entered the dressing area. When she saw me standing there nude she ducked into a dressing stall as if her butt was on fire. We giggled a little and Pam told me, “Don’t mind her, I think your are beautiful and if I had your body I would run around naked all the time”.  
  
Finally, after I had selected 2 outfits I really like and I was standing naked in front of her she asked me, “Can I ask you a personal question?”.  
  
“Well”, I said, spreading my arms out to demonstrate my nakedness, ”we can’t get much more personal than this!”  
  
“My husband wants me to shave, like you are, what do you think?”  
  
“Oh my,, I think it’s a great idea, it makes you feel so naughty!”  
  
“How often do you have to trim?” she asked  
  
“I trim everyday” I told her, “but that’s not really necessary, I just like doing it. You should make him shave you though, it will drive you both absolutely crazy”  
  
She blushed a little and laughed, as we continued to talk. The conversation turned to making men pay more attention to us and she commented that I probably wasn’t having a challenge with that. I admitted to her that I enjoyed the attention and sought it out by the way I dressed and acted. She told me she was too chicken to do as I did, but would like to tease her husband more, and that maybe she would let him shave her for their anniversary night date.  
  
By the time I left the store we were great friends and I promised to return soon and find out how she was doing.  
  
I still couldn’t get that “ma’am” out of my mind! I decided to go back and see Miss Lisa! As I entered her store again she seemed really surprised to see me, and blushed furiously as I smiled at her.  
  
“I want to try a pair I had earlier” I told her.  
  
The boxes of shoes where still where we had left them and I went and sat right down. Of course I made no attempt to cover myself as my skirt rode high on my legs. She wasted no time at all and was sitting in front of me slipping my shoes off almost instantly. Well, well I thought. I told her which pair to put on and this time as she did it she let her hand slide up the back of my calf.  
  
“Do you like?” I asked  
  
“These are really great looking shoes”, she replied  
  
“I don’t mean the shoes silly, do you lke the way I am dressed?”  
  
“Oh yes ma’am, you are so…so pretty!” she stammered out.  
  
“Do you ever dress like this?” I asked her.  
  
“Oh no ma’am, I couldn’t do that!”  
  
“Well actually you could, and will. What size shoe do you wear?” I asked  
  
“ A seven” she told me, as I jumped up to look for some shoes for her. I found a very sexy strap sandal in a 3 inch heel and then turn to face her wide eyed innocence.  
  
“Now here is what you are going to do Miss Lisa, go to the back and find this pair in your size. While you are there take off those pantyhose and panties, and then come back here,” I instructed her.  
  
She started to say something, but couldn’t. then she started to turn bright red in the face as I held out my hand to help her off the footstool.  
  
As I waited for her to return I took a seat on the fitting stool, putting one leg on each side of it letting my skirt fall off it in the rear, and pulling it to my waist in the front. My bare butt was on the seat and my pussy was wide open to see.  
  
She took her time but finally she came back into the store area. I could tell right away that she had shed her pantyhose. I smiled at her and patted the seat I had been in earlier. As she stepped in front of me she said, “Oh my!” as she spotted my very exposed pussy.  
  
She hitched her skirt up just a little and took her seat. She still had her legs together, hiding her charms, but when I patted the footrest she gamely placed her foot on it. That caused her skirt to inch up her thighs and now I could see her blonde bush. I used both hands to remove her old shoe and then caresses her calf and massage her foot before placing the new heel on her. Her eyes were watery, and her mouth open just a bit as I placed her heeled foot on the footrest again. The arch of the heel caused her skirt to fall farther up her thigh and I was tickled that she made no move the tug it down . I repeated the process with the other foot. Each move caused her skirt to ride higher and she was making no moves to pull it back down. This time when I placed her freshly heeled foot back on the footrest she allowed her other leg to fall to the side. Her beautiful, shaggy blonde pussy was completely exposed to me and anyone else who happened into the store. I looked to her face. She was chewing and tonguing at her lips, her eyes were narrow slits and real tears were slowly working down her cheeks. Her breath came in short bursts and her whole body moved with each one. I traced my fingernails up the inside of her thighs and I swear to God she came right there without a single touch to her pussy. Her body arched and vibrated as she slid down in the chair. Turning bright red in the face she smiled at me and began to tug her skirt into place.  
  
My hand was on my cunt as I watched her. How crazy was this! I just got her off and was playing with myself right there in a shoe store in an open mall!  
  
Slowly I regained my composure, and she hers. We both got up, and she tried walking in the new shoes.  
  
“Very Pretty!”, I told her, “consider them a gift.”  
  
“Thank you, ma’am, “ she replied, “do you think they make me look sexy?”  
  
I assured her that she didn’t need the shoes to look sexy, but that they did make her look hot. I asked about her work schedule and found out that she was going to be off at 7PM on Saturday night.  
  
“Ok Lisa, here’s what you are going to do. Meet me downstairs at the Bennigans at 7:30 on Saturday night. Dress in those new heels and a skirt, and remember no panties!”  
  
“I’ll be there ma’am, “ she assured me.  
  
I wasn’t so sure. I expected the guilt and embarrassment might set in and keep her away.

**Homework Ch. 03**

I left Lisa to close her shoe store and I walked back to the JW Marriott. I was on fire I was so horny! In my room I relived every second of our encounter as I soaked in the Jacuzzi tub and the jets of hot water played over my body. It wasn’t long and orgasms were ripping through me. I had thought about picking up some guy, but decided a man would just ruin the mood right then.  
  
I e-mailed my “professors” that night and got some excited replies. The next move depended on Lisa. I spent a couple of frustrating days back in seminars and study groups as I waited on Saturday to arrive. Would she be there?  
  
I spent my spare time shopping, not at the Galleria, but at other shops and Malls around Houston. Saturday was suppose to be an Indian Summer day so I found a new outfit just for the occasion.  
  
Finally the big day arrived! I bathed and shaved and dressed in a state of just barely controlled excitement.  
  
The blouse I wore was a flowered silk, in pastels. It fit over my left shoulder and across the top of my breast to under my right arm. The tail was cut on the opposite angle, and the matching skirt finished the zig zag, starting at mid thigh on one side and ending just below my knee on the other. Of course I wore nothing but a white lace garter and hose under it. A small gold pendant, watch and 3 inch heels in soft blue suede finished me off.  
  
My nipples made little points in the silk as I walked through the lobby and across the street to the Galleria and Bennigans. I timed my arrival so that Lisa would already be there if she were coming. I was trying not to be too optimistic about it as I entered the saloon and grill. You can imagine my smile as I saw her sitting at a table waiting for me.  
  
I signaled the waiter that I was joining her and crossed the room to meet her. I was well aware of the looks I was attracting. I knew that my nipples were obviously sticking up, and that the heels added tension to my legs and a sexy sway to my walk. I loved it!  
  
Lisa stood as I arrived at her table, but I had to initiate the hug. I wasn’t sure if it was embarrassment on her part from the other night, or her submissive attitude. I held her back at arms length and looked her over.  
  
“Your beautiful,” I allowed, “but I am not to excited about you wearing the store uniform.” She was in the same outfit I had seen her in the other night, black knee length skirt and red blouse.  
  
Her lip quivered, “I’m sorry ma’am, but this is the best I had for tonight, everything else is…well too conservative.”  
  
I laughed, if this is the most risqué thing she owned we were really going to have fun tonight.  
  
“Not to worry,” I smiled, “we’ll fix that problem soon. Now is the rest of your outfit “proper” attire too?”  
  
“ Oh definitely not ma’am,” she blushed.  
  
“Well let’s sit down and you can show me!”  
  
There was the least little bit of hesitation as she took her chair and worked her skirt up and legs apart to give me a peek at her fussy bush. I smiled again, she blushed and a waiter appeared at the table to take our orders. She made no effort to lower her skirt though I doubt from his angle he could see anything more than a lot of pretty thigh and the lace tops of her hose. I ordered us a couple of Margueritas and Lisa began to chatter away. I guess she was a bit nervous. I know I was!  
  
She told me about her boyfriend, Richard, and how they meet, where he worked and all the small talk trivia we girls are so fond of. Finally, as she began her second drink she told me how after our last meeting she had gone home and just about raped poor Richard. As they were cuddling after what she called the best sex she ever had she told him about me. At first he thought it was just a fantasy she was making up to get him excited again, and when he realized that she expected him to believe it he laughed at her.  
  
“He just doesn’t believe you are real Ma’am” she told me.  
  
“Oh I am very real!” I laughed. “very real indeed!”  
  
She told me she wouldn’t have anything to do with him the next 2 days, and that he was now trying his best to get back on her good side.  
  
“Lets go shopping!”  
  
I settled the check, took her hand and we bounced out of the grill. She started to tell me she couldn’t afford to buy anything tonight, but I just led her on anyway.  
  
Once again I was on exhibit in the Mall and loving every minute of it. My skirt would not flare, but the soft fabric clung to my body, showing off the sway of my hips, curve of my ass and shape of my breasts. I was getting really horny and the best part was the night was just starting. On the stairs Lisa had a few moments of hesitation, but I did see her hands ever so slightly raise the skirt as she took the steps next to me. I was going to be proud of her, I just knew it.  
  
I took her to the same dress shop I had been in the other night and to continue my great luck Pam was working again. She greeted me warmly and I introduced Lisa to her. We all hit it off immediately and began our hunt for the right outfits. Evidently Lisa had never enjoyed financial freedom, because she shopped the price tag first, then the clothes. It only took me a second to convince her we were here for fun and to just pick what she liked. I took her hand and together we selected a couple of dresses to try on. I turned her loose and shortly she had an armload of blouses, skirts and dresses to take to the fitting room. We all trouped into the fitting area and once again I got naked but for my garter and stockings right away. Pam was as un-surprised as the first time, but Lisa was a little taken aback.  
  
“Come on girl, relax and have fun” I teased. I stood in front of her and began to open her blouse. Soon she too was stripped to her thigh highs and heels. I noticed that her bush was trimmed to a nice bikini cut.  
  
“Pam”, I asked, “ did you let that horny husband of yours shave you yet?”  
  
“Not yet”, she replied, ‘I’m saving it for next weekend, our anniversary.”  
  
Lisa didn’t know how to take such open conversation, but I will give her credit, she asked if she should shave hers too. I told her I sort of liked the little blonde bush, I thought it was kind of cute.  
  
We tried on piece after piece. I had no intention of buying anything else to carry back home, but I was looking for just the right ensemble for Lisa. One of the skirts she had picked up was identical to the black pleated skirt I had worn the first night I met her, except it was a soft blue. She tried a pale blue blouse that matched it very well and went with the natural color of her heels. The skirt came only to mid thigh and a slight swish revealed the lace tops of her hose. The blouse was a thin rayon that was almost transparent, and with back light would be. I kept my eyes on those as she tried on more clothes. With each new costume we would prance and swing about, showing off for ourselves. Finally, after a dozen changes each, helping each other fit and tuck, tie and snap, feeling the touch of each others hands against our naked bodies, we were done.  
  
I sorted out the skirt and blouse that I wanted her to have, and handed them to Pam. Lisa protested, until I told Pam to remove the tags so she could wear them out of the store. She was as excited as a little girl as she dressed in her new clothes. We had Pam bag the old stuff, including her bra, and giving her a big hug we made our way out of the store and the Mall.  
  
Lisa was really fired up now and as we walked across the Mall she swished and swayed and bounced and drew every eye of the late Saturday night crowd. Her breasts were about a 36C, compared to my own pert 34B titties, and with every move they wiggled and jiggled under her blouse accentuating her bralessness.  
  
Either the constant movement against the fabric, her own excitement or both, had her nipples sticking out in quarter inch points.  
  
Now I was used to turning heads when I was on show, but Lisa actually took the breath away. I saw several double takes and unabashed stares as we paraded through the Mall.  
  
“Let’s get another drink,” I encouraged her, and led her off to the hotel lobby. There was a small dark bar in the lobby, with low large overstuffed seats and lower tables. We positioned ourselves in the chairs and ordered up drinks.  
  
“You think Richard is at home?”, I asked her.  
  
“It’s almost 10 o’clock, he should be, why?” she asked suspiciously.  
  
“Give me his number, I want to call him. What does he mean I’m a figment of your imagination!”  
  
He answered on the second ring., “Hello, this is Richard.”  
  
“Do you have any idea who this is?” I asked.  
  
Before he could reply I told him, “This is Jackie, the woman who doesn’t exist.”  
  
“Your name may be Jackie, but the woman that Lisa described couldn’t exist.”  
  
“Well I’m here with Lisa right now, and she looks like she could use some company tonight. Believe me Richard, you would enjoy her company right now!”  
  
“Tell me where you are and I’ll meet you.”  
  
“Not so fast big boy!” I told him in my sternest voice. “If you want to join us tonight and see if there really is a Jackie you need to do some things for us.”  
  
I told him we would meet him in the hotel bar, but first he had to get a room, and on the way had to stop and get some rope, like a clothes line. He was to leave the rope and something to cut it with in the room and then meet us in the bar.  
  
Lisa was looking at me wide eyed as I hung up the cell phone.  
  
“Relax Sweet Lisa, the night is going to get more and more interesting” I told her.  
  
I had noticed that the traffic past our table had been steadily increasing since we sat down. I looked to Lisa and could see the tops of her hose and some bare skin, my garter straps were showing and I realized that with the right angle, like that taken on the path to the restrooms, you could probably see all the way up our skirts. I pointed this out to Lisa, and to my surprise she told me she knew. Oh this was getting better all the time.  
  
We had just been served our third drink, and had been approached by several men, when Richard arrived. Lisa pointed him out to me as he approached. Not bad, about 23 and well over 6 foot tall, he looked sharp in a casual shirt and slacks. As he neared Lisa I could see the change on his face. Evidently he was getting the view that Lisa had been giving all the other men in the bar. She stood up just before he got to her and he stopped dead in his tracks.  
  
“Lisa?” he asked, as if this wasn’t the girl he knew.  
  
She hugged his neck and sat him down in the chair with her. His hand rested on her thigh and he was absolutely speechless. I introduced myself with a smile, and asked if he liked Lisa’s new clothes.  
  
“I can see your tits,” he stammered.  
  
“Do you like them?” she asked with a wanton grin.  
  
“God yes,” he said, “but everyone in here is looking at you!”  
  
“Um” was all she replied.  
  
The waiter brought Richard a drink while Lisa and I talked about nonsense, food, clothes, music and stuff and drove Richard wild.  
  
Finally I asked, “Did you get a room?”  
  
“916” He told us.  
  
“Let’s go!”  
  
We made our way to the elevators, one not bad looking guy and 2 very sexy looking women. When the elevator door closed I turned to Lisa. I began to unbutton her blouse as the car moved up.  
  
“What if the elevator stops and someone gets on,” she asked.  
  
“You mean you don’t want people to see you?” I questioned.  
  
“Well yes, I mean no…well I mean I do want them to see, but I’m scared.”  
  
“Don’t worry Sweet Lisa, Richard and I will protect you.”  
  
I had her blouse fully open and using my hands slipped it back on her shoulders. She shrugged her arms and allowed the blouse to fall back down her arms to her hand. She casually handed it to Richard. Damn, she was beautiful standing there topless I thought as the chime sounded for the floor. We stepped from the car into the floor lobby. I stopped as the door closed behind us and asked Richard.  
  
“What do you think big boy, does she need that skirt anymore?”  
  
He caught on fast and replied, “No, I think not.”  
  
Lisa didn’t even hesitate. Her hand went to her hip and unfastened the skirt allowing it to fall to the floor. There she hooked her toe in it and flipped it up to Richard. She was standing nude in the hotel hallway, anyone coming or going would see her. She did a slow turn and then offer each of us a hand. We led her to the room.  
  
Inside the room I told her to get Richard undressed while I prepared things. I took the rope he had there and cut it into several lengths. I slipped a long piece under the mattress at the head and foot. I placed a pillow about halfway down the bed, and made sure another short piece of rope was within reach.  
  
When I turned to see them Lisa was on her knees in front of a very naked Richard, She had his rigid dick in her hand and was just lowering her mouth to him. I watched fascinated as she took him into her mouth and started to slide up and down over his cock. She didn’t deep throat him, but took all she could into herself and slipped him slowly back out. I noticed her bright red nails for the first time. She had duplicated my polish. Well the best form of flattery is imitation. It just looked so damn sexy, her bright fingers holding his hard dick as her mouth slid over him.  
  
My company car is an Explorer, but my personal car is a Miata, and I like the top down, so I always carry a scarf in my purse to tie my hair with. I took it from my handbag and walked behind Lisa. I lowered it over her eyes and tied it behind her head.  
  
“That’s enough of that”, I told her, “now stand up for me.”  
  
I led her to the bed and helped her lay on it. I had her raise her body and slipped the pillow under her butt. Then I went to each corner and tied her hands and feet to the ends of the rope I had slipped under the mattress. I left on her hose and heels. She looked spectacular, naked, spread-eagled and blindfolded on the bed.  
  
I turned to Richard. His cock was standing out at attention. I instructed him to get between her legs and please her. He didn’t need any other prompting as her almost dove into her. I listened to her moans as I began to strip off my clothes. Once I was down to my heels, stockings and garter I move around to the head of the bed to get a better view. I was mesmerized, watching him tongue and nibble at her clit as she twisted and pushed her pussy to his mouth. I was fingering my own pussy as I watched them, and Richards eyes were locked unto me as his mouth and hands played with her. I was really enjoying playing with myself, but Richard watching added a new flavor to it for me. Lisa was going crazy, and Richard was working like a pro on her when she finally exploded into a fit of orgasm.  
  
I was almost ready to cum myself, but held back, I was having too much fun being horny. I gave them a moment to catch their breath, then told Richard to move up and sit over her so that his balls rested on her belly button. I told him to put his hands behind his back and grabbed the short piece of rope and tied them there. Now I took my place behind him. My legs kneeled over hers as my breasts pushed into his back. His hands were right at the level of my pussy and I pushed myself against him. He didn’t disappoint me as he immediately began playing with my pussy and a finger slid easily inside me. I was too short to whisper into his ear, and besides I wanted Lisa to hear what was going on, so I blurted out, “Damn your finger feels so good in my cunt!”  
  
Lisa could feel our bodies moving, straddled over hers as I pushed against him and worked his finger into me deeper.  
  
“Like my pussy Richard?” I asked.  
  
“Oh yes’, he whispered in reply.  
  
“Speak up so Lisa can hear you”  
  
“It’s hot and wet,” he spoke out, “and I love it!”  
  
I reached around him and took his hard dick into my hand. “My, what a hard dick you have,” I crooned.  
  
“Do you like the feel of my hand on your cock?”  
  
“Oh yes!”  
  
“I’m going to jack you off and make you cum all over Sweet Lisa, would you like that?” I asked.  
  
“Oh fuck!” was all he could say.  
  
Lisa was moaning and wiggling under us as my hand moved on his cock. I couldn’t close my hand around him, and I guessed him to be 6 inches. (What a man would call 8 inches but I think they start measuring at their assholes)  
  
I worked in slow steady strokes and as I did I moved my pussy against his hand. I was soaking wet and could feel the trickle running down my thighs. He built steadily toward my goal as I moved a little faster over his cock. At last I felt him move back into me and tense up, I knew he was about to cum.  
  
Holding him aimed in the air I pulled back hard, pulling all the free skin to the base of his dick. He jerked forward and arched his first spasm into the air. It flew to land on Lisa’s tits and shoulders. I pulled his cock down now and aimed him like a hose. Lisa arched her back and neck just as he shot again and this one hit her on the bottom of her chin, splashing onto her throat. Lisa flopped back down and the next burst hit her in the breast and left cheek. The final couple of pumps were not so strong and landed on her chest and belly. I watched Lisa to see her reaction to the cum shower. She was licking her lips though none of the juice had hit her mouth.  
  
I moved off her and told Richard to do the same. I then moved the side table chair to the head of the bed and told him to sit there while I helped Lisa clean up. I crawled up over her until my arms were above hers on the bed and my knees were outside her waist. I felt my nipples brush hers and it sent a thrilling unfamiliar feeling through my whole body. I hadn’t been sure just how far I was going to go with this, but now I knew there was no limit.  
  
I leaned down and brushed her lips ever so softly with mine. Her tongue reached for me. But I pulled away. I leaned to her ear and whispered to her, “Have you ever tasted Richard’s cum?”  
  
“No ma’am,” she whispered back to me.  
  
There was a rivulet of his juice running down her cheek and I moved to it. I slowly licked my tongue from the back edge of her jaw to the bottom of her eye. I can’t compare the taste to anything else. It is sharp and tangy, bitter and salty all at once and leaves a strong aftertaste.  
  
I kissed Lisa, my first girl to girl kiss. Then I backed up just enough to get a good look at her. She was flushed and panting, her chest a dark red and her tongue constantly moving. I placed my hand under her neck and raised her throat to me. I lowered my mouth to her throat and using my tongue ladled up the small pool of cum that was there. I held it in my mouth as I moved to her mouth and shared it with her. As our mouths meet and the cum flowed between us her tongue probed my mouth trying to lick every drop from inside me. I repeated this until I had cleaned up every trace of her shower from Richard.  
  
I was going crazy inside, hot and horny as I had never been before. I had waited as long as I could. I knee walked over her until my knees were above her head. I began to lower myself onto her, and as I did she raised her mouth to meet me. If I had had any doubts about Lisa this answered them for me. I felt as if every nerve ending on my body was hard wired and routed up my arms and legs to a central connection, and as her tongue touched my clit I felt the spark fly between us. I grabbed her hair and held her tight to me as her tongue flicked at me, her mouth covered me and her breath set fire to my insides. I had never felt this before. Was I a latent lesbian? Right now who the fuck cared!  
  
It started deep in my belly and worked through my chest and arms, down my legs, and burst into my head! I was gripped by a continuous orgasm that rocked me, made me dizzy and took my breath away. I had to grab the headboard to hold myself from falling. It kept on and on, my hips bucking against her face, my body trembling until I had to pull myself off her before I died. I fell onto the bed next to her. After a minute or two I could look at her and actually see. Her face was covered with my juice and she was licking her lips to taste more of it. I looked across from her to see Richard slowly stroking his hard cock. I guess I wasn’t cut out to be a Girlscout, he had gotten my rope loose and was evidently enjoying the show we were giving him.

“Sweet Lisa,” I asked as I trailed my hand across her belly, “Richard has a great big hard on. How would you like him to fuck you with it?”  
  
She quivered at my touch, and in a shaky voice replied, “Please, Oh Please!”  
  
Richard didn’t need any instructions, he moved to her at once. I raised up onto my arms so I could watch as he slid inside her. He took long, slow purposeful strokes and I could see his dick slip almost all the way out before driving back into her.  
  
“Talk to him Sweet Lisa. Tell him how much you like his cock in you.”  
  
She began timidly, “It feels so good Richard”  
  
“No Sweet Lisa, talk to him like a slut, tell him how you like to be fucked!”  
“Fuck me Richard, Oh Fuck Me!” she tried. Then went wild. “Goddamnit, drive that dick into me! Fuck me harder. Fuck I love the feel of a hard cock in my cunt! Oh yeah, fill me up you son of a bitch, fuck me!”  
  
Richard responded in kind, driving his cock in and out of her at a feverish pace. I wondered if one of them might get hurt they fucked so hard.  
  
“Cum in me!” she hollered  
  
I was frantically flicking my clit and fingering my pussy as this went on, and I was about to cum myself when Richard called out, “You filthy slut!” and shook all over as he came into her pussy. Lisa bucked up to meet him and they both trembled with the orgasm they shared. I came as I watched.  
  
We lay there collapsed for a couple of minutes. Finally Richard moved to get off her. His dick was covered in their mixed juice.  
  
“Richard, you need to get cleaned up. Move up there and let Sweet Lisa help you.”  
  
Richard scooted up on her until his limp dick hovered over her mouth. Without a word she took him into her warm mouth and began to bathe him. Working with her tongue and mouth she licked and sucked at him until he was spotless again. Richard’s dick had started to harden again (God, love young men!) as I told him, “Ok now it’s Lisa’s turn!”  
  
He looked at me as if I had lost my mind. I almost laughed, but managed to put on what I hoped was my best dominant mistress face and just looked at him. It must have been one hell of an act, because he slipped down her belly and lowered himself onto her soaking wet pussy.  
  
From where I was I could watch as he licked first tentatively at her open lips, sliding his tongue over her and then tasting the result. He must not have been too shocked by the taste because he dug right into her, lowering his mouth to her slit. I watched as he licked and sucked at her, cleaning both her juice and his fresh cum out of her pussy.  
  
I moved around to stand behind him and reached through his legs to play with his dick. It was getting back to a good hard condition. I played my other hand over his ass, and slowly slipped my finger to his asshole. Boy as soon as I touched his butt his cock jumped to attention. Um, what have we here, I wondered.  
  
It was getting pretty late now, and I had a plane to catch the next morning. Richard was done cleaning Lisa and when I let go of his dick he slid up on top of her  
  
“Just wait a minute!” I told them. “Roll over there big boy and relax for a second.”  
  
I lay down beside Lisa, opposite from Richard, and propped my head up in my hand. My free hand was playing with Lisa’s bush as I began to talk to Richard.  
  
“You have a very special lady here guy, I hope you appreciate that.”  
  
“ I didn’t until tonight!” he allowed.  
  
“It is going to take a very confident man to handle her. You are going to have to be sure of yourself and her if you are going to keep her happy,” I told him.  
  
“What should I do?” he asked me.  
  
“Well you do what you want, but if she were mine…….., she obviously likes to show off, as you saw tonight, so I would show her at every opportunity, hell I’d make opportunities to parade her around! I’d dress her up as sexy as the law allows, maybe even more than allowed, outside and at home. You would have to be strong to do this, not get jealous as other men look at her. Then as you can tell she loves sex, and will do just about anything if led to it. I would make real sure she has plenty of sex, with herself, while you watch, with you and with others. You could see she likes girls, so I would have her find another girl for you both to play with. Most of all I would constantly tell her and show her how beautiful and special you think she is. Pet her, cuddle with her, kiss her and praise her constantly.”  
“I’ve got to go now, but I will call to find out how you are doing so you better be nice to her or I’ll take her for myself!”  
  
With that I slipped on my skirt and blouse and left.  
  
As soon as I got into my hotel room I fired up the computer and contacted my teachers. They were all very proud of me!  
  
I did talk to Lisa again a couple of weeks later, and that is another story to tell.

**Homework Ch. 04**

After my encounter with Sweet Lisa my “professors” were really quite proud of me. We spent several nights chatting and e-mailing as I expanded on the events and explained my feelings and fears as I went through that night.  
  
Let me tell you a little about the professors. Currently there are four, three men and one very crazy and adventurous lady. The group has change a little over the past year, as two men dropped out and the kinky lady joined us. I think she adds a lot to our group. Their job is to keep me honest, and to give me accountability. See I am used to having goals, and someone to report to, and a team environment to encourage me. Before I meet these wonderfully kinky folks I kept coming up short on the courage to carry out fantasies I had. Well not now! If you read the other Homework assignments you will soon catch on.  
  
Every now and then we look for a replacement to our group, so keep tuned right here.  
  
My professors never rush me when devising a new assignment for me to try. They know me well enough to understand that for me the anticipation is a lot of the excitement. This time was no different. We spent a couple of weeks discussing Lisa and planning my next adventure. Oh but once I got the assignment I couldn’t wait to carry it out.  
  
It was a warm early spring evening. I started as I like to with a hot tub and long soak, washing the day from me and getting as relaxed as I can without sex. After a leisurely bath I stood in the tub and place one foot on the side rail as I stood over my mirror. I have a tub caddy that holds a moveable mirror in my bath. I lathered up and then began my ritual of shaving. I could do this without the mirror, but honestly I like to watch as I slide the razor over my pussy. First one foot then the other perched on the tub side as I cleaned my pussy of every trace of fuzz. Next came the lavender body lotion. I slowly rubbed it onto the mounds. Then a small amount of baby oil onto a single finger. This is my favorite part. I applied the slick finger to my growing clit. Tender strokes, as I rub the oil into myself and work my body into the beginnings of a frenzy. I stopped. I didn’t want to get off yet, after all the anticipation is all part of the excitement, right?  
  
I dried and moved to my makeup table. I never use much, a touch of lipstick, a little eye shadow, red nail polish and some “Beautiful” take care of most nights. I had laid out my clothes and accessories before hand. Now I sat naked on my dressing stool as I slipped on thigh high dark taupe stockings. Next came my 3 inch gray pumps, then a small gray skirt that I really like. It falls to just below mid-thigh, but buttons up all the way on the left leg. I left 4 of the 8 buttons loose so that when I stepped the slit would open to show the lace top of my stockings and a little bit of bare thigh. Then a tailored pink blouse, so thin it was almost transparent. It hugged my waist tightly and formed to my breasts if I buttoned it up, which I had no plan to do tonight. I left it open to just below my tits, showing a great cleavage that was totally secondary to the view of my breasts that the thin blouse provided. My nipples were already standing out hard against the fabric, and I wasn’t even out the door yet. A gray blazer cut jacket when over everything to keep me out of jail. I topped it all off with my pearl necklace, a gold wrist bangle and ankle chain. I was ready to go.  
  
I really like my little Mazda, especially with the top down. This is my third one of them, and even before I became a brazen exhibitionist I loved it. I guess my sub-conscience was telling on me even then. Tonight I left the top up, it was still a little cool for a night ride with it down, and I didn’t want to mess my hair up. I drove across town (in Texas this is no small feat) to a multiscreen movie theater. This place had 24 screens on 2 levels and I was confident that I could find just what my professors ordered here.  
  
The parking is in a garage and once I found a place I waited until I saw a couple coming down the walk. I drive with my shoes of, to make using the clutch easier for me. As they neared the car I swung my legs out and grabbed my shoes from the rear floor. I raised my foot over my knee and slipped a heel in place. It is just so much fun to watch a guy try not to get caught looking when I do this. He was trying to walk and talk to her as he watched me slip first one shoe than the other on as I crossed my legs giving him a full view of my thighs and bare pussy. Of course I never made eye contact, this was an accident after all, wasn’t it? Once they had moved down the ramp I got out of the car and followed them to the theater.  
  
The entry area was not very busy, this being a weeknight, but still there were 6 or 8 folks about, some buying tickets, and some just standing talking. I think my legs are one of my best features. On my petite 5’2” frame they appear long even without the heels and with 3 or 4 inch heels they really stand out. God knows my 34b breasts do not distract from them under normal circumstances. Tonight wasn’t normal!  
  
I looked over the marquee and picked the next show to start. At the ticket booth I leaned forward to order my ticket. The kid behind the window could have only been 17 or 18 years old, but his eyes locked unto my open cleavage. The inside curve of my breast was clearly visible, and the jacket hid some, but revealed enough that I was plainly braless under the flimsy shirt. I let him have his thrill for the night and took my ticket from his hand, being sure to let my fingers linger just a hair too long.  
  
The main lobby of the theater was vast, featuring a grand staircase to the upper floor and more auditoriums. Past readers know that I love a staircase. But before the stairs I made for the concession stand. I got a small bag of buttered popcorn. It’s not that I like popcorn, but the professors had suggested it for later.  
  
Popcorn in hand I made for the staircase. This was not an open stair arrangement as I prefer, so I stayed close to the handrail as I ascended. There was little traffic on the main floor, but I did see one older gentleman, and what appeared to be his grown son walking toward me. I caught the jab in the ribs he gave his son, and the point of his head as he directed the sons attention to me. I was sure that on these stairs they would not be able to get a full view, but even that much leg and stocking probably picked up their evening. I know that men love high heels, and the way they make a woman’s leg and butt tighten up, and when I know that I am being watched I always add a little my sashay to my walk.  
  
They enjoyed it!  
  
I went to the first theater room door on the floor and stepped inside. I had to stand a minute to allow my eyes to adjust to the dim light before I could tell if this one held what I needed. As my night vision improved I could see that this was not the room I needed, only a few people in there, and those all in couples. Off I went to the next auditorium. This one I knew at once was not for me, an animated kids movie was playing. I may be kinky, but I’m not a pervert. I move out quickly. I tried 2 more of the rooms with basically the same results, I was just not finding what I needed yet, but I kept the faith and moved toward the next door. As I crossed the floor I heard a call. “ Miss, Miss, can I help you?”  
  
This came from the usher rapidly approaching me. He was the oldest staff member I had seen so far here, he must have been all of 19. I turned to face him.  
  
“Can I help you find your movie?” he asked of me.  
  
Well I’m not the top salesperson in my company for nothing, I think fast on my feet. “I was suppose to meet my boyfriend here 30 minutes ago but was running late so he said he would meet me in the show, but I can’t remember what we were suppose to see!”  
  
By this time he had a chance to check me out. I am not a girl to pass up an opportunity so I locked my right knee and turned my left foot out a little while raising the heel off the carpet. This opened the skirt over my leg showing a good bit of bare thigh above the lace. Now to take a wide eyed situation and make it an open mouth hilarity I hooked my thumbs into the lapels of my jacket and slid my hands back to rest on my hips. This pulled the jacket open and tighten the thin cloth of the blouse over my tits.  
  
Trying my hardest not to laugh I lamented, “If I don’t find him soon he is really going to be pissed!”  
  
I felt more exposed than if I had been topless. My breasts, especially my nipples were very clearly seen and the thin wisp of cloth was pulling farther open as I moved my hands back on my waist.  
  
“Maybe I can help you find him,” he stammered, blushing and staring at the same time.  
  
“Oh if I showed up with another man he would have a fit! Just let me look around for him, I promise not to watch any of the movies.”  
  
I thought about taking a little detour in my project and blowing this kids mind, and maybe something else too, but I was anxious to get on with it. He told me to call him if I needed any help. I thought it was cute the way he held his flashlight in front of him, trying to hide his reaction to me. He walked off and I crossed the hall to the next door.  
  
This one looked promising I thought as my eyes adjusted, It was one of those macho, kick-ass movies that guys seem to love. As I became accustomed to the dim light my heart raced. There, this is more like it!. In the very back row sat a guy all alone. Now as long as there wasn’t a purse in the seat next to him (his or his girlfriends) I had my movie. He was about 6 seats in. I slid down the aisle, and as I past him I turned my back to him offering a good look at my high, tight ass. I moved 3 seats away and before I sat down I slipped my jacket off. I knew I has his attention, but wasn’t sure just how much he could see. I sat demurely in my seat.  
  
For the first few minutes I sat there just watching the show, my feet flat on the floor and my knees together. I was showing some nice thigh, but there was not enough light for him to see through my thin blouse. Then I started eating popcorn. I took one piece between thumb and forefinger and put it in my mouth. Slowly I savored it. Then licked my red lips. Another piece, and another, one at a time, slowly. After a dozen I placed the popcorn bag between my knees. Still eating one piece at a time my left hand crept up my side, ever so slowly shaping my breast. I would raise it up a little and then let it slide back down, then up to cup my breast, then back down. Finally I began to flick my thumb over my covered nipple. As I did this I allowed myself to move down into the chair deeper, causing my skirt to raise a little higher. Oh he was watching more than the movie now. I could see him out of the corner of my eye, repeatedly turning to watch me then turning away so as not to be obvious.  
  
I undid another button on my blouse, then slipped my right hand under it to take my tit in my palm. I played my fingers over my nipple, allowing it to flicker from one fingertip to the next and then back. I don’t know about him, but I was really enjoying this.  
  
The tips of my fingers were covered with the butter from the popcorn and made a delicious tingle travel through me. I ate popcorn with my other hand.  
  
I placed my right foot into the slot of the armrest in from of me. This made the skirt fall back and revealed a bare inner thigh. I undid 2 more buttons of my skirt. I let my left leg fall away, and now my bare pussy was in sight. I continued to play with my breast with my right hand as my left moved in slow motion up my thigh to cover my pussy. With great patience I began to play, making more show than effect at first. As I rubbed the buttery fingers over my clit I wondered what butter flavored pussy taste like. (Maybe I could get Joe, my new boyfriend, to tell me soon.)  
  
I was really starting to come apart inside as I took in all the people in the theater, the guy next to me and what I was doing. Jeez! He was not making any pretense of looking away now, and he was steadily rubbing his cock through his pants, I hoped he would take it out and jack off as I played for him. Wouldn’t it be terrific if we could both cum together, two strangers watching each other. That made me go nuts! I switched hands and started to diddle with a vengeance. I was bucking my hips into my finger, pinching my nipple and moaning a little too loudly as I exploded into my orgasm. My whole body clenched tight, bridging between the two chairs as my hand cupped my cunt and I trembled all over. I dissolved into the chair, totally spent.  
  
After what seemed minutes, but was probably only half that, I stood up. Picking up my jacket I made my way back down the aisle. I stopped right in front of him. I know he could smell my sex. I held out the bag and asked, “Want some popcorn?” He took the bag, and I left.  
  
I slipped the jacket on as I left the movie room, but I didn’t pull it closed. I also left the skirt open but for the 2 top buttons. This bared my leg to just below my hip. This is the way I took the stairs down, crossed the lobby and made it back to my car. I was wonderfully spent and walking on a cloud of sexual satisfaction as I drove home and logged on to report to my professors in full detail how good of a student I was.  
  
You know, sometimes life can be just so Good!