#### I didn’t realize my pussy was showing

I had some shopping to do at the local mall, and was planing on wearing the dress I had in my wardrobe that I’ve never worn yet, in fact I had a dream about it last night. In my dream Tom had picked me up to go on a dinner date at a out of town club, and in this wild dream I had worn that sexy dress with all the buttons al the way up the front and it also had a plunging neckline. It was very short but very cute also and although it probably was meant to worn with a slip or undergarments, I didn’t have any to wear as I’d thrown them out long ago.

Going back upstairs while putting the finishing touches on my hair and while applying the little makeup I wear, my thoughts kept drifting back to the dress in my dream. I decided that since I had had this dream about wearing it, that I would do so for Tom.

Since Tom orders all my sexy clothing off the internet I had many dresses and outfits in the extra closet in my bedroom. I decided that since I had already dreamt of wearing it, it must be some sort of omen that it was to be worn this evening.

I held it up to the light to see what the maaterial looked like and how much light would come through it. Well, I could see the bedroom window partially open right through the dress, that how thin the material was. I knew it should be worn with a slip for sure, or every part of my body would easily be seen.

I didn’t have any undergarments on hand however, and I didn’t have the time to go shopping at this late hour, so I put it on without any on, and noticed when looking at myself in the full length bedroom mirror that the neckline was showing a lot more skin that I’d normally show going to the place he’d picked out. I also noticed that since it had the tiny spagatti straps, wearing a bra or full slip would have been out of the question anyway.

A window peeper would have loved watching me trying on this dress, and I do know we have window peepers in my neighborhood. That’s why Tom installed the video camera under the eve’s on the bedroom side of my place, so that every time I was in my bedroom there was a seperate switch I could turn on when I felt someone was out there. It’s been a lot of fun seeing these strangers outside my window, jacking off while peeping in on me. So far none of them is anyone I know.

Two weeks ago I even had a female standing outside my window watching me which I thought was quite different. It was really later at night and within 20 minutes she had disrobed completely and had stood out there naked while masturbating. That particular night I had the camera set up to begin running when a motion fixture detected movement alongside my home.

Sorry, my mind was wandering, I’ll get back to the basics as you are probably bored reading about my outside video camera set-up anyway.

I decided to just wear a garter belt and hose along with my 5” spiked heels, thinking that would make me look pretty foxy when we went out for dinner. Again, with the cooler weather, it’s a good thing that I’ve kept going to the tanning salon because even though this pair of hose is longer than most, I knew that the lacy tops might well be seen now and then throughout the evening. I looked at myself in the mirror and wished that it could have been dark outside, as my window peeker had just missed out on a great show and could have been watching me getting dressed.

It was just then that I heard the doorbell and Tom just walked in as he usually does when I know he’s coming. He called out my name and I answered him telling him that I was in the bedroom. He came in and said “wow, do you look sexy Misty”. I thanked him with one of my wet kisses as he reached around pulling up my dress, then looking over my shoulder at my rear view in that full length mirror. He only pulled it up high enough however to see the tops of my hose and the garter belt. He said that he loved seeing all the bare skin between the tops of my hose including my bare ass.

Since it was cooler out I thought I’d have to wear my shortie rain and shine coats, and Tom helped me into it. On the way to our destination Tom pulled in for gas and since it was a full service gas station he went into the rest room while the attendant stuck the nozzel into the gas tank and began washing the windows. I’d forgotton how short my coat and dress were as I sat there, and it never occurred to me why it took him so long doing the windows on my side of the car, till I reached down for my hand bag on the floor and noticed that my coat had opened all the way up on the bottom and.....oh my gosh, I’d forgotten to button the last six buttons on the bottom of my dress.

I was very embarrassed at first, thinking of the young man’s possible view up and between my legs. I’m sure that he could see that I didn’t have any knickers on at all either, just my lacy topped nylons, my garter belt straps.

Just about then Tom returned and he paid the attendant and off we went. I didn’t even tell him what had happened while he was in the station, as then he’d have know that I was up to my usual antics of showing myself off to strangers.

We arrived 30 minutes early and you know what that means. Yes, they steered us right to the bar, just like always happens, once again hoping to making some big bucks off of us before we went in for dinner. We had a couple screwdrivers during the time even knowing I get so darned turned on with two screwdrivers. Without even realizing it, I reached down and opened some buttons on my already brief, partially unbuttoned dress. My legs got to swaying back and forth in time with the music that was playing over their audio system. Tom mentioned that he could easily see I like the slow music they were playing.

I didn’t have to remind Tom that you put a couple of drinks in me and you can expect almost anything to happen. We were sitting very close together, so Tom couldn’t see how much of my dress was open but the guy sitting next to me on the other side certainly had a great view. I knew that he was looking so I made sure to keep my legs open enough so he’d have a great pre-dinner show. I couldn’t believe what happened next. I felt a hand on my right leg. I knew it couldn’t be Tom’s because he was sitting to my left.

I glanced down slightly and my suspicions were confirmed. It was the strangers hand on my leg. What to do now I wondered, but the drinks inside me answered the question for me, and I let him continue.

He began stroking my leg from my knee upwards. I know some guys get off stroking nylons and thought that this was his reward....for what...who knows.

I allowed my legs to part a bit more so his hand could be on just one leg instead of having his knuckles brushing against my left leg at the same time. It felt so good, it always feels so good, and isn’t that what legs are for anyway?........to be looked at, and to be touched in a gentle loving way? Slowly the stranger’s hand moved up and down my leg. Slowly, he inched it up higher and inwards to carress my soft thighs, I really love being touched in that area, and it was almost as if he knew that. Do you have any idea how wonderful that feels to have your inner thighs touched and stroked? If you were a woman you’d know what I’m talking about.

I felt him moving his stool closer........now his left leg was pretty much tight up to my right one. His hand continued carressing my inner thigh.....and I let him. I wonder what he thought when his hand got up so high that he finally was brushing against my partially shaven pussy.

All this time, no words were spoken at all, it was almost as if he wasn’t even there. I turned a bit to see what he looked like, and he was facing in the other direction talking to his wife or girl friend. You see when he moved his bar stool closer to me, he had also moved it closer to the bar, most likely so she couldn’t see what he was doing, and with his slow gentle movements, she probably didn’t even realize he was touching another woman.

Just then the bartender came over and asked if we were so and so, the party of two. Tom said yes, we were, and the bartender said that our table was ready and that we should follow the hostess to where she planed to seat us.

I hastily pulled my coat back together, but had no time at all to button all those opened buttons. We slid off our bar stools, and the hostess showed us to a table. It was a beautiful setting, a full length window along the entire wall, and just outside some cocktail tables with many couples sitting around outside. Tom stood behind me and helped me out of my coat. I know that those people outside proably liked the view, as the buttons were still open all the way up to my crotch. Again, those two drinks really helped to make me a very mellow person. I was seated kind of facing the window half way, with Tom on the other side of the table.

We looked over the menus and I subconsciously allowed my legs to drift apart a bit. I felt the material of my unbuttoned dress drop away from both sides of my legs, but did nothing to bring it back up to cover myself and I could feel that the material was away from my body all the way to my right hip. Anyone looking in could easily see all of my right leg, my tanned skin above the lacy topped hose, and the garter belt strap hooked to the hose and maybe even a little bit of my bush.

We ordered, and our meals came. I accidentally dropped my knife off the table on my left side and when I reached down to pick it up, to steady myself, my legs must have spread wide open. As I sat back up two guys were looking right in through the window at me. I looked down and noticed that when I had leaned over the dress material had slipped under my right buttock, and for all practical purposes everything was showing. I wouldn’t have been the least bit surprised if my pussy even opened up for them to see when I leaned over to pick up that knife from the floor. I tried to look lady like, quickly pulling my legs back together and gathering my skirt back up so I could at least look a little more like a lady. I had to lift myself up a bit so I could pull my dress out from under my right buttock and I know I must have blushed quite a bit, but I really didn’t do any of that on purpose. It was all unplanned, all accidential.

We finished our meal and Tom told me how lovely I looked from across the table. He remarked at how much of my breasts were on display, and I said, “Well, you picked out the dress, and I couldn’t wear a bra or slip under it all, even if I had had one”. I went on to tell Tom that I did not wear any knickers either. He got that glazed over look in his eyes when I told him that, knowing full well, that he loved it when he took me places with no bra or knickers on. He even looked under the table after dropping a spoon as an excuse to look at my legs under the table.

Naturally I opened wider to give him a better view. I also then told him about what had happened at the service station and when, right in this very restaurant what had happened to my dress when I leaned down to pick up my knife. Tom looked quickly around and out the window where he saw people looking at us. He knew that, once again, I’d given complete strangers a show they wouldn’t forget very soon. He got up and came over to help me get my coat back on much to the disappointment of my observers just outside the window on the patio.

I knew that he’d have to be up early the next morning for a business conference, so we decide to call it a night and slowly made out way out to the hostess station so he could pay for our meals. I did nothing about all the open buttons on my short dress and could feel the fabric brushing against up hips now and then, knowing full well that anyone looking towards me would have been treated to a view of my pussy with each step I took. As we walked towards the door, Tom glanced back at me as I was trailing along a bit behind him, which I did on purpose so he could see the show I was providing the other dinner guests. I actually thought I’d detected a slight blush on Tom’s face when he noticed that everyone could easily see my long legs, the lacy tops of my hose, and the very tanned skin above my hose and up to my naked pussy. I suspect that most of those guest most likely thought he was taking a “hooker” out for dinner, and little did they know that I loved both acting and dressing the part.

Walking out into the parking lot, I caught up to Tom and raised my arms to place them up and over his broad shoulders, as I raised myself on tippy toes to give him a great big kiss. The kiss lasted a good deal longer than most because I felt him opening the few remaining buttons on the front of my short dress, knowing he wanted to have me kissing him there in the parking lot with my dress open as he pulled my bare body close to his.

After that kiss we turned to walk the remaining distance to his car and I did nothing to close the front of my dress, knowing he’d really get off if a guy, gal or a couple would be able to see my mostly nude body as we walked.

Finally, we had reached his car and Tom asked me to kiss him again, so I took the same postion as I had with the last kiss, while Tom took the opportunity to slowly slide my short dress off of my body completely. Why is it that most men like seeing their wives or girl friends naked when they are almost ready to get them into their cars. I’ve always wondered about that.

I’ve also wondered why they want us to remain naked in their cars, and always want us to show ourselves off to those 18 wheeler truck drivers.

Don’t think I’m complaining though, as I love doing this as much as Tom expects me to do this when we go places. This never fails to find us making love in the front seat of his car in parking lots, parking ramps, and sometimes even on a busy downtown street later at night.

I remember the time that Tom had undressed me in his car while we were on the way towards a local park late at night, right after we arrived.........well, I’ll save that for another time.

“Misty”