Jill

by WesternMovieFan Â©

Jill was a tall, willowy brunette with a decided penchant for

exhibitionism. One of her best friends was Steve, who owned and managed

the Pink PUSSYkat, an upscale strip club. One aspect of their relationship

was that Steve, who fancied himself a sort of big brother to Jill, was

continually trying to fix her up with someone he thought would be a good

match for her. At least the men he introduced her to were interesting, if

not always ones Jill would have picked out for herself. The latest call

went like this:

"I have a friend, Jeff. We've known each other for years. He was seriously

seeing a Chinese woman who was over here studying American business

methods. They were together for nearly two years, but about six months ago

she had to go back to China, nothing she could do about it, and so they

broke up. This may seem that it's coming out of left field, and it may be

either none of my business or a stupid idea, but I've thought this past

week that you and Jeff might hit it off.

"Here's the situation. I'm working on opening a second Pink PUSSYkat up

the coast. I'm going to have to go out of town a lot for a few weeks,

maybe several, and Jeff's going to watch the place here for me when I'm

away. Eventually I'll have to get a full-time manager, but things aren't

to that point yet. So Jeff's agreed to keep an eye on things for me. I'm

leaving Saturday morning, and Jeff's coming by the PUSSYkat on Friday

night to get cued in. I thought, if you're interested that you might want

to come by, maybe about eleven p.m. or so since he and I will be pretty

well finished with what we need to do by then. Either something will come

of it or it won't, but I thought you might like to come by and check Jeff

out." Steve chuckled. "I know Jeff would be more than happy to check you

out!"

When Friday night arrived Jill considered carefully what to wear and then

worked to give her ensemble a "special" touch. She got to The Pink

PUSSYkat at just before eleven to find the parking lot nearly full.

Inside, there didn't seem to be an empty seat in the place. Two topless

dancers were dancing with abandon on the runway and getting a very

enthusiastic response from the huge male audience. Jill made her way

carefully among the tables, trying not to bump into any of the several

scantily-clad waitresses or the men who were standing up or moving around

for a better look at the dancers. She was able to navigate her way to the

bar without incident, although a few of the men called "Hey, Baby" or "Hi,

Good Looking" as she passed them. No one tried to grab her, and none of

the comments sent her way were too rude, and she realized that Steve's

place not only did a great business but that the patrons were rowdy but

fairly well-behaved.

She found Steve sitting at the end of the bar nearest the stage, in

conversation with another man seated next to him she supposed must be

Jeff. She walked over and tapped Steve on the shoulder. He turned and when

he saw who it was, promptly got up and gave her his seat. He greeted her

and introduced her to Jeff, who acknowledged the introduction with obvious

pleasure. He was a good-looking man, well built with humorous eyes and a

nice smile. Jill ordered a margarita and Steve got it for her.

Jill learned that Jeff had known Steve since high school, that they were

close friends, and that Jeff (which she already knew) was going to be

keeping an eye on the place for Steve during the next couple of weeks. He

told her that his "real" job was working as an architectural engineer, a

term she wasn't familiar with.

"I'm the guy who figures out where all the plumbing goes," Jeff said with

a laugh. "It's not very glamorous. What I really do is work with the

architect and the builder first to see that the building design conforms

to the requirements of its purpose for power, water, structural

requirements, etc. Then I work with the builder to make sure that

everything that's constructed conforms with the plans, agrees with the

building codes, stuff like that. It's as much a blue-co1lar job as a

white-collar one and the money is pretty good. Guys like me say the

architect gets all the prizes and we do all the real work, but that isn't

true. Most of the design stuff is done on computers now, so my main job is

in the field working with the hard-hats. I like it a lot." They talked

some more, and Jeff became more obvious about looking Jill over.

Jill was basking in Jeff's attention. She was wearing a thin black

semi-transparent blouse with large pockets placed strategically over each

breast. Her black bra showed through the blouse but not where the pockets

made the blouse opaque. The first two buttons of the blouse were open,

almost but not quite revealing a glimpse of her bra. She also wore a

mini-skirt with tiny black and white checks and a row of buttons from

waist to hem. The skirt stopped at mid-thigh. She was bare-legged and wore

black sandals.

She watched until she decided that. Jeff's interest was centered solely on

her and not on any of the dancers who seemed to parade on and off the

stage in a continuous stream. Jeff was leaning closer to her as they

talked. She casually crossed her legs and a button on her skirt popped

open, causing the skirt to gape at the top of her thighs. Jeff's eyes

widened, and he suddenly had nothing to say.

"What's wrong, cat got your tongue?" teased Jill, knowing exactly what was

drawing Jeff's attention. She wasn't wearing knickers, and the gaping skirt

demonstrated the fact conclusively..

"Ah, your skirt..." Jeff began.

"What about it?" Jill was really drawing this out. She looked down as if

noticing the open button for the first time. "Oh, you mean the button."

Jeff nodded. "It took me six months to train that button to do that." Jill

laughed at the surprise on Jeff's face. "Well, no, actually it only took a

couple of minutes."

"You mean you really 'trained' the button to do that?" Jeff asked in

amazement.

"Sure," Jill answered casually.

"I think I need a fresh drink," Jeff stated. "How about you?" Jill agreed,

and he ordered two more margaritas. After they took a sip from the

newly-filled glasses, Jeff asked, "Would you mind telling me how you go

about training a button to do that? Call it professional curiosity from

one engineer to another." Jill chuckled.

"It's easy. Look. I'll show you." She reached down and opened the next

button down the skirt and held the edge of the buttonhole up a bit,

causing the skirt to gape even further. She relished Jeff's intense

interest in what he was seeing. Jeff watched in fascination as Jill put

the tip of her little finger in the buttonhole and twisted it back and

forth several times. The skirt widened as she did this, revealing more of

her thighs at their juncture with her hips. She withdrew her finger and

looked critically at the buttonhole.

"Not quite yet," she commented, and repeated the process until she was

satisfied that the buttonhole was stretched to the degree she wanted. She

uncrossed her legs and buttoned both buttons.

" Are you ready for the great experiment?" she kidded Jeff.

"Oh, you bet. I'm always interested in learning something new about design

stress. Might be useful information in the future," he grinned.

"OK, then, here goes." Jill slowly and elaborately crossed her legs. Both

buttons came open and the skirt gaped widely. "I'd say that was a success;

what do you think?"

"Definitely," Jeff agreed. "I'm certainly satisfied with the results. "

"The real trick is to stretch the buttonhole enough so that the button

will open when there is a little stress put on the skirt, like crossing my

legs, but not stretch it so much that the button won't stay closed when I

stand up. But that's really difficult, and I bet I overdid it. Let's see."

Jill uncrossed her legs again, buttoned the buttons, and stood up

carefully. The buttons popped open immediately. The skirt lay flat against

her thighs as she stood without moving. She looked down.

"See, that looks all right, even with the buttons opened. But watch!" Jill

took a few steps backwards and the skirt opened with every movement. She

stepped forward and the same thing happened. She shrugged and resumed her

seat, the skirt gaping even more.

"Any questions?" Jill inquired with a smile.

"I know you wore that skirt with Steve in mind..." Jeff began.

"Never assume," Jill responded. "That might not be the case at all. In

fact, Steve told me I might meet someone here tonight, and that's why I

wore it."

"That puts an entirely different light on the matter," Jeff said with

enthusiasm.

"Yes, doesn't it?" Jill smiled. "Next question?"

"What... uh, I guess I'm trying to ask, why you do it, I mean, training

the button?."

"Don't you like to watch my skirt open like that?"

"Well, sure, of course. I mean ..." Jeff was obviously embarrassed

"Of course you do, you wouldn't be normal if you didn't. Well, I like to

show. I knew I was going to meet someone tonight, so I tried to make my

outfit a little 'special,' if you know what I mean."

"But you didn't know anything about me. We've never met before. I guess I

just don't get it."

"If my first impression wasn't favorable, I never would have crossed my

legs, the button wouldn't have opened, you wouldn't have seen anything

unusual, and I would have found an excuse to leave after a few minutes."

Jeff digested this for a few minutes.

"So I can assume we've made a good start?" he asked a little anxiously.

Jill laughed.

"I think you're safe with that assumption."

"I'm still a little uncertain about your 'special' outfit. I mean, I think

it's great, but I guess I still don't know what you're getting at,

exactly."

"If the button didn't pop open, the skirt wouldn't gape, right?"

"Sure, I suppose."

"If the skirt didn't gape, you wouldn't know I'm not wearing knickers,"

Jill explained, smiling sweetly.

"I've sure never met anyone like you," Jeff said, shaking his head.

"Does it bother you that I'm frank?"

"No, no, it isn't that," Jeff replied hurriedly, "it's just that I'm not

used to being in a situation like this, let alone talking about it." He

thought for a moment. "I guess what I want to know is why you want me to

know that you're not wearing any knickers."

"It doesn't mean I'm going to jump into bed with you in the next five

minutes, if that's what you're wondering. Is it?"

Jeff reddened from his collar to his hairline. "I can't say it hasn't

crossed my mind, but that's not it. I've never met anyone who not only

wanted to show herself off like you do but who is willing, even eager, to

talk about it." Jeff's falling into silence then was an invitation for

Jill to tell him more if she wanted to, but letting her take the

initiative. He realized she had been doing that all along.

"I'm not sure I can explain it," Jill admitted, "except that it's fun and

I get a good sense of myself by doing it. I'm also interested in the

reactions I get. If you had drooled all over me or tried to put some

serious moves on me, I wouldn't be here talking with you like this. It all

depends. Some men I wouldn't flash at all, out of self-protection. That's

not really a problem here, because I know Steve will keep things under

control. But in everyday situations, I have to be careful unless I'm with

someone I know pretty well."

"How long does it take for you to get to know someone that well?" Jeff

asked, a hopeful tone in his voice.

"Depends on the person, but in your case, I don't think it'll take longer

than, oh, two or three years, say." Jill laughed at Jeff's woebegone

expression. She put a hand on his arm. "I'm only kidding. Don't worry,

you're doing fine." Jill was struck with the thought that during the past

several minutes of conversation, Jeff had been looking at her face, not at

her open buttons and what they revealed. He was really listening to her.

"In fact, you're doing very well, come to think of it," she added.

"You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that," Jeff said

earnestly. "Another drink?" Jill nodded and Jeff signaled for two more

margaritas.

"You know, I'm impressed," Jill went on. "You haven't looked down at my

skirt for at least five minutes. You're allowed to, after all. You have my

permission. My encouragement, even."

Jeff looked down at her open buttons almost by reflex. He took a little

time to appreciate the smooth skin of her thighs and the black curls

framed by the opening in her skirt. Her skin was very white, and the black

hair showed starkly by contrast. His body was responding to the visual

stimulation, and he hoped he wouldn't embarrass himself.

"Do you always go without knickers?" Jeff seemed surprised at himself for

asking that.

"Knickers, with or without, is a serious and complicated topic that needs

quite a lot of exploring, don't you think?" Jill laughed at Jeff's

dumb-struck expression. "Perhaps it will help if I tell you that until

recently I rarely went without knickers, but now I've decided that I don't

like to wear knickers at all, except on very special occasions. In fact,

I'll make a deal with you."

"What's that?" Jeff asked, completely at a loss with this whole

conversation.

"Any time you find me wearing knickers, you have my permission to take them

off, no, better yet, to tear them off of me, right then and there."

Jeff's mouth opened and closed but no sound came out.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Jill asked in an accusing tone. "You think

I'm the kind of person who won't honor a pledge or keep an agreement. You

think I'll go back on a deal."

"No, no, I don't think that," Jeff blurted. "I'm sure you're someone who

keeps your word."

"What can I do to convince you, I wonder," Jill asked as if to herself.

She thought for a moment until her expression brightened and she smiled

brightly at Jeff. "I know. First, are you sure I'm not wearing any

knickers?"

"It sure doesn't look like you are!" Jeff exclaimed, again looking down at

the gaping skirt and its two strategically open buttons.

"Don't you want to make absolutely sure?" Jill insisted. "Maybe you should

check more thoroughly."

Jeff paused as if uncertain what to do. He reached tentatively toward the

gaping skirt, then stopped, keeping his hand poised above the opening.

Then he moved his hand to the hem of her short skirt, resting his palm on

her bare thigh. He fingered the two bottom buttons and then flicked them

open so that her skirt opened fully and fell away on both sides of her

legs. He slender but shapely thighs were entirely uncovered, and Jeff

could easily see the juncture where they met and the black curls adorning

the spot.

Jill looked down approvingly and slowly uncrossed and recrossed her legs,

watching Jeff's eyes all the while. His eyes followed every movement of

her legs with rapt attention.

"Are you sure now?" she asked. "Are you completely sure?"

Jeff didn't say anything but simply reached down and opened one more

button. The skirt fell open to her waist, held on by only the top button

at her waistband. The slight swell of her abdomen shone palely above the

dark thatch of hair.

"I don't think there is any doubt about it now," Jeff said conclusively.

"I'm glad you're convinced I'm not wearing any knickers," said Jill. "I

hope you know that you always have the right to check. For now you'll just

have to take my word about tearing off any you might find."

At this point Steve came along and looked down at Jill's fully-open skirt.

"I see you two are getting along," he chuckled, and went behind the bar

and started taking drink orders at the other end.

"I still don't think you're completely convinced that I'm a girl of my

word," Jill complained. "I guess I'll have to find some other way to make

you believe me." Again she thought for a moment, then turned to Jeff and

said, "How about this?" Jill's hand moved to her black blouse and opened a

button, then another, revealing a glimpse of her black satin bra beneath.

"You know, Jeff, since I've stopped wearing knickers, except for those

oh-so-very-special occasions, I've also discovered that I don't like bras

very much either. And that's a big change for me, because I've always been

self-conscious about my breasts because they aren't very big. I'm

five-nine, and my measurements are 34 - 23 - 36. My bra size is 34 B. So I

think it's a big step for me not to be ashamed of my breasts anymore."

Jeff listened, as well as watched, as though nothing in his life had ever

been so fascinating.

"So..." Jill continued as she opened another button. She reached inside

her blouse and unfastened one of her bra straps. "Would you mind getting

the other one?" she asked Jeff sweetly.

"Happy to," Jeff responded. He reached inside the blouse Jill held open

for him and fumbled with the strap. His hand was electric against her

skin. Jill swayed slightly against his touch. He managed to work the strap

loose and drew his hand back.

"Can you unsnap the back strap through my blouse? It shouldn't be too

hard, there's only one hook. Just pinch it like you were snapping your

fingers and Presto! It should pop right open." Jeff did as she directed

and the results were just as she predicted. Jill took her time sliding

straps and tugging elastic until her bra was gathered at the front of her

blouse. She managed to keep her breasts from showing, however.

"Here," she said, pulling the bra free and handing it to him. He looked at

her blouse but was disappointed to find that the pockets hid everything

behind them. The blouse, though unbuttoned nearly to her waist, gaped only

enough for him to get a hint of curving flesh and some tantalizing

cleavage.

"The bra is my little gift to you, a memento of the evening," Jill

continued. "And if you ever find me wearing another one, you have my

permission -- no, my request -- no, my demand! -- that you tear it off my

body! Now are you convinced?"

Jeff swallowed and took a big sip of his margarita. "All except for one

thing."

"And what could that be?" Jill questioned.

"I'm not convinced that there was ever any reason for you to be

se1f-conscious about your breasts. Of course, I haven' t seen them, but.

.."

"I like you, Jeff!" Jill laughed. "Aren't you satisfied that I'm sitting

here next to you with my skirt open to my waist? With nothing underneath,

don't forget! Am I supposed to take my blouse off as well? Am I supposed

to strip myself naked in public for you when we've just met? I think

you've seen enough for one night. Just remember what I told you. By the

way, when is Steve leaving?"

Jeff's head was spinning. "Tomorrow morning early. Why?"

"So that means you'll be here tomorrow night, watching the place for him.

I might see you then."

Jill got up from her stool and backed away from Jeff. She stood for a

moment, letting him look her up and down, getting the full effect of her

state of partial undress. She opened another button on her blouse for good

measure, so that it was open to her waist in a long vee. She reached down

and tucked up the tails of her blouse under the waistband of her skirt so

they didn't show. Jill struck a pose, her hands on her hips, her feet

apart. The skirt framed her lower body in an inverted vee from her navel,

her pussy clearly in view. Then she started for the door, her skirt

opening and flaring back from her thighs as she moved. She touched Jeff

lightly on the shoulder as she passed him and he turned to watch her make

her way back through the room to the door. Several heads turned, suddenly

struck by the view of her open skirt and what it revealed as she passed by.

Jeff could see Steve standing by the door, and Jill paused to speak to him

briefly. She leaned up and kissed him on the cheek before going out the

door. Steve gazed after her and shook his head slightly, and no one would

ever know what was going through his mind at that moment.