**Just Getting Started**

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Right after we got out of college, I was living with my boyfriend, Kenny, and he told me his secret fantasy - girls showing off in public in sexy clothes or no clothes at all. For years, he'd thought it was just his own crazy daydream until he saw some of those sites online that have pictures and videos of girls actually doing it. When he showed me those sites, I was amazed. I didn't know you could get away with things like that, but here were all these girls going naked in the most outrageous places. He told me he wanted to try it with me. The whole thing turned me on, but it scared me just as much. I wasn't sure I could really do it, but Kenny kept after me and I finally said "Okay." I told him we'd have to start slow or I wouldn't be able to do it, and he agreed, grinning from ear to ear.  
  
We decided he should be the one to come up with the plans for my "shows." I thought that would be easier, and anyway, it was his fantasy, although it was rapidly becoming mine, too. For the first one, he decided I should wear a super short dress and no panties. He went into our bedroom and came out with a sundress that I used for a beach cover. It had a scoop neck and buttoned up the front. If I stood straight, it covered everything it was supposed to, but if I bent over or raised my arms too high, it showed everything. I took a deep breath and said I'd do it. I figured if I was careful, I could keep it from showing anything, but that didn't help me sleep the night before, when I couldn't stop thinking about it and getting myself all excited.  
  
We did it on a Saturday. I put on the dress and looked at myself in the mirror. I'm only 5'4" and about 120. I've got what I think is a nice little rounded body and face, with curly brown hair down to my shoulders. The dress would have been too short for a girl any taller than me. As it was, it barely covered my pussy, and it would show my buns if I leaned over too far. I was going to have to be very careful.  
  
I took a deep breath and walked out the door with Kenny. The idea was we'd ride the bus downtown and do some shopping. I should tell you that we live in a medium sized college town, so downtown was just a few blocks of stores and restaurants and such. Anyway, we walked to the bus stop at the end of our street and I got very tingly with the soft spring breeze blowing over my naked pussy. I got a few looks from some guys we passed, but I was fairly certain they didn't get to see any more than just my legs. Then I started thinking about the bus, and how I'd manage to not show anything sitting on the seat. I was actually hoping the bus would be packed and we'd have to stand.  
  
Of course, it wasn't. Kenny sat down on the bench that ran along the side. I know he did it on purpose, just to make it hard for me. I think it made it hard for him, too. Well, I gulped and sat down, keeping my legs tightly together. What a shock when my naked buns hit that cold plastic seat. That's when I knew that damn dress wasn't long enough to keep me covered. It felt like the hem was almost up to my waist, but I couldn't look down to my see if my pubic patch was visible, so I quickly crossed my legs. I could feel my face burning with embarrassment. Fortunately, there wasn't anyone sitting across from us.  
  
That didn't last long. At the next stop, three freshman boys got on and sat right across from us. I tried not to look at them, but I could tell right away they were staring at my legs. They kept nudging each other, whispering and laughing. I was dying of shame, but the worst part was when we got off. I had to uncross my legs to stand up, and I'm sure I showed a flash of pussy. Oh well, I thought, I might as well get used to it. It didn't look like that would be the only time that day.  
  
And it wasn't. We walked around downtown for a while, looking in the store windows, and it calmed me down some. I still got a bit unnerved with the looks my legs kept getting, but it felt like my cheeks weren't burning anymore, and my breathing was almost back to normal. That's when Kenny upped the ante. We were standing in front of a store, looking at some nice leather boots, and he said, "I think you need a new pair of shoes." I almost peed right there in the street.  
  
Kenny went in first and got the old man to show him a bunch of hiking boots. When I came in, there was only a college kid to help me, but all three of them looked up at me with a lot more than curiosity. I tried to casually smooth down that skimpy little dress, but it felt like it was showing everything from my waist on down, and the cool air conditioning seemed to blow unimpeded across my hot wet pussy lips. It felt like my whole body was on fire and I just hoped my face wasn't beet red, but there was no time to think about it, because I had to go through my little act. I walked around, looking at the shoes and quickly picked up a pair of high heels. I asked the kid if he had them in a size seven, and he looked at me kind of blank.  
  
"I'll ... I'll check," he stuttered, and he went off into the back room.  
  
The old man was busy with Kenny, but he kept looking over his shoulder at me. I could feel the moment of truth fast approaching, but I waited until the kid came back before I sat down. He opened up a box and took out the heels. Then he knelt down in front of me and took off one of my sandals. All that time, he was being careful not to look up at my legs or anything in between, while I was being careful not to show it to him - at least not yet.  
  
But I knew I was past the point of no return. I could feel the hem of the dress cutting right across the tops of my legs, which I kept tightly together. I was pretty sure my pussy lips would not be exposed, but I thought if he looked, he might be able to tell I wasn't wearing any panties. The blood was pounding so hard in my head, I thought I'd either faint or explode. I knew I had to decide how far I wanted to take this, and suddenly this feeling came over me like I wanted it all. I wanted to take it beyond any limits.  
  
When the kid got one of the shoes on my foot, I raised it up to look at it. With no place else to look, the kid looked at it too. I could see he was getting an eyeful of my bare leg, and I could see he was loving it, even if it made him a little uncomfortable in his pants. My legs were still together. I knew I could leave it right there, show him nothing more, but the very idea was such a down, I couldn't stop.  
  
I put my foot back on the floor and rolled my leg off to the side, as if to get a side view of the shoe. Of course, that opened my legs and gave the kid a perfect view of my moist, red, naked little pussy. His nose was no more than three feet from it. I saw his eyes widen in the blank face, and his mouth hung open. It was so obvious what he was seeing, I felt like I could see my own pussy reflected in his eyes. I think both of us just about had spontaneous orgasms.  
  
I was dangerously dizzy. When the kid asked me how it fit, all I could think of was my poor sizzling pussy. He must have been thinking about the same thing, because he got very red in the face when I replied that it was a little tight. That sent a gush of juice flooding into my vagina, and kind of woke me up out of my daze. I realized I was just seconds away from leaving a sticky puddle on the plastic seat of my chair. I clamped my legs back together, trying to hold off the flood.  
  
"I don't think those are quite right, anyway," I said. My voice came out shaky and hoarse.  
  
The kid took off the shoe. "We've got some others that might work," he said, hopefully. He started pointing to several different shoes that didn't look much like the sexy heels I had been trying on.  
  
I slipped my sandal back on and stood up. "I don't think so," I said, but I walked around looking at some others.  
  
The kid looked kind of abandoned. He and the old man and Kenny all watched me walking around the store with my buns and pussy barely covered by that short short dress. The funny thing was, I felt a lot like the kid probably did. I wanted more. So, just before I left the store, I bent down at a display beside the front door where all of them could see my naked behind. I gave them a enough time to study it and commit it to memory. Then I stood up and turned around. I smiled sweetly, said, "Thanks," and walked out the door.  
  
I was so dazed, I could hardly walk, but I stumbled blindly down the street. Kenny caught up to me in half a block, put his arm around me and supported me as we window shopped some more and I got a chance to calm down. It felt good to lean on him, until I realized it was making my dress ride up to show my buns in back and maybe my pussy in front. That straightened me up, but I was so worn out with nerves I whined that I wanted to go somewhere and hide.  
  
Kenny said, "Let's go in here."  
  
It was a bar, and I thought that might be good. Maybe I could stop worrying about my naked pussy for a few minutes. Wrong. Kenny got us drinks, while I sat at a little table that did nothing to hide my naked legs. There were about twenty people in the place, mostly guys. I kept my legs crossed, trying not to show my pussy lips, which I imagined must have been so swollen by then that they were probably hanging down to the floor. Kenny brought me a gin and tonic, which wasn't nearly strong enough. It was gone in about two sips, without touching the nerves that felt like they were going to make my head explode.  
  
Kenny didn't help when he said, "Let's play a game of pool."  
  
I looked over at the pool table in terror. It wasn't in use. So, once again, I was trapped. There were at least a dozen guys sitting right around the table, and they'd all have a perfect view of my bum as I leaned over to line up shots. I wanted to sink through the floor.  
  
But I followed Kenny over to the table and started playing. He decided we should make a bet. For every game he won, I had to unbutton a button on my sundress. (It had about eight buttons running up and down the front, from the scoop neck down to the hem.) As soon as I won a game, we'd go home. I groaned, but that was part of the dare.  
  
Believe it or not, I'm normally a better player than Kenny. My dad had a pool table in the basement, and I fooled around on it from the time I was ten. Kenny is athletic -- he was a linebacker on our college football team -- but he's not too good at the geometry of pool shots. It didn't matter. I was so worried about showing my buns that I was missing everything, and Kenny won the first game.  
  
"I'll take the top button," he said.  
  
That was a relief. I wasn't wearing a bra. I almost never do, since my boobs are nice and firm, but the scoop neck wasn't very low, so one button wasn't going to show anything. I popped the top button and nobody seemed to notice.  
  
Kenny was leaving the cue ball in the middle of the table almost every time. I couldn't lean over the table without showing off my whole butt, and I wasn't going to do that. I missed most of those shots, and he won another game and another button from the top. Again, nobody seemed to notice. Maybe they were too busy watching my legs, hoping my dress would ride up a couple inches and show them something they weren't supposed to see.  
  
Kenny kept getting better at leaving the cue ball where I couldn't get at it and I kept missing what should have been easy shots. This time, he took a button from the bottom. That worried me. One more button from the bottom would let the dress flap open right over my naked pussy. It might even show when I walked. I was getting desperate.  
  
But it seemed like everyone in that barroom was watching us now. I couldn't let them see my nakedness, and I lost another game. Kenny decided to take another button from the top, which I discovered wasn't so good, either. Now I was pretty sure the scoop neck would just open up if I leaned forward, showing everybody my bare boobs.  
  
Now I was really panicked. I couldn't win a game without showing off everything, and if I didn't win a game very soon, I'd be showing off everything anyway. Well, desperate times call for desperate measures. When Kenny broke, he didn't sink anything, but the cue ball naturally wound up in the middle of the table. I took a deep breath and leaned over as far as I could reach. When I heard a small cheer from behind me, I knew exactly what they were cheering about. Then I looked up and saw four guys in front of me putting their heads together, peering across the table, trying to get the best view of my tits as the scoop neck fell away. I tried to steady my hands, but I missed another easy shot. Kenny ran four balls before I got my turn back. Again, I had to show off all my private parts, but this time I made the shot. Then I ran off four balls of my own. But it left me with a difficult bank shot. I missed it but left the cue ball where Kenny had nothing to shoot at. I thought he'd just put it in the middle and make me expose myself again. Instead, he tried a ridiculous bank shot -- and made it! He ran the rest and took another button from the bottom. The whole room cheered, and I turned red as a beet.  
  
I felt like one more button, either top or bottom, would leave me totally indecent. I decided to throw caution to the wind and let the barroom see whatever they could see. I would just play pool. Kenny sunk a ball on the break and ran two more. Then he missed. I had to lean way over the table and even lift one foot off the floor. I'm sure the guy sitting right behind me had a good view of my pussy lips, but I couldn't worry about that. I had to sink that shot. I felt like my whole body was trembling, but I somehow settled down just before the shot. It was actually an easy one. The cue ball rolled right where I aimed and knocked the ten ball squarely into the pocket, coming to rest just where I'd planned. I ran the table, leaving myself only one shot that opened up my flapping sundress again. When I made that shot, they gave me a little round of applause. They gave me an even bigger one when I sank the eight ball. I grabbed Kenny's arm and dragged him out of there. I was totally humiliated, but I kind of had to smile as we left to the chorus of clapping and whistles and comments.  
  
I asked if I could button up my dress. Kenny said no, but he did agree to go home. The bus ride was okay, because we took one of the seats for two in the back and Kenny let me sit between him and the window. Walking up our street was scary. I kept expecting to run into someone I knew, but we didn't.  
  
As soon as we got in the door, I collapsed on the couch. I couldn't even begin to sort out what I'd been through. My brain was spinning. Kenny came over and sat beside me. He put a hand on my stomach and rubbed a little to calm me down.  
  
It didn't work that way. His hand was like a hot iron. It went right through me, releasing a pent-up sexual energy I didn't know I had. I was so turned on I attacked him and we spent about two hours and numerous orgasms getting our money's worth out of that first dare.