**Keira's Diary - Fall Trip**

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**Keira's Diary - Fall Trip Pt. 01**

Dear Diary,

As you know, I love autumn. I'm practically a basic bitch, what with my pumpkin lattes, leggings and boots, and my obsession with changing leaves. Work has been stressful, so I needed to get away for a bit. I decided to take a trip up north to just enjoy the scenery and unplug for a while. I haven't told you this before, Diary, but it's essential in this account of my long weekend away - I like to show myself off. No one at home knows about this, so the trip away really serves two purposes. No one there knows me, so I'm free to be a little more wild than I can be at home...and I get to enjoy the views.

I packed up on Friday and left home. I stopped for a coffee, of course, and drove all morning/afternoon. I got to my destination in the late afternoon, a small town in Vermont. I popped out of the car to grab a bite to eat. The gorgeous small-town bookstore caught my eye, so I had to browse. You'll be very proud - I bought nothing. However, as I was leaving, I didn't notice the steps on the way out the door. I stumbled down them, and my fall was broken by soft flannel covering firm, muscular arms. I turned and looked into the sweetest brown eyes I've ever seen, tucked under a dark mop of hair. Sweet Eyes asked if I was okay and said, "Hi, I'm Jesse."

"Hi, Jesse. I'm Keira. Thanks so much. I can't believe I didn't see the stairs. I feel like an idiot."

"Don't be silly. Everyone misses those steps. Daphne should put blinking lights up around them."

Daphne, behind the counter, just shooed him away, so we went out to the sidewalk.

"You're new in town," he said.

"Wow. Are we in a Hallmark movie? There's a line."

"Does Hallmark do autumn flicks now instead of just Christmas?"

(Honestly, they should.)

"Haha, I don't think so. But I'm just here visiting for the weekend. I needed some seasonal therapy, and Vermont and New Hampshire kill it this time of year. Congrats."

"Thank you. We really do kill it. Listen, I've got to run, but I'd hate for this chance meeting to go to waste. If you don't have plans later, come to the community party. It's at the barn on Center Street. I promise I'm not a lunatic. You can check with anyone in town. Everybody's going. I hope to see you there."

With this he squeezed my hand and looked intently into my eyes. Diary, how did this happen? I came to get away and let loose a little, and I end up meeting this super-decent guy right off the bat? I know, I know, how could I possibly know after two minutes? It was just a feeling that I got. Anyway, you bet your ass I was going to check out that barn party. I told him maybe I'd see him there, and we parted ways.

I got to my Airbnb and settled in. I had just a couple of hours before the barn party started. My original plan was to show as much of myself as I could get away with in public as I...did what? I'd had no plans but to wander around aimlessly. Thank goodness I ran into Jesse and got invited to this party. But now I was at odds with myself. I wanted to let my exhibitionist flag fly, but all of a sudden there was this new guy that I weirdly really liked after eight seconds, and I didn't want to scare him away! Ugh! What do I do! I'll tell you what I did. I decided to go with my regular uniform of leggings and boots. But on top, I got a little creative. I'd brought my quarter-cup bra and my nipple rings. My nipples are not pierced. I'm afraid of desensitizing them. But if you put a hoop around your nipple, boom - it's erect all evening. So quarter-cup bra and nipple rings in place, I threw on a light white shirt. Despite being covered, my tits were on display for all to see. I then threw on a blue-and-red flannel over top. By pulling it open or closed, I could show as little or as much as I wanted. Makeup and hair done, I was ready to go. Before I even left, I was starting to feel tingly thinking of what people's reactions would be when my flannel was open. I had so been looking forward to this!

It was finally time to go, and I decided I'd walk. It was only a little chilly out, and the barn wasn't that far. I didn't know if there'd be drinks, so walking left me able to imbibe, as well. As I walked, I let the breeze blow my flannel open. I felt so exhilarated and so sexy. My confidence boosted, I'm sure I was strutting as I got closer and closer. There was no sign of Jesse, so I decided to just act like I belonged.

Let me tell you, this barn party was quintessential New England autumn. There were bales of hay set up outside, a tractor pulling a trailer of hay, and plenty of cider. Inside, there was apple bobbing and music and tons of snacks. I caught some eyes on me as I went into the barn. The great thing about this outfit is that it seems accidental, as if I just didn't realize how thin my bra and shirt were. Only I know it was on purpose, and it turns me on so much. I did need to play meek and innocent for a second, though, so I closed my shirt around me and found someone who looked like they belonged.

I walked up to an older gent who was filling a tub with ice and said, "Hi. I was invited to the party tonight, but I didn't think to bring anything. I'm so sorry. Should I run and grab anything?"

"Welcome! No worries, sweetheart. We've got plenty here for everyone. If anything, you can throw a few bucks into the donation box. The town uses it for miscellaneous things, like helping families when they're struggling, fixing things around town, and sometimes even a party or two." He winked at me.

"Gotcha. So it's okay if I grab a drink?"

"Of course, darlin'. Make yourself at home."

"Thank you!"

I did go over to the donation box before grabbing a drink and drop a couple of bucks in. Then I grabbed a cold hard cider, opened my flannel back up, and wandered around. The place was really filling up now. I saw a group of guys around my age and decided to go chat. That's what I was here for, after all - to flaunt myself, unlike at home. As I walked over, I saw them all take turns noticing me and nudging each other. Ooh, the tingles. This was perfect. The conversation was nothing special. It was small talk. I was there to be ogled, and being ogled I was. Most of the guys had trouble finding my eyes, which I'd normally be repulsed by, but my alter ego lives for this. Every time one of them talked to my tits instead of my face, I could feel myself getting more and more excited.

And then behind them, I spotted him. Jesse had arrived, and it seemed that he was looking for someone. Shit! I wanted to keep showing off, but I liked this guy, and he'd invited me! I quickly excused myself from the group of guys, pulled my shirt closed, and went over to Jesse.

"Hi! Looking for someone?"

"There you are!" he said. "You came."

"Not yet."

"What?"

"Nothing. Thanks for inviting me! This is so great!"

"I'm really glad you showed up. I was hoping to get to continue our chat."

"Let's get you a drink, then."

Jesse grabbed a beer, but just as we were about to head outside, a tall, slender redhead appeared beside us. She gave me a few disgusted looks and fawned all over Jesse. Jeesh. I guess this happens in every town.

"Hi, Jesse! When did you get here? I feel like I haven't seen you in forever! You have to save me a dance!"

"Hi, Ginger."

Really? The redhead's name is Ginger? I shit you not, Diary.

"Ginge, this is Keira. She's visiting from out of town."

"Hi, Ginger. Nice to meet you," I said, extending my hand.

She peered at it without taking it and muttered, "Charmed, I'm sure."

Shit! Did this chick see me with those guys? What do I do? Do I just give up the possibility of anything real with Jesse and let my freak flag fly, or do I try to juggle dual roles, even though the whole reason I came here was to avoid that? I decided to keep playing the innocent with Jesse.

Ginger continued, "So, do you two know each other from out of town?"

"No, we just ran into each other this morning," Jesse said.

"Oh, so you just met this morning, and you're joined at the hip. Jesse, seriously, you bring a stranger to the town party? You don't know anything about her. She could be bad news. She could be...trash."

"Wow, Ginge. Nice hospitality. And you don't know if she could be...amazing and classy. I'll catch you later. I think the kindness punch is over there."

Did I really get just as wet from that exchange as I did when my tits were on display? Who is this guy and what is he doing to me? Also, who really talks like that? Be still, my heart.

Jesse assured me, "Don't worry about her. We used to date, and she's jealous of every person I talk to. Whoa. I realize that sounds super conceited, but in her case, it's true. You look lovely, by the way."

"Thank you," I blushed. "Want to head outside?"

"Sure do. Let's go."

As we walked, he awkwardly touched my fingers with his. Our fingers brushed together several times before he finally steeled himself and grabbed my hand, so gently. My heart was racing. We walked around outside amongst the other partygoers, holding hands and chatting for an eternity. But really, maybe it was a half-hour or so. And then I spotted our good friend Ginger coming toward us with a determined, smug look on her face. Fuck. That. Bitch.

"Hey, Jesse, you might want to distance yourself from that slut," she shouted.

I hid my head in my hand and just waited for this perfect evening to be destroyed. Jesse, on the other hand, was livid.

"Ginger, what the actual fuck are you going on about?"

"Why don't you ask your little ho? She was giving Chad and the guys a show before you got here, or did she forget to tell you that?"

And with that, she pulled open my shirt to show him my get-up. I just looked at him helplessly. Those beautiful, kind eyes. What was going on behind them? How did I get so caught up in them in such a short amount of time? He stared at my tits. How could he not? He was speechless for a second, and then he furrowed his brow and shook his head, as if shaking out the doubt. He put an arm around me and pulled my flannel closed at the same time.

"Ginger, it would be great if you would mind your own business and leave me to mine."

Obviously not the reaction she wanted, she scoffed and turned on her heel and stomped away.

I said weakly, "Listen, Jesse, I'm sorry —"

"Shh. It's not your fault. Wardrobe malfunctions happen."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. Do I tell him?

"Hey," he continued, "do you trust me?"

"Oddly, yes, Aladdin."

He chuckled. Oh, god. He gets Disney references?

"I want to show you something," he said.

He led me to his truck because of course he has a truck. He's a Vermonter. But it was an old classic truck - the kind you see on postcards of Christmas on the farm. He opened the door for me, and I hopped inside. I had a tiny twinge of hesitation about getting into a vehicle with a stranger in a strange town, but everybody seemed to know everybody here, and most people had seen us together, so I decided it was okay. He drove us out to the top of a hill in a field, and before us was the most dazzling expanse of sky. The sun had started to go down while we were at the party, and it was nearing the horizon now. I had to get out and see this sunset without a pane of glass in my way. I opened the door and flirtatiously said, "Come keep me warm?"

He needed no more encouragement. He was standing with me in front of the truck in no time with his arms wrapped around me as we watched the sun disappear. I turned my head toward his to thank him for bringing me here, and my lips were met with his. He hesitatingly brushed them against mine at first before committing and kissing me softly. And then I forgot everything - where I was, what time it was, who I was. Everything was just his mouth and mine. Our tongues briefly touched, then I took his bottom lip in my mouth and sucked it. Our tongues found each other again, and they danced an elegant dance. We finally parted, and I caught my breath and just stared into those eyes, the eyes I'd fallen in love with at first sight. Who knew that was a thing?!

"Jesse, thank you for showing me this sunset."

In my head, I was in a fight with myself. Do I let it all out now or keep up this charade? I decided that if I wanted any chance with this long-distance stranger, I needed to be honest from the start.

"Now I've got to show you something, and I hope it doesn't ruin this."

I pushed him a step back, and I stayed up against the hood of the truck. I took off my flannel and put it on the hood. He just stared in silence, obviously confused. I untucked my white shirt and grabbed the bottom. He put out his hand and started to protest, but I shushed him. I pulled off my shirt, and I was there on display for him in my quarter-cup bra and nipple rings.

"You see, it wasn't a wardrobe malfunction. I like to feel sexy, and I like people to look at me. I'm sorry if you think it's disgusting and perverted, and I understand if you just want to take me back to the party and be done with me."

He finally found his voice again. "Are you kidding, Keira? I mean, I didn't expect this, and we don't see much of this around here, but I really like you. I'd like to keep getting to know you, and if the biggest hurdle is that you like when guys —"

"And girls."

"...you like when guys and girls look at you, then I think we can work with that. I'm a nice guy, but I'm not quite the innocent podunk boy you think I am."

That made me laugh.

"I don't think you're a podunk boy. But you are very sweet, and I was afraid this would be too much for you. I was letting go and flaunting it before you got to the party. It's kind of why I came up here. That's what Ginger was talking about."

"Fuck Ginger. It's none of her business."

"Can we go back to you kissing me?"

The post-sunset light was starting to disappear. He took me in his warm arms and kissed me deeply. I leaned back against the hood of the truck so that my tits stuck out even more. Being a guy that appreciates a good view, he stepped back for a second just to take it in before advancing on me again. I was so wet. I'd just had the most romantic first kiss a girl could ask for, followed by the guy being completely accepting of my kink. I wanted him to fuck me right there, but I used all my restraint to save something for our next encounter.

"Jesse, I want you to see my naked breasts. Will you take these things off, please?"

He obliged, leaning over and taking one nipple in his mouth, wrapping his lips around it, and grabbing the nipple ring in his teeth. He pulled it off and put it in his hand. Then he went for the other nipple. Then he leaned back and turned me around and pushed me gently but forcefully onto the hood of the truck. The metal of the hood was cold on my bare nipples, causing me tingles down below. I think he knew what he was doing. He unclasped my bra and traced his fingers along my back. Then he flipped me back around again. I expected an immediate kiss, but instead, he pushed me against the hood again so that he could just look at me. My heart was beating out of my chest. I was being admired by this beautiful, gentle, local boy, stretched across the hood of his truck. I let my arms lay across the hood to either side of me while he gazed at me. He finally leaned down and kissed me again while his warm hands went to my breasts. He massaged them and found my nipples and slowly tweaked them. How on earth was I going to keep from fucking him? He really had me going. As he lowered his head to suck on my tits, I thought I heard an engine, but I quickly forgot about it.

And then, we were suddenly flooded in light.

Diary, I regret that I need to pause the story here. Real life calls, but there's so much more to tell from this weekend.

Dreaming of Jesse,

Keira