**Learning to Show Off**

by[sluttyally](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=27467&page=submissions)©

My showing off really moved into high gear when I met Jackie at a party over a year ago. I've already described one adventure we had together at a nightclub. We've had others - and keep having them! - so I'll tell you about one of them here.  
  
First of all, a little description of me. I'd developed early and I felt lucky to have ended up with slim hips and big tits. I'm quite short but usually wear high heels to bring me up to about 5'7." I'm no supermodel, but the guys tell me I'm "cute." Depending on how I do my hair I can look like an innocent but flirtatious schoolgirl, a sexy femme fatale or a horny cyber chick.  
  
Before I met Jackie, I'd love just showing off my legs and my tits a bit but she inspired me to be a bit more daring.  
  
"All the guys want a look at what's between your legs," she'd laugh. "Why disappoint them?"  
  
Jackie certainly didn't. She was 21 when I met her and her standard outfit consisted of high heeled shoes and a dress or skirt so short that her butt cheeks were visible if she leaned over. She was tall and slim and her tits were small enough that she never needed to wear a bra.  
  
She'd look at my plump tits and say, "At your age, you shouldn't wear a bra anyway. Let those gorgeous nipples stick out!"  
  
Other times, in a shop or café, she'd say, "Watch this!" and quickly pull up her skimpy dress and rub her hands over her bare belly and, sometimes, even her tits. She did it so fast that perhaps only one or two people would notice, but when they did, their eyes would just about pop out of their heads.  
  
When we went out together, she'd often 'adjust' my clothes to show a bit more.   
  
"Hey, stop that!" I'd have to say, as she slid her hand up my skirt.  
  
"Just seeing if you're wearing any!" she'd giggle.  
  
She never did; instead, she shaved her pussy totally bare and didn't seem to mind when people in public caught a glimpse. Then, I wasn't anywhere near so brave, but we had a lot of fun anyway, especially shopping for clothes. A couple of shops in our town specialised in the stuff Jackie liked to wear.   
  
"Isn't most of this stuff for table-top dancers?" I asked Jackie, as we were looking through the racks one day. Jackie had stripped off completely, leaving the change room door open of course, and was trying on a long white dress tight enough to show the outlines of her nipples, butt crack and pussy.   
  
"No babe, it's for anyone who really enjoys all the guys - and their girlfriends or wives - seeing their exposed bodies!" she said, bursting out of the change room and pirouetting around in the middle of the shop, sliding her hands up and down her body.  
  
Just seeing a woman showing off like Jackie was would always make me wet between my legs. Watching Jackie adjust her dress in the mirror - tweaking her nipples to make them stand out and running her painted fingernail between her pussy lips - made me uncontrollably horny and my own hand reached instinctively for my little clit.  
  
"Am I turning you on, babe?" she'd purr, loudly enough for other shoppers to hear.  
  
I'd usually get a bit embarrassed when Jackie would say things like that but, overall, I'd always liked attention. Since my tits grew, I've always loved people noticing them. Jackie knew this too and would make sure I'd buy some kind of top which was a couple of sizes too small so that when I wore it, most of my tits just sat jiggling in full view.  
  
"Isn't this one a bit obvious?" I asked her once, when we were trying on clothes in a shop called Venus Envy.   
  
It was a bustier made of silver coloured nylon with a zip. The size they had was for skinny chicks like Jackie and would only zip up about two inches on me. This left a huge amount of cleavage showing, and my nipples close to popping out, as I paraded around the shop, admiring myself in the mirrors.  
  
"It's like you're serving them up on a plate!" giggled Jackie.   
  
"If I wobble my tits, I wonder what'll happen?"  
  
So I jiggled them from side to side, winking at the shop girl, and the predictable happened: both tits popped right out, leaving a pair of erect dark nipples staring at both Jackie and the shop assistant.   
  
"Right on!" laughed the shop girl, "God, I wish I had tits like yours."  
  
The next thing Jackie pulled out for me to try on was a long crimson satin sheath dress. It had slits on both sides almost up to the armpit, tied up with a little ribbon on each side. With a g-string underneath, it showed all of my bare legs and waist.  
  
"Here, babe, I'll buy that one for you," Jackie said. "But only if you wear it out of the shop and come and have lunch in it!"  
  
So we sat there in a pavement cafe, sipping our coffee. Me, with my body exposed all the way up to my armpit, Jackie stretching out with every contour visible through her new white dress. Tons of wolf whistles came our way and several sleazy guys tried to crack onto us, but Jackie, bless her heart, knew exactly how to deal with them.  
  
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One of Jackie's most daring outfits she wore to dinner at a hotel. We double dated these two guys - Max and Richard - who we met at the beach one Saturday lunchtime. We were roller-blading on the foreshore and they bought us drinks from the kiosk, after Jackie had flashed plenty of butt at them.  
  
"Nice outfits, girls," Max said, when we were sitting on the benches drinking our juices.  
  
Jackie and I looked at each other and smiled. We had on matching t-shirt dresses: hers white with "Spunk" in silver across the breasts, mine black with "Kitten." I was wearing an ordinary black thong bikini under mine, but Jackie always went one step further. She had on a g-string made of a tiny triangle of stretchy white fabric.   
  
"So, what does the 'spunk' on your t-shirt mean, Jackie?" Max added with a wink, as he looked down at her crossed thighs.   
  
Jackie just grinned, uncrossed her legs and spread them apart a few inches as she sat in the sunshine slurping her pineapple juice.  
  
"It can mean all sorts of things," she replied, looking Max directly in the eye.  
  
"Do you girls always get this much attention?" Richard asked me.  
  
"Usually. Don't we Jack?" I turned, with a little grin, towards Jackie.  
  
While chatting to Max, she leaned back on the bench, as if to let more sun onto her spread legs. After a few minutes, she casually put her hand up under the front of her dress, looped a thumb into the top of her g-string and started to tease the front of it down.   
  
The fabric stretched, giving Max little glimpses of her shaved pussy. The poor guy couldn't keep his eyes away, as Jackie kept moving her legs together and apart.  
  
With Jackie playing with her g-string like this, we chatted for about half an hour and the guys asked us to meet them for a drink before dinner at the bar of a five star hotel on the beachfront.  
  
"Do you think those guys want a slut fantasy?" Jackie asked me later, when we were alone.  
  
Over the time we'd known each other, Jackie and I had coined this term, 'slut fantasy'. It was when we'd go out on dates looking like hookers. It was too risky to do it without a date, because so many guys would hassle us. But when we had dates, it was great!   
  
"A lot of guys love being seen in public with a total slut," Jackie said.  
  
"Even if they get a bit jealous when other guys chat to you?" I asked her.  
  
"Shit yeah! They don't own you, babe!" she replied. I'd done the 'slut fantasy' three or four times on dates and enjoyed it hugely. All the attention was exciting, even when my date would get a bit jealous.   
  
"So, are you in the mood for a slut fantasy tonight?" Jackie asked when we were getting ready at her place. "I know I am. I've bought an outfit that I've been dying to wear for a few weeks now."  
  
"Put it on, and I'll see if I'm inspired," I replied.  
  
Jackie stripped off to nothing and sat on her bed to put on her highest white strappy heels. She stood up and admired her naked body in the mirror as she ran her hands up and down her pussy, belly and breasts.  
  
"Get on with it, Jack!" I laughed. "You're such a showoff!"  
  
She laughed too and started pulling on some tight white garments.  
  
"Bloody hell!" I gaped when I saw what her outfit consisted of.  
  
"Do you like it?" she asked, twirling on her toes and stretching her arms.  
  
A loose, white spaghetti strap crop-top reached the bottom of her tits when she stood up straight but, if she stretched or raised her arms, it showed the lower curves of her bare breasts.  
  
The matching 'skirt' was a tight strip of material about 8 inches wide. She was wearing it high - almost around her waist - so her entire pussy and most of her butt was clearly on view. A silver chain with large wooden beads and trinkets was also jangling loosely around her waist.  
  
"You're not going to wear it like that?!"  
  
"Of course!" Jackie said, winking. Then she adjusted the tube of fabric down several inches so that she was hidden at the front and only a tiny bit of butt cheek was poking out the back.   
  
"That's better, isn't it?" she smiled, looking in the mirror. "What are you wearing?"  
  
"Can I look through your wardrobe, Jack?"  
  
I found heaps of great things! Some of them were totally over-the-top, like the gold tube dress that didn't cover my tits at all, or the fishnet minidress which hid nothing at all.   
  
"You don't wear these things out, Jack, surely?"  
  
"Sure hon. Mainly to parties though, not on the street," she said.  
  
Just trying them on in front of the mirror - and pretending to be out in public in them - made me feel incredibly horny. The whole time I was trying things on, Jackie lay on the sofa, watching me, rubbing her pussy with one of her large wooden beads.  
  
"You're such a babe! Looking at you gets me so turned on!" she'd say, licking her fingers and rubbing her slit a bit more.  
  
"Hey, stop it, Jackie. We're not even out yet!"  
  
I ended up settling for a purple velvet slit-skirt which, if I sat it as low as possible on my hips, almost reached the floor. It had two long slits in it which were designed to sit on the sides.   
  
"I think I can turn these slits around later, to show the boys a thing or two, huh, Jack?"  
  
A matching bolero jacket showed off tons of cleavage; I did it up with just one button, because Jackie's clothes were a bit small for me. Jackie wouldn't let me wear a bra - even a really sexy one - but, because the skirt's slits came up almost to my waist, I insisted on wearing a g-string made of tiny black beads. Jackie's highest black strappy sandals on my bare feet made me feel like a total femme fatale.  
  
"I've just gotta feel you in that velvet!" Jackie said, as she came towards me, her skirt again up around her waist, her pussy visibly slippery from what she'd been doing.  
  
She squeezed my tits almost out of their tight top, ran her hands down and around my butt, finishing up under my skirt.   
  
"Do you have to wear a g-string? I'm sure your smooth pussy feels so good!" she pleaded. "I'm not going to. You shouldn't either!"  
  
I won that argument - I wasn't going to get arrested for indecent exposure, even if she was!  
  
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We met the guys in the bar as we'd arranged and, as planned, their eyes bulged when they saw us.   
  
"You girls are looking like a million dollars," said Max, smiling.  
  
"Yeah, well, we're worth every cent of that," Jackie replied mischievously, "Aren't we babe?"  
  
I was trying to sit in a way which didn't show too much leg just yet, but was struggling. Richard's eyes closely followed the slit in my skirt as I tried to sit with my legs crossed.  
  
"I'm glad to see that whether you're blading or drinking, you don't cover up your great legs," Richard said to me flirtatiously after we'd been chatting for 15 minutes.  
  
Jackie had overheard and, while I was blushing, she leaned over and gave my breast a firm squeeze through the jacket, "And she's got lovely tits too, hasn't she guys?"  
  
I felt like I was at a cattle auction for a moment, but then I took a big swig of my vodka and felt a warm flush go right through me.  
  
"And she's got such a cute pussy," Jackie added to my horror, "although she won't let anyone see it!"  
  
Having said this, Jackie grinned at Richard and Max, lifted one foot, and placed her ankle across the other thigh. Sitting half cross-legged like this gave us all a pretty good view of her bare pussy, even with all her beads and trinkets hanging from the chain around her waist.  
  
"I'm not sure how we're going to survive dinner with these flirts," Richard said to Max, grinning from ear to ear.  
  
We had one more drink each and then went upstairs to the restaurant. Both guys made sure they walked behind us, Jackie giving them a show with her wiggling butt and her pussy.   
  
"This is fun, huh?" Jackie giggled as we walked upstairs.  
  
The waiters upstairs goggled at Jackie; they couldn't believe a woman would walk into their restaurant with her breasts jiggling beneath such a skimpy top, her legs bare right up to her pussy slit, not to mention a good inch or two of butt on display.  
  
At our corner table, Jackie and I sat opposite Max and Richard and, as we chatted and ate our meals, Jackie fondled herself under her skirt with one hand while her other was stroking my thigh through the slit in my skirt. The guys were good company and both of them had great stories to tell.  
  
"Have either of you guys every masturbated in public?" Jackie asked suddenly after we'd finished dessert, stretching back in her chair, hands on her bare belly.  
  
Richard and Max just looked at each other, then at me.  
  
"I do it all the time. That's why I never wear panties. I'm just about always horny!" she whispered loudly, still staring at both guys, her hands moving to her skirt.  
  
Richard looked pretty embarrassed but he started speaking first, "Well, Jackie, um, I'd say, um, well . . . no. No, I haven't. What about you Max?"  
  
"Sometimes," said Max, after a short pause. He was smiling, obviously to his friend's surprise.  
  
"That's great Max," Jackie smiled. "You've earned yourself a little prize!"  
  
She slid off her chair, trotted over to Max, and sat sideways on his knee with her arm around his shoulder. One foot she kept on the floor, the other she stretched along Max's and Richard's laps.  
  
"Now, Max, which of my toys would you like to play with?" she giggled, jingling her trinkets.  
  
I couldn't see over the table, but both guys' eyes were totally glued to Jackie's bare pussy, which she'd started to rub with one of her large beads, before handing the bead to Max.   
  
"Jack, what if the waiters come over?" I hissed at her.  
  
"Then I'll stop for a moment and put a napkin in my lap," she answered coolly.  
  
For the next two or three minutes, we were silent, except for Jackie murmuring a little, and shifting her legs as Max rubbed her. I resented her a bit for taking over like that so I concentrated on drinking the rest of the wine.   
  
"Right! Stop there," Jackie suddenly announced, as she lifted her foot off the boys. "That was delicious Max. Thank you. You're a gentleman."  
  
Jackie returned to her seat, the hem of her skirt well above her glistening pussy lips, and took a big gulp of wine from her glass; we all just watched her silently.  
  
"Yum!" was all she said as she looked back at us in turn. She took a second slurp, this time, spilling lots. It dribbled down her chin and chest, wetting the front of her top.  
  
"Whoops!" she giggled, as she rubbed her tits through the fabric, making it transparent. "I've made a mess, haven't I?"  
  
A waiter came over to help wipe up, but stalled when he saw Jackie.   
  
She looked up at him expectantly, "Can you help me wipe this champagne up please?"  
  
She pointed her tits up towards him but he didn't move, not knowing exactly what to do.  
  
By now a couple of other patrons had noticed us and were watching curiously. Eyeing them, Jackie stood up and slowly stretched her rumpled skirt down to cover her pussy. Then she peeled off her top and shook her bare tits before sitting down.  
  
"The service here isn't the best, is it?" Jackie asked the guys loudly.  
  
She continued making small talk, nonchalantly rubbing her breasts from time to time; the waiter was still standing nearby with one of his colleagues.  
  
"I get a bit self-conscious with all these people watching," she said. "It feels like they're all staring at me!"  
  
"Well, they are, Jackie," said Richard, looking at me and then across to his buddy Max.  
  
"Jackie, I think you should put your top back on," I said to her.  
  
She looked me square in the eyes, downed what was left of her wine, once more spilling most of it down her chest. Again, she rubbed the wine into her now bare breasts as she leaned back in her chair, stretching her arms and legs out.  
  
"Mmmm, that feels nice, huh?" Jackie murmured, licking her lips, and looking down at her tits and her pussy which was just visible at the end of her long legs.  
  
"Hey c'mon Jack. You've had too much to drink," Max said, getting out of his chair and going over to her. "Waiter, I think we're ready to go. Could we have the bill, please?"  
  
Jackie sat sulkily, bare-breasted, legs stretched out, in her chair as the boys fixed up the bill. While they were doing this, I helped her stagger to her feet and, after a bit of resistance, got her top back on and her skirt pulled down properly.   
  
Once we were outside, Richard suggested a walk in the balmy air to get Jackie sobered up a little. He put his arm around Jackie's waist, with me the other side of her. In turn, Max put his arm around my waist, so the four of us could hold Jackie up and walk, linked together.  
  
"Does watching your friend play her games make you feel horny too?" Max said quietly to me, after we'd made it outside into the hotel's garden which faced the boardwalk.  
  
"You're a mind-reader, right, Max?" I laughed, as a little twinge of excitement fluttered between my legs.   
  
"Well, it's dark now, so why don't we show you off a bit too?" he offered. "There aren't too many people out here now."  
  
We stopped at a bench and Jackie lay down on it, her arms stretched out showing her tits completely, her legs fallen wide apart on either side of the seat.   
  
"Poor girl," said Richard, going over to sit with her.   
  
That left me with Max, who turned to face me. He gave me one of those 'meaningful looks' before kissing me long and deep. As I started to kiss him too, I could feel his hands working their way through the slits in my skirt.   
  
"Just take it off!" I whispered to him between our hot wet kisses.  
  
I was aware that couples were passing by on their way in and out of the hotel and that, in the dim light, they were staring at Jackie, who was now being held and kissed by Richard.  
  
I helped Max's hands push my skirt off my hips altogether so that the fabric fell in a heap at my feet. In my heels, I stepped aside and stood, wantonly, with my chest out, silently willing Max to unbutton my jacket.  
  
"Do you want that off too?" he asked.  
  
"Mmmmm. I want to be naked out here," I whispered, looking at a middle-aged couple who'd paused near us. "I don't care who sees."  
  
The moment he unbuttoned my jacket and I could feel fresh air on my loosened tits, I felt a huge rush go straight to my pussy.  
  
"My God, Max. I almost came, just with you undressing me in public like this." I slid out of my jacket and let it fall to the ground next to my skirt.  
  
I wrapped my arms around Max's neck and kissed him hungrily. His hands played with my butt cheeks and I could feel the beads of my g-string tightening against the folds of my pussy, as he gently tugged on it from behind.  
  
Most of the passers-by just walked on, but a few young guys gathered nearby to watch. Two couples were also there, watching; one couple had also started to kiss passionately.  
  
"I want to take you home with me tonight," Max murmured as we continued to kiss.  
  
"I've got to look after Jackie though," I said.   
  
He stopped kissing me and stood silently for a moment, still with his hands on my waist.

"I think she can look after herself, can't she?" he replied eventually, with a tiny amount of irritation in his voice.  
  
"Mmmm, maybe. It's way past my bedtime, you know." I winked. "Ask Jackie. She'll tell you."  
  
We both looked over and saw Jackie sitting, draped over Richard, whose hand was somewhere between her legs.  
  
"Let's just walk a little," I said. "Then we'll come back and see what these two are up to."  
  
I took Max's hand and walked my sexiest high-heeled walk, hips and tits swaying, leading him over to the low wall which separates the hotel's garden from the sandy beach.  
  
Here, it was fairly dark, and we'd left most of the small crowd behind to watch Jackie and Richard. Only the kissing couple followed us and sat on the wall, several metres from where I sat Max down.  
  
"You've been very nice to us girls tonight, Max. So I think you should get a little reward from me. Let me take your shirt off."  
  
I put his shirt on the gravel between his legs and used my long nails to tickle his chest. My tits dangled right in front of him and he kissed and sucked my nipples for a minute or two. Then, I kneeled and started unbuttoning his pants.   
  
"You said you've masturbated in public, Max. What about a little lick, right now?"  
  
His dick answered my question - it was rock hard and straining at his pants.   
  
"Hmmm. Nice size, nice shape," I said. That's what I always say to guys; according to Jack, it's what every one of them wants to hear from a chick.  
  
In his case, it was true. I started licking and sucking alternately, as Max leaned back on the top of the wall. I just wanted him to cum and it certainly didn't take long. The guy had been in such sexual excitement for hours that it took less than 30 seconds before he spurted into my mouth.  
  
The other couple were staring through the darkness and I could tell they'd moved a little closer to us. They were still kissing, although the girl had one tit out of her dress.  
  
"Let's go back now, Max."   
  
I took his hand after he'd buttoned himself up and he followed me like a little boy. As we came near the lit up area near the hotel, I got a bit panicked, as I was pretty much naked, except for my beaded g-string tight between my legs and my high heels.  
  
At the edge of the light, I could see the little crowd had dispersed and Jackie and Richard were still kissing on the bench; Jackie was sitting astride Richard rubbing herself up and down on his legs and crotch.   
  
"Jackie?" I called.  
  
She didn't answer, so I simply strode over, grabbed my clothes from the ground, and asked Max to help. Making sure he put his hands everywhere, he helped me pull my skirt on; I just slid my jacket on, leaving the buttons undone, enjoying the feeling of my tits swaying openly.   
  
"Jackie?" I called again.  
  
This time I got an answer, as she stopped her grinding and disconnected from Richard's lips, "Mmmm, what?"  
  
"I want to go now; what are you doing?"  
  
"What does it look like?" She sounded annoyed. "I'm going home with Richard; I'll see you later."  
  
Her grinding started again and Richard's kisses recommenced.  
  
I looked at Max, who shrugged and smiled.   
  
"Max, will you call us a cab please?"