Little Cotton Dress

by Sunlovers\_GB ©

Most people think that silk is the most erotic material but I think cotton

is sexier, well at least as sexy, although it depends on what I'm wearing

and where I'm wearing it. I love to go out wearing a little, cotton,

summer dress with nothing underneath, something light and short that I can

feel the breeze flirting with as I walk along the street. It's got to be

loose so that I can feel my nakedness underneath and so that it falls away

from my body and shows my breasts when I lean forward. Nothing too obvious

though, but enough to leave anyone who looks twice just a suspicion that I

might be naked underneath. My husband positively encourages me; he loves

to watch the faces of other men when I show them just how little I have

on.

It's something that has developed over the years and I suppose just

happened naturally when we were on holiday abroad. We're not naturists, in

fact organised naturism/nudity somewhat takes the fun out of being naked

in public; well if everyone is naked it becomes 'normal' for want of a

better word, but then I suppose that's the point of naturism. We do like

to go nude when we're away somewhere hot though but it's a lot more fun if

it's in a place where everyone else isn't naked as well.

Pete, (my husband), is a keen amateur photographer and likes me to pose

nude for him, especially outdoors, again where there's a chance we might

be discovered by a potential voyeur. Like I said, it would be no fun

posing nude on a naturist beach where everybody else is naked too. But

getting back to the sexy little cotton dress, one of the biggest turn-ons,

(and the most fun), is combining exhibitionism and photography and posing

for what are supposedly ordinary tourist snap shots to the casual observer

but revealing much more to anyone who takes a little more interest. So it

was with this in mind that we decided to have an afternoon wandering

around our local town of Bournemouth which, if you don't know it, is a

holiday resort on the south coast of England. It was a lovely hot day

early in the summer and the streets would be crowded with holiday makers

shopping, wandering through the parks and along the beach and generally

enjoying the summer sun. We parked the car in a town centre car park near

The Royal Bath Hotel, surprisingly without too much trouble, and walked

down the hill towards the sea front. I was wearing one of my favourite

summer dresses; short and low cut with thin shoulder straps so that it was

quite evident to anyone who cared to notice that I wasn't wearing a bra.

This, combined with the white platform sandals I had on my feet and the

dark sunglasses shading my eyes, amounted to my total apparel. The

movement of my barely covered breasts beneath the thin cotton, the

sensation of the light material fluttering around my thighs and the warmth

of the sun penetrating through to my naked body was a wonderful, sensuous

feeling,. To add to the effect, despite the heat, my nipples had hardened

with the sheer sexual pleasure of the experience and I noticed more than a

few glances from men as I passed them by, their eyes darting up and down

my body, and I was enjoying the frequent glances being cast my way as I

walked by.

"You're certainly turning some heads", Pete quietly laughed. "Having fun?"

"It makes me feel so sexy," I whispered into his ear as I reached up and

kissed him lightly on his cheek. "Lets get out of the sun for a while

though, I'm getting overheated. I wish we could find somewhere quiet where

I could strip off and lie in the shade," and I took his hand as we walked

away from the sea, through one of the many leafy parks in the town.

But it wasn't to be; there were just too many other people enjoying the

fine weather, so we wandered on into the centre of the town and the

shopping streets, eventually coming across a shoe shop that inevitably

caught my attention; well a girl can never have too many shoes. It was a

random choice, although, it's true, I really don't take much persuading to

try on shoes. While the street was busy with people obviously just window

shopping while on holiday, I could see that this particular shop was

almost empty which added to its appeal. There were a couple of young girls

going through the sale stand at the front but otherwise there were only

two assistants inside, a young woman and, more interestingly, a young man,

who were standing talking to each other behind the counter where you paid

for your purchases.

I pushed my sunglasses up on into my hair, and casually wandered along the

stands looking at the shoes before picking up a pair that caught my eye

and turning them over to read the price on the sole, Pete in the meantime

having gone across to the men's section on the other side of the shop.

I really was quite interested in the pair of strappy, high heeled shoes

I'd picked up. I love shoes as I've already said, so I actually didn't

notice the shop assistant as he walked over to me.

"Can I help you at all?" he asked. He was probably about 30, coolly

dressed for the summer season in a short sleeved white shirt and dark

trousers; quite good looking although, don't get me wrong, my sexual

tendencies are purely restricted to exhibitionism and not to swinging.

Still it's nice if the audience is attractive and makes a change from the

older men who are usually the most voracious voyeurs.

"Well, yes you can," I replied, "have you these in a size 4?"

"Yes I think so," he said looking at the code on the label. "I'll go and

get a pair in your size from the store room if you'd like to take a seat

for a moment," and he walked back to the counter and disappeared through a

door at the rear of the shop.

He hadn't given any sign that he'd noticed my flimsy clothing, and the

girl he'd been talking to when we entered the shop had barely looked up as

he walked past her. Pete in the meantime was still browsing elsewhere so I

was left on my own awaiting the return of my attractive young sales

person, which he duly did after a couple of minutes carrying a shoe box

which presumably contained my selection.

I sat down on one of the stools provided for the purpose of trying on new

shoes and he opened the box he'd been carrying and pulled out the sleek,

white leather pair I'd selected. As he handed me the first one it gave me

the opportunity to lean forward as I unbuckled the straps and took off the

sandals I was wearing and, as I did so, the front of my dress fell away

from my body completely exposing my breasts to the man standing in front

of me. I put my sandals to one side and sat back up, looking up at him as

I held out my hand for one of the shoes he was holding. His cheeks were

flushed and he quickly looked away and fiddled with the other shoe while I

leant back down to wriggle my toes in to the first one, an action which I

fully took advantage of to make sure my dress came fully away from my tits

again, the movement making them sway and tremble. I looked back up at him

while still bending forward and caught his wide eyed stare, his eyes glued

to my exposed breasts.

"What do you think? Do you like them?" I asked as I stared into his eyes.

"Yes, they look great," he half whispered and then realised the

implications of his words. "I mean the shoes really suit you. Do you want

to try the other one on?"

I demurely pushed the front of my dress back into place with my hand as

though suddenly realising that I'd accidentally revealed myself.

"Yes but I think I'll need a little help, I think the strap needs

adjusting" and sat upright, leaning back on my hands.

The spell broken, my maybe not so innocent victim went to find something

to sit on and came back with a small stool, the sort with an angled

surface attached so that the customer can raise their foot off the floor

to make the assistant's job of fitting the shoe easier as he sits astride

it. He sat down in front of me, undid the strap on the other shoe and

placed it on the angle of the stool like the handsome prince might have

done for Cinderella. He'd somewhat recovered his composure by now and held

the shoe firmly down while I slipped my foot into it, although I could see

his eyes dart up to the front of my dress occasionally in the hope of

catching sight of my erect nipples again.

"How's that feel madam?" he asked, leaning back away from me to allow me

to bend forward and look at my foot. Of course this allowed the hem of my

skirt to ride up as I bent my knee and also made me part my legs a little

as I reached forward.

"Yes that's better, can you tighten the strap a bit? I can't do it from

this angle," and I leant back again, but by this time my dress had slipped

even further up my thighs

I swear he actually stopped breathing when he glanced up and realised he

could see up my skirt and saw that I didn't have any pants on. He froze

for what seemed d like minutes as he stared at my exposed pussy, only

inches from his face. There wasn't even much of a bush to hide anything as

Pete likes me to keep it smooth and bare except for a tiny little strip of

blonde hair for decorative purposes only.

I feigned ignorance of my exposure to him, leaning even further back on my

hands to study the shoe I was trying on. My dress had now ridden well up

and I opened my thighs as far as I dared without adopting a completely

porn star pose. Even so I knew that the bare lips of my pussy must now be

fully in view, maybe even parted to reveal the delicate inner lips within,

and most certainly damp and glistening with my own sexual excitement, and

I held the position for several long seconds to allow him time to absorb

every detail. It was only the approach of another customer that made me

sit back up again, but our mutual pleasure was complete, for him as the

voyeur and for me as the exhibitionist.

I stood up, brushing my skirt back in to place, and walked across the shop

to try my new shoes out for comfort and to show them to Pete. They were

ridiculously high but made me push my bum and tits out as I walked, which

is, of course, the whole purpose of such footwear.

"What do you think? Do you like them?" I asked

"Sensational," Pete said grinning, "which is what that young man must be

thinking too after letting him look up your skirt. Don't think I didn't

notice," he laughed as he slapped me playfully on the bum.

"There a bit expensive," I warned him.

"Doesn't matter," he reassured me, "just so long as you let me take a

photograph of you wearing them and nothing else."

"It's a deal," I agreed and teetered back across to my assistant who had

been studiously ignoring the new customer in order to watch my every move.

"I'll take them," I said smiling at him and sat down, leaning forward

again to take them off and to give him one final glimpse of my breasts,

which he took full advantage of, managing to undo the small, silver

buckles while staring pointedly down the front of my dress at my exposed

tits. I suppose though that he must have realised by now that I was

letting him see me naked on purpose, or at least that I didn't really care

if he did.

The last I saw of him was as he disappeared through the door behind the

counter as we walked out of the front of the shop, presumably to find

somewhere quiet to relieve the very evident pressure he was experiencing

in his pants.

We never did find anywhere quiet that day, so drove straight home. I could

hardly wait to get back and out on to the deck in the back garden and

strip off, but even then Pete made me pose naked wearing nothing but my

new high heeled shoes before eventually giving me the shagging I so badly

needed.

There's a lot more to a little cotton dress than meets the eye.