My Girlfriend's First Exposure

"Do you think you'd ever wear it?"

I loved the skirt; I just doubted whether she would ever wear it

out. It wasn't like her to wear mini skirts like that. She didn't

like her legs; it was the one part of her body that she liked to

keep hidden. Her legs are okay to me but I'm not a leg guy anyway.

It was sweet of her to ask my advice though. We had gotten to the

point in our relationship where we really cared what the other

thought of how we dressed and looked. Besides, I loved shopping with

her. The chance to see her in all sorts of clothes she may not

normally wear was exciting for me.

"Don't you think my legs look too skinny?" she asked. She would

barely come out of the changing room so I could see. Thing is, in

that semi-sheer white tank top, I wasn't looking at her legs anyway.

She has gorgeous breasts, with the sweetest protruding little

nipples you could ever want. Thank god she warmed up to the concept

of going braless in public.

"I think your legs are fine. Your ass looks incredible anyway, so

don't worry so much about your legs." She does have an amazing ass.

It gets noticed by almost every guy she walks past, although she is

either too naïve, or embarrassed, to admit it.

"Okay, well I'll get it then. I just want to make sure I look okay in it."

"You look great, but don't get it unless you're seriously going to

wear it. It's a waste of money to buy it and just have it sit in

your closet forever. I'd rather you not get it if you think you

won't have the courage to wear it."

Although she has come out of her shell quite a bit since we got

together, she's still pretty much a sweet, shy, country girl with

old-fashioned sensibilities. Every once in a while though, her wild

side makes an appearance, after which I often need a few days to

recover and pinch myself.

Well, it seemed like I would be right. A few months passed and she

still hadn't worn the mini skirt. And in that time, our adventurous

sex life had really taken off; to the point where showing her off

was a passion of mine. I had gone from an insecure freak to a 'hey,

check out my woman, isn't her ass the hottest you've ever seen??'

One intensely warm evening in early July, we decided to walk to a

movie, which we enjoyed doing since it was a leisurely half hour

walk from us. I hinted that it was quite warm out, and she would be

very hot in her jeans. Perhaps she should wear the mini skirt

tonight? She agreed. Wow, I didn't think it would be that easy. Or,

perhaps she was in the mood for a wild evening.

Well 'War of the Worlds' wasn't all we hoped it would be, but the

evening wasn't all bad. She did indeed wear her mini skirt, and a

sexy little white tank top. She knows how much I adore white tank

tops on women. In fact, every time a woman walks by wearing one I'm

pretty much busted. But she's good about that sort of thing.

She also picked out some very sweet, sheer knickers. She loves to

tease me about my panty fetish, as described in more detail in

another story of ours: Panty Pleasures. We got to the movie and sat

down in a quiet, secluded row near the back. The previews hadn't

even finished before I had my finger around the waistband of her

knickers. Tugging lightly, she knew I wanted them off. And this

evening, she was happy to oblige. Raising her ass slightly, we

teamed up to pull them down to the floor, where she easily slipped

her feet out of them. I picked them up, discreetly held them to my

nose for a quick whiff, and put them in my pocket. I don't know if

she realized it but I knew – she wasn't getting these back tonight.

I have to tell you one thing about my girl. I know I said she's a

bit of an old-fashioned gal. And she is. But she's also a

'spreader'. As in, 'she's got no issues with spreading her legs for

me - any time, any place'. Nice character trait if you ask me. :-)

And this was one of those times. Without any knickers on, and no one

sitting too close to us, her legs spread with little effort; and my

fingers too no time to dive in. Already damp with anticipation, her

pussy welcomed my probing hand. I started with some gentle circular

rubbing of her clit, which she loves. I followed it up with deep

insertion of one finger, and then two. She climaxed with two deep

fingers pulling firmly on her from the front, almost lifting her out

of her seat. Her closed eyes, deep breathing and spent posture told

me she enjoyed that one immensely.

We watched the rest of the movie, pretty much just waiting for it to

end so we could walk home. Of course, those are the ones that seem

to take forever.

Finally we started to make our way home as dusk settled in for the

evening. She felt a bit exposed, walking along the sidewalk aware

that each slight breeze could be blowing her skirt up enough to

expose her pussy to the world. She had never been without knickers in

public, let alone wearing something that left little to the

imagination. Plus she knew by the look in my eye that there was very

little chance I'd let this opportunity slip by.

I quickly found myself watching everyone around us. Driving,

walking, anything. I wanted to know who the potential targets were.

Since it was starting to get a bit dark, flashing drivers may not

work well. Luckily we were walking through strictly residential

neighbourhoods, and with the gorgeous summer evening, there were a

few people out and about.

The first person we passed was a lady watering her lawn. She was

reasonably attractive, probably in her mid 40's. I wasn't sure how

my gal would react to me flashing her to a woman. Hell, I didn't

even know how she'd react to me flashing her to a man. But we may

find out soon. At any rate, I chickened out as soon as the woman

turned to us and said hi. It seemed weird to say hi back and then

raise my girlfriend's skirt so the woman could get an ample view of

her bush. Besides, maybe someone else would be around.

In the next block we found a car with a bunch of young guys,

seemingly gang-bangers the way they blasted their stereo and hung

around the car like it was something special. I wasn't about to put

her in any danger whatsoever, so we kept walking.

Soon we saw a pretty good-looking man taking his garbage out. He was

probably in his late 30's and seemed to be well built, based on his

tight t-shirt and shorts. I'm not gay, but I'd probably describe

myself as bi-curious. I've never done anything with another man, and

doubt I ever would, but I have no problem recognizing hotness in

either sex.

I was sure this would be the chance for me to finally show off my

girl to an unsuspecting target. Thoughts raced through my mind as to

how he'd react. A thumbs up maybe? A grin? Perhaps a request for

more? All of which would be okay with me. Her? I don't know yet.

Unfortunately, just as I had my hand on the bottom of her skirt, he

tured and went back into the garage. Damn! Missed the opportunity.

Well, what can you do? It would look pretty silly to flash someone

who isn't watching.

As we got a bit further, we noticed two young guys in their

driveway. One was washing a car while the other just seemed to be

hanging around. I knew she wasn't really into young guys, she much

preferred older gentlemen, but this may be the only chance we had.

They seemed to be late teens or early 20's, which I knew to mean

their eyes would be glued to my girlfriend the whole time we were in

sight. And I was right. As we walked towards them, they continued to

talk under their breath but both of them couldn't help but stare at

us. She was that smoking hot.

We were on the opposite side of the street, which was perfect. I

didn't want to be within grabbing distance. We got to within about

15 feet and my hand went down to the bottom of her skirt. I could

sense her tense up, but she knew all along she could say no whenever

she wanted. We always had that understanding between us. Either

person could draw a line whenever we wanted. But she didn't.

I grabbed the bottom of her loose little mini and slowly pulled it

up. It didn't have to come up much in order to be up to her waist,

but I pulled it up as far as I could. And there she was. My sweet,

embarrassed, old-fashioned little angel, walking down the street,

right across from two young hotties, with no knickers on and her

skirt raised.

I held it there for what seemed to be 20 seconds. I made sure they

got all the viewing time they could handle. Both just stood there,

dumbstruck. They didn't know what to say or do. Who knows, maybe it

was the first pussy they had ever seen? It was possible.

We walked on by with the straightest of faces. As soon as we passed

them, we glanced over at each other to gauge the reactions. Her face

was bright red, as it always is when she's embarrassed. But I could

also tell from her eyes that she was incredibly turned on. The fact

that she seemed to be smuggling some pretty big peanuts in her top

confirmed this. I knew then that she was okay, which was the

absolute most important thing to me.

We walked a few more feet and I reached to her skirt again, this

time at the back. I figured if she was this horny, and the guys

behaved so good, that they deserved a second viewing. I raised her

skirt again, this time showing them the most perfectly round ass

they could ever find. Strutting down the street in high–heel

sandals, with her skirt raised, her ass was doing the sexiest shake

imaginable. And they were watching. If not, their sudden burst of

shouting and clapping was for something else. She beamed with pride.

She loved the attention of men, even if her historically

conservative ways prevented her from receiving it much.

We quickly walked the remaining few blocks home. Arm in arm, with

sexy tongue dances and chest gropes, we knew we'd both be naked

within 10 seconds of getting in the door. And we were. Her pussy was

already primed for her second orgasm of the night, and my cock was

standing at attention like never before. It was an incredible night

of hot, passionate sex.

Now I can't wait for her to wear her sheer, white cowgirl blouse to

a movie.