**Naked Under Her Coat**

by[benisjamin](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1361047&page=submissions)©

"I know you don't really want an engagement party but my university friends probably won't come to our wedding and were keen to do something." Becky said to me trying to convince me an evening out with a bunch of people I barely knew would be enjoyable.

- "Yeah I know and it's ok. It should be fun."

"Good, and yeah it should be. I could make it a lot more fun for you, you know?" She teased.

- "How would you do that?"

"Is there anything you would like me to wear?"

- "What's wrong with what you are wearing?" I asked as she'd just spent ages doing her hair, make-up and had a nice dress on.

"No, no you don't understand. Is there anything you would really like me to wear tonight?...Or perhaps not wear..." Becky asked, biting her lower lip and giving a lustful look.

- "Well... I'd like it if you wore your new coat..."

"I can do that."

- "I mean just your coat, nothing else...at all" I stated, clarifying my thoughts.

"Yeah, I can do that." Becky reaffirmed, she knew exactly what I meant and clearly liked the idea.

She disappeared into the bathroom with her new bright blue trench coat under her arm. I lay down on her bed with my heart racing, we were about to go out to our own engagement party with who knows how many of her university friends at a bar that was unknown to me and she would dressed in nothing but a short rain coat.

I couldn't believe it, occasionally Becky was in the mood to show off her body and do wild things but not that often and anything we had done so far had just been the two of us not a huge group of her friends. The door creaked open, I had my phone out to capture this on video as I didn't want to miss it. She stood with her arms crossed, the short trench coat showed off her long legs in a way I'd not seen before. She grinned and laughed as she spoke.

"It's not as warm as you'd think..."

- "Not as warm? What's not as warm?"

"The coat."

- "Well that might also be to do with what else you are wearing?" I teased as she walked slowly toward me.

"But I'm not wearing anything else underneath...nothing at all."

- "Well that's very naughty. I love it!" I beamed.

"I know! Shall we go?"

- "Yes, just before we do... open your coat and show me..."

"And ruin the anticipation?... I'll give you a glimpse..." She replied while undoing the belt of the coat that was holding it closed.

Becky held the material so it didn't show much but I could see a definitive line of skin which went all the way from her face down to her exposed legs. There was clearly nothing underneath and I made some approving noises as she re tied her jacket. She put on some nice black heeled shoes that had black laces that tie together halfway up her calf.

I still couldn't believe she was going to do this, she had changed a lot in her time at university. Through the confidence I helped give her in her own body doubled with her new found popularity she had turned from such a shy girl who thought she had an unremarkable body into a little minx who loved to show off on occasion. She was rarely keen to show any skin in public but from time to time she'd want to wear something sexy. She had also grown to love the attention a lot of boys at university gave her and would be getting more attention than normal tonight now we were engaged all eyes were on her - so she was out wearing just a coat!

As soon as we left her small flat she expressed dislike of the low temperature but made no sign of concern at what she was wearing, this in a way was even more a turn on -- it was like she did it all the time or nothing unusual was happening. My heart was pounding harder and harder the more people we passed while we walked but Becky just seemed to smile more and more taking it all in clearly enjoying the whole experience. As we got to the bar a few people were waiting for us and welcomed us, a few guys offered to get us drinks and take our coats which made Becky and I look at each other and smile.

"LEGS!! - Becky! I've never seen your legs on show like they are tonight! Are you even wearing anything under there? Must be a very short skirt!" Becky's friend Rachel joked.

- "Oh it's tiny, there's nothing there!" Becky replied laughing, glancing at me with a wink.

"I know what you mean I've a few like that, not brave enough to wear them out anymore though!" Rachel continued. "Always scared someone will see my underwear!"

- "Yeah, I don't think anyone will see mine tonight!" Becky continued to joke bravely, Rachel unaware of the truth of all she was saying.

"Because you aren't wearing any!" Rachel laughed clearly thinking her statement was absurd.

- "Something like that!"

"Ooh I'm intrigued!" Rachel grinned. Becky smiled at her and then started talking to other people who were arriving.

As the evening wore on the alcohol was affecting everyone more and more. Becky had always been a bit of a flirt and clearly when I was not around during the week some of the guys grew a little too fond of this and perhaps a little too fond of her. When I was around at the weekends things always seemed a little awkward as they didn't know what to make of me.

"Aren't you hot in that coat Becky?" her friend Jon asked. "You sure I can't take it for you?"

- "It's all she's wearing." I blurted out. Becky looked stunned and horrified at my announcement to those nearby.

"What? Really? Yeah whatever..." Jon replied assuming I couldn't be serious. "Though I've never seen your legs properly Becky, didn't think you had any skirts?" He asked poking fun of her more usual way of dressing.

Becky looked stunned and kept quiet, she started to go red and stood crossing her arms and legs looking away from everyone. Jon looked a little closer at her as she stood.

"I think you might just be serious..." Jon hesitantly stated while looking at me. I raised my eyebrows and gave the impression I wasn't sure.

- "What's this?" Their friend Andrew asked as he overheard a snippet of conversation.

"I don't think Becky's wearing anything underneath her coat!"

- "Yeah right! -- You wish!" Andrew rebuked.

"No I'm serious! Ben said it was all she's wearing and Becky hasn't said a word since and is now looking very uncomfortable, plus look at her can you see anything but her coat?!" Jon explained. Becky looked at them both and shrugged.

- "No I don't believe it. Becky open your coat." Andrew requested reaching out his arms to grab the buckle on the belt holding her coat together.

"No, no, NO -- NO -- STOP! I'M SERIOUS STOP!" Becky screamed with more panic in each word as Jon and Andrew tried to hold her down and open her jacket. My heart raced as I stood motionless, horrified yet incredibly turned on by what was happening.

At this point almost everyone else had also stopped what they were doing and were now looking at Becky, Jon and Andrew. A few others nearby started to whisper and joke amongst themselves about it all.

"Becky has an announcement to make!" Andrew stated loudly still with a grasp on her coat, Becky's hands were on top of his in a desperate effort to stop him pulling the buckle holding her jacket closed. "Becky if you don't tell them I'm going to show them!" He then threatened.

Becky was pushing desperately against Jon who was holding her by the shoulders to stop her running off. A group of her guy friends all stood around like vultures waiting for something to happen and I remained stunned, fully focused on Andrew's hand and his grip on Becky's belt buckle.

"Thank you all for coming!" Becky called out with panic in her voice. "No, please don't!" She then whispered to Andrew directly. Everyone cheered at the first of her statements.

- "Hey. Let go." I said firmly in Andrew's ear as I stepped in. He obeyed and raised his hands like I'd put a gun to his back. "It's true, now let it go and leave her alone." I demanded. He wouldn't try anything now as he knew I was serious. Becky gasped as she straightened her jacket out and regained some composure, she then hugged me in thanks.

As the evening wore on Andrew and Jon continued to be fascinated by Becky's outfit. They stood drinking in a corner regularly pointing at her and gesturing a lot with their hands. After Becky had made the rounds and talked with many of her friends she came and stood next to me, I put my arm around her shoulder and we walked over to Jon and Andrew who gestured we go outside with them. It was quite a lot colder outside, Becky shivered and rubbed her arms while keeping them crossed, her long exposed legs soon getting goose bumps as she stood bouncing from foot to foot.

"Cold?" Andrew asked Becky directly.

- "What do you think?" she snapped.

"So...." Jon awkwardly said, looking up with his hands in his pockets.

- "So..." Becky replied in a similar fashion.

"So.. you really are naked under your coat! We think..." Andrew began to speak.

- "What do you think?" I asked dubiously.

"...We think you should prove it."

- "Why would I do that?" Becky asked in outrage.

"Well if you don't, we will tell everyone! -- You don't have to open your coat fully, just show us enough to know there's nothing else under there."

- "Well... I don't think anyone would believe you but I tell you what... I'll give you this. It should keep you going a while." Becky confidently teased while she noticed the boys both flip their phones to camera mode.

She pulled her coat apart slightly at the opening near her neck, pulling it down and apart enough to see a lot of chest, she moved her hands down revealing more and more cleavage and the gap between her breasts, you could see the edges of her perky boobs and nothing else where a bra would normally be. The guys stood with their mouths wide open in a stunned silence.

"Kinky." Becky boldly proclaimed.

- "Hell yes!" the boys shouted. "We still don't believe you aren't wearing something else under there though!" Andrew then added.

"Tough that's all you're getting!" Becky retorted.

- "But we will tell everyone!..." Jon pleaded in desperation.

"Well if you don't really believe it why would everyone else? You clearly do believe it, you just want to see more."

- "What are you all doing out here?" Rachel asked as she stepped outside to join us, breaking up some of the tension. "Becky you must be glad you kept your coat on its pretty cold out here!" She continued as the rest of us exchanged awkward looks.

"Yeah very glad!" Becky answered. "I'd be very cold without it!" She added sticking her tongue out at the boys playfully.

- "You're not even wearing tights your legs must be freezing! And the draft going right up your skirt!" Rachel innocently stated.

"Yeah its very windy! I feel like I may as well be naked under this coat!"

- "What exactly are you wearing? I can't even see anything under your jacket." She leaned in closer to Becky and myself so the guys couldn't hear "And if you aren't wearing a bra I bet you're poking out more than normal!"

"Yeah that is an issue!" Becky replied loudly so all could hear. "Let's go back inside." She requested.

- "Some of us are thinking of going to a club shortly, you want to come along? Obviously it's your party but you might have other things you'd rather be doing after. Still it'd be a shame to waste your outfit and not show it off, sounds a bit risqué for this bar we're in now?"

"It's about as revealing as an outfit could be!" Becky declared with Andrew and Jon smirking as they lingered in the background.

- "Oh well then you definitely have to show it off before you get hitched! I'm sure Ben won't mind?" Rachel continued, turning to me for approval.

"Yes they definitely need to come to the club and show off what Becky is wearing under the coat!" Andrew loudly added.

- "Have you seen it?" Rachel turned and asked.

"She showed us a glimpse, very hot, very revealing! We couldn't see anything but skin!" Jon enthused.

- "Aw you naughty girl I don't think I've seen this side of you, I like it! Sounds like you are practically naked under there!" Rachel beamed happily.

A group of those from our party soon headed off to a club that wasn't too far to walk from where we were. As we walked most people talked of things going on at university and how much work they had to do while grumbling they had lectures at 9am Monday which meant they couldn't be out as late as they wanted to be.

But quite a few people continued to be fascinated by Becky's attire and I could hear murmurs among them saying they thought she could be naked under her coat, most seemed to dismiss this idea quickly as it wasn't like her at all but they did all seem to agree she had great legs and should show them off more. It was a hot topic and Rachel seemed very keen to see her sexy outfit and just how revealing it was, Becky however was looking more and more worried as we got closer to the club. Once we arrived she looked terrified. After waiting in line for some time the doormen let us through and we stood inside paying to enter, some of us leaving coats in the cloakroom behind the main desk.

"Come on Becky we're all dying to see what you're wearing!" Rachel enthused. Becky looked at me wide eyed and concerned.

- "Becky won't be taking her coat off." I stated so everyone could hear, struggling to raise my voice above the bass thudding from the main hall next door.

"Because she's not wearing anything else!" Andrew shouted loudly. Everyone looked at him in disbelief and then turned to Becky expectantly.

- "Is that true Becky?" Rachel asked directly sounding rather exited by the idea.

"Well not exactly..." Becky bashfully answered. She smiled, looking away and going red in the face. The tension among her friends was palpable. "I mean... I'm also wearing these shoes..." She added bursting into laughter. An audible gasp came from the guys around us.

- "No way!" Rachel screamed. "That's so hot! -- Are you serious?"

"Yes." Becky confirmed, nodding in what appeared to be relief that the truth was out.

- "So just to clarify, you are wearing nothing but a coat and your shoes?" A voice called out that I didn't know.

"Nothing else."

- "No underwear?" Another voice shouted.

"Nope!" Becky answered now smiling ear to ear and looking rather flushed.

Her friends couldn't believe it, they all wanted to ask her about it and now it was out in the open there was a huge added buzz in the air. It was now always going to be known as the evening Becky went out wearing just a coat rather than being our engagement party. People thought it was brave and sexy but most of all they couldn't believe she had done it at all because she just wasn't known for dressing sexy.

We all found some seats in the corner of the club near the bar and sat on some leather sofas where those of us left could talk. Becky had difficulty keeping her modesty covered as she sat because if she sat forward and crossed her legs the top of her coat gaped open and with people now being extra vigilant trying to look down her top that wasn't an option, however if she sat back she then couldn't cross her legs which was also essential. She ended up sat forward and just had to make extra effort to keep her arms over her coat and keep it closed.

People wanted to know if it was the first time Becky had done anything like this and she began to speak of the time we went for a picnic and she spilled juice on her top, she then looked around to see how many people were there and despite being rather a crowded park took off her tank top revealing her bra briefly to the public before putting her zip up hoody back on. The story didn't seem as exciting as tonight until she explained she then saw juice on her bra too so unhooked it and took that off too before leaving the zip of her hoody undone at the front. I remember well as she lay down on the blanket with her tummy on show and her breasts almost fully exposed except for her nipples.

"What will you be doing next?" One of her friends asked curiously.

- "I don't know, I don't plan these things far in advance!" Becky replied looking a little embarrassed.

"Well is there anything you've thought of doing and haven't yet? You're a gorgeous girl you can get away with this kind of stuff!"

- "Well... I'm not so sure about that, but... I've a few ideas... But I don't want to be getting a reputation as some kind of whore!"

"Well... you'll have a reputation now, not a whore though as you're loyal to one man! Plus it's not like anyone can see anything!" Rachel said enthusiastically trying to encourage Becky to continue.

- "Yeah I mean no one knows if the carpet matches the drapes yet." Andrew smirked. Someone asked what that meant. "It means... you know, does her hair below match the hair on her head!" A few girls punched him playfully as he giggled.

"Oh what! Andy I can't believe you. You're obsessed!" Becky squealed at him.

- "Well if the colours don't match then where's the commitment? It's good to know these kinds of things... Plus is it a light trim, landing strip, thumb print, nothing at all..." He continued, clearly quite drunk.

"Why is that good to know?!" Another girl asked him quite angrily.

- "Because it's nice to have an idea of how kinky a woman is and you can kind of tell by how well they groom down below."

"Oh shut up Andy!" The girls shouted together in disgust. He was still adamant he had a point, I just laughed.

Becky, Rachel and a few of the girls decided to get up and go for a dance on the dance floor. I stayed with most the guys on the sofas, they were still stunned and kept asking me more about Becky while constantly looking over to the dance floor to see what the girls were doing. A few headed over to join them and they all seemed to form a circle around Becky as she raised her arms in the air and danced. A few people around the club seemed to take an interest in our group and there was lots of talking in peoples ears and pointing at Becky -- Strangers would then pull a surprised face and stare more intently at Becky who seemed to enjoy the attention, swaying her dark hair from side to side as she danced.

Eventually a guy tried to dance with Becky, she wasn't showing much interest at first but then he started to sort of grind up against her, which she stopped but they then danced together in the same rhythm. He put his hand around her waist before trying to move his hands lower and lower from her back down over her ass. She didn't seem to mind too much and smiled keeping her hair from her face with her hands multiple times so he could see she was enjoying it. He seemed to take this as his cue and moved his hand down to her legs. A huge group of people now watched, fascinated by where this may go and I was watching intently from a distance completely ignoring all that was going on around me.

The guy dancing with Becky was dancing away and slowly moving his hand further and further up her leg and so far Becky wasn't stopping him at all. He then moved his hand what must have been too far as her smile dramatically changed to a face of shock, she batted his hand away but he wasn't stopping and pulled her closer now with both hands firmly on her ass -- she tried to push him away but he was just laughing, at which point Rachel and some other girls grabbed him and pulled him away. He scarpered off into the crowds with a few guys giving him high fives. Becky and the girls all promptly came back over to us at the sofa's.

"Oh my word, the Cheek!" Becky screamed.

- "Looked like he had both cheeks!" Andy laughed gaining a huge scowl from all the girls, the boys all laughed.

"He seemed to know just what I'm wearing?" Becky questioned to anyone listening.

- "Yeah everyone knows." Jon responded quite sharply.

"How?!"

- "Well people started asking who you were in the middle and we said you were out on your engagement party and had decided to go out naked under your coat."

"Thanks so much... I'm never going to live this down! You may as well have announced it over the sound system!" Becky angrily ranted.

- "No, you aren't going to live it down. May as well burn all your underwear because from now on people will be more surprised if you're wearing it than the surprise in not wearing it tonight!" Jon responded.

"You'd love that wouldn't you!"

- "Well yeah!"

"You think I'll be walking around in tiny skirts and backless tops all day with nothing underneath..." Becky mocked.

- "Sounds great!"

"Well if I do.. it won't be for you lot!" she continued, looking at me and smiling. "Come on Mister. I wasn't done dancing but I need you to look after me so other guys don't try anything."

We got up and a few of Becky's friends came to join us, as we wandered over to the dance floor it was like the whole place was looking at us, and to an extent they were. Becky refused to be phased by the attention and just started to move to the beat. She raised her arms and started to bend her knees and sway her hips quite sensually. I put my arms around her waist and she smiled at me as we danced.

A circle of people started to form around us, many with camera phones flashing. Becky turned around so that she could grind her ass up against my crotch, as she did this she moved my hands to her chest. I put my hands firmly on her breasts and she then pulled the jacket apart to reveal more and more of the skin between her breasts while my hands stopped the material going too far. The crowd of people around us were stood in awe, some shouting approvingly but most just smiling and watching intently, fascinated by the show. Becky leaned back and turned her head to face me as best she could so she could smile at me.

Then Becky started to reach for the belt buckle on her jacket, as soon as she touched it there was a cheer. She very slowly began to loosen the belt, making sure she held the jacket closed while untying it. Once the belt was undone she continued to hold the coat closed but moved the sides further and further apart so you could see a huge gap from her neck down to her now exposed belly button, her hands holding it closed above her pussy but with her chest almost completely on show apart from her nipples.

She closed the jacket again and began to stick her leg out, parting the material over her thigh more and more and then pulling it further apart well above her hip so you could see there was definitely no underwear at all underneath. The crowd around us was going crazy with guys jumping around. Becky soon turned back around and while facing me re tied the belt to hold her coat together.

"Now they know for sure. But they aren't getting any more -- Take me away from here so we can take this thing off properly!" Becky demanded staring deep into my eyes.

- "Gladly! But I'm curious just how far you'd go with this? You pretty much just stood there topless!" I asked delicately as we walked away from the dance floor to a quieter corner.

"The way I'm feeling I'd go a lot further... if I didn't know 20 people in this club and have to see them again most days for the next year!"

- "How far?" I asked curiously, my heart racing at the prospect of what she might say or do.

"I'd probably dance on that little stage with a pole on it. I think then I would feel like a stripper so I would act like one!..." She grinned.

- "You'd strip?"

"Yeah!" Becky answered quite firmly.

- "But if you stripped out of your coat..?"

"I'd be up there naked!"

- "And you would do that? If there weren't loads of your friends here?!"

"Yeah I would!" She stated happily. "Oh well, maybe another place and another time." She continued playfully.

With this revelation my intentions rapidly changed and my desire to get out of there so I could get her to myself changed. All I wanted to do was see her strip in that crowded nightclub. But she just wouldn't do it if her friends were there so I needed to keep Becky in the club and get her friends out. There was also the fear she may be thrown out if she stripped naked. At this point an idea formed and I left Becky alone a minute to go speak to the security men near the main entrance.

"You see the girl there in the short blue coat?" I asked the large men, they looked at me and frowned. "The brunette with hair to her shoulder? Long legs?" I continued until they nodded. "Well she isn't wearing anything underneath that coat."

- "Nice! how do you know that?" One of them replied happily.

"Yeah very nice, She's my fiancee. But what's even better is she just said to me she would like to do a pole dance and strip out of the coat... if she didn't have a load of her friends here..."

- "I see."

"Can you see where I am going with this?"

- "Yeah I think so, we make the friends leave, you make sure she strips. Sounds like a fair deal to me." The biggest of the doormen said calmly.

"And you don't mind having... such exposure in your establishment?"

- "We don't mind, if people want to show a little skin that's their choice."

"A little?"

- "Well ok a lot of skin!" He added laughing.

"Great. I'll go back over to her, her friends are all on the sofas to the right of the bar, -smoking weed- I'll make sure they're all together." The staff nodded in mutual understanding as I wandered back over to Becky.

"What was that about?" Becky enquired as I went back to her.

- "I'll tell you in a second. Is everyone over on the sofas?" I asked urgently.

"Yeah why?" She replied as I nodded to the doormen who came through straight to the group of Becky's friends. They all sat up quickly and looked massively confused, some of them quite annoyed but they didn't fight too hard as the staff walked them out the club in mass. On their way out some asked about us but I heard the bouncers say we were fine but they had to go.

"What did you just do?!" Becky shouted sounding confused, upset but also a little excited.

- "Me?.... Now there's no one here who knows you... Oh look that pole is free!" I excitedly pointed out.

Becky smiled and then looked down waiting a while as if she were contemplating her next move. Still facing the ground her eyes looked up at me and she cracked a huge smile before bursting into life. She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the small stage with a pole in the centre of it. She jumped onto the stage which was a couple of feet higher than the floor and started to swing around the pole happily. People soon noticed she was there and with so many of them having been tipped off earlier about her lack of garments they flocked around her like she were a celebrity. Those who weren't in on it were soon told as word spread around the crowd. Some of the security staff also came back in wanting to observe, they looked over at me and nodded pleased to see her on the stage.

Attention was now firmly on my fiancée and she was loving it. Before long her dance moves were getting more and more erotic, but she was still firmly covered with her jacket. She swayed her hips provocatively with her legs slightly apart, knees bent and back to the pole Her head rolled back and she held her arms up to the pole then slowly moved them down over her face onto her chest.

The crowd cheered as she caressed her own breasts and moved her hands down further to the belt on her coat which was still tied. Soon she had her thumbs looped underneath it, tugging gently on the belt. Her head rolled forward and she had her mouth open seductively, looking lustfully at the crowd of people watching her. They cheered as she bit her lower lip and began to untie the belt buckle. Cheers and whistles grew louder and louder until there was a clear chant of,

"Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!"

Becky knew she had everyone's attention now and what they wanted so was going to enjoy the tease. I doubt anyone seriously thought she would take anything off, even if they had believed she was naked under her coat, but they wanted it all the same and a lot of people stood waiting on the glimmer of hope she may actually show the goods.

Similarly to how she had earlier when dancing with me, only this time leaning back against the pole, Becky stuck her leg out and pulled the material over her thigh further and further back revealing more and more of her skin. This time she had also pulled the right side of the coat across her front so it was covering all the way to her opposite arm and leg, she then let the other side slide more and more down her left shoulder. The material slipped lower and lower down her arm revealing the bare skin next to her breast, her side and the whole of her left leg. The crowd erupted as this showed her entire left side and removed any last doubts that she was naked under her coat because virtually her entire left side was completely exposed.

Becky then leaned back against the pole again and let the material slip off her left arm completely. With her right arm still sleeved she held the coat crookedly over her front but her back was now exposed with just a hint of material covering her arse as it was trapped between her skin and the pole. She stepped forward and the coat swung away from her body revealing her entire back and ass, leaving them completely exposed. The small stage she was on was round in shape and not up against a wall so people could stand 360 degrees around it, this meant it was nearly impossible to reveal parts of her body to everyone at the same time and would make any teases harder to pull off.

Years back when I was first getting intimate with Becky she wasn't too keen to show off her ass, in fact she was always quite shy about her whole body. She took a long time before she wore a thong in front of me but pretty quickly after doing so she became comfortable enough to walk around my house completely naked. Here she was remaining unfazed with her whole backside naked and on show in a nightclub full of people watching! She kept dancing in such a way you'd think she did this kind of thing all the time and had all the confidence in the world.

Still holding her coat across her chest Becky managed to get her right arm out of its sleeve so she now just held the coat loose over her front. She moved around the stage enough that everyone watching got a view of her exposed ass which they all appreciated and cheered at. Then she took an even more bold move and managed to climb a few more feet up the pole with just one arm and her leg wrapped around it, getting herself so she could press her thighs together from either side of the pole to hold her in place and sit up. Her coat was pressed against her front between her body and the pole meaning she could briefly let go of the jacket with her hands and hold the pole while she wriggled her hips and got more stable.

Then with her legs tightly squeezed she balanced, suspended halfway up the pole with it pressed against her pussy and her thighs. One arm was holding her stable so she could stretch her long exposed legs out and cross them at her feet. She then leaned back, holding the coat over her boobs with her spare hand while holding the pole tightly with her other. I could sense she was unsure about her next move so after rocking a little to check her stability, she kept her legs crossed at her feet and bent her knees until they latched onto the pole underneath her. With her legs locked this way she had her pussy and thighs pressed one way and her locked ankles pushing the other way meaning she was fairly secure on the pole. Becky then let go of the pole with her holding arm and managed to lean her body completely backward. Her weight would have been uneven but to counter this she let both her arms stretch away from her body and with what must have been a huge amount of core strength and pressure between her legs, her whole body was laying flat, her top half and upper legs positioned like she were on a cross.

Becky's coat was just now resting on top of her like a loose tablecloth. She then began to tilt backward more and more so her head got lower and lower to the stage while her knees raised higher and higher the opposite side. The crowd was going berserk and I was just in awe.

Still suspended in the air she had her head back, hair going crazy dangling down from head and arms pointing out as far as they could, her coat began to slip nearer and nearer to her face revealing more and more of her thighs at the other end. The blue material seemed to linger a moment but then it slipped further and we saw the pole pressed right up against naked skin. People went crazy as they realised her shaved pussy was in view right against the metal pole. The people the other side of the stage didn't have the same great view but her completely naked back and legs still looked outrageously sexy from behind and those seeing it cheered wildly.

Becky clearly knew the coat was slipping but kept her arms stretched out as it crept further up her body and closer to the ground beneath. More and more skin was showing above her pussy until her belly button crept into view. With her face now covered by the coat she let her body tilt back further so she was almost entirely upside down. At that point the coat then just fell off her body entirely, revealing absolutely everything to the astonished crowd.

Becky took a moment to soak in the cheers and probably gain some composure as the crowd reacted wildly and she took in what was happening, hanging there totally naked. With her arms reached out her stomach was a gorgeous tight view and her soft but perky breasts lay stretched flat, looking smaller than than they were. She then reached her hands down and put them on the stage before releasing her legs from the pole and cartwheeling backward into a standing position. The crowd gave a deafening roar while she stood there two foot up on stage revealing everything.

Becky stood naked, she smiled and bowed to the crowd with her arms open wide, walking to four sides of the small stage and repeating so everyone could get a good look at her firm perky breasts, toned stomach, long tight legs and incredibly sexy shaved pussy. She looked me in the eyes as I clapped furiously and cheered, her face beaming with happiness as the excitement filled us both.

Becky stood there a moment while everyone cheered and then went to pick up her coat and come down from the stage, but just as she crouched down there was a huge jeer. A voice screamed "We want more!" And almost instantly all the men were chanting "We want more! We want more!" Becky stood back up and gestured with her arms to calm down, her body language saying "Ok I'll stay... but I'm not sure what to do."

She soon grabbed the pole with her right arm and hooked her leg on it. Stretched out like a starfish she span around the pole gracefully, bending her right knee enough to take some support on the pole with her other arm and leg mirroring the positions but flying free in the air. After spinning around the pole a few times she decided to stand with her back pressed against the pole, one arm up holding it above her head and the other caressing her body.

She opened her legs wider while provocatively grinding her hips from side to side and back and forth, crouching further and further down until her ass rested on the heels of her shoes. Becky continued to grind her hips, opening and closing her legs until she then leaned forward and rested on her hands and knees. On all fours she pressed her boobs together while looking a stranger with a camera pointed her right in the eye. She sat up, still on her knees and moved her hands sensually up her body over her face and into her hair. She bounced her hair around while closing her eyes and turning her head to the side, her body now humping the air like she were riding a person underneath her.

"Masturbate! Masturbate! Masturbate!" The crowd now chanted. Becky smiled and bit her fingers seductively. Moving her hands across her skin and down toward her pussy, she continued to grind her hips while she placed her hand over her pussy and began to rub it gently. She then moved her middle finger more and more over the opening while she faced the crowd and bit on the fingers of her free hand like a gag.

Still on her knees her masturbating hand moved faster and faster while she rolled her head around and caressed her breasts with the other. As the crowd whooped and cheered loudly she moved faster and faster until her eyes opened wider than ever before, then they suddenly closed shut and she stopped moving at all. She sat up straight still on her knees as wave upon wave of ecstasy filled her convulsing body. Moments later she opened her eyes and saw hundreds of faces looking at her cheering, she went bright red and immediately reached for her Jacket. She put her coat back on and jumped down from the stage straight into my arms.

"You ok?" I asked sincerely

- "Yeah.." Becky puffed looking flushed and gasping for air. "What came over me?"

"I don't know but it was incredible!" I encouraged her as she stood embarrassed with lots of people smiling at her and then turning away to carry on with their evenings. A few came up and screamed loudly in our ears about how great she was, we just laughed until they went away. "That's just got me thinking." I added.

- "What has?" Becky quizzed looking concerned.

"Well although all your friends left, there were a lot of people here to see this and there were a lot of pictures and videos taken!"

- "Oh god..."

"These people will talk of the most legendary night when a hot girl stripped naked at this club while pole dancing. They will post pictures online and forward videos to their friends.. It will spread like wildfire and people you know will surely find out."

- "Oh no...." Becky sighed looking downbeat. "Maybe I should just burn all my underwear like Jon said."

"But I don't think people will believe it. I mean they will want too, theres evidence, some where even here earlier to see a bit of skin but unless they saw the whole show they wont really believe it - and you're not known for anything like this so it will become more a mystery of if you really did or not, some will believe some won't." I began to explain as we walked out the club, gaining cheers from those who saw us leave and a few pats on the back from the security men.

- "You're right! Well I hope you are, Monday could be very interesting in lectures... Especially if I only wear the coat then too!"

**Naked Under Her Coat Ch. 02: After the Coat**

"Do you think this is okay?" Becky asked stepping out of her room. "I'm not sure about the way it shows my underwear here on the hip."

"Do you have anything smaller, with string rather than the thick black band thats showing?"

"Like a G-string. No not really, I've always thought if underwear ends up that small why am I bothering?"

"So why are you bothering?"

"Well... They often say that with a little black dress you should go without..."

"Thats not really a little black dress though, its a long skirt and a boob tube. Plus its red!"

"Hey its better than all the other prom dresses I tried."

Becky had spent some time looking for dresses for her law department university ball. She was one of very few girls who had taken this course as it was new to the university. As a result many of the boys took a real shine to her, especially as in her late teens she had bloomed into a really beautiful young woman. A few months before this we had thrown and engagement party that ended up being legendary among not only her friends but the whole university.

The engagement party caused Becky's reputation at university to change dramatically, She was always known as a pretty girl but one who never showed much skin or did anything particularly daring. In our night out to celebrate our engagement she had gone out wearing just her short trench coat and nothing underneath. Her friends spent the whole evening trying to validate just what she was wearing until we confirmed verbally and then showed glimpses of naked skin under the coat. As the evening wore on Becky was receiving more and more attention and seemed to love it so much that it really turned her on. She teased me by suggesting she would strip out the coat if her friends weren't there and I managed to devise a way to get them out the club. Then the real events came after her friends had left and the stories of her daring striptease followed us everywhere long after that evening, peoples videos and pictures circulated online and it was difficult for Becky for a while.

She had spent a few weeks in denial of it all and tried to carry on as if nothing had ever happened. She hoped that because when she stripped naked that because all her friends had been kicked out of the club that they wouldn't believe any stories they heard. But when the videos and pictures started to appear online and on peoples phones it became hard to deny, though most the shots were dark and blurry other people at the club had recognised Becky and then friends recognised her on the videos meaning she'd had a hard time living down that evening's events. She couldn't deny it as there was proof almost everywhere she looked and for a while everywhere she went someone would wolf whistle and ask her for a lap dance or if they could see under her coat.

So then eventually rather than deny it she accepted it and took it on the chin, she began to play on it more and more and though she continued to dress more conservatively she would allow people to pretend she had neglected her underwear or that she would be getting naked later. These ideas soon became a common joke between her friends that never went anywhere and despite being founded in a truth of the past people began to give up hope Becky would do anything like it again. That was until the prom.

Becky had looked at various dresses of various lengths and though I liked the idea of one of the short black ones with no back but she opted for a different approach. When she went out wearing just the coat she had gained a lot of positive comments about her legs that until then she had never been keen to display, she then realised she had great legs and loved peoples positive comments. But she had always felt her best feature was her flat stomach and this prom dress she had chosen would show that off fully. A gorgeous deep red two piece that hugged her form and showed off skin.

The dress was really two elements, a long skirt from hip to toe that was made of light material that flowed elegantly while staying close to her form. Then there was a strapless top that was basically just a tube around her breasts that didn't quite meet at the back where two parallel pieces of string tied and left a few inches gap, clearly showing the lack of a bra or anything else underneath. The concern Becky now had was the skirt had a similar tie around the waistline, it had a slit all the way up one leg that met where two strings tied and left a gap. She had tried to wear her smallest black underwear but it stood out like a sore thumb and her red panties clashed horribly with the rich dark red of the skirt.

"Shall I just go without then?" Becky grinned playfully.

"Well, you've done it before! And everyone always jokes about it!" I encouraged.

"Yeah but I don't think anyone expects it to be true anymore, this will be more obvious."

"You love it." I stated firmly knowing full well she was going to do it anyway.

"I loved the tease last time and its been a good while since my last bit of excitement. But it cant go as far as last time this is my subject ball, with all the people I studied with for three years and all our professors and lecturers too. This is just a tease." Becky explained as she hooked her thumbs in her underwear and slowly lowered it off her hips until it fell under her skirt to the floor and she stepped away from it entirely. "Oh my..." She giggled.

Becky had insisted on walking all the way to the ball which was the other side of town. This meant walking for an hour, at times through busy areas of the city dressed in a suit and Becky's red outfit. She looked stunning with her dark shoulder length hair and make up was immaculate, her finger and toe nails were painted red to match her dress and lipstick and her thick dark eyeshadow brought attention to her stunning sky blue eyes. She complimented her Skirt and top with long black sparkly gloves that covered her arms all the way to her shoulders and her black open toed heels made her taller than I was used to. To top it off she had a black feather boa wrapped around her neck to keep her warm, a pathetic gesture as her entire middle was completely exposed.

It seemed we were walking forever and so many people stared as we walked past. Many made comments but mostly just to each other as they stood in awe of Becky as she confidently walked past having never looked better.

"This slit is very dangerous, the material is so light even the slightest breeze or movement threatens to pull it away!" Becky complained as we hit a quieter stretch of path.

"What can we do?"

"Not a lot. Just learn to enjoy it!" Becky shrugged as we finally approached the old building that was hosting the ball.

"What is this building?" I asked staring up at the stone columns and large arched windows.

"It's an old guild building, I'm not sure which one." Becky answered without much interest in my question. As we approached the steps a familiar voice called out.

"Becky is that you? Oh wow! I know you have great legs, look at you showing some more of the goods!" Rachel shouted as she quickly walked toward us and greeted us.

"Well look at you, boobs all out on show! These law folk wont know what hit them!" Becky giggled pointing at Rachel's backless gaping dress. "Lets go inside."

Rachel wasn't studying law but Becky's friend Jon had asked her to attend. Each student was allowed a plus one, hence my attendance and that of many other people. It was mostly guys who studied physics but loads of people had gone and though outnumbered there were plenty of glamorously dressed young women all looking good.

Becky however looked better than good and as soon as she walked into the hall all eyes seemed to turn to her. She smiled as we walked in to be greeted by a number of people, Jon and Andrew immediately appeared as did their housemates Callum and Chris who had all enjoyed Becky's antics online after our engagement party and loved the idea she may do something like it again, their faces were a picture when she walked in.

"Becky, all joking aside. You are gorgeous. You look fantastic." Andrew sincerely beamed.

"Aw, thanks Andrew thats probably the nicest thing you've ever said."

"You do though." Callum added with a jitter as his voice creeped out from his long hair, he was a lot more shy than the tall and loud Andrew.

The guys stayed in a group all night, occasionally making conversation with Rachel and her housemates Stella and Miriam who had come as guests of the boys. Who actually came with who was unclear as it was all based around friendship rather than an actual date and everyone seemed to just enjoy spending time out in a different environment.

The ball started with a sit down meal before some toasts and awards for various things like "Most outrageous hair." "Best question during a lecture." and a host of other random awards that had people laughing.

"And now we have an award we weren't sure how to name, so its simply - Who we are most likely to remember - Rebecca White! Becky come up here." They beckoned as all eyes moved to Becky who rose from her seat next to me. "My word, look at you. Tonight proving once again why you won't be forgotten." Jack, the head of the debate team commented as she walked toward him at the front of the room where everyones attention was focused. "You win this because for two and a half years we finally had someone who was equally clever, beautiful and kind. And then you went viral on the internet and we couldn't believe it was the same person!" Jack continued to huge applause. Becky raised her arm and small plaque in the air soaking in the applause with good humour.

Becky returned to our table with a red face as she appeared embarrassed. She hoped at least the lecturers hadn't seen her antics from our engagement party but at this point she just wanted to celebrate the fast approaching end of university and some good time with her friends. We'd all been steadily drinking as Chris and Andrew were keeping a constant supply coming to our table so that when the band had set up and music began we were all really keen to dance immediately.

"Becky... are you wearing underwear?" Rachel bluntly asked reaching her arm around Becky's shoulder. "Ooh your feather boa tickles!" She continued in her slightly drunken stupor.

"Hey don't start I'm wearing a lot more than at the engagement party!" Becky mockingly answered.

"Well, more items, I'm not sure you're more covered." Chris commented frankly.

"Well. That's probably true, but I haven't got my legs on display like then."

"No you haven't and thats a shame, but there's a large slit in your skirt showing us a good glimpse and you've never shown off your stomach like you are so that's pretty awesome." Jon added.

"Do you like it?" Becky asked sounding happy and tipsy. "Or would you rather see my legs?"

"Well.. I think I can speak for all the guys when I say it'd be great to see both!" Jon answered quite boldly.

"Really? Wouldn't that be too much?"

"Not at all!" Andrew roared bursting into the group conversation. "Get your legs out. I dare you!"

"Do you now? And how do you suppose I will get my legs out? - Anyway if you dare me, I dare you!" Becky responded firmly.

"You dare me what?" Andrew asked in surprise.

"I dare all the boys to go ask the girl they've had a crush on for a date."

"What makes you think we have a crush on anyone, or that they're even here?" Chris asked trying to sound more sure of himself than actually came across.

"Come on! You're all single boys, you've definitely all had crushes - now's the time to do something!"

"And if we do? Then what? What will you do?" Jon asked Becky directly.

"I'll... I'm not sure."

"Why don't you try and use your top as a skirt and your feather boa can cover your top? Or maybe the boa can be a skirt?" Rachel suggested clearly trying to hurry these events along as she sucked her cocktail through a straw and watched us, fascinated by it all.

"That's very brave!" Callum coughed. "Will it work?"

"I'm not sure. But It doesn't matter, no way will you all do my dare!" Becky confidently teased.

"Oh that's it, you're on! Come on boys, don't anyone let us down!" Andrew commanded as the boys all walked off. I followed them to see what they would do and check they wouldn't just make up what they did leaving Becky talking to Rachel, Stella and Miriam. Andrew then turned to me.

"Look, I never wanted to say anything because I respect you and your relationship so would never have done anything. But I've fancied Becky since our first week, I'm pretty sure all the boys have, if not all the law students! But I just wanted to check this was ok and if I tell her that you wont be mad?"

"Andrew.. Wow that's very good of you thanks. I don't mind you telling her. Truth is I'd like to see her lose the long skirt too!" I answered honestly, laughing at the words I uttered.

"Great! Lets do this!" Andrew bellowed as he huddled with the boys before they all walked off in different directions.

I walked back over to Becky who was deep in fits of laughter with the girls but she still smiled when she saw me. Andrew appeared shortly after and with everyone watching quite sincerely said he had always had a soft spot for Becky but never said anything because of his respect for our relationship. At first she smirked but then gasped a sympathetic "Aww" as she hugged him briefly. He spluttered as her feather boa tickled his face and it made everyone laugh enough to let the moment pass without too much awkwardness.

I had almost forgotten about the dares by the time the other boys returned, Chris looking really happy while Callum and Jon seemed their usual nervy selves. Chris explained he's always wanted to ask this girl Claire out and she said she'd been waiting ages and wondered if he ever would. Jon and Callum looked downcast as they mumbled about rejection. We never did find out who they asked or exactly what happened. But as the final guy explained his dare everyones eyes fixed on Becky.

"Your turn." Andrew calmly but firmly stated. "We want those legs."

"Really? Oh god. I'm not sure I can I'd be almost topless and the skirt would be tiny! Plus Professor Taylor is over there..." She replied sounding worried.

"Hey! We did our bit, legs!" Andrew quickly answered.

"You really like my legs don't you?" Becky continued, seemingly buying some time while working up her confidence.

"We really do. And you never show them. So..." Jon added in response.

Becky sighed and then nodded before she walked off alone to the ladies room. I really wasn't sure what she would look like when she returned but my heart was beating out my chest as the thought of her wearing so little both scared me to death and turned me on in equal measure. I'd almost forgotten about her lack of underwear until then and also remembered that not only was her top very short but it had ties at the back she would somehow have to do up leaving a gap without a safety net of anything underneath. Then her top half would just be left so exposed, admittedly the feather boa and gloves were offering a lot of extra cover to her but without the top I wasn't sure what would happen. But then we found out.

"Holy shit!" Andrew loudly stated as his jaw opened wide.

"Look!!" Another voice gasped as Becky approached through the darkness illuminated only by passing disco lights of various colours.

Becky had followed Rachel's suggestion and moved her top down to be a skirt, this was incredibly short, 5-6 inches at most. Then where it had originally tied behind her back she had the gap on her hip similar to the tie on the longer skirt but more pronounced as it reached further around her. Rather than tie both top and bottom strings she opted just to tie the top ones leaving a slit up the entire side of the tiny skirt. Her long toned legs where now fully exposed and looked phenomenal as she walked over.  Becky had her feather boa wrapped around her neck and the two ends simply draped down over her breasts while she held the ends, you couldn't see much breast but her stomach was exposed between a gap of skin from her belly, between her pert breasts to her face. Her back was almost completely uncovered say for the feathers around her neck. Between needing to constantly adjust the skirt up and down and hold the boa over her chest it was a miracle she hadn't shown even more than this.

"Here you go boys." She confidently stated as she stood shifting her weight from foot to foot. "What do you think?"

"Damn Becky that's insane! This is the sexiest thing I've ever seen. You're actually topless!" Chris enthused, shocked by her sheer bravery.

"Yeah pretty much! Better keep hold of these!" Becky laughed holding the ends of her boa.

"Wearing just a coat was brave, this is a lot more obvious! Aren't you nervous wearing so little?" Callum asked anxiously.

"I am very nervous. But its a tingly kind of nerve that I can sort of enjoy, plus I've shown more in public before so this is a little less daunting." Becky answered cooly.

"Did you try the boa as a skirt?" Rachel asked still slurping on a drink.

"Yeah... didn't like it as much and it felt like it was going to fall off!" She explained still laughing at her strange predicament.

"Turn around would you?" I asked, still stunned by her brazen attitude.

Becky span around revealing just how short the makeshift skirt was at the back. The top was stretched tightly over her firm ass and covered only half of it. She had pulled the material to the middle so a huge amount of butt crack was on view at the top and then at the bottom you could see a huge amount of ass that then joined the top of her long legs.

"I wasn't sure what to do there, have all the skin on show at the top or bottom so went for the middle!"

"Erm.. Wow! And so clearly completely without underwear!.. Erm, where is your other skirt?" Callum asked struggling to get his words out.

"Oh, its still in the cloakroom. Actually could you get it for me?" Becky requested sounding a little worried. "If I lose that.. Well we walked here!..."

"No no no, you aren't walking home don't worry about that. We're having an after party at our house after this and people can just crash there if they want. We can all share a cab." Andrew stated in a real matter of fact way. Becky nodded while her thoughts clearly lay elsewhere.

"Miss White, might I have a word?" An older voice requested as if out of nowhere. We turned around to see Professor Taylor stood behind Becky. "Becky I'm a little concerned by some of the things I've been hearing and I wouldn't have believed them until I saw what you are wearing... or not wearing now. I'm not sure this is fitting behaviour of any young woman let alone one so close to graduating from this esteemed university, or engaged to be married."

"Well... Professor, with all due respect how I dress has nothing to do with my law degree or this university and in regard to your other point if I where single my behaviour would be seen as an attempt to get male attention, to publicly broadcast what you can have. Well I'm not available and if anything this is look at what you can't have. Do you like it sir?" She fiercely responded full of emotion and alcohol.

"Miss White you are an attractive young girl and I meant only to warn you. You may have been coerced or acting out of character due to alcohol or peer pressure. I strongly encourage you to think how your parents would feel if they saw you as you are." Professor Taylor sternly replied.

"They would... they would actually be amazed I have the confidence to dress like this because growing up I was shy, I thought I was ugly, I was bullied and I was miserable. Now look, I'm beautiful and just about every guy in this place wishes they were with me." Becky answered firmly before walking away from the Professor toward the cloakrooms. As she walked Callum and Rachel reappeared.

"We cant find your skirt anywhere!" Rachel screamed in concern. Becky followed her and was gone for some time before coming back without the skirt. "I hope it turns up. Did it cost much?" Rachel asked delicately.

"No not really but I'd like to have it, plus look at me, it's not really an outfit right now! I can't believe its gone who would take that?"

"You do look amazing. Try not to worry you can pull it off." Rachel reassured.

"I hope so because I feel like I'm hanging out all over the place!" Becky laughed. It was true her skirt was showing half her ass and her top wasn't even a top just lots of feathers covering her breasts and shoulders like a burlesque dancer. She still had her long gloves on but there was a lot of skin on show and she had little choice but to embrace it.

Becky joined Rachel and the other girls on the dance floor for a while, she managed to turn the feather boa into part of her dancing, no longer wrapped around her neck she simply let it drape across her back while she held the ends over her front. It was so puffy that in the darkness it was difficult to see that she was technically topless and with girls all around her in various states of dress she didn't actually stand out too much.

We all continued to dance and drink and enjoy the evening until people started to leave. Andrew signalled that we should all head off and everyone gathered at the doors as the music stopped and lights came on full. We walked down the stairs from the hall and people could suddenly see exactly just how exposed Becky was now she was in the bright lights.

"Bloody hell. You really aren't wearing much are you?" Jon gawped as he walked alongside Becky. She just giggled and obviously didn't have much to say in response as eight of us headed outside looking for the taxi cabs we had ordered. Two black cabs turned up after a few minutes and we split into two groups, all the guys wanted to travel with Becky but it ended up being Rachel, Jon, Becky and myself in one and everyone else in the other. As Rachel stepped inside the middle aged driver turned around looking through his glass screen into the back of the cab to greet us.

"Hello! Where can I take you?"

"Newton Road please." Jon answered just as the driver caught an eye of Rachel's partially exposed chest.

"Wow, where have you lot been?" He asked just as Becky climbed in last. "Woah! Wow, what are you wearing?" He continued excitedly catching a good view of Becky.

"What me?" Becky looked up as she sat near the glass screen between the driver and rear of the cab. She paused before answering in a very innocent but provocative way. "I'm wearing these black shoes... these long sleeved gloves... This tiny little skirt..." She continued standing up inside the cab so he could get a better view. "...And... Well I've got this feather boa... and not much else."

"Don't you have a top on? Wow look at you, you're the sexiest thing I've ever seen. How old are you?"

"21."

"21, Damn. I've never seen a skirt like that. I can see most of your behind, I'm surprised I can't see your underwear underneath!"

"I thought it was more obvious." She giggled "I'm not wearing any." She then whispered loudly.

"Get out! No! Really?"

"Really. Look here where it ties up. Nothing underneath." Becky explained showing her exposed hip to the driver.

"Did you go out dressed like this?" The driver continued, fascinated by Becky as he drove - constantly looking at her in his mirror.

"I was wearing a longer skirt and this was my top but my friends dared me to take off the skirt and do this."

"And you just did it?"

"No not at first, they all had to do dares for me."

"So did you take off your underwear then too?"

"No I didn't wear any all evening. It was fun walking through town with the breeze up my legs and around my stomach."

"I've seen a lot of things in my days but I've never seen such a pretty girl wearing so little."

"You should have seen her, she spent the last few hours dancing around the ball dressed like that. Teasing all the boys!" Rachel called to the driver.

"I bet. Bloody hell! Do you do this kind of thing often?" The driver responded keenly.

"No. Just one other time."

"Yeah she went out wearing just a coat, and ended up stripping in a nightclub. Theres videos all over the internet!" Jon loudly explained struggling to get his words out clearly in his drunken state.

The driver pulled down Newton Road where Jon, Andrew and the boys lived and stopped in a gap. We all stood up to climb out.

"How much do we owe you?" Jon asked.

"Well thats kind of up to her." The driver responded looking at Becky.

"What do you mean?"

"Well if she lets me take a picture or two I'll let you have this one for free."

Becky giggled and gestured it was ok. Rachel and Jon got out the car but I stayed inside to make sure nothing major happened or that she wasn't kidnapped or worse.

"When I say a picture or two. Can you... show me a little more?" He suggested gently.

"What did you have in mind?" Becky smouldered holding her feather boa over her chest.

"Well I can see your legs, I can see your stomach. Id like to see more of your top."

"Oh I see. You want me to lose the boa." Becky affirmed. "I'll see what I can do."

She stood up as far as she could in the back of the cab while the driver pointed a camera phone through the glass at her. She sat on the back seat with her knees together pointing them at just enough of an angle that the driver couldn't see right up her skirt. She then looked down at the feather boa resting on her shoulders and slowly let it drop further and further down behind her, holding the ends over her breasts before letting go entirely but keeping her hands over her boobs. She then began to move her hands more and more over her breasts rubbing them sensually until her hands moved so low down body that her hands no longer covered her firm round breasts and this revealed her gorgeous pink nipples to the driver, she then ran her hands through her hair which tightened her stomach and gave him a fantastic sexy view.

"Perfect." The driver whispered.

"What's that?" Becky asked in response.

"Your breasts. Absolutely perfect..." He sighed.

As the driver still watched in awe at the now topless Becky in the back of his cab she licked her lips and looked him in the eye. She quickly moving her legs so her knees pointed the opposite direction meaning that the strings holding her skirt together now faced the driver rather than away from him, for the briefest of seconds the driver must have seen up her skirt because as she sat I could see it had ridden so high up her legs it was basically just a belt around her waistline.  She slowly reached for the strings holding the skirt together and ran her fingers over them. The driver nodded furiously before she smiled and slowly untied them, she then parted the material just enough that he got a complete view of her naked side. From head to toe down that side she was exposed. Becky then raised her leg that was nearest to the driver and crossed her legs so they were facing away from him. She then pulled the skirt and because of its minute length it came away in her hand without resistance and she held it up for a moment like a prize while the sweating driver wiped his forehead.

Suddenly there was a tap at the window of the cab and we saw the silhouettes of all Becky's friends trying to look in. Thankfully the glass had fogged up and it was almost impossible to see inside as Becky sat there wearing nothing but her shoes and long gloves. Becky then looked up at the driver.

"Will that be enough?"

"Can you stand up?" He requested struggling to get his words out.

"Yes I'll stand up in a minute when I've put my clothes back on."

"No I mean can you stand up now while you're naked."

"Oh... Well... you wanted to see my chest, I gave you that and a little more..."

"Please! I'll pay you!" He begged.

"You'll pay me? I'm not a stripper!"

"No I didn't mean like that I just mean I'll do anything!"

"You like it that much?"

"Fuck yes!"

At this point Becky decided she wasn't quite finished and began to uncross her legs before quickly crossing them the other way so her legs were now facing him not away from him and he could see more. Between her legs you could just see skin and it was hard to know where her pussy ended and stomach began. The driver was now straining for a better view, a better angle as he continued to hold his phone up to the glass.

"What you looking for there?"

"Where your hair is?"

"My hair?" Becky asked innocently. "My hair is on my head."

"No your other hair, your hair below!"

"Well good luck with that I have no hair anywhere but my head. I'm shaven all over."

"You're shaved? Oh my..." He commented as he began to shudder and role his eyes.

"You ok there sir? I'm going to go now. I think our friends have waited long enough." Becky stated as she wrapped the feather boa over her shoulders and then began to re tie her top as a skirt again. We opened the door and climbed out, Becky turned and blew the driver a kiss as he shook his head in disbelief.

"Becky what the hell did you just do in there?" Jon asked, shocked by the idea she might have stripped to pay the taxi driver.

"I gave him a tip." Becky answered confidently.

"A tip! We could see you! Not clearly but the lights in the cab meant we could see your hazy outline through the fog and I swear you just got naked!" Andrew explained excitedly. "Bloody hell you love this! You're an exhibitionist! And yet again you get naked when none of us can see!"

"Well he didn't see everything, I kept my legs crossed."

"Oh well thats different then isn't it? Being naked but with your legs crossed!" Chris interjected sarcastically.

"Well it is actually." Becky responded sharply.

"If its so different I think you should sit inside naked... but with your legs crossed of course." Chris added sounding quite pleased with himself.

"Fine! I will and you'll see the difference!" Becky stubbornly answered, perhaps not fully thinking what she had just agreed too.

We all headed inside and found places to sit down. The boys house had two large sofas and a table in the corner with additional seats around it. Becky and I ended up on the end of one of the sofas as Callum handed around drinks to everyone and put some music on while people chatted. Chris was talking to Jon and Andrew while Becky had gone upstairs to use the bathroom and freshen up, she crept down the staircase which ran alongside the living room meaning everyone could see her coming down, she held her hand over the front of her skirt in an effort to stop people seeing her shaved pussy between her legs. Everyone went silent and watched her as she slowly came and sat next to me.

"Right Becky. Prove to us how you keeping your legs crossed is any different to just being naked." Andrew challenged.

"Well I'd obviously still be naked. I just meant you can't see everything and thats why its different."

"Hey don't back down now. You were adamant outside and agreed to prove it." Chris barked sounding almost annoyed.

"So just sit here and take everything off?" Becky asked with reluctance. Chris looked back expectantly and nodded.

"You act all shy and reserved but we saw the videos of you in that club and you were 100% naked there. You just said that this was different so why wont you prove it?"

"It's different because you're all my friends and I have to see you again!.. But I will show you if you really want."

"Well of course we really want that!" Chris answered turning to the guys who all nodded in approval.

"Oh." Becky replied passively, seemingly giving in to the requests of the group.

Becky looked around the room full of expectant faces. She couldn't really back out now she had put herself in a corner and after an entire evening of teasing them and wearing ridiculous clothing she sat in a living room almost required to remove even that. She first lifted her left arm and tugged gently on the fingers of her long gloves before sliding the whole thing off her arm quite slowly, she then repeated the process on her other arm at which point the boys all leaned as far forward as they could almost salivating at the prospect.  Becky looked up and smirked, even the girls sat fascinated as she began to play with the strings holding her skirt together, she pulled on them and left them untied so the skirt just sat over the very tops of her thighs. Becky then slowly lifted one leg over the other to cross her legs.

"It's different. You can't see anything." She stated again almost trying to convince herself as much as the others.

With her feather boa still covering her breasts she ensured it was also covering between her legs too as she very slowly pulled the skirt away from her body revealing her beautiful naked hips. Her thighs now met her abdomen and she was totally naked apart from shoes and her feather boa.

"Well lose the feathers too!" Andrew burst out impatiently. Becky looked up and smiled at him while she slowly moved her hands underneath the boa and seductively up her body until her hands covered her breasts.

"Could you please pull the boa away?" She turned and whispered to me.

I pulled the boa slowly, it slid up her legs and up her abdomen, over her hands and then completely away from her. Becky sat crossed legged with her hands over her breasts completely naked, her closest university friends all staring at her in stunned silence unsure what to do or say.

"See. You can't see anything." Becky stated.

"Oh we can see a hell of a lot!" Andrew gasped as he almost collapsed onto Chris.

"Ok well I think you've had enough. Can I borrow your jacket please?" Becky turned and asked me. I put it over her shoulders and she managed to wriggle her arms into the sleeves without revealing her breasts to everyone. The boys moaned she had covered up but Becky was adamant she wasn't giving anymore.

After chatting for a while the guys all but gave up on Becky removing any more of her clothing however we did half make plans for a last day out as a group and it was suggested we all went to the beach where it was more likely Becky would undress. After this peoples tiredness began to really show and they started to go very quiet and I could see Stella and Callum in their chairs nodding off to sleep. Chris poked Callum who jumped and decided he'd had enough and disappeared upstairs to his bedroom. Chris offered Stella and Miriam his bed and he would go in Callum's room on the floor which I thought was decent of him and they appreciated the gesture and all went upstairs.

I could see Becky was really tired as she reclined on the sofa while Jon, Andrew and Rachel all continued quiet conversation at the table. Becky then decided to kick her shoes off and lay down onto the sofa, her legs parted which would have given an eyeful to the others if the ends of her boa weren't resting between her legs, on top of my jacket keeping her covered. It was wrapped around her shoulders and resting across her. At first her hands held the boa in place but as she began to drop off to sleep her arms fell away but luckily her boa didn't move and kept between her legs covered.

Jon, Andrew and Rachel all decided to call it a night soon after as it was so late dawn wouldn't have been to far away. Andrew and Jon went up to their rooms while Rachel lay on the other sofa with a blanket the guys had given her. I put my dinner jacket over Becky and lay behind, spooning her as she groggily moved from reclining in the seat to laying on her side. Rachel looked over at us and whispered.

"You don't mind me being here do you?"

"Not at all." I whispered back. "Can't imagine any of us will get the best nights sleep."

"No probably not, I definitely can't sleep in this dress."

"Well take it off, you've got a blanket to cover you." I suggested innocently.

"Yeah but I might get hot under it. And I'm..."

"What?" I asked more urgently as Rachel hesitated.

"Well. Taking after Becky..."

"What do you mean?"

"She's not wearing anything underneath her dress." Becky mumbled in response to the conversation taking place across her.

"Oh right! Well... I see."

"Ah. Like you say I've got the blanket." Rachel asserted as she pulled the blanket up to her neck and wriggled underneath it. Her arm appeared out the side of the blanket with her short black dress dangling from a finger before she let it fall to the floor. She winked at me as I looked over at her, stunned by this brazen gesture.

Rachel giggled as she turned away from me to try and sleep while I was left laying there a little shell shocked that she had stripped down like that. Becky began to wriggle in front of me as we lay front to back.

"You like that?" Becky whispered.

"Like what?"

"Rachel."

"I... I..."

"It's ok. I liked it too." Becky murmured as she pulled my hand under the jacket over her breast and relaxed as if to fall asleep.

I woke several hours later hearing footsteps above us. In front of me Becky's arm had drooped off the sofa, I moved my arm which was still wrapped around her just enough to move. As I moved behind her Becky stirred and gasped a huge breath of air as she awoke, stretching her arms and legs out rigidly with a silent yawn. She looked around the room seeing Rachel still facing away from us silently on the other sofa. Becky then sat up and stretched out. As Becky woke further she seemed to realise where she was and what was going on and stood up.

"Oh god." She sighed as if remembering something important.

"What's up?" I asked in response.

"How the hell are we going to get back to my flat? Look at me!"

"I don't know but a lot of people enjoyed it and you looked hot!"

"Well.. good. But really what are we going to do? Walk? Cab? Either way I look a bit of a mess."

"Well what do you wanna do? We can get a cab? Or walk to try and re establish your bravery?" I suggested gently.

"Ugh... Well. I dunno, maybe a cab is the best option. Perhaps we can get another free ride." Becky joked helplessly.

Becky stood up in my jacket, it was too big for her and the buttons tied together halfway down her abdomen so she left a phenomenal amount of cleavage on display. The jacket also proved to be a similar length to her makeshift skirt so she decided to leave that off. The others slowly stirred and you could hear footsteps up stairs. Rachel stirred and looked over at Becky.

"Naked under another coat I see?"

"Well. You're naked under a blanket." Becky retorted with a giggle.

"I am that." Rachel confirmed quickly flashing her leg and side out the blanket catching me by surprise.

At this point Chris and Callum appeared into their living room wearing boxer shorts and T-Shirts. "Come on everyone time to get up!" Chris boomed passionately. Rachel groaned from the sofa at his volume. "Come on! UP UP UP!" Chris continued as he grabbed the blanket covering Rachel and pulled hard.

"No!!" She screamed loudly as the blanket flew away from her beautiful naked body. She gasped and immediately tried to cover as much of her breasts and pussy as she could with her arms as she lay otherwise motionless.

"Shit sorry!" Chris laughed awkwardly as he threw the blanket back at her. "Bloody hell didn't expect to see that today!"

"I didn't expect to show that today!"

"You'd best get dressed before the other boys reappear. We'll see you all later." Becky said to Rachel, Chris and Callum. "We need to go, I'm tired and want a shower." She then stated to me as she put on her shoes before she grabbed her gloves, boa and top/skirt. I was as ready as I was going to be and we crept out the house without seeing the others.

The heat hit us immediately as the sun beamed down on the quiet humid morning.

"So are we walking?" I asked as Becky strolled off.

"Well do you really wanna pay a cab? Anyway its a lovely day and I fancy a walk."

"No but its a long way and... Well are you dressed for it?" I asked looking at Becky as she walked backward in my suit jacket, her long legs exposed and while her chest was half hanging out of the open neck of my jacket above its buttons, revealing a lot of cleavage and even the sides of her boobs as it plunged down almost to her belly button. The whole jacket was too big for her and sat very loose on her athletic frame. "You could have worn that jacket on top of the boa and Skirt?"

"Where's the fun in that? Plus that'd be rather hot I'm melting as it is!" Becky laughed dancing along the street.

It was really quiet as we walked back across the town, a complete contrast to the previous evening as the sun blazed rather than the cool dark air of the night before and rather than a pulsating city we saw very few people about in these early hours of the day - just a few walking to work or popping their heads out of their houses. Becky was enjoying herself but still came across shy and reserved when people appeared.

Each time we saw someone from afar she would put her hand up to flick her hair hair as some kind of defence mechanism. We didn't get too many people walk along the same path as us but a few raced past us without giving a second look to Becky, however one or two young men walked the other way to us and as they got closer to us would give a long stare to Becky who would smile at them before looking down and flicking her hair again. The more people we passed though the more confident she seemed to feel and soon her head was held high.

"Good grief its hot. This jacket is burning in the sun!" Becky sighed. "Feel my shoulders."

"Blimey yeah thats hot." I responded having felt the heat on her back.

"I'll swap you, your shirt for the jacket!" She laughed, though somewhat sincere in her suggestion.

"I dunno, I'd look pretty silly wearing just that and I'm not sure I like the idea of putting that jacket on in this heat. Why don't you put your skirt back on with your boa?"

"My boa? Thats black too that'll get really hot! Even if it does cover less... I know, I've got a crazy idea!" Becky excitedly stated as we stopped in the narrow doorway of a high street store. You could hear peoples footsteps and the cars nearby as she took her top that I'd been holding and put it back around her waist returning it to its function as a makeshift skirt.

"Give me your suspenders." She demanded looking at the two black loops over my shoulders.

"My suspenders?" I asked feeling shocked and confused.

"You know, your braces, the things holding your trousers up, give them here."

"What for?"

"So I can wear them!"

I was unsure what she was going to do but unhooked them and handed them to her. She then looked around the area worriedly before she quickly took off the jacket leaving her standing just out of sight of a very public area completely topless. She then began to put my trouser braces over her shoulders. My heart raced as I began to understand her idea.

"You cant!" I gasped in disbelief.

"Don't you think they're wide enough?" Becky asked as two black bands all of two inches wide plunged over her shoulders and down over her nipples leaving the rest of her perky boobs on display.

"Theres a hell of a lot left on show! And they're designed to hold trousers up, you're wearing a tiny skirt that they will just pull right up!"

"I'll have to have them quite loose then." Becky reasoned as she tried to attach the clips from the two narrow bands of the suspenders to the front of her skirt and the one band at the back to the middle of the rear of her skirt.

As soon as she let go the braces catapulted her skirt up to her belly button and briefly left her standing completely bottomless with her beautiful bald pussy and firm ass on show. She gasped and pulled the skirt down but it wouldn't stay around her hips. She then tried to loosen the braces but when they got too loose she found they wouldn't stay covering her nipples.

"What do you think?" Becky asked sweetly as she pulled the skirt down to where it should be which also gave enough tension to the suspenders to just about keep them covering her nipples, even if the rest of her breasts and top were well and truly on out to see.

"I don't know..." I hesitantly answered. My heart was beating so hard I felt quite faint as the prospect of her walking along the streets like this made me dizzy. "There are people around!"

"Yeah. Do you think it'll be ok?" Becky hurriedly asked me as she began to peak out from the doorway that had kept her hidden from public view. She looked both ways and clearly decided to just go for it as she stepped out and stood a few feet from me. We were halfway down a high street full of shops and no cars could get to this part of town but a few people walked up and down the street as a shortcut or to access the shops they worked in before they opened.

"I'll walk to the end and see what happens." Becky said as she cautiously began to walk, stuck holding her skirt tightly at her hips to make sure the thin band of my suspenders remained tight on her breasts and that the skirt didn't fly up.

Because of the way she had to hold it all she had no choice of what to do with her arms as a young man appeared around the corner and headed toward us. Becky turned and winced as we all kept walking with the man getting nearer and nearer. Becky couldn't move her arms up to cover her breasts any more than they were so was forced to leave just the thin black material of the suspenders covering a minimal amount of her breasts. She had to continue regardless, chin up as if the man weren't there. He looked up from staring down at his phone and did a double take on Becky before looking confused by her attire. He then clearly took a picture or two as we passed with Becky smiling confidently as she faced forward.

"You ok?" I asked quietly.

"I'm good! You?" Becky replied acting as if nothing at all were abnormal. "This is great!"

We kept walking and turned onto a busier road with cars running alongside. As it was early there weren't as many as normal but the idea so many people would see Becky this exposed was really turning us both on, just for a second they may realise what she was wearing and then by the time they see it would be too late.

We walked for another five or ten minutes like this, Becky steadily as she could so she could hold her skirt and suspenders in place. In the beaming sun her body looked fantastic with her long tight legs on full display, her toned stomach and perky breasts well exposed and while she walked she remained trapped in this position holding the hips of her skirt so that neither the front or back of it flew up under the pull of the suspenders. She looked phenomenal.

We heard a few cars beeping horns as they passed before we turned down the dead end road that her apartment building was at the end of. As we walked down we could see the owner of the pool club that was directly underneath her building clearing up the outside from the night before. Becky kept going but slowed down and seemed to try and be as quiet as possible. We stood at the main door to the building as Becky asked me to find her keys that I'd been looking after. I struggled to rummage through my Jacket while still holding her gloves and feather boa while looking for the keys.

The bar and pool club owner then looked up and saw us.

"Good night?" He shouted our way.

"Great thanks!" Becky enthused as she turned to face him.

"Bloody hell! Have you walked far like that?" The man roared as he stared her up and down.

"About an hour from the other side of town. I thought I'd make the most of the hot weather!" Becky giggled shifting her weight from one leg to the other as he stared intently at her nearly naked body.

"You're brave! And you're not even trying to cover yourself now! You're just standing with your arms at your side, not scared at all!"

"I'm feeling quite adventurous today. Don't get me wrong I'm nervous, but I have to hold it all like this anyway."

"Why's that then?

- Becky giggled sweetly. "I cant move much, if I move my hands my skirt will be pulled up and my boobs will be exposed."

"Your boobs will be exposed? I can see most of them now as you're pretty much topless and theres not much skirt there either! That is about as small as they come! Look at you!" He continued to ramble while trying to get a good look all around her front and back from where he stood. "Wow, your ass is literally hanging out! You're not wearing anything underneath that are you? Wow.. just wow!"

"I'm pretty much showing it all aren't I." Becky confidently smiled.

"Well, its not quite all there but very close. Can't you move your hands at all?" The man continued.

"No I can't move either one, it would pull the skirt up and my nipples would fall free."

"Really? I bet a tenner that's not true." The man challenged clearly hoping for a quick glimpse at more. I thought back to last night and realised it was another bet that caused her to strip down then too.

"You just wanna gimme ten pounds then?"

"If you're right I will!" The man laughed as he tried to imply this was just about being right or wrong not how much skin was on show.

Becky pulled a face and said "You think this tiny skirt will hold these in place?" I couldn't quite believe she was going being so easily drawn into this. While we stood talking a few people left the apartment building and gasped as they saw Becky talking to the man outside his club and stopped to observe.

"I'm willing to take that bet yeah."

The man reached behind him pulled out his wallet, he opened it and you could see a fairly thick wad of notes. He pulled ten out and held it in front of her. The bet seemed to be on.

"What's this? One of the young men who had walked out the apartment building asked me.

"Well she's saying if she doesn't hold her hands where they are on her hips that her skirt will fly up and her breasts will be exposed." I explained to the three of them. Becky turned around and looked at me as I talked and stuck her tongue out playfully, she then saw the three young men also watching the situation and smiled sweetly.

"It doesn't seem like a very fair bet." Becky pondered.

"Oh it seems very fair to me." Said the man.

"Is she for real? How dumb is she?" One of the young guys whispered to his friend. "He's just paying her to see more!"

"I dunno but I can't believe what she's wearing as it is.." His friend excitedly replied. "She can't have anything else on underneath look at her ass..."

"Well if she lets go of her skirt we will find out for sure."

"Something wrong?" The bar owner asked Becky directly.

"Well. If I let go I know I'll be right." Becky stated, she had always loved to be right. "But if I am right I will be quite exposed. Or worse yet if i'm wrong I will owe you Ten pounds. I cant really win."

"You're already quite exposed love! Ok I tell you what, if I'm right and it all stays in place then you don't have to pay me anything. And if You are right I'll give you twenty." The man offered firmly putting his hand out to shake on it.

Becky paused and tilted her head, still rigidly holding her skirt at the sides while she thought about his offer. "Ok." She answered causing the three young guys next to me to pull excited faces.

Becky put her hand out to shake on the deal and weirdly enough nothing happened to her skirt as she let go of her skirt on one side. The man then took her hand and shook it firmly, her body moved as his powerful shake must have loosened up the material that had somehow stuck and almost instantly her skirt pinged up her body completely exposing her shaved pussy and firm round ass. The suspenders fell to the side of her breasts revealing her erect pink nipples while she stood still shaking the mans hand as he looked her up and down.

"Bloody hell!" The bar owner shouted happily.

"Oh my!.." Becky gasped as she tried to cover up holding one hand between her legs and her other arm over her chest.

"C'mon now, let me at least see and get my moneys worth." The man continued.

"I can't!" Becky pleaded.

"If you want to win the bet... And I know you don't want to lose...Show me."

Becky squirmed and looked at the man intently. "Fine." She sharply said before relaxing and letting her arms fall to her side.

As she stood the three strangers near us all looked at her almost naked body intently, she looped her arms under the suspenders and let them fall off her shoulders completely. As the straps fell and she stood completely topless outside her apartment building her skirt now fell back down to her hips no longer supported by the braces.

"Very nice!" The man beamed while the young guys next to me gawped silently in disbelief. "Bet you don't do this kind of thing often?"

"No not often."

"But you have done at least something before! What else have you done?" One of the young men squeaked finally breaking their silence, Becky turned and faced them and bit on her finger seductively while they stared at her naked breasts.

Well a few months ago I went out naked under my coat."

"Woah. What kinda coat? What happened?" The other young man asked with urgency.

"To cut a long story short, I ended up naked in public."

"Like this?"

"No, on stage in a nightclub."

"No way! That was you? I have seen some videos of that online!"

"Oh great!" Becky frowned. "I really need to look at getting that stuff removed!" The young man took his phone out his pocket to use the camera. "Hey! No!" Becky barked as he sheepishly put it away again.

"What the feather boa for? You a burlesque dancer?" The bar owner asked looking at me holding Becky's boa.

"No, I went out wearing that over my dress."

"Your dress?" The man commented sarcastically.

"Yes, I had more dress but was dared to take it off in response to a dare of my own. I spent most of last night wearing just my top as this skirt and then that boa as a makeshift top."

"Now that is kinky! Then this morning you opted for even less with the suspenders?"

"Yes. That was fun." Becky pondered and smiled.

"Wanna have some more fun?" The man asked cautiously.

"What do you have in mind?"

"Do you still have that coat you wore with nothing underneath? And you live up in those flats?"

"Yeah thats right."

"Im willing to bet you wouldn't go get that coat right now wearing only the feather boa." The man tentatively suggested, I could hear two of the guys next to me gasping as they wondered if she would.

"You want me to take off my skirt and just have the feather boa to cover me? Interesting idea. What are you going to bet though because that's asking a lot."

"Fifty pounds? But I'd want proof, film yourself walking through the building or something."

Becky looked at me and gestured I give her the feather boa. We had all almost forgotten she had been stood the whole time completely topless. She took the feather boa and draped it over her shoulders and let it fall over her breasts. It was large and fluffy so covered her well at the front and it was also long enough to fall down over her skirt. But was she really going to wear only the boa? Would she stand there and take off her skirt exposing her ass before walking through the building she had lived in for most of her final two years at university? Despite what had happened the last 24 hours it was a bold move.

"Fifty pounds? And you want me to film it?" Becky paused holding the ties where her skirt was held together.

"Yes, thats right." The bar owner answered. Becky looked him square in the eye with a blank look, almost emotionless. She pulled on the strings holding her skirt together and pulled it away from her body.

"Oh shit!" The guys next to me burst out. "Look at her!"

Becky stood almost naked, the whole of her back exposed, her tight ass looked phenomenal on the top of her long legs. she held the boa between her legs at the front and it was wide enough to automatically cover her breasts.

"Are we on then?" He asked.

"Give me your phone and he will film it for you. You can keep my clothes here 'till we return. And I want £100 if I succeed."

"That's a lot of money! What if you fail?"

"I can see the huge wad of cash in your wallet and You've all still had a good show. If I fail you wont owe me any more." Becky responded holding out her arm to shake on the bet. The man went to shake her hand but then paused.

"If you fail I want you to strip in the bar for me. Thats the deal."

He held out his hand and she shook it confidently and then turned around giving him a nice view of her naked ass before she kneeled down carefully and began to untie her shoes.

"What's that for?" I asked curiously.

"He wanted me to go up to the apartment wearing only the boa. I can't wear my shoes as well!" She answered as if it were obvious. The man gestured a silent applause and smiled as she handed him her long gloves, my jacket, her skirt, my braces and her shoes. She took his phone which was already set to camera mode and gave it to me.

"Film everything, try and get her in the whole shot I want proof."

He explained quite sternly. I nodded and started to film, Becky stuck her tongue out at me and gave a twirl while the three young guys nearby just tried to take in the whole thing. We opened up the door to the apartment building and closed it behind us, pausing and taking a breath.

"This is fun." Becky calmly said.

"Fun? You are mad!" I responded sounding shocked at her attitude.

"Don't you like it? You loved it when I was naked under my coat!" Sounding a little hurt and confused.

"Oh its amazing, I wont be able to sit down for about a year, but I never realised you were so brave!" I replied easing her worries.

"Good. And I'm gonna rock your world in a bit, tie you to my bed and keep you going for hours." She teased making me ache and yearn for her all the more.

We could hear the patter of footsteps running down stairs as we wondered if it was best to use the elevator or go up the stairs. Becky lived on the fourth floor and it was a long way, but probably easier to hide if people were coming whereas the elevator was quicker but more people used it. As we stood at the bottom the door of the elevator opened.

Becky decided she wanted to risk the elevator and as soon as the doors closed she turned to face me and let her feather boa drop to the floor. She wrapped her arms around me and passionately kissed me, I couldn't help look at her body from various different angles of the mirrored interior of the elevator.

"You said this was a crazy idea I didn't think you'd go so far." I commented staring into her deep blue eyes.

"Yeah I know, fun though! Seeing the way all those people reacted."

"They all seemed to love it. You look amazing. Though I'm not sure you can walk around all day like you are right now..."

"Why not?" Becky sarcastically laughed. "I might go the rest of the way like this." She giggled as I tried to stand far enough away to film her on the bar owners phone.

"I think that the elevator will open any second and people could be waiting for it. You might want to hurry up and do whatever your doing!" I said in a panicky tone feeling the elevator begin to slow as it reached our floor.

"We would need to walk along the corridor, through a door and then along another corridor before we get to my flat..." Becky pondered thoughtfully. "You think I can make it?"

"Make it?" I blasted back in a bit of a panic.

"Yeah.." Becky teased as she picked up her boa while she still stood stark naked in the elevator with its doors about to open.

Dressed like that?" She looked incredible and I was left motionless by her actions but as I began to dwell the doors opened.

Becky panicked and darted to the corner of the elevator near the door next to the floor selection panel, she quickly put her feather boa back around her neck and it fell back into place. Two student girls looked in at me while I stood toward the back with the bar man's phone as inconspicuously as possible still pointed at Becky.

"Up or down?" They asked me, not seeing Becky.

"What floor are we on?" I asked.

"The fifth."

"Down then." I answered, a little confused as to why the elevator took us to the fifth floor before the fourth. Becky pressed the fourth floor button again on the selection panel bringing attention herself, she looked at me clearly very worried.

The girls came in the elevator properly and as they did Becky stood motionless with her back against the corner of the elevator in an effort to cover up the fact she was basically naked. Her boa covered her breasts and much of her front but it was hovering over her pussy and a bit further down and it left a clear gap on either side of her. She held her arms rigidly down her sides trying to make it look like it was just her arms but as I stood I noticed both girls look at her and double take, then on the second look frown in what I could only really describe as shock or disgust. Becky turned her face away from them both and blushed still unable to move.

I could feel the elevator slowing again but this time on its way down. The doors opened again and the two girls walked out, glancing at Becky on the way out before walking out and quite obviously walking away saying "Oh my god, did you see that girl? Was she even wearing anything in there?" I heard the other reply "I know! She wasn't even wearing shoes!" Before they got out of earshot. I looked out and saw we were back on the ground floor.

"Press the fourth floor again would you?" I asked Becky anxiously.

"Where are we?" She asked me as she pressed the button.

"Back on the ground floor."

"What? Is this broken?" She asked sounding increasingly alarmed.

"I don't know we will have to see." I answered as calmingly as I could.

The elevator started again and this time Becky didn't move or speak. The elevator slowed and the the doors opened for me to be greeted this time by two young men.

"Up or down?" They asked. I could see it was the third floor on the number behind them.

"Up." I answered feeling a little relieved. They stood back and the doors closed without them getting in or seeing Becky. Then the doors opened again shortly after and I noticed we were back on the fifth floor. "Oh no. We should get out here."

"Why? Are we on my floor?" Becky asked sticking her head out the doors to look. "This isn't right."

"No but its the second time its missed the fourth floor and I cant help think its broken."

"Typical! What do we do? Now we've got to go down stairs then we would need to walk along a corridor, through a door and then along another corridor before we get to my flat."

"Quite a long way. Think we will run into some people?"

"I honestly don't know. But we haven't got much choice unless we want to stay in this elevator all day! And then we are guaranteed to run into people!"

Thankfully the stairs were next to the elevator so we could go straight into them, Becky paused a moment to check the corridor ahead of us was clear before she stepped out. As we got to the door we heard the keys of a door being opened and scrambled through the stairway door.

"At least we are unlikely to see people heading up the stairs for this floor as its higher up and less people walk up them going this high, then anyone heading down is hopefully too far behind."

Becky was right and though we could hear the patter of footsteps in the building and the echoes of voices on the stairs below us we didn't run into anyone and cautiously stepped through the door to the fourth floor. Becky seemed unsure how to play it, did she go quickly and hope no one saw, go slowly and cautiously increasing the chances, or just carry on and not care? She seemed to adopt a little of all three and began to walk down the long corridor of doors. It was still early so we figured most people wouldn't be up yet but we couldn't take anything for granted.

"My heart is racing!" Becky turned and whispered to me while I filmed her naked behind.

Suddenly we heard a door being unlocked behind us and panicked slightly. Becky instantly stood with her back to a wall and tried to hide her exposed sides just as she had in the elevator, although she didn't succeed we saw a door open near the elevator and when the person walked out they didn't even look our way as they left the building. Becky laughed and adjusted her hair before she continued.

We got to the doorway that lead to the final corridor that Becky's flat was right at the end of. We were so close and Becky walked a bit quicker than before until we heard that alarming noise of a door opening ahead. Becky ran to the door and stood behind it so that when it opened it would block that persons view of her, the doors of these flats all had yale locks that automatically lock when the door closes so she clearly hoped that the person would just open the door and walk away without seeing her. I stood where I was to film it all but pretended I was just stood waiting for someone while looking on my phone.

The door opened and Becky disappeared from view, a young man stepped out and his attention was firmly on his phone in his hand as he walked out. He headed my way and his door began to close behind him, I saw Becky's hand hold the door a second longer than normal but as the man walked past me I could hear another door opening. Becky must have panicked because she darted from behind the door into the man's flat and the door closed behind her.

I could see Becky's door at the end of the corridor and the one that opened was halfway between the two. It was a couple and I could see a girl wearing just a dressing gown talking to the man who had clearly been there all night. They talked in the hallway so I tapped on the door Becky had entered, the door opened and Becky looked terrified as she let me in the strangers tiny bedsit apartment.

"What's going on out there?" Becky asked with alarm.

"Looks like a couple are saying goodbye after a night together."

"Oh right! Do they have to do it in the hallway?" Becky laughed as we briefly looked around the messy flat we had entered. "What were they doing?"

"Not sure, she was just wearing a dressing gown so clearly wasn't going with him and they were just talking while looking longingly at each other.

"Oh god my hearts racing this is insane! - We can't stay here, but wouldn't it be fun to mess with the guy that lives here? - Look his laptop is turned on! What do you think I should do?"

"I dunno. Why don't you leave him a gift?" I suggested.

"I don't have anything to leave?.. I could take a picture on his webcam?"

"That'd do it. But I've got a really crazy idea to go with that. Why don't you take a picture of yourself with your boa falling off, here in this room. Then leave him the boa and a note saying you had lived near him for years and finally came around wearing only this feather boa, You took it off in his room but he wasn't around to appreciate it so left it as a souvenir and a picture on his computer to see what he missed. Set it as his background picture too."

"I love it! But what about the people outside? If I leave the boa I'll be totally naked.

"You just walked across town wearing barely anything! Whats showing your ass to two people who probably wont even look!"

"Yeah but it feels very different being completely naked!"

"You were very exposed though, your ass was partially on view, and your boobs were mostly hanging out!"

"True. But It feels... I'm tingling! It's so naughty! Oh what the hell I only live here another couple of weeks!" Becky exclaimed as she took a sexy headless photo of herself with her boa draped just over her shaved pussy covering nothing else. It was one hell of a sexy photo showing her legs, flat stomach and perky round boobs. Becky then wrote the guy a note and put her boa down on his bed with it.

"I'm so wet.. that has just pushed me over the edge!" Becky exclaimed as she touched herself lightly. "I could cum right here!"

"Well lets win this bet and then we can act like rabbits! But til then you need to wait!"

We both walked out the flat together and Becky looked around as she was now even more concerned as she was completely naked. We could see the couple still talking, infatuated with each other.

I stood on the side nearest the couple as we walked casually toward Becky's flat, as we got alongside the couple they still hadn't moved but then we were walking away from them and Becky's naked rear was in full view if they suddenly paid more attention. We didn't hear anything when we got to Becky's door but when we were almost inside and I heard a female voice exclaiming "Oh my god look at that girl she's naked!" As we entered the flat. I stopped filming at that point and Becky turned to me with a huge smile on her face.

"That was fun. Let me get my coat, I want to claim that bet!"

Becky put on her blue trench coat, her legs were left on display but the rest of her was now covered as we left the flat quickly. Ironically we didn't bump into anyone on the way back down and the couple had gone, as we got outside the bar owner was still waiting and so were the three young men.

"You didn't manage it then?" He asked, looking at us both as we frowned in confusion. "I said to get the coat wearing just your boa, I didn't say you could wear it on the way back!

"You're kidding! We just had to creep around in there for ages to get this, of course I wore it on the way back! You will love this video!" Becky snapped loudly.

"Well let me see the film, give me my phone back."

"Oh no, you aren't getting it back yet, we will hold it and show you then you can pay us and then we will give you it back."

We showed the man the film, the three young men tried to look over our shoulders but I doubt they had much success. The bar owner seemed to enjoy the walk through the corridors best and then our gift for the man who's flat we crashed in nearly made him explode. He voiced his approval throughout, but when it came to claiming we had won the bet he was being funny and tried to say we failed as we wore the coat back so wouldn't pay, at which point we refused to give the phone back. He agreed to give us fifty as a compromise and we took it and grabbed all our stuff from him. We then deleted the film from his phone before walking off. He hated us for that but just as he hadn't stipulated Becky not wear the coat on the way back, he didn't stipulate that the proof could be kept either.

"What do you wanna do now?" I asked Becky as we headed back inside her apartment building.

"Well, when we get back to my flat I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll feel like you've been hit by a car. But before that we need to get there. A lot could happen on the way..."

"So?..."

"Well the elevator doesn't really work. And I'm curious now If I could make it to the apartment without even my coat..."

**Naked Under Her Coat Ch. 03**

"Becky would you mind showing Mark around the office and help him settle in please?" Mr Anderson our senior partner requested.

"Of course." I replied smiling at our new solicitor, gesturing he come with me.

Mark was a dark haired handsome man who dressed very well and carried the persona of confidence and success without any arrogance. He greeted me warmly before I showed him the layout of the office and where everyone sat, I introduced him to everyone and gave him an overview of their role, time with the partnership and a few tidbits of personal information. Mark reacted positively and made a good effort to say hello and help himself settle in. He suggested we go to lunch together that day so we could chat a little more and so I could also show him the nearby area.

"I hear you're new to the area?" I asked Mark as we sat outside a small cafe in the centre of town five minutes from our offices.

"Yeah, I'm pretty much starting again. I don't really know anyone here but I've been thinking of setting up my own firm and was offered the chance to join Anderson and Partners here and couldn't turn it down." Mark began to explain.

"How do you feel about that?" I asked leaning forward and staring intently in his eyes.

"Better and better actually. I didn't have too many friends where I was and I was always so busy with work, then I'd broken up with my long term girlfriend which was another reason I thought the change in location would be good."

"Sorry to hear that. Was that recent?"

"It all happened in the last few months. I'm ok we're both adults and knew it hadn't been right for some time. Anyway tell me more about you?" Mark redirected. "How long have you been here?"

"Well Ben and I married about a year and a half ago and both started new jobs in the city."

"You're married? Wow, how old are you?"

"23." I replied. Mark looked at me and gestured he was impressed and surprised by this. I'd seen his date of birth on documents earlier and knew he had just turned 37 but it didn't seem he'd ever married. "Anyway after doing well in an admin role at Anderson and partners during my gap year before university I managed to get a job here afterward doing legal secretarial work while I continue studying with a view to further growth."

"Thats sounds like a good plan. What does your husband do?"

"He works in Telecoms for a company who specialise in worldwide roaming. Unfortunately he's away a lot at the moment trying to sort agreements between his network and others around the globe but when he's not he works quite nearby and we often get lunch together." I began to explain. I could see Mark losing interest and up 'till then had enjoyed the way he was asking about me and behaving around me. I had learnt back at university the value of flirtation and even if men couldn't have you it didn't mean they didn't enjoy the chase or faint possibility.

"He's a lucky man, not sure I'd be happy to leave someone like you at home so much." Mark kindly remarked. I smiled and faintly touched his hand in response, he looked up a little shocked at this unexpected gesture of affection and I saw a sparkle in his eye.

"Aw thanks. He's doing really well but it can be hard..." I paused thinking how to proceed.

"Sometimes I wonder if there are ways of spicing it all up a bit in an effort to try and keep him around more."

"Spice it up? In what way?" Mark pushed showing more interest.

"Yeah, you know, surprise him..."

"How would you do that?"

"Well... No I can't..." I blushed, I knew this would force Mark to insist and deliberately steered our conversation this way to gauge his reaction to my ideas. I had alway wanted to see what it would be like to wind up and flirt with an older man the way I'd wound up guys at university. Ben actually loved this idea and would try and encourage me then make passionate love to me after I told him of the things I did to turn people on.

"Of course you can? Go on please." Mark pressed.

"Well, I thought of meeting him here wearing something sexy."

"Always a good way to win a mans attention."

"Like what?" Mark pushed further, sipping his coffee as he listened more intently than to anything else I'd said.

"Well, a really short dress or..."

"Or what?"

"Or something I did once before. Meet him at his office wearing just my coat."

"Just your coat?" Mark coughed in surprise, Not expecting my answer.

"Yeah... Like...without anything underneath."

"Blimey that's brave. I can't imaging anyone not appreciating that...Wow." Mark gulped. "And you've done that before?"

"I did it once before, at university a few years ago. We were celebrating our engagement and I went out in just this coat." I teased, seizing my opportunity as Mark went more and more red fidgeting awkwardly at the table.

"What that coat?" Mark asked pointing at the light blue short trench coat I was wearing.

"Yeah."

"And what else did you wear with it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Where did you go. What happened?" Mark pushed more urgently scratching his head in disbelief.

"We went to a bar and some of my friends began to catch on to what I was or wasn't wearing. A few tried to force the issue but I just kept it all a bit of a mystery. I did get a lot of nice compliments about my legs though."

"I'm sure, I mean I cant see them due to your trousers but In that coat... well that's quite a short coat. What I can't imagine is you wearing nothing underneath the coat."

"Well back then I had never done anything like that and was never one to show my legs. I'd grown up thinking I was ugly and no man would be interested in me. Then Ben came along and gave me some confidence in my own body."

"That's hard to believe, you are a very attractive young woman." Mark asserted kindly.

"Thank you. But yeah, when I was wearing just the coat - We all went from the bar to a nightclub and when all my friends expected me to take off my coat to show this fictitious revealing outfit they'd assumed I was wearing we had to announce I was actually completely naked under the coat."

"Wait, completely naked? Didn't you even have underwear on?" Mark balked.

"Oh no. I was literally dressed in shoes and a coat. And later on in the club the coat came off too!" I giggled playfully.

"No way!"

"Yeah!" I reassured. "I actually did a pole dance on a small stage with the whole club watching and then stripped out of it. That was fun..." I then teased reminiscing further.

"Bloody hell! No, you're just winding me up now?"

"Maybe I am, but it did happen."

"No no. You're far too sweet for that. You'll have to do a lot better to prove it to me!" Mark stated.

"Well... I can, I have pictures that were taken at the time and videos went viral on the internet but I managed to get them all removed."

"Really?"

"Yeah it's one of the ways I knew I could do this legal stuff because I threatened legal action on people who'd uploaded damaging images and videos of me without my consent. There may still be a few out there but there's a pretty fantastic program searching the web and ceasing such things as they appear."

"Smart and attractive. Aren't you something." Mark remarked.

Conversation moved back to work though Mark did want to know if our colleagues knew about my previous escapades - which they didn't and he was under strict instructions never to tell them or let them find out, to which he agreed. We talked of many things and on the walk back to the office he thanked me for a lovely lunch before heading off in the afternoon to his new office to start doing some actual work. I went back to my desk in the open plan office where those of us that weren't solicitors worked and started to make my way through a mountain of files I'd had build up quicker than I could sort them in the previous week.

Toward the end of the day Mark came back over to my desk.

"Hey, how are you getting on?" I asked warmly.

"Yeah very well thanks just looking at some of the cases I've been assigned. I was just thinking, what are you doing after work?"

"Not much, with Ben away it'll be a quick dinner then sitting around watching TV. I'll probably video chat with him later."

"I was wondering if you wanted to get some dinner after work, my treat, for helping me settle in today." Mark suggested kindly, he was calm and confident and showed nothing but sincerity in his intentions.

"Aw. Well that was my pleasure, you don't need to do that."

"I'd like to, as I'm knew in town I've not really got any friends to go see so I too would have a lonely evening if we didn't."

"Well we can't have that can we. I'd love to thanks." I responded warmly,

I had needed to work a little late to catch up so the office was all but empty when Mark and I went to leave. Mr Anderson and the cleaner where the only ones there as we walked out.

We walked down the road to all the nearby food outlets and restaurants we had been to earlier and picked a small Indian restaurant to get our food. The waiter showed us to our table and we sat, ordered some drinks and began to chat.

"Thanks for this, it's very kind."

"No thank you, not often I feel so welcome. And not often I get to hear such stories."

"Stories?" I quizzed.

"Of you at your engagement party."

"Oh. Yeah I don't really talk of that much it's not something I want the world to know." I stated sounding slightly downcast but internally I was excited he was pursuing that avenue of conversation again.

"So why'd you tell me?" Mark pushed leaning closer across the table.

"I dunno. I Wanted to see how you'd react."

"Well, it's hard to imagine. You don't seem the type of person to do something like that." He continued.

"No and before that I never was, but it's the quiet ones who are the ones you need to look out for!"

"Oh yeah? so have you done other things like that?" Mark keenly asked.

"Yes. Not many, but yes." I blushed, briefly turning away from him.

"So what, occasionally you enjoy dressing sexy and teasing all the men is that it?" Mark asked feigning outrage.

"Yeah pretty much! That's why you're here." I answered wickedly mocking the drama.

"I'm sorry to say but you're outfit seems quite normal tonight. Looks like just a women's suit."

"Mark... I'm a married woman! Are you asking me to wear something sexy on this date?" I giggled while we both sipped on our drinks that had arrived and stared into each others eyes.

"This is a date? And no, but if you did want to tease anyone are you wearing the right clothes for it?" Mark delicately answered.

"It's not always the clothes, it can be what's going on in the mind." I explained seductively. "Right now you're kinda hoping to see me wearing less and imagining me doing so... Don't deny it I know you are. But stories of my previous exhibitionist antics are few, so if and when I share those with you it will be on my terms. But rest assured, if you play this game right then you will get what you're after."

"And what am I after?" Mark asked sounding alarmed and surprised.

"A better look." I teased slowly and provocatively.

Mark choked at the idea and laughed at the serious tone our conversation had taken with the last few exchanges. He falsely applauded my mind games and looked forward to more but I knew slowly I would show him my mind games were also very real and everything I said was true.

We continued to talk of work and our past lives, how we ended up where we were and some of our likes and dislikes. Mark seemed at ease with me which was nice and seemed to see this as a promising friendship, any pushes further and I gently reminded him of my husband - enough to keep him mindful but also remind him what he cant have and therefore make him want it more. I was going to enjoy teasing Mark just as he was going to enjoy being teased.

After dinner we went our separate ways and each made our way home separately, likely thinking of the other. I was looking forward to tomorrow and ways I could show him I really was an exhibitionist but without making it obvious to the whole office. I wanted to seduce him slowly and boil him over the edge - I couldn't wait to tell Ben all about it when we chatted later.

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"You going for a run today on lunch Becky?" Mark asked following up on a conversation point from dinner the previous night.

"Yep. You?"

"Yeah. Can I join you?"

"If you can keep up!" I mocked causing a few faces around the office to smile.

The morning was slow but our receptionist Anita kept commenting on Mark and how attractive he was, the things she'd like to do to him and ways she could get in with him. I offered to try and set her up which she giggled massively at and ran away blushing.

As the clock hit twelve I stood up to get ready for my lunch time run. Our office had an on site shower and changing room, it wasn't big and was shared between men and women but it offered enough that I could go for a 40 minute run then shower and change while still eat my salad within an hour. Today for the first time in a while someone wanted to join me and as it was Mark I hoped to tease him some more. Normally I wore tight Lycra trousers then my spandex bra top under a thin hoody. Occasionally I would wear my shorts or leave the hoody off but I hadn't ever done both. Today I wanted Mark to really notice my body and decided to see how I could play it. I put on my small black competition shorts rather than the trousers, these where somewhere between bikini bottoms and hot pants and didn't offer much in the way of coverage. The spandex top nicely showed the size and shape of my breasts while leaving my stomach exposed, then I threw my hoody on but left it unzipped. I stood outside the front of the office stretching and warming up while waiting for Mark to appear.

"Woah." Mark simply stated as he stepped out wearing a blue running vest and shorts. I had deliberately waited until the end of my stretches to reach down and touch my toes, I knew with these shorts on it meant the bottom of my ass was really creeping out of my shorts while my long legs stretched tight.

"What?" I Innocently asked.

"Nice gear."

"So that's what you call it?" I winked causing us both to smirk.

"Oh don't start. You'll have me believe you soon." Mark puffed as we started our brisk jog.

"Mark everything I've said is true."

"Really?"

"Well, you tell me. Do I have great legs?"

"You certainly do. Great ass too and I'm loving the open hoody. You're hot, no denying - but are you the type of person to walk around half naked?"

"I've walked around more than half naked. But I found out about my legs through wearing my coat. And nothing else." I stated clearly hoping the truth of the statement would eventually kick in.

"Well you don't seem so afraid to show you're body now." Mark commented as his breaths drew quicker and quicker. "But I just can't see you doing it."

"I'm not afraid, just selective." I commented running backward to face Mark, I then slipped my hoody off my shoulders and threw it to him. He looked stunned catching my hoody with a brief view of my tight abs and stomach before I turned back around to run faster. "Tell you what, if you can keep up not only will you get a better look but I'll tell you another story." I suggested as I started to speed off. Mark could definitely run but I had been a contender at high school and university running events and knew this route blindfolded. Mark might have been fit and strong but it would be a test for him to beat me.

"What if I beat you?" He answered keeping pace beside me.

"Then I guess it'll be time to live out another story."

Mark and I picked up the pace. He could really run but then so could I and we both glanced at each other and laughed a few times. I was actually struggling to push on and began to feel like now I was fighting just to stay level. Mark looked shattered but just kept going relentlessly.

We kept an even pace for about another ten minutes before Mark began to fade. I could see the next turning and knew our office was about two hundred metres further down the road, just as I began to relax I heard rapid movement behind me. Mark shot passed at nearly double my speed and seemed to hit the entrance to our office before I could even think too much about it.

"What was that?" I asked in outrage and shock as i caught up.

"You're not the only one with secrets, I was holding back the whole way. You're good, but I run marathons and always finish strongly." Mark beamed still panting heavily for breath. He threw my hoody back at me. "You look good." He then simply stated.

"My my. Aren't we a pair?" I asked in surprise, still gasping for breath.

"So, I think you owe me another story and to live out another."

I looked at Mark vacantly, we both knew he was right and I wasn't going to fight a verbal agreement with an experienced solicitor, I opened the office door and we both went to go to the changing room.

"How about now?" I asked looking up at Mark lustfully before kicking off my running shoes and socks.

"For what?"

"A story. I'll go in the shower and tell you, you can wait here." I instructed clearly and commandingly, Mark didn't dare move and began to untie his trainers while I stepped in the shower. The shower door was thick wood but it only covered between your knees and shoulders and anything else was visible to anyone in the changing room. I turned to face Mark as I slipped my fingers into my shorts and slid them off my hips, down my soft ass until they dropped to the floor. I saw Mark's eyes widen as he saw them fall to my feet and before he could speak I kicked the tiny shorts out into the small changing room. I then reached around my middle and pulled my spandex top over my shoulders and threw that over the top of the shower door, smiling at him expectantly as I stood inches from him completely naked and yet out of view.

"Are you making a story or telling one?" Mark asked, shaking as he struggled to get his words out.

"A bit of both." I stated while turning on the water to shower my body while trying to keep my hair dry. "So back in my final year at university, a few months after the episode with my coat and stripping in the club I had just about lived down those exploits with my friends and peers. We had the end of year ball and I went in a really lovely dress, two parts - One a long skirt with a slit all the way to the hip and then a small boob tube, this left my stomach on display. Then I also wore long sleeved gloves and wrapped a feather boa around my shoulders.  "Sounds both sexy and elegant." Mark commented.

"Yeah it was. Then my friends commented that though it was great to finally see my stomach they wanted to see my legs again. I challenged them all to ask out someone they'd had a crush on and in the unlikely event that they all did that Id had it suggested I take off the long skirt and wear my tiny top as a skirt."

"What would you wear on top?"

"Nothing. Just my feather boa and gloves."

"That's mad! So what happened?"

"They all went and did it, and Ben had watched and could confirm the truth. I protested that my lecturers and friends were all around and my lack of underwear would be an issue but they insisted, so off I went to remove my skirt."

"You didn't wear underwear then either?" Mark gasped.

"Nope. It didn't look right showing through the gaps in the dress, but now I had to wear a tiny top as a tiny skirt. I slid my top down and it just about covered me at the front sitting right at the top of my thighs. At the back... well literally half my ass was hanging out. I was topless but my feather boa thankfully covered quite a lot of me so I then walked out to the hall and put a brave face on it while a lot of people went a bit crazy."

"Bloody hell I bet you looked incredible."

"I hope so. Would you mind passing me my towel and my dress."

"Yes of course." Mark answered snapping back into the present from his daydream. He picked up the towel next to my bag and my dress that was on a coat hanger on a hook on the wall. He approached slowly, the nearer he got the more I was aware he may see of my naked body while I stood there dripping wet. I put an arm across my chest and the other down between my legs as he kindly hung the towel and dress over the outside of the door. "Bloody hell I thought you'd kept your underwear on sorry." Mark spluttered, clearly having seen a little more than he thought he would.

"With those shorts and that sports top? No I couldn't wear underwear under those." I commented nonchalantly as I took the towel and rubbed myself down. "Enjoy the view?"

"Well.. err. Unexpected. Lovely, but unexpected." Mark bashfully replied. I lifted my dress over to my side of the shower door and stepped into it raising it up my body and zipping up the side. "Wait, did you need?..."

"I haven't got any... Not today."

"So what are you wearing under your dress?"

"Nothing." I confidently teased opening the shower door and stepping out. Marks eyes looked up my body from my bare feet up to my eyes and took in every curve and contour, I could see he liked it. The dress was divided into four very thick horizontal sections that were black and grey. It was black over my shoulders and chest then it was grey around my waist, it went black again over for the first half of the skirt section and then grey again for the second half of the skirt down to my knee. The dress that was very tight and form fitting, it had a high neckline at the front but at the back it was backless apart from a few strings meaning my back was exposed from the back of my neck to about halfway down my back where the colour changed, however my long brown hair covered much of this exposed area.

"Bloody hell." Mark commented faintly. "Hadn't seen you wearing that this morning!"

"Thanks. I'll leave you to get showered then." I sniggered seeing a bulge in his running shorts as we passed each other.

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"You weren't kidding were you?" Mark whispered as he walked past my desk mid afternoon.

"Nope. It's all true." I grinned. Mark just shook his head and walked to his office. A few minutes later my phone rang and I could see it was an internal call.

"Do you still owe me a story or was that it?" Mark asked quietly.

"Was that it? Wasn't that enough, you got two for one there." I gently rebuked.

"No I didn't mean it like that, I meant.. there must be more?"

"Oh theres more but I can't tell you now." I softly said.

"Dinner later?"

"Thats depends, is what I'm wearing sexy enough" I whispered very gently so no one else heard.

"Oh definitely."

"You're on then."

The rest of the afternoon seemed to drag, it was fun seeing the way Mark would look at me every time he walked past. Only he and I knew I wasn't wearing anything under my dress and it made me a little wet just thinking about it. When my clock hit five I was done for the day and shot up almost immediately, Mark had clearly been waiting like me and shot up too before we headed out the office together only to receive a few funny looks from some colleagues.

Mark offered to drive as I had travelled in via train. He had a very nice Mercedes and I enjoyed the feel of its soft leather seats on my legs and back. Mark had pre booked a thai restaurant earlier in the day and we were quickly seated in the relatively quiet place.

We sat silently and looked into each others eyes intently, I ran my finger around the edge of my wine glass and smiled while Mark looked back lustfully.

"What will you're husband say?" He simply asked, gulping at the possible answer.

"Oh he will love it, he knows all about yesterday and will love today even more."

"You told him?" Mark almost shrieked, surprised by this revelation.

"Of course, I told him everything. The only jealousy he'd have of the situation is he cant be around to see any of it he's just hearing about it from me. He loves a bit of voyeurism as much as I occasionally like to be an exhibitionist."

"You are something else."

"You believe me now? Believe my stories?"

"I do. This is one instance I'm very happy to be wrong, and I hate being wrong."

"Me too. So do you want to know what happened next?" I asked wide eyed, pouting slightly and swaying my head a little in excitement.

"When?"

"When the prom ended."

"There's more to that?" Mark asked in shock.

"Oh yeah. Quite a lot more actually. So after I had been confronted by a lecturer on my attire I joined my friends on the dance floor for ages. It was so dark with people wearing such different things no one really seemed to notice my lack of clothing, but then as the ball ended they turned on the main lights in the hall and everything was clear as day. That was fun, walking out with my legs completely on show, my ass half hanging out and my pubic region threatening to appear too." Mark was frozen, hanging on my every word and gulping at my continuing explanation.

"I then had my arms firmly holding the feather boa over my breasts leaving much of my top exposed - and because of holding my breasts I couldn't do much about my skirt riding up. I walked down the stairs from the hall with each step seemingly pulling my skirt up higher and higher, and there was no room for it go higher it was already as short as it could be, if anyone had turned around they'd have probably got a right eyeful!" I passionately and quickly explained, Mark just sat wide eyed loving my every word.

"When we got outside we had to wait a while for a couple of taxi's to arrive, these were going to take us to our friends house in another part of town. The taxi driver of the cab I was in really took a shine to me and when we went to pay he asked to take a few pictures in exchange for the ride, I agreed and.. Well. Ben stayed with me but the others all had to wait outside - by the end I was sat in the cab completely naked. I remained seated with my legs crossed so he didn't see much below but he saw my breasts and everything else."

"Oh my. Can I claim the same payment if I drive you home tonight?" Mark gasped.

"Play your cards right.." I teased, grinning ear to ear at his warm comments.

"I mean look at you. Sat there calm as anything looking sexy as they come wearing nothing but that dress.

"Well, not exactly... I'm also wearing these shoes." I laughed, realising I had said that before in the entrance to the nightclub of the engagement party. "Would you like to see more?"

"What are you suggesting and how would you show me more? You can't exactly take your dress off!" Mark dismissed, clearly with his heart beating out his chest. He was going red and pulled on his neckline as if his neck tie were too tight.

"Not exactly no. But this dress is magic. These grey parts zip right off."

"No way!" Mark barked before realising his enthusiasm was a little loud.

"Oh yes. Look." I stated calmly, slowly reaching down under the table to find the zip of the skirt and the velcro keeping it fastened in the middle. I whizzed the zip round my thighs making it sound a little like a sleeping bag before raising my body, undoing the loud velcro in the material in the middle then as I hovered off the chair I pulled the lower part of the dress away. I held up the grey section in my right hand and placed it on the table. Mark pulled on his neckline again and wiped some sweat away from his forehead. "See."

"Bloody hell!" Mark whispered loudly "How short is that dress now? Can you stand up?"

"Its about six or seven inches. Just about covers my ass." I answered standing up very slowly so the edge of the skirt appeared very gradually from underneath the table cloth. I then stood away from the table so Mark could see an unobstructed view of my long legs. He stared at the red nail polish on my toes before slowly moving his gaze up and up to my thighs. Just as he reached the skirt I began to unzip the middle section of the dress that was around my stomach, I unzipped the join between the top of the dress and the grey area first then let it fall ever so slightly so Mark could see a line of skin just below my breasts. Then I reached behind me and unfastened the velcro running down my spine keeping the two sides of the grey material together before I very slowly unzipped the bottom zip, I held the material away from my back but over my front so Mark knew it wasn't attached but couldn't see any more skin yet. Before he could catch another breath I threw the grey material at him revealing my toned stomach and exposed belly button sitting above a tiny black skirt and beneath a backless top.

"You're crazy." Mark said in disbelief.

"Oh. Well I'll just go home then.." I replied sounding overly upset.

"I mean its a good crazy! I'm loving it, but my word!"

"That's ok then."

Mark and I sat eating dinner and chatting for another hour or two, me wearing a lot less than the previous evening and Mark glancing at areas of exposed skin almost by the minute. After we finished up he paid and we stood up to leave.

"Do you want to.. zip back up?" Mark asked in a caring tone.

"No I'm good."

We walked back out to Mark's car and sat inside, I had to put my handbag between my legs to prevent an indecent showing.

"Home?" He turned and asked.

"Yeah. I think that's all you can take for one day!"

"So are you going to offer the same deal you had with the taxi driver? A few pictures for the ride?"

"Not tonight. But i'll make it up to you later in the week." I responded mischievously

"How will you do that?"

"You'll just have to wait and see."

Mark dropped me home and I opted not to invite him in for coffee as I didn't want to lead him on too fast. I'd been deliberately trying to seduce him but not to fuck him, not yet at least. But the fun of the tease and the joy it brought me and would bring Ben was enough for now. I had another video call with Ben who loved the events of the day and asked what I would do next. He said he didn't mind the games and didn't mind how far I took it so long as I didn't break any laws or lose my job - based on today both were possible!

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"Are we running or lunching today?" I asked Mark mid morning Wednesday as I stuck my head in his office, he looked up from his desk and smiled.

"So we are taking lunch together again today then?" He mocked.

"Well what else would you do?" I grinned.

"Do you want me to kick your ass running again then?"

"Hey!... You didn't kick my ass, you spent almost the whole time looking at it!"

"I did, I'll give you that. Its a very nice ass. Anyway, I didn't bring my stuff today so lets just get a sandwich somewhere."

"Ok. See you at twelve." I grinned as I left his office.

When it hit noon I saw Mark was already on his way over to my desk. I stood up and grabbed my bag as we headed out the office together. Anita our receptionist grinned at me as if we were up to no good and I tried to shake my head and dismiss it.

Mark and I found a patisserie and sat outside drinking coffee watching the hustle and bustle of all the nearby corporate workers scurrying around on their breaks.

"You look very nice again today." Mark complimented. "Are you...?"

"Am I what?" I asked, sincerely not getting where he was going with that question. He looked down and gestured with his eyebrows something awry. "Oh... No, I'm wearing underwear today."

"Ah. Ok. That was pretty kinky yesterday. You do enjoy a tease don't you?"

"Yeah I do. But you weren't believing me so I had to take drastic measures to prove it!"

"How often do you do this kinda thing?" Mark asked very seriously.

"With my husband, once in a while. With someone else... You're the first." I whispered, not wanting anyone nearby to hear.

"What makes me so special?"

I smiled and felt myself blush at Marks question. "I always wanted to try and seduce an older man, you're the first one I've met I actually wanted to seduce!"

"Oh so you're trying to seduce me?"

I leaned closer and confidently stated, "I'm not trying. I'm succeeding." Mark smirked and turned away taking a sip of his coffee.

"So when you got to your friends house after this ball, and you'd stripped in the taxi. What happened? Because you must have been far from home without any clothes to wear?" Mark asked changing the subject quickly back to our previous conversation.

"Ah you've been thinking about it! Well, my friends were shocked I'd stripped in the cab and demanded I do the same in the house... which I cant believe I actually did but there we are."

"What naked?"

"Well yeah, but as I had in the cab I kept my legs crossed and hands over my breasts. They didn't see too much!"

"But you were still naked?"

"Yes. Then the next day Ben and I walked across town to my apartment. And this was one of the favourite things I've ever done."

"What did you do?" Mark snapped with real urgency.

"It was really hot and I'd borrowed Ben's jacket to wear. But the sun was beaming down and I was just melting, but I hadn't really got anything else I could wear walking across town. Ben wouldn't swap and let me wear his shirt and I didn't want to go back to wearing the feather boa with my top as a skirt but I had an idea. I took my small top and put it back around my hips as the makeshift skirt it had been the night before then asked Ben for his braces, the suspenders holding his trousers up on his suit. He gave me them and I looped them over my shoulders so that the narrow bands of material covered my breasts."

"Where they thick enough?"

"No thats the thing, they were about two inches thick so only just covered my nipples leaving the rest of my boobs and top exposed. Then my other problem was attaching them to an already tiny skirt that wasn't even a skirt, nothing would stay in place! I was forced to basically hold the skirt on my hips so it didn't fly up and also give enough tension to the suspenders that my nipples didn't escape!"

"And you walked through town like that?" Mark barked in shock.

"Yeah. It was really early so not many people were around but quite a few walked past and lots of cars were beeping their horns and slowing down for a better look. I walked wearing a tiny makeshift skirt that didn't even cover all my ass with some suspenders over my nipples, that was basically it and it was fantastic!"

"You enjoyed that?"

"So much! I love to tease, but if I do it too often it loses its potency or fun. I like to feel nervous, I like to feel scared people are able to see me but at the same time I'm spurred on to do more and more."

"I'm beginning to see that." Mark sighed smiling at me.

We chatted more and then our attentions moved back to work, we agreed to go for another lunch the following day. I didn't see Mark again that day as he was out with clients and in and out of meetings with the bosses.

That evening I felt bored after work after cooking some dinner and briefly talking to my husband and updating him on things with Mark. We came up with a plan for the next two days and I went to sleep that night dreaming of the things I hoped to do.

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Thursday morning I went in the closet and found the items I was looking to wear that day. I looked for the top that I wore to the university prom I'd told Mark all about, Ben's suspenders and then a white shirt that I could wear on top. After straightening my hair and applying my make up I made my way to work on the familiar train route, excited to see how the day played out.

As far as anyone could tell I was wearing a blouse as a dress, I put a belt around my middle to keep it all from flapping around but underneath I had a nice surprise for Mark and looked forward to lunch time when I'd hopefully be able to share it with him.

After a busy morning I wondered over to Mark's office. He was ready for some air and to get away from things for a bit and we walked off to the nearby caffe's and food outlets. We picked the same spot as the day before which was a table for two outside, near the street where hundreds of people were quickly walking by.

"Once again Becky, you look very nice."

"Thankyou."

"People will begin to talk. We've spent every one of my lunches together so far."

"Yeah they might do..." I answered sounding a little distant and distracted.

"You know I never really used to take a lunch break." Mark confessed. "But now It's hard to imagine not having our little catch up each day."

"How sweet. What do you like best?"

"Well, its nice to get out the office, nice to spend some time with your lovely self..."

"I sense theres more?"

"Well, I must admit I've enjoyed your stories a lot."

"Good. I've enjoyed telling you. Where did we get to?" I asked getting straight to the point.

"You had spent the night at your friends house after the ball and and walked back wearing your top as a skirt and your husbands suspenders as a sort of top. That is just so hard to imagine." Mark replied honestly.

"Ah yes. Well theres a little more to that one, when we got back to my apartment building we saw a man cleaning up outside his pool club which was on the ground floor of the block of flats I lived in. He was a bit taken with how I was dressed and we got talking, he then saw the armful of other things Ben was carrying including my feather boa so he wanted to know where we had been, what I had been wearing and all that. We told him how I'd lost the bottom of my dress, the skirt and how the top had been a makeshift skirt all night and I'd used the feather boa to cover my top. After his shock at what I was wearing he wanted to know if I'd done other things like it so I briefly told him about going out naked underneath my coat and how I ended up stripping on stage. He then bet me I wouldn't go up to my apartment and get the coat."

"Doesn't sound like much of a challenge."

"Well, his stipulation was that I was to do it wearing only the feather boa."

"No! Did you do it?" Mark gasped.

"I stood there and put my boa over my shoulders then took my skirt and shoes off. I walked into the apartment building and had to decide if we should risk walking up the stairs which would take longer or to go in the elevator which was quicker but used by more people. I decided to use the elevator... But it didn't take us to my floor so after bumping into a few people we had to sneak down a floor and then it was quite a long walk from the elevator to my apartment. My ass and back was completely exposed and I felt so naughty, I was nearly caught a few times and at one point hid behind a mans door as he opened it, but as he was doing that another nearby door opened so I panicked and crept in the first guys apartment. Ben came in after and told me there was a couple in the hallway and challenged me to leave a gift for the young man who's apartment we were crashing in and then go to my apartment a few doors down."

"So what did you do?"

"The guys computer was on so I took a picture of myself on it from the shoulders down, holding the boa over my pussy but leaving everything else on show. It was hot."

"Well if you're broken into I cant imagine you'd expect to find that!"

"Oh I left a little more, I left a note saying I'd seen him around and never had the courage to go see him 'til that evening when I went over wearing only a feather boa. I took it off and left it as a souvenir of what he nearly had." I continued to explain.

"So you took off the feather boa, which was all you had on you?... And still walked to your apartment?"

"Yeah, the couple were in the hallway gazing into each others eyes. Ben walked nearest to them but I was completely naked as I walked down that hallway and only at the last second did they seem to notice!"

"Wow! You really are something else. No one would ever imagine that kinda side to you, you're so sweet and gentle but theres a truly wild side to you."

"Oh there really is. Even today." I affirmed boldly. "Do you know what I'm wearing under this blouse?"

"Now I know you a little better, I really don't!"

"The top I wore to the ball. And Ben's suspenders..." I grinned playfully.

"Yeah right!" Mark balked.

"I really am. Look..." I teased further as I untied the buttons of my blouse one at a time while Mark looked over the table intently at me. I removed the buttons so the top now gaped well past my breasts and still Mark wouldn't be able to see a thing underneath, I reached a hand inside and pulled on the black suspender with my thumb so it appeared in view and Mark feigned collapse.

"You kill me." He playfully sobbed. "But no way will you take that blouse off here there's hundreds of people around!"

"Mark. Don't underestimate me. You keep doing it and you keep being proven wrong."

"You won't though! You'd have to be mad!" He blasted confidently.

"I learned a few things over my time doing this kind of thing, and in my time around people in general. Look at them, really look at them - not one is looking anywhere but where they need to get to. Each person they see is a blur in their peripheral vision that they simply need to avoid on the way to their destination. And look around the tables near us, everyone is so busy on their electronic devices or talking to their friends and colleagues they aren't looking around. If I don't bring attention to myself and took my shirt off quietly I doubt anyone would really notice - and the killer in that is even if they notice, no one will do anything. No one would dare cause a scene or say anything because they don't want others to know that they were even looking at me. So believe me when I say that you would be mad to underestimate me taking my blouse off because not only would I, but could I."

Mark sat stunned. He had no response. I had an experienced solicitor silenced and he was just bowled over. As he sat looking at me I removed the belt around my middle and untied the last of the buttons on my blouse. At this point I needed to actually pull my skirt down and adjust the braces so that they were actually over my nipples, all morning the skirt had been pulled up to my middle and the braces were loose but if I took off the blouse they needed to cover me more. I began to feel nervous, the tingly nervous I was familiar with now where I knew I was about to be more exposed than I perhaps should and that realistically I could get in some trouble for it. But I loved those nerves and it began to make my mouth water with anticipation.

I pulled the skirt so it was under my ass and then crossed my legs as there was no way it was long enough to keep my pussy from view. Then I pulled the straps over my breasts and carefully opened the blouse wide before letting it slowly slide down my shoulders.

"Oh my god. You are actually insane!" Mark softly but passionately said.

"Yeah perhaps. But are you enjoying it?"

"Oh hell yes!"

"Good. And look, no one seems to have noticed." I confidently stated as I looked briefly around us.

I smiled and leaned back in my chair so Mark could clearly see that all I was wearing was the skirt and suspenders. He was fidgeting and looking around a lot but he was constantly coming back and staring at my chest.

"You like those?"

"They're very... pert. Can you... can you show me the skirt?"

"Oh you want me to stand up? Now that is a challenge because that brings more attention to me."

"Do it. Please do it, why don't you go to the toilet or something?"

"Hmmm. Because you asked so nicely, I will. But you watch, I'll get a lot more attention walking through the cafe like this."

"Oh you bet I'll be watching!" Mark beamed happily.

I put my hands down to my hips and held the skirt where the suspenders clamped on to it so that they were tight on my top and that the skirt didn't fly up my body. I carefully stood up and as I did I felt several eyes nearby glance at me and then look much closer. Last time I'd worn this it was the early hours of the morning walking through relatively quiet parts of a town, now I was in the middle of a crowded cafe at the lunch rush hour. I walked inside the coffee shop and could feel peoples eyes burning on me, I heard a few gasps and a few men commenting to their male colleagues happily. It was really crowded and I had a job to walk through everyone, I bumped into a few people and at that point realised the suspender on one side had pulled away from my nipple and sat completely to the side of my breast. Then as I looked down at this I bumped into someone else and my other breast sprang free. There I was walking through a crowded coffee shop with my breasts completely on show and my ass half hanging out of a tiny skirt. What was worse is I couldn't even move my hands to fix the issue because if I did that the skirt would be pulled up to my belly button exposing everything beneath it.

I began to panic and just as I was about to properly freak out Mark appeared and threw my blouse over my shoulders. I quickly pulled it closed and we made a run for it.

"Thank you!" I gasped as I held onto Mark's arms while facing him and catching my breath.

"You seemed to be in a bit of trouble there I couldn't leave you, not after I'd asked you to do that."

"Yeah I was a tad exposed. And It is definitely your fault!"

"My fault? Is it my fault you wore so little to work today, that you took off your blouse? That you accepted my challenge?"

"I suppose not. But I did it because you asked me to."

"Fair enough. And can I just say, you do have the most amazing breasts!"

We both laughed as we walked back to the office. I'd proved another point today and Mark was clearly into it all. Tomorrow was going to be a good day, I knew what I wanted to do already.

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I awoke on Friday earlier than normal so I could spend more time in the shower, I got a new razor and made sure I was shaved as smooth as possible all over my body. I spent a lot of time drying and straightening my dark hair and then applied thicker make up than I'd normally wear to work. I put on thick bright red lipstick and made my eyes very dark. I stood a moment in front of the mirror feeling that looked good.

Then I went downstairs and put on some wedge heeled shoes that were mostly just straps over my feet. I then picked up my blue jacket and put it on over my otherwise naked body. I'd decided when I woke that this would be the most I would wear all day. I then grabbed my bag and left the house to walk to the station.

The walk wasn't a long one but just as it had the other days when I walked there in just a dress I felt a little bit like everyone could see under my clothes and would know I was naked underneath. I loved this sensation and grinned uncontrollably as people walked past me and did a double take. It had been the best part of two years since I first went out wearing just this coat but the memory was as clear in my mind as if it were yesterday. But today I wanted to create some new memories and try and enjoy it all more, I spent much of that previous time scared people would find out, I knew better now and knew also how to play on peoples ideas.

I sat alone on the train and read my ebook before getting off a few stops down and walking into the office. I now really felt the butterflies as I realised the magnitude of what I was doing, sure on Tuesday I had worn only a dress in the office all day but that was in some ways less obvious than my short trench coat, I wouldn't be able to take this off all day and it showed a few inches more leg than that dresses initially did. I'd worn the coat a hundred times to work but always over the top of an outfit, but I knew I had to remain calm because if i wasn't then people would wonder what was up to a lot quicker than if I remained my normal self.

I was relieved not too many people were in the office when I walked in and I just walked straight to my desk and sat down. As others walked in I greeted them but if possible I tried to remain seated with my legs hidden under my desk. Eventually Mark walked in and he was about to walk past when I made sure he heard me and saw my face as I smiled at him and said hello more warmly than I ever had before. He smiled and commented that I looked very nice. I then remembered not only was I wearing so little but my makeup was more obvious than usual and felt incredibly self conscious.

"Thanks Mark." I replied going red.

"Come see me later." He asked softly.

"Oh I was planning on it." I beamed. He smiled and walked over to his office.

The morning dragged, I tried to get on with my work but at the end of the week it was always difficult to find the motivation and today I was distracted by my intentions and finding ways to try and not stand up or draw attention to myself. This proved impossible when Mr Anderson called me into his office in the mid morning. As I stood Anita our receptionist and a few others wolf whistled and hooted. "Great legs!" One of the male admin guys shouted before realising he was quite loud so sat down sheepishly.

"Mrs Shaw."

"Mr Anderson" I replied nervously.

"Thank you for making Mark feel so welcome. He's already showing a load of skills we were lacking and he's commented a few times how you have helped him."

"Aw thats sweet of him." I replied happily.

"He may even be a little too keen, be careful, perhaps remind him that not so long ago you were Miss White not Mrs Shaw."

"Yes sir I will."

"Aren't you hot in that coat?"

"No sir I'm ok thanks."

"Ok, well thats all really unless you have anything you wanted to say? - Ok thanks then see you later." He ended, giving no time to reply.

I left Mr Anderson's office and sat back down. The rest of the team had decided they were going to go to the pub for lunch and we had some on holiday and a few others who didn't work Fridays. When they all left it meant only Anita was left to cover the phones and reception while I agreed to stay if she needed extra help. Mark had stayed back too. Other than the three of us we had a completely empty office and I knew this was the opportunity I was waiting for so stood up and went to Mark's office. My heart was racing.

"Hey. Just us isn't it?" He warmly said.

"Yes pretty much. Anita's got the phones. She wont disturb us."

"Disturb us?"

"Yeah. We're going to have a party." I slowly said as I closed the door to his office then turned to him holding the belt of my coat. "Don't you want to open your present?" I seductively said walking over to Marks desk while running my fingers through the belt of my jacket.

"Present?" He asked sounding confused while looking up at me.

"Yes. I'll unwrap it for you."

I stood there a moment while he looked up a little confused. "Oh!" Mark suddenly boomed as he realised what I had meant. "Can I?" He asked delicately as he stood up and walked around his desk, I looked up into his eyes and ran my fingers through my hair.

Mark reached for the belt on my coat and my skin felt like lightning, I tingled all over as he held the buckle in his hand. He looked intently down as he slowly looped the buckle undone. I looked up at Mark and bit on my lower lip while I leaned just an inch or two closer to his face and groaned faintly. The buckle then fell away and the jacket parted slightly revealing glimpses of my naked body underneath.

"You're... So..."

"What?" I asked quietly as I reached up to where the coat met my shoulders and pulled it apart revealing my breasts, I quickly span around and then turned my head to look at Mark with my back to him. I walked over to the far side of his office next to the door and then let the coat fall to the floor.

"...Naked!" He gasped.

I turned around slowly to give him a full view of my naked body. He looked down at my feet and worked his intent stare up my long legs to my shaved pussy, past my stomach to my firm round C-cup breasts before looking me in the eye. I walked over to Mark and he fell back onto his chair at his desk while I hovered close to him and leaned down into his face placing my arms either side of him onto the arms of his chair. He looked up at me with such lust and passion I wanted to fuck him right there and then.

"Oh my god. You have the greatest body I've ever seen!" Mark beamed. "Wow!"

"Aww. Thank you, so aren't you going to come over here and take a closer look."

Just as I asked that Mark's phone rang, it was an internal call which confused as we thought everyone in the office was out.

"Hello. Yes I am. Yes that's fine David. Ok see you in a second." Mark said down the phone. David was Mr Anderson's first name but only partners in the firm really called him that, but more alarmingly he was about to come into Mark's office! I looked around noticed my coat on the floor next to the door, there was no way I could risk reaching it before Mr Anderson walked in - plus he had told me to be mindful of Mark taking a shine to me. He certainly didn't want me to walk into his office and strip naked! I was potentially in big trouble and I was terrified.

Just then there was a tap at the door and I just dropped to the floor, Mr Anderson opened the door and walked in while I crept into the cap under Mark's desk out of view. Thankfully the desk was at the far end of the office facing the door so Mark sat with his back to the wall, this meant I was well out of site unless Mr Anderson took the unlikely step of walking around the desk.

"Mark. How're you doing? I Thought while everyone is out that this was a good opportunity to see how you're getting on? Settling in ok? Anything you need for the cases we have given you?" David asked as he walked over to Mark and sat in one of the two chairs Mark had facing his desk.

"Hi David, yeah I'm good thanks hows things with you? I'm settling in well I think."

"Great stuff. That help you gave yesterday in the Stratcliffe case was invaluable thanks for that." Mr Anderson said, I'd never really heard him like this. Like a normal friendly man rather than the slightly scary and always serious boss we had all come to know.

"Oh no problem I've dealt with a lot of that kind of thing in my time." Mark replied cheerfully.

"That's great, I'm sure you're going to be a real asset to the partnership."

They began to talk about the particulars of a few cases and I realised I may have to sit naked under this desk for quite some time. Then I saw Mark lean back in his chair and he quickly looked me in the eye before pulling his chair a bit nearer to the desk and to me. I couldn't help notice the huge bulge in his trousers and all I wanted to do was see what was causing it. Mark was passionately talking when I lightly touched his leg with my hand and made him jump, though he covered it up well. I slowly moved my hand up his leg and began to stroke his thigh. At this point I could hear Mr Anderson doing all the talking while Mark was desperately trying to listen and respond. Mark's desk was very high and deep meaning he could sit very close to it and anyone the other side wouldn't be able to see even his trousers, Mark then sat forward leaning on the desk probably fearing my hand or something else would be seen touching him. I was getting extremely excited and with one hand on his thigh I touched my erect nipples with my other, caressing my own breasts which brought the waves of pleasure all over my skin. I moved that same hand down and touched my smooth pussy which was now wet as I was so turned on.   With my right hand touching Mark and my left hand touching me I moved up his thigh and felt the huge bulge in his trousers. Mark flinched and I then put both hands in his lap to undo his trousers and try and free his erect cock. My blood was pumping as I loosened his belt buckle and knew there was nothing he could do to stop me while he was talking to the boss. With his trousers loose I pulled them apart to reveal his designer boxer shorts. I gently tickled his cock over the material before sneaking my finger inside his button hole and touching the warm flesh of his manhood. I could feel it pulsating as I untied the two buttons holding his fly closed, I then reached in and firmly grabbed his huge erect cock in my hand and in doing so felt him shudder.

"Oh RIGHT!" Mark replied to Mr Anderson raising his voice as I clutched at his cock. "Well David if that's all, thanks for seeing me and I'll get on those other cases on Monday."

"Yes thanks Mark, glad you're getting on well." He kindly said as he stood up and walked to the door. Then my heart sank. "What's this? Is this Becky's coat?"

My heart almost stopped and I froze under the desk, I still had Mark's cock in my hand but neither of us could move.

"Erm.. Yes it is. She was in here just before you and got a bit warm, messy thing she must have dropped it without me noticing." Mark answered as calmly as he could while two people literally and metaphorically had him by the balls.

"I asked her earlier if she was warm, I thought it was strange she'd kept her coat on all morning. Tell her to come see me if she wants it back." He said as he left the office with my coat.

My heart was racing and I wasn't sure what to do, Mark looked down at me as I still hid under his desk with my hand wrapped around his cock. I looked up and began to come out but as my face reached his knees all I could see was his cock, I opened my mouth and took him inside me.

Mark took a sharp breath and I felt his whole body tense up. I licked the end of his cock and then pushed so he was going deeper and deeper each time my head went up and down. For a moment I stopped moving my head and let my tongue move around over his erect member, he wriggled his legs and began to arch his back before I quickly began to move my head up and down on taking him deeper and deeper. Mark's breathing quickened before I felt a huge spasm in his cock and then I felt my mouth fill with warm thick fluid. I swallowed his cum and wiped my mouth as I slowly climbed up his body and out from under his desk.

"Oh my god. Wow."

"Ssshhh." I whispered putting my finger on his lips, now sitting on his lap straddling him. I looked him in the eye and kissed him. He kissed me back, gently at first but then with more and more passion, we both groaned in approval and his arms wrapped around my naked body and clutched at my ass. I found my hips were beginning to grind on top of him and with his cock still hanging out of his trousers it soon came back to life as my soft smooth pussy rubbed up against it.

Mark then stared at me with a wild look in his eye, he was worked into a frenzy and stood up from his chair with me wrapped around him, he threw the paperwork from his desk down and lay me down on his desk. He looked at me and seemed to pause before I reached up my hands and reached for his, pulling him down on top of me.

Our eyes said it all and Mark's cock had sprung back into life at the thought of entering me. He stood up and pulled me to the edge of his desk so he could fuck me from his standing position, he placed the helmet of his cock at the entrance of my pussy and gently pushed making me groan slightly before thrusting hard and making me squeal. I quickly put my hands over my mouth realising the noise I made and then panted and groaned as Mark rocked back and forth while inside of me.

He felt different to Ben, his cock was longer and thinner so it touched places I wasn't used to and didn't quite touch places I was. I'd only ever been with Ben and the thoughts of what we were doing and where made me almost cum there and then. Mark looked down at me with such lust in his eyes I could then feel his heart race speeding up, he began to tense up as another orgasm approached. "We are fucking...it's amazing" I gasped trying to catch my breath. "We're fucking in your office.. I'm totally naked and we're fucking on your desk..." Mark began to convulse and seeing his eyes roll tipped me over the edge too as wave after wave of pure pleasure raced around my body. Like a tidal wave of ecstasy it drained all my energy for a moment.

Mark reached down and kissed me again before standing and removing his cock from my pussy. We both squirmed and gasped before looking at each other again. I sat up on the desk and Mark began to do his trousers up again.

"That was incredible." Mark panted. I smiled and giggled without much I could say. "But Mr Anderson has your coat."

"Oh shit! I'd almost forgotten, what on earth do I do?"

"I'm not sure, do you have anything else to wear?"

"Not a stitch. I even took my running bag home the other day with my spare running gear in it."

"Well. Why don't you just go ask for it back?" Mark joked trying to ease the tension.

"Mark that's not funny. I am fucked in every sense of the word!"

"I've got a spare shirt in my car is that any good?" Mark kindly offered.

"Yes! Can I borrow your belt then if I put that around my middle it should like what I wore yesterday!"

"Sure. Wait here."

"Really not going anywhere!" I replied sternly, I was stark naked and terrified. I sat back under Mark's desk waiting for him to return. It felt like he was gone for ages and then I heard voices, people were returning from lunch and would be filling the office, I feared someone would come in.

"No no I spilled juice on my shirt I always carry a spare." I heard Mark saying to someone as I heard the door to his office open. "Becky?... Becky?" He whispered sounding worried and confused.

"There you are! You were gone ages!"

"Sorry Anita grabbed me, she wondered where you had gone as she saw you enter my office and never come out, but because Mr Anderson had talked to me she assumed you had left again. I said I'd dropped all my files and you had been helping sort them out.. which is kind of true."

"Could be trouble." I commented while I put on Mark's spare shirt and his belt. It actually looked ok but I had to roll the sleeves up because his double cuffed shirt needed cufflinks and it made it clear it was a man's shirt.

Now I needed to do something more terrifying than walking into Mark's office and stripping, walking out the office and pretending all was normal.

"Thanks Mark I'll get these back to you Monday.." I falsely commented walking out his office with a pile of paper.

"Becky where have you been?" Anita asked keenly.

"I was helping Mark, were you ok?"

"Yeah just about... Helping Mark eh? With what? I've seen that look before..."

"What look?" I asked trying to sound as oblivious as I could.

"Like you've been up to something. Hang on..." She whispered.

"That's the shirt Mark just brought in from his car, and thats the belt he was wearing! I noticed because its so nice."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I've had these on all day they are my husbands."

"Your husband!..." Anita gasped.

"Please... please drop it. Please!" I pleaded. Anita could see I was sincere and stopped talking about it, but I couldn't help fear she would tell some of the others. We had a big problem.

**Naked Under Her Coat Ch. 04**

"Mr Anderson. I understand you have my coat?" I nervously enquired peeking my head around the door of our Senior Partner's office.

"Becky. Do come in." He calmly requested in a way that was worryingly kind and at the same time stern. I was likely in for a good talking too after what he had said this morning about staying away from Mark our knew solicitor because he had a soft spot for me. "Becky. Come in, sit down." He continued, I anxiously followed his instruction and walked toward his desk to sit opposite him.

That day had proven to be a crazy day. I had been helping Mark settle in all week flirting and teasing him with stories of my past escapades as an exhibitionist. He of course didn't believe a 23 year old, married for a year working where we were would have that side to her. But I soon convinced him and this particular morning had gone to work wearing nothing but a short, thin blue trench coat. I stripped naked in his office and we ended up having sex on his desk. But worse yet, just before that our boss had walked in, I hid under Mark's desk and when he left Mr Anderson took my coat. After borrowing a spare shirt of Mark's and tying his belt around my middle I managed to put together a makeshift outfit not a million miles from one I'd worn a few days before. However this time the shirt was thin and I had nothing on underneath, I was shaking inside and struggling terribly not to let the situation overcome me as I slowly sat down opposite Mr Anderson who looked almost emotionless. Rarely a good sign.

"Becky. Why did I find your coat on the floor in Mark's office?" Mr Anderson asked raising an eyebrow. I broke eye contact and looked away smiling, knowing how hard it would be to bluff a senior solicitor.

"I was helping Mark sort out some paperwork, it was quite hot in his office and I threw my coat at his coat stand but must have missed."

"I was just in there, I didn't think it was hot."

"Well I guess you were right earlier and I was hot in my coat.."

"Quite. I'm also quite sure Mark doesn't have a coat stand in his office?"

"That's probably why I missed it!" I joked, pleased with my quick whit hoping to somehow laugh off some of the tension in this awkward situation. I sat leaning forward with my hands in my lap, but tried to ease my own tension by relaxing my body. I leaned back into the chair, crossed my legs and leaned to one side resting my elbow on the arm of the chair.

"Is that a man's shirt you are wearing?" Mr Anderson quizzed, staring intently at me. His eyes stared at mine but moved down the curve of my chest and down to my exposed legs.

"I must admit, I put on my husbands shirt and really liked it."

"It's an interesting choice of attire. I'm not sure its quite what we are looking for from our staff here." He stated looking closely at my chest. I was aware how transparent the material was and how likely it was he was looking at my nipples. I must have blushed as my face suddenly felt very warm.

"I understand Mr Anderson, I'll put my coat back on the rest of today and will dress more appropriately going forward." I replied, standing and reaching out my hand to take the coat back. Mr Anderson paused a moment before shaking his head and smiling gently as he handed back my coat. I could tell he wanted to speak but couldn't think how to word his thoughts which was rare for such an intelligent man. "Thank you, I'll be on my way then." I quickly added heading for his office door.

"Yes. Very well." Mr Anderson responded clearly lost in thought, I wasn't sure what he was thinking but what I was wearing had clearly distracted him enough for me to leave. What could he say? Are you wearing underwear? Is that your nipple? Hardly questions he would ask someone a third his age working in a legal firm.

I put my coat on and went and sat down, Mark text me and asked if all was ok to which I said it was. I didn't want to risk any further observations from Mr Anderson and opted not to see Mark again until the working day finished. I found him waiting outside for me in the company car park.

"Can I give you a lift home?" He kindly offered, knowing I'd got the train that day.

"If you don't mind I wont say no." I answered quite coldly in case anyone nearby was listening. We both climbed inside his car and drove off.

"When is your husband back?" Mark asked quite directly.

"In the early hours of the morning, his flight comes in at about eleven then he has to get from the airport to home. What are you doing this evening?"

"Oh not much I was going to go to the gym."

"I haven't been to a gym in ages. Cant find one I like!" I replied thoughtfully.

"The one I go too is lovely, its got everything you could want in terms of equipment, classes and facilities plus it even has a little cafe. I'll take you if you like?" Mark enthusiastically suggested.

"I'm not exactly dressed for it!"

"No but i've got spare things with me and I could lend you a T-Shirt and shorts."

"Oh no. I cant go to the gym now! What about shoes? Would your stuff even fit?"

"I'm sure I'll be able to sort you some footwear. C'mon lets go I'm not taking no for an answer."

We hadn't been driving long but soon arrived at a huge building. I wasn't exactly thrilled by the idea but did want to see what this amazing gym was like. It was very grand looking, we walked through some spinning doors inside. There was a reception desk ahead and a hive of activity going on their as people borrowed an returned towels, booked classes and chatted. To the left was a nice seated area with TV's for customers to relax in and then further back was a small cafe that sold drinks and snacks. But what really got my attention was the huge glass window to the right which looked over a lovely pool. You could see steam rooms, sauna's, a jacuzzi and two distinct sections of pool depending how seriously you wanted to take the swimming.

"You like that?" Mark whispered over my shoulder.

"It's amazing. I almost don't care about the rest I want to go in there!"

"You can see it later, I'll get you guest pass and try and get you some footwear." Mark explained gently while I took in the view.

We walked through a barrier before Mark handed me two towels and some white trainers. "Sorry these are lost property and might not be the most comfortable. Here you can take these." Mark said as he handed me a black T-shirt, some white shorts and some socks.

"I... I don't even have a bra. This is mad." I hesitantly stated.

"It'll be fine. C'mon lets sit in the cafe and have a light snack before we do anything."

"Ok. That I can cope with."

"Why don't you tell me some more about you. You must have some more stories to tell me?" Mark pushed calmly as we took a seat in the cafe area.

"I might do. What do you want to know?"

"Well, I guess. Where did all this start?"

"All what?" I asked innocently, feigning outrage.

"All you exhibitionism. What was the first thing you did? It wasn't going naked under your coat at your engagement party surely?"

"No that wasn't the first thing. That was the first thing I did with lots of people I know and probably the bravest I did in such a crowd. But I guess it started in the months after my husband and I started dating. I was 17 when we started dating and he was 20, but not long after I turned 18 things were getting more and more heated, more passionate. I remember where it started.

"I'm intrigued. Do tell." Mark intently asked.

"Well, we didn't rush into sex by any means, it was actually a few weeks before we even kissed and I was very keen to keep things slow, I'd never kissed or slept with anyone before him and to be honest no one had ever shown me much interest before Ben came along. I was a late bloomer, at school I barely spent any time with anyone and didn't have many friends. It was a pretty miserable time and I found suddenly here was a young man saying how beautiful I was, how kind and loving I was, how sexy I was, how he would do anything for me and I could never quite believe it. Perhaps the personality traits I could believe as I'd always liked to think I was kind and loving but I never thought I was pretty or sexy.

But then one time staying at his I'd had a bath, I could never have a bath at university or at home because they only had showers and it was a nice treat to go to his for a weekend and have one. One time after a bath I don't know why but I put my thong back on and decided to walk back to my room wearing just my towel. Back then I always stayed in a spare room at his parents which was opposite his room and I remember how he was sat watching TV in his room when I walked by. The towel was wrapped around my middle and it was probably the first time he had seen my legs on display. The towel was short and only just managed to cover my top too. Ben looked at me with such desire I could see how much he wanted me and it really turned me on. To this day I can think of how much lust was in his eyes and always want to go back to that moment, thats often why I do what I do - to get that spark in his eye again.

I was going to just get changed and go sit with Ben but I decided to go into his room sooner wearing just the towel, I sat next to him on his sofa bed while he couldn't work out weather he should look at the TV or me. He was clearly not interested in the TV but didn't seem to want to make a fuss as I was acting like nothing untoward were happening. I knew he'd never seen my legs and they were completely exposed next to him. He's never really even seen my breasts before and despite us both caressing one another's skin underneath our shirts he had never seen me fully topless let alone bottomless."

"Nice shower?" Ben asked me calmly.

"Yes thanks. I love having a bath here. Shaved my legs too, feel how smooth they are." I instructed, pulling his hand to my naked legs and gesturing he run his hands along them. As he touched me it was like electricity over my skin and his powerful touch was clearly having a similar effect on him. I'd never had anyone touch me on my legs like this before and my whole body began to yearn for more.

"Did you do your arms too?" He whispered as he reached in to kiss me.

"Yes, always do my arms. To be fair when I have a bath there's little of me I don't shave."

"Really?" Ben responded incredibly keenly, seeming surprised by this claim.

"Yes, its only my head that probably has any hair."

"You shave... everywhere?"

"Yeah. Its so much cleaner and I prefer the way it looks."

"Oh I agree. Wow." Ben firmly replied as he took a huge gulp of air down his throat. I felt Ben's hand moving up and down my thigh, each stroke moved further and further along my leg placing his hands closer and closer to my hip. He reached for me and kissed me as I also sat up and leaned nearer so we were still both sitting next to each other but now facing each other fully, locked in a passionate kiss. His hand reached around me pulling my back so I turned even more to him, his hand gently moved up to my exposed shoulders bringing back the tingling sensation. I was now incredibly turned on and wasn't sure where this would go, my heart raced as I wondered if wearing just the towel was too much of a turn on or invitation for him to refuse. But this thought didn't scare me it continued to arouse me.

I felt his hand down my side and each movement seemed to loosen the towel wrapped around me, he soon seemed to realise it was becoming loose and was now gently tugging the material around my middle looking for a way underneath. We were locked in a passionate embrace and my hands were exploring underneath his shirt as we both began to let out gasps and groans of approval. We had been locked in similar embraces before but this felt different, this felt more heated and more likely to go somewhere and a large part of that was due to the flimsy nature of the towel I'd wrapped around my body and the way Ben hadn't at that point seen much of my body exposed.

Ben's hands were now wrapped around my shoulders and neck, caressing my skin while subtly sliding the material covering my breasts lower and lower. I remember the material seemed stuck were I had tied it and in the heat of the moment I reached my hand up and loosened the knot around my chest causing it to go very loose but not fall down. Ben's hand soon moved his hand and it felt incredible as his soft fingers reached down and covered my warm breast. We both groaned and Ben smiled uncontrollably.

"Aren't you wearing anything underneath your towel?" He whispered, shaking with desire.

"Not really." I replied with a giggle before launching myself toward him and straddling him on the chair. I was wearing only a tiny thong under the towel and felt myself quiver in the moment. He pulled at the towel which fell away from my top revealing my completely naked breasts to him for the first time. He looked down awestruck and before I knew it buried his face in my chest and began licking my nipples. I pulled his head close to me while his hands began to caress my exposed back and sides, he slipped his fingers lower and lower before finding his way into the crumpled towel around my waist so he could firmly grasp my ass. I pulled his T-shirt off and then lifted my weight slightly so Ben could pull my towel away completely..."

"What happened next" Mark asked bringing my thoughts back to the cafe and out of my reminiscent mood.

"Well, it wasn't the first time we had sex, but it was the first time he saw me so exposed wearing only my thong panties,. It was the first time we pleasured each other through our clothes and it was a memory I'll never forget because of the sheer lust and passion we both experienced. I wanted to repeat that passion and Ive always tried to think of ways to turn Ben on like then and in turn myself.

"Fantastic. So what was the first thing you did in public?" Mark pushed clearly eager for more.

"Well, after that Ben and I used to discuss what turned us on and if we had any fantasies. We found we had a lot of these in common and never seemed to have enough weekends to do them and we found ourselves often busy so sexual adventures were rare. Some were private and involved tying one another up, wearing sexy clothing, web chats and photos. But the idea of doing things outside never escaped either of us, nor would our drive to see me wearing less and less in public.

At first it was nothing huge but each trip out seemed to push the envelope further. We would take long walks in the countryside and I would usually end up taking off my bra, I remember wearing a shirt and having it tied up showing my belly, so I removed my bra and then untied all the buttons leaving a huge amount of cleavage. There weren't many people around but walking in the woods rarely felt so good.

We altered some of my old clothes too, I never had any skirts or dresses that didn't go below my knee but we cut a denim skirt to be much shorter. Ben was very keen for me to wear that out but I think I only managed it once and struggled to feel sexy as I spent the whole time worrying I looked silly, Ben assured me I had great legs and though I started to believe that may be true it would take more to help me show them off confidently.

I remember a big development when we went to a fancy dress party of some mutual friends who lived near the coast. It was about an hour away from Ben's so we planned to just leave late and go back to his after. Ben dressed as Clark Kent with a Superman shirt under his suit and I dressed as as Audrey Hepburn as we have similar features and frames. It was a very rare occasion when I wore a dress, and a pretty short one by my old standards. It wasn't short like I wear now but back then to have something that didn't cover my knee felt very short especially when I sat down and it exposed so much thigh.

The party itself was a lot of fun, nothing out the ordinary but there was a fair bit of alcohol around and Ben wasn't drinking at first because he was driving us back to his. The friend throwing the party offered to have us stay and we would leave in the morning. Despite not having any change of clothes or wash things we decided to take them up on it and stayed over. We borrowed what we needed and both showered the next day looking fresh but wearing the same clothes we arrived in.

As we started to drive Ben saw a sign for the sea front. It was the start of a new day, the sun was shining and neither of us had to be anywhere so we decided to go take a look. It was a short drive and before we knew it we were parking the car. We got out and looked across at the long sandy beach realising where our frustrations would fall because we were dressed so completely inappropriately. Ben decided he was going to just wear his superman T-shirt and managed to find a pair of clean shorts he had for his weekly football matches in the back of his car. I couldn't do much but took off my healed shoes and kept my dress on as we both walked barefoot onto the sand.

The tide was out and the sea was a long long way off. As we had no other belongings to set down we decided to walk as far as we could in an effort to reach the water. It looked far, but felt further. Overtime we thought it was close it seemed to draw further away, I remember turning around and noticing the shore and place where most people were setting up their little beach camps was a long way back.

"Shame you don't have your bikini with you." Ben commented thoughtfully.

"Yeah, though I don't actually own a bikini. Never been brave enough for that!"

"Really? But you have an amazing body!" He replied enthusiastically.

"Thank you, but I never thought so. Still... a bikini is basically just your underwear..."

"What underwear are you wearing?"

"Don't get any ideas!" I shrieked, initially balking any idea of wearing just my underwear.

"Why not? you always wanted to do stuff outside and look how far we are from anyone! No one would know you aren't wearing a bikini, from this distance no one would know what you were wearing at all." Ben began to reason, he had a good point and it got my mind going.

"I guess if I was to be anywhere in just my underwear the beach is the best place!" I cautiously replied as my pulse started to race. I wanted to take my dress off but I was scared.

"Once you take the dress off you will feel fine."

"I hope so. Do you think it'll be ok?" I questioned with great concern.

"No, I think the second you stand wearing just underwear that a crowd of people will appear to mock you and say how indecent you are!" Ben answered sarcastically. I pulled a face of distain but he did have a point, it wasn't like an alarm would go off the moment I took off my dress. Even if there were people nearby, which there weren't, people would think I was in a bikini.

I worriedly looked around and reached for the hemline at the bottom of my black and white dress and began to pull it up. I could feel the ocean breeze quickly flowing around my legs, my thighs and then around my tummy. I pulled the dress up to my shoulders and over my head, leaving me standing in my small black panties and lightly padded white bra. I sighed and felt great relief, Ben was right it did feel better now the dress was off. I handed my dress to him as he smiled at me looking me up and down lustfully.

"What shall I do with my dress?" I asked sincerely.

"Lets walk back to the car and you can leave it there."

"What! No I can't do that!"

"Why not?"

"People will see me!"

"Yeah. You look hot, there were plenty of other women with bikini's on in and around the car park you'll be no different." Ben rationed calmly, easing my worries slightly.

"I guess. But this is all new to me I've never worn a bikini and wandering around in my underwear wasn't what I'd planned when I work up this morning! "

"No but we have talked a few times where you have mentioned liking the idea of being naked outside"

"Yes but not in public! I love dressing up, or down, for you but thats just for you."

"Well this is still just for me, no one here knows you and not many people will see you."

"That's true. Alright come on then."

We walked slowly back to the car from the sea. With each step I felt more and more anxious about my appearance. I felt so naked despite being dressed in as much as many other women on the beach, but this was different. This was my first time wearing a bikini and it wasn't even a bikini it was a white patterned bra with some ribbons for decoration and then some small black panties that left half my ass exposed due to their Brazilian cut design.

Every person we saw made my heart race but the nearer we got to the part of the beach where most people sat the more comfortable I began to feel. I realised if anyone was looking at me they didn't seem to care what I was or wasn't wearing. I realised something else too, I was beginning to really enjoy it and found myself daydreaming of new ways to turn Ben on.

We finally walked through the car park and put my dress inside it with my shoes. As we locked the car I realised I now had no choice but spend the rest of my time there wearing just my underwear, no matter where we went I knew Ben wouldn't let me cover up more.

"Nice bra." Ben commented a little sarcastically.

"What? I love this bra?"

"Yeah it is very nice. Very clearly a bra though, that little loop dangling down between your boobs.. definitely wouldn't see that in a bikini. Or the damask patterns in the material." Ben continued, making me doubt everything I was beginning to feel comfortable with.

We began to walk back out onto the beach, past the people sat enjoying the sun out toward the water again. Once again the further we got the less and less people we saw.

"How you feeling now?" Ben asked sincerely.

"I'm ok. I was doing just fine but you made me doubt everything now with the comments about my bra!"

"Oh c'mon no one really cares!"

"Maybe not but I do." I said grumpily. "I might just have to take it off.." I then suggested playfully, looping my fingers in the shoulder straps and pulling them down so they fell onto my arms. I winked at Ben who stood silent and stunned. "What do you think?" I teased, pausing for a second.

"I think... Theres people over there." Ben replied with doubt in his voice, he seemed reluctant and almost worried.

"What happened to no one cares?" I rebuked with a laugh.

"Well. No one cares if you're wearing a bra, they might care if you aren't!"

"Shall we find out?" I pushed as I reached behind my back and released the clasp of my bra, almost surprising myself with my own actions fuelled by his fear and the yearning desire inside me to turn him on to new high levels. Ben gulped and kept looking around, no one was near to us but we could see people in the distance in all directions. I bit my lower lip seductively and tilted my head to one side.

"Go on then." Ben hesitantly agreed. "If you.."

Before he could finish I let my bra drop off my shoulders, catching it in my right hand and letting it sway down at my legs from my fingers. I stood looking at Ben firmly, staring him up and down as if to make him feel small, as if he were a stranger on my territory. He looked back at me wide eyed gazing intently at my pert breasts. My nipples stood up from my areola's firmly and I stroke my left hand up and down my body a few times tingling my senses and giving myself goosebumps.

Ben stood stunned, rigidly staring at my exposed body. I loved the way he looked at me and felt my heart pounding in my chest, excited by the bravery of my actions and the way Ben was reacting. I looked around and felt a little better about the situation, no one was that close and nothing seemed any different despite me being stood out in the open wearing nothing but some small panties. I don't know what I had expected to happen, a search light from the sky pointing down at me, an alarm in the air, or just people to all appear out of no where and scream but whatever I expected was irrational and the reaction to my toplessness was simply silence. And the silence was liberating.

Ben and I walked out to the waters edge and I began to paddle. I still held my bra in one hand swinging it around playfully. As we paddled Ben began to splash me, I splashed back and before we knew it we were in a fully fledged water fight throwing the water at each other as if our lives depended on it. I couldn't stop Ben so decided to grapple him and we both lost balance falling into the water in hysterics. Just as we regained some composure and sat up in the water we heard two voices.

"Ben, Becky!! Hi! We've been shouting you for ages!"

"Oh sorry! We were... we didn't notice you!" Ben awkwardly replied looking up with some confusion that anyone knew us.

I looked up at the two people, it was a couple called Hannah and Matt who had been at our friends party the day before and we had chatted too for a while. Ben and I stood up and it was at this moment the reality of the situation dawned on me, I was topless and these two people could see my breasts in all their glory. What should I do? I could hear them asking Ben how long we had been there and a few other pleasantries but I could also see them both keep glancing at me while I stood in silence assessing the situation. If I became embarrassed I'd end up staying embarrassed and it would be likely that we would all end up that way and the whole situation would be uncomfortable. If i tried to make an excuse as though my bra had fallen off or something then the lies would have shown and again It would seem odd if I wasn't then embarrassed and then again we all end up embarrassed. So I concluded not to even mention it, not to think anything was abnormal. With this I suddenly thought about how it would look carrying my bra around but realised It wasn't in my hand or within view. I tried to look around the water wondering where it may be but without looking so frantically that it would draw further attention.   "How're you enjoying the beach here Becky?" I heard Matt ask me directly. He seemed a nice guy and was obviously also trying to remove any tension from the situation.

"Its very nice, I like sandy beaches and its very warm today while there aren't not too many people down near the water." I replied as calmly as I could. Ben looked over my way with an alarmed expression but he managed to keep it to himself.

"Yeah we weren't sure it was you guys from a distance but as you started splashing each other we recognised your voices and came closer."

"Ah ok, makes sense." I responded a little unsure how to react.

"Have you got any stuff anywhere nearby?" Matt then asked, alluding to my toplessness and our lack of towels for our wet bodies. I looked at the water briefly and finally saw my bra floating quite far from the shoreline, with each small wave bouncing it further and further away. I had to make a quick decision, dash after it and face embarrassment, or leave it and face walking back to the car completely topless. Before I could even think my mouth had made up my mind for me.

"No nothing."

"Really?" Hannah, Matt's tall blonde girlfriend reacted dubiously. She was pretty enough but seemed a bit two faced, like she was always saying one thing but meaning another. It seemed harsh but my first impressions were that I didn't really like her.

"What were your plans? You staying out here or going for a walk?" Matt asked sincerely as he clearly wanted to move on from this strange situation.

"Well, we fancied seeing the sea and having a stroll as we were so near to it for the party but we do need to head off soon. We were going to go for a short walk on the way back to the car." Ben answered sounding a little unsure but confident enough that it sounded like our real plan however vague he was.

"If you have time you have to try the fish and chip bar on the promenade. Its lunch time now are you hungry?"

"I could eat.." my mouth replied, again before my mind could think things through. I found in the space of about 30 seconds that I had denied having a bra or any other belongings with me and now made out I was happy to go to the much busier part of the beach and get food - topless! "But we haven't got any money with us.." I quickly realised and stated out loud.

"Oh don't worry we know the owner we will get them for you no problem." Hannah responded kindly and yet daringly at the same time. She was both lovely and horrible at the exact same moment and clearly wanted to test my resolve, this challenge brought a fire to me that would rise to the occasion and not be phased.

We found ourselves walking along the beach talking, all I was really thinking about was the increasing number of people within site of me. By now several people would have seen me topless and as we got nearer and nearer the promenade along the beach where all the shops and cafe's where I felt incredibly exposed, but I had to just deal with it and not let on how nervous I was. Ben looked over at me several times with wide worried eyes.

"I always feel a bit funny walking around this busy stretch of the beach in just my bikini. How about you Becky?" Hannah commented and asked rather obviously pointing to my toplessness as directly as anyone was likely too.

"Can't say I was really thinking about it." I sighed, lying to Hannah and myself. It was indeed the most pressing thing on my mind.

"Good grief!" An older man commented as he walked past.

"Blimey love! nice pair!" Another coughed. I smiled at him as I tried to carry on regardless, however I was beginning to feel really insecure.

"Don't worry about them dear you look lovely." An older lady said kindly. "If I had your body I would show it off too." She continued, I saw Hannah look over with a raging fire in her eyes.

After a lot of different looks from strangers, some lustful, others loath-fully, many just with sheer surprise we finally reached the fish and chip place and Matt began to speak to the man behind the counter.

"They're with you? Well if you eat here I won't charge you hows that?" I heard the man comment.

"That's very kind, does he usually do that?" I turned and asked Matt after we sat down on the outdoor tabling they had at this small restaurant.

"No but I think he's hoping we will bring him some more business if we sit here."

"Oh yeah why's that?" I asked very directly, widening my eyes flirtatiously at Matt.

"Can't imagine he has too many topless patrons. Well not female ones anyway."

"Ah I see." I replied a little awkwardly, unsure what else to say.

Conversation soon moved away from the toplessness and we sat there for probably half an hour chatting while many other people came and sat nearby eating their own fish and chips. After a while Ben and I thanked Matt and Hannah and decided to head back to the car. I enjoyed the looks and comments a lot more than I had at first but that turned out to be the last time in a while I did anything so bold out in public."

"So was that the last time you did anything daring before your engagement party?" Mark asked me, reaching across the table of the cafe in the gym.

"No there were others."

"So what do you think made you want to go out wearing just your coat? What lead directly into it?"

"I think it was a natural progression really. I remember Ben's parents were away one weekend, it was a good few months after the beach and due to my busy uni schedule and Ben needing to work lots we didn't see each other much for a while. But throughout this time Ben and I had been chatting about things to get a better understanding of what turned each other on. We talked of clothes I might wear and places we might go. Despite still not having full sex yet, we had only really dry humped and I'd still never taken my panties off in front of him though now that was more because I hadn't seen him than a lack of wanting too.

But I loved the idea of having sex outdoors and Ben did too, so when it came to this particular weekend Ben had joked about spending most of it naked and I had really liked the idea and thought it may finally be the time. I referred to it as our dirty weekend together though wasn't entirely sure what Ben had in mind. The week before it I went to a beauty parlour and had a few facial treatments, had my nails and hair done and endured the pain of a wax on almost every hair follicle on my body. I left early on a Saturday morning having spent a lot of time on my hair and makeup, I wanted to look as good as possible for Ben.

When Ben greeted me from the station his face was a picture. So full of love but also so full of lust.

"I missed you!" He sighed heavily in my ear as we hugged.

"I missed you too." I replied excitedly as we headed off to Ben's car and back to his parents home.

Ben and I kept looking at each other and smiling. It had been so long since we talked face to face it seemed almost surreal. We had chatted online many times and been very direct in our thoughts and actions but in person we felt giggly and shy. I wanted to press on from that and my heart began to race as I realised the weekend was upon us and very soon we could be doing all manner of things to one another.

"What's the plan then?" I asked with a smile.

"I thought this afternoon we would go for a drive somewhere. Then perhaps a walk."

"Did you find somewhere? Somewhere we wont be seen?" I excitedly replied thinking back to our various conversations of places we could go and potentially be naked without anyone bothering us.

"Yeah I found somewhere that hardly anyone goes. I think we should try it out."

"Great!" I squealed. "What do you think I should wear?"

"Well, whatever you wear, I plan on taking it off." Ben answered calmly yet assertively, making my heart pound heavily for a moment.

"So don't wear anything?" I asked sounding both worried yet excited.

"If you want, I mean it though. Whatever you wear I plan to take off. So I wouldn't bother wearing too much."

I spent the rest of the journey wondering what to do. I'd brought some sexy underwear but apart from that not much out the ordinary. I thought of just wearing my coat but it was too short and didn't go below my waistline. When we got back to Ben's I continued to think about it over lunch, even asking him if he thought certain things would work. My mind toyed between just wearing my normal jeans and t-shirt or going almost completely the other way and travelling in just my bra and panties.

"Shall I just wear my underwear?"

"Thats up to you." Ben answered with a snigger. He was enjoying my indecision.

"Do you have a shirt I could borrow?"

"I do if that's what you want."

"Oh.. I don't know!"

My mind was racing. I wanted this to be sexy, I wanted to enjoy every second as much as I could and I wanted to tease Ben, but I couldn't think what to wear. I stood in the room I always stayed in when at his parents staring into my bag for inspiration. I tried a few combinations but nothing worked. I didn't have any skirts or dresses with me and didn't want to go in just my underwear because I wasn't entirely sure where Ben was going to take me. I thought about wrapping a towel around me like I had when he had first looked at me so lustfully and then considered going in just a bath robe. After standing naked for some time I threw on a plain black woolly jumper so I could quickly go back to Ben and ask for a shirt or try other things of his. It was a very baggy sweater sitting widely and loose on my shoulders while the hemline went down way past my ass halfway down my thighs.

"Ready?" He asked, looking me up and down.

"I was going to ask if you had anything else. Do you want me to go like this?" I asked feeling surprised he thought what I was wearing was adequate.

"Looks as good as anything to me."

"Really?... Do you think its ok?" I paused. "Shall I wear my underwear?" I continued to fret, asking every thought that came to mind.

"I don't care but lets just go, whatever you have on now will have to do." Ben answered firmly.

My heart skipped a beat. "Do I need my bag? What about my shoes!" I asked as he took my hand and began to lead me out the house without even any footwear. I took his silence as a "no" and stood realising there was a chill in the air and my feet were already cold as he locked up the house. We got into Ben's car, buckled up and began to drive. Ben looked over at me smirking as my jumper rose up my legs revealing most of my thighs.

"Where are we going?" I asked, now feeling anxious.

"I had thought of going down this old rural road and down some public footpaths out into some farmers fields and having some fun there..."

"That sounds great." I beamed, feeling slightly relieved because my jumper should be enough for such a drive and walk.

"But I wasn't sure what you would wear or what you would prefer and now we are here Im thinking we could go a bit further to to the country park we went to a couple of times and find a quiet place to put our blanket down there."

This idea made my eyes pop wide open. My heart raced and Ben smiled at my reaction meaning it was most likely he would take me there. I loved the idea but it terrified me because I was wearing so little, never before had I left the house wearing only one item of clothing.

The park was a lot busier than the rural road sounded and even if we went in search of quieter areas it would mean walking around some large ponds on paths a lot of people like to visit. I felt woefully under dressed.

"I'm not really dressed for either of those. Especially the country park!" I hesitantly stated.

"Its fine! Do you remember when we went to that picnic area near your home and you spilled juice on your top and ended up taking off your tank top and bra with just your zipped hoody to cover your top? - its just like the walk back from there really!"

"No that's not the same because I still had trousers and when I did up the hoody no one would know there wasn't anything else underneath!"

"Ok so you aren't wearing trousers, but no one will know what you are wearing underneath!"

I looked sceptically at Ben, he didn't seem to realise the difference and that ultimately I wasn't wearing anything else underneath. I think when I asked if I should wear my underwear he thought I was asking if I should take it off not put it on again. I didn't think he realised underneath my jumper I was completely naked because so far in our relationship he had never seen me completely naked and I'd never been without at least my panties in front of him - but because he didn't know this I loved this little plan all the more and son began to look forward to our afternoon.

After a twenty minute drive we pulled up at the car park for the country park. As I climbed out Ben's car I had to be careful not to flash anyone while opening my legs with just my jumper to cover me. Ben and I walked away from the car and he embraced me and kissed me gently yet passionately. His hands moved sensually up and down my sides but he didn't quite make it down to my legs. So far so good I thought to myself.

We began to walk and decided to get a light lunch at a little cafe on the water front of the river that fed the large ponds of the park. We sat opposite one another on some park benches and Ben was very complimentary of my hair, makeup and nails.

"I had a wax too."

"Oh yeah, how was that?"

"My word was it painful. I am smoother than a baby's bottom all over though!"

"What -ALL- over?" Ben gulped.

"Yes -ALL- over!" I laughed. Ben had still never seen me completely naked and my heart raced knowing this could well be the day, not long from now.

"Wow. You were talking lots about these sexy pieces of underwear you bought. What ones are you wearing now?" Ben asked struggling to speak through a lump in his throat.

"Now?... Well. Hhmmmm. Should I tell you, or just let you wait and see?" I giggled while leaning forward and playing with the straw of my drink with my tongue. Ben feigned a laugh and turned away from me to try and regain some composure. "I could take off my panties.. Right here, under the table.. no one would know..."

Ben coughed and looked a little lost for words. He glanced around over his shoulders to see who was nearby and if anyone heard me. "Err. Oh wow, I'd err... I'd love that... but..."

"Ok... Maybe later." I grinned, leaning back again and sitting up straight. My large jumper was very wide and loose around the neck and had left my right shoulder completely exposed while the neckline drooped down over my shoulder just past my arm pit. I flicked my long hair back off my shoulder and pulled back the jumper over my exposed shoulder so the loose material now fell down the front of me and I began to lean forward again. Ben's eyes lit up again and he began to peer down into the shadow of the baggy neckline of my jumper.

"Are you wearing a bra?" He whispered delicately squinting for a better look.

"Can you see one?" I teased, pulling the neckline again so the loose part of the neckline now fell and exposed the back of my neck and top of my back and shoulders, covering my chest in the process.

"No. So you aren't wearing one?"

"By those rules I'm not wearing anything under the jumper because you cant see it."

"True." Ben laughed as he stood up, clearly dismissing what I had just said as a wind up.

Ben had picked up a blanket from the back of his car for us to sit on later and we began to walk down the grassy pathways of the country park, despite not even having any footwear on it was soft grass and I just needed to be careful that no one had let there dogs leave a mess I might have stood in. It was a lovely feeling with the grass between my toes, walking hand in hand with Ben.

Each person that passed made me feel more and more at ease. People do just assume you are wearing more than you appear to be in such situations because most of the time people don't walk around wearing basically nothing. This made me think of things I'd like to do in the future, going out in just a short coat for a night out, or perhaps a dress with nothing underneath. My mind began to race and it turned me on even more.

Ben lead me up a small grassy hill just near the edge of one of the large ponds. There went huge amounts of people around but everyone was sticking to the path despite there being a few more picnic benches up the top of the small hill. We looked around and realised no one was up here and better yet if we walked a bit further the hill went down a bit into larger flat area and we disappeared out of view of anyone down below. I realised at this moment of course that we could no longer see if anyone was walking up the hill but we still had a great view all around us and could see if people were coming from quite far away if we needed too. Ben put the blanket down and I nodded in agreement. He then sat down and signalled I do the same.

"We talked about doing this for so long. Here we are, outside..." I spoke softly, standing with my arms and legs crossed looking thoughtfully at Ben. "When we went to the beach I learnt that you can pretty much get away with being topless in public..." I further teased, gently brushing the large neckline of my jumper so it fell over my right shoulder. "I bought some lovely underwear recently you know, a frilly little bra that doesn't really cover much, a violet satin one that has transparent straps..." I thoughtfully explained now pulling the neckline of my jumper over my other shoulder leaving both equally exposed. I flicked my hair back over my shoulders to complete the view and walked nearer to Ben onto the blanket. "Why don't you pull the jumper down a bit and see what bra I wore today.." I then teased.

Ben licked his lips, reached out and gently placed his hands on my hips before pinching some material in his fingers and tugging ever so slightly down on the material. My heart was now racing as my exposure was out of my control and I could feel more and more skin around my shoulders being exposed. The tops of my breasts now crept into view and I saw Ben looking up with great interest and then confusion as he began to see more and more skin but still not an inch of any material under my jumper. I looked away and giggled, biting on my finger playfully while looking around for anyone who may have ventured up the small hill we were hiding the other side of. Just as I saw a flock of birds decide to leave a large tree nearby I felt my nipples pop into view and my breasts now exposed to breeze around us.

"You like it?" I giggled. Ben swallowed hard and just looked up at me almost like a lost puppy. "But in all seriousness I bought some lovely panties too. One pair so small it looked like dental floss and lace had a tiny love child and called it underwear. Another was a thong that stretched tightly over my buttocks so well it looked like people could worship under the archways."

"Which did you wear?" Ben stuttered. Shaking at the situation beautifully. I giggled and turned so my back was facing him.

I took my arms out of the sleeves of my jumper and reached up to where the neckline was now wrapped just underneath my breasts. I pulled it down very slowly and wiggled my hips gently until the material was resting on them. I turned my head and looked cheekily at Ben while enjoying the breeze around my now completely topless body. Ben looked like a starving child who was being forced to watch a chocolate bar being opened in front of him. I looped my fingers into the jumper near my ass and pushed down, in one quick moment my jumper fell completely to the floor. I heard Ben cough as I reached up and stretched allowing my completely naked body to take in the cool air and gentle sun around me. I turned my head again and looked back at Ben who was standing on his knees looking like he'd been frozen solid, awestruck and stunned.

"You're..."

"...Naked." I answered, finishing his incomplete statement. "You didn't give me long enough this morning and I never even got to my underwear."

"I thought you had stuff on underneath.. Oh my.." Ben continued, still staring at me without so much as a blink.

"Liking my ass are you? How about this then.." I teased, turning slowly in the process to face him, finally showing him my hairless pussy to go with my pert round breasts. Ben nearly choked and I walked slowly over to him while his eyes never moved from my body. I went down onto my knees and as his hands slowly, cautiously found their way onto my naked skin at my side I placed my hands on his face and kissed him gently. "

"Woah. What happened next?" Mark snapped needlessly, taking my mind out of the moment.

"What do you think, we played teddy bears picnic and had sandwiches!" I barked back sarcastically.

"But that was it, that was the first time you?.."

"Yeah that was the first time, on a cool spring afternoon, outside in a public place."

"Did anyone see you?"

"I really thought we might be caught and that made it even hotter! My heart could have jumped out my chest every time I heard a dog nearby and then the shouting owner call for them! But no, we weren't caught and got back ok. I opted to travel naked on the drive back to Ben's. That was an amazing weekend. The first of many really, and that's what planted the seed to go out naked under my coat and all the stuff I have done since then."

"Wow. And here we are, in my gym and you've not got any underwear.. Whatever next?"

"Whatever next indeed. I feel a lot happier about that now, telling you these stories has really turned me on. Shall we go in then. I can't wait to try that pool!"