**On My Own Ch. 01**

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This is another one a little out of order, but I'm having trouble remembering what's what.  
  
I got home about 4 am Thursday morning. It was early summer, but the "lows" were still in the mid-80s. Pretty much everybody was asleep. Pretty much? People in my neighborhood either had real jobs or stayed home and slept in.  
  
I walked into my bedroom, kicked off my shoes, pulled my trousers down and unbuttoned my blouse and took it off, then my socks. I stood there in front of my mirror in bra and panties. Flesh colored bikini cut panties and flesh colored bra that didn't show anything. I grabbed my clothes and tossed them in the laundry hamper and then walked back to the mirror.  
  
"Fuck," I said. It'll just be a short one. Just a couple of houses. I have to prove it to myself.  
  
I walked out to the foyer, opened the door and stepped out onto the entry. And shivered. Then shut the door and started walking.  
  
I got to the end of my sidewalk and looked both ways, then turned left. I walked past about three driveways and decided to turn around. And kept walking. I walked past another three and then turned around and walked back to my house. I felt so excited and satisfied. But I was shot (another shitty week, a small layoff) so I just went to bed and crashed.  
  
I slept until just afternoon and had whatever meal that would be, then showered and got dressed.  
  
I went around the house a little doing some chores, then decided to head to the mall. Friday afternoon at Barton Creek Mall. Not too busy? Easy parking? HA! It wasn't Friday after Thanksgiving full, it wasn't even Saturday full. But more people than I would have expected.  
  
I have no idea what I was looking for. I walked into Nordstrom's and actually bought a pair of way overpriced shoes. I wandered around, poking in to this store and that until I suddenly found myself in Macy's in the lingerie department. And the light bulb popped on. I looked at some frilly stuff, then decided I'd come back to it, maybe. From there I headed over to Vicky's. Contrary to what most guys fantasize, they really don't have really exotic or explicit undies there. Nice stuff, stuff you might wear on a second date when you've decided to "do it". (Come on, we all know it's really the fourth date, you have to have a chance to ride home in his Porsche, just to make sure it really is a 911 GT2.) And it's really, really expensive. I saw some things I liked, but headed out. And went downstairs to Fredrick's. I'm actually surprised they're still around, I thought they had folded a few years ago. I found "exactly" what I was looking for. A three-quarters lacy bra and panties half way between a bikini and a thong. And a shelf bra and pretty thin thong.  
  
The sales lady said I could try on the bras and I could put the panties on over mine. I went in the changing room and slipped off my blouse and bra and put the first bra on. I thought for a second, then slipped off my shorts and sandals and and pull the panties on. The girl asked "how's it going?" and I said "good," and opened the door. She gave me a slight smile and gave a couple of scans up and down.  
  
"Works real good with your boobs. You might want to tighten the straps just a bit. And you'll need to do a little bit of a trim," she said, looking down at my crotch.  
  
I blushed. "Maybe." Then I slipped the panties down and pulled the new ones up. Then unsnapped the bra and took it off.  
  
"Those are nice boobs," she observed.  
  
I put the other bra on and looked at her. She smiled again.  
  
"Good. Very good. Really shows off your nips," she said, still smiling. Then she looked down. "I think you'll need more than just a little trimming."  
  
I took the bra off and pulled my panties and the g-string down.  
  
"I'll take both sets of panties," said and pulled the g-string back up. As I did so, I had the sudden realization that I had stripped down in front of yet another strnager.  
  
"See," she said, as she ran her finger just inside the top edge of the front. "You'll need to shave down below here." Then she shocked me as she slipped fingers into the sides and slid them up and down. "You're gonna have to do a lot of bush whacking here." I felt her fingers brush against my outer lips and gave a slight shudder.  
  
Then she pull them down to mid thigh. "See," she said, "you'll need to trim off all of this. In fact, you might want to go all the way, at least on this part. Maybe leave a strip." The whole time she was talking, she was stroking up and down.  
  
Then she looked up at me. "Gonna try an amateur night? Some guys like it cut away a lot so they can see the lips, some guys like a bush, but trimmed. I'd go with the first one if you're going to do that."  
  
"Ahh, no, it's something else," was all I could say.  
  
"Okay, that's cool. But keep those nips up like they are," she said, gently squeezing my left one. "Everybody like nips up."  
  
"Good ahead and take your time. It's just you and me," she said, with an obvious implication. "Just shout if you need some help. Or maybe if you don't," she giggled.  
  
I stood there, panties almost at my knees. I stroked myself a couple of times, then realized I was in a public place. Getting naked was one thing, having an orgasm was something WAY different.  
  
I bought the undies and headed home.  
  
"Thanks," the sales girl said. "Come again. And again and again," as she laughed.  
  
TO BE CONTINUED ... if I can get off my lazy ass.

**On My Own Ch. 02**

I spent two weeks looking at the package. Two weeks wondering just why I had spent something like $125 on something I probably wouldn't wear.  
  
But then it was Saturday evening. I slipped on the three-quarters bra and panties. Yeah, I showed a little out the sides, and the panties were thin enough to kind of see the rest. Maybe just a little trim. It did look a tad messy. But not much. The bra was great. My aureoles were pretty obvious and as they slowly hardened, my nipples came into view.  
  
The skimpy outfit was next. I'd gone kind of far out on these and picked a light green. The bra was real thin and lacy, but it didn't matter because all the "naughty bits" were out in the open All but a little of the aureoles were out in the open and my nipples were obviously erect.  
  
The g-string was great! The green contrasted against my pubic hair. No, I wasn't going to shave, this was a nice effect, what I was looking for. Whenever I decided to do it. Then I threw it all back into the bag.  
  
It took another week, but then late Friday I reached in the bag and pulled out the three-quarters and the bikinis. I put some modest shorts and a t-shirt on, slipped into my flip-flops and headed over to the HEB before it closed. I was out of almost everything. Really important things like peanut butter and toilet paper.  
  
What the heck were so many people doing grocery shopping on a Friday night? Didn't they have a life? Which, of course, gave a little giggle to me. I was a little excited. Here I was, prancing around in some sexy underwear.. Okay, I was wearing a pair of mid thigh cargoes and a t-shirt that said "The network IS the computer." (Anyone know who that was?)  
  
As I was walking past the fish, I suddenly realized that my headlights were on. Just a little, you could see them as little rolls. I had seen a woman who was clearly braless wearing a thin, thin white tank and some monster nipples.  
  
I checked out, got home and put away the groceries. Then I stripped off my t-shirt and shorts but, surprisingly, left my underwear on. I poured a glass of wine and settled down. Pulled up an episode of "Battlestar Galactica" on the DVR watched it while I drank three glasses and had a bowl of popcorn. Had another two glasses while I watched "The Closer" and suddenly the bottle was empty and I was feeling just a little "good".  
  
Friday night at 1:15 am sure doesn't sound like a "safe" time to go strolling around in the nude but this is a quiet neighborhood with "nice" people who go to sleep at a "decent" time unless they're walking home from a party. Besides, I wasn't going to be naked. I'd have something on.  
  
I got up and did the same thing. Look left, look right, look left again. Driver's ed? Then I headed out to the street and turned left again. This time I walked further. Past John "something or another"'s house. John isn't someone who I'd like to see me nude. Or in a one piece swimsuit for that that matter. It's not that he isn't good looking, although I'd really say he's bland. It's that he's a pig. He's got a nice wife, 30 years younger than him. Except the part about being brick dumb. He says he's making almost 7 figures as an investment advisor and they're thinking about moving. I'd help him pack. I got past their house and to the next driveway. And stood stock still. Voices. Then I realized there was a couple on the other side of the street, walking their dogs, taking advantage of the "cooler" temperatures. I took two steps on to the lawn and walked up to the large oak. The couple walked on, the dogs didn't look and I was safe. The house didn't have any lights on, so I was safe there. I waited there for three or four minutes and decided to head home. Let's just say that I did what I almost did when I bought them.  
  
Saturday night came. I sat on my couch, watching TV, nude. I'd gotten into the habit by now. Jackie and Max were still somewhere in Europe. Driving from southern Italy around to Croatia. So I didn't have anyone to share with. About 1:30 I had run out of wine again. This time I put on the green "outfit". I turned left again (creature of habit?) and started walking at a brisk pace. For a few steps. The bra provided zero support, even for me. I walked on, not a soul out and about. I walked past the house with the "rescue" trees and kept walking. Two houses and there was one for sale. It had gone up last weekend and would probably have a contract by the end of the next week. I decided to take a peek and walked up to the door. Couldn't see through the frosted glass, so I took a couple of steps over and looked in the front window. The house was cleaned out. No one home.  
  
The wine took over and I pressed my bra clad breasts against the window.  
  
To my horror, a car was coming down the street that intersected ours. I squatted down in the shrubs, which hid me entirely. But the car turned in the other direction. I took a deep breath, but suddenly had another stupid thought run into my alcohol filled "brain". I ran around to the side and silently opened the gate into the backyard. Stepping in, I wandered around for a minute or so, then walked back out. It was kind of cool, but by this time I knew it was also stupid and dangerous.  
  
I headed out and back home. About the time I got to the "safe" house, stupidity came back for a visit. Without giving it a second thought, I reached behind and unclipped the bra. It wasn't as if everything wasn't already in view, but for some reason this felt "even nuder." I even thought about tossing it on the lawn, but wasn't going to lose a bra that cost that much.  
  
I kept walking, feeling more sexy than ever. Suddenly I realized that I was in front of John's house, and that there was a light on in the upstairs. I guess stupid had taken over for the night, as I cupped my breasts and jumped up and down, softly mumbling "look what you're missing, you little shit."  
  
At the edge of his property is a huge oak. I thought "in for a penny, in for a pound" and slipped off the g-string. I gave each of my lips a little stroke and groaned loudly. Too loudly, I think.  
  
I finished my stroll with no incidents. As soon as I was in the door I tossed my undies into the house and leaned back, stroking myself. I slid a finger along my slit, surprised at how wet I was. I slid down to the floor, leaning against the door. And was shocked to hear it close.  
  
Remember "stupid"? She was still there. The house was dark, the porch light was off. I opened the door and started to sit down. The walked out on to the porch and sat down on the cool rock. I slid my fingers between my inner and outer lips, Then moved my left hand into my slit. My right hand gently slid around my clitoris. I stroked it a couple times while sliding up and down. It didn't take long, maybe a minute. I moaned and groaned loudly and had a tremendous, gut ripping orgasm. I lay back again on the floor, legs still spread and knees bent, panting. I probably spent more time there. Then I got up and went inside, closing the door behind me.  
  
I haven't done anything that stupid again. But I still go shopping wearing those underwear. And I just bought a really thin tank top. Perfect as winter is actually coming.