**Samantha's Awakening**

by[TheNightBandit](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1636089&page=submissions)©

I couldn't believe I was about to do this, I thought to myself as I stood by the living room window, peering out between the curtains and waiting for the pizza guy to show up. My stomach felt as if it was doing back flips while my breath was fast and shallow. Could I really go through with this?

Starting to feel a little self-conscious, I gently tugged on the towel I was wearing to make sure that it covered my butt and pussy, but all that accomplished was to allow my left nipple to pop free. Pulling the towel back up to cover the exposed nipple, I double-checked to make sure that everything was covered down below. My towel was way too small, but that was the point, wasn't it? As long as I remained relatively still and stood upright, none of my naughty parts were exposed. Of course, once I started moving or bent over . . . Well, that was a completely different story all together.

Standing there in my way too small towel, peering out the window, I started thinking about how I had gotten here. I was a good girl, a Minister's daughter from a small town in Kansas, where something like this would be unheard of. Yet here I was, ready to expose myself to a complete stranger. As I thought about it, it dawned on me that this was all Kelley's doing. She's the one who's been leading me along this path all along.

It all started only two weeks ago, when Kelley (a personal secretary for one of the lawyers in our firm) told me that if I was going to be the first face potential clients saw when they walked into our office, I needed to look a little less conservative.

"Samantha, the receptionist needs to look good." Kelley had said. "You need to give the clients a reason to want to come back."

"What's wrong with the way I look?" I asked. "Well, nothing wrong . . . exactly." She responded. "But you just don't give off that 'WOW' factor when people see you. I can tell that you have a fantastic body under there, but your clothes just don't flatter you."

Looking down at myself, I still couldn't see anything wrong with the way I looked. I was wearing a typical business suit with a not too modest hemline that came down to just below the knee. When I bought this suit, I specifically had it tailored to accent my curves because I knew I didn't want to look too conservative. Now here was Kelley, telling me that my clothes were still too conservative.

Of course, looking at the way Kelley was dressed, it did make me look conservative. Like me, Kelley was wearing a suit. But unlike me, the hemline of her skirt ended several inches above her knees, and her blouse was low cut enough that if she bent over, one might just get a hint of cleavage. She exuded a sexiness that I've never had.

"First off, you don't need to be wearing a suit. No one expects the receptionist to look overly professional. You don't need to look like one of our lawyers. A skirt and blouse or even a sweater (a tight sweater) is perfectly acceptable. Have some fun with the way you dress."

"I'll tell you what." Kelley said. "Why don't we go out and do a little shopping after work? We don't need to go overboard, maybe just start out with two or three new outfits to see how you like them."

Having no plans (and no excuses) for the evening, I thought, what the heck, maybe Kelley was right. My current wardrobe was fine for going out on job interviews when I wasn't sure what kind of job I would land. But now that I'd been hired as a receptionist at a mid-sized law firm, I could probably relax a little and dress the part.

After work, Kelley took me to a small boutique shop she knew of not too far from the office.

"Hi Kelley." The salesperson cheerfully greeted us as we walked in the door.

"Hi Carol." Kelley replied. "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine from the office. Carol, this is Samantha. Samantha, Carol."

"Hi Carol, nice to meet you." I replied as we shook hands.

"Likewise." Carol said.

"Samantha is our new office receptionist. I've been giving her a hard time about being too overdressed for a receptionist. I thought she could use something a little less severe, maybe a little bit more . . . hmmm . . . flirty."

"That's a beautiful suit Samantha, but Kelley's right." Said Carol. "A suit like that's appropriate if you're trying to impress a client, but for sitting behind a reception desk, I think you're allowed to have a little bit more fun." She said, as she looked me over from head to toe.

Kelley said something to Carol in a hushed tone that I couldn't quite make out. As Carol continued to look me over, she said, "I think you're right. Come on back this way and let's see what we can find for you."

As we headed back towards the rear of the store, I saw plenty of cloths that I thought would be perfect for me. I was actually starting to look forward to this.

As I caught up to Kelley and Carol, I saw that they were already picking items off the racks. Wasn't I going to get a say in the matter?

"Here, try these on to start." Carol said as she handed me a short blue pencil skirt and a pair of cream sweaters.

Looking at them I said, "This skirt looks a little short, don't you have anything a little longer?"

"I think you'll like the way this looks. Just try them on and we'll see how you look. You can always try on a longer skirt if you don't like it."

Leaving Kelley to continue picking through the racks, I followed Carol back to the dressing rooms.

As we approached the dressing rooms, I froze.

"Those are your dressing rooms?" I asked Carol in disbelief.

"Yup, those are them. Is there a problem?" She replied with a sly smile on her lips.

"Well, they don't look too private." I said.

And indeed they weren't. Each of the three dressing rooms were just a pair of swinging doors, like on bars in old westerns. Only the doors were quite small. The bottoms to the doors were probably a good two and a half feet off the floor (giving anyone in the store a good look at your legs while you're changing). And the tops of the doors couldn't be more than five and a half feet off the floor. Being 5'10", I'd be able to look right over the door and out to the rest of the store. How could I change in there?

"Samantha, you're beautiful, and you have a knockout body. There's no way you should be modest. And besides, while you might feel exposed from the inside, you'll be totally covered from the outside. No one will be able to see a thing."

Suddenly feeling incredibly nervous, I took my cloths and headed into the dressing room. At least there was no one besides Kelley and Carol in the store.

As I took off my suit, I keep looking to see if either Kelley or Carol were watching me. They weren't, they were back picking over the racks, totally oblivious to me.

As I pulled on the skirt, I realized just how short it was. It came to about three inches over my knee. And while this isn't exactly short by today's standards (have you seen how short some woman's skirts are these days?), it was quite short by my standards. And to make matters worse, it had a 3" slit up the back that would expose half my thigh when I walked. However, it did seem to fit my body to a tee. Looking in the mirror, it made my butt look good (if I did say so myself), and it hugged my hips perfectly (without being too tight). Trying on the first sweater, I realized that Carol had grabbed one that was a size too small. Looking at the other sweater, I saw that it was the same size.

Calling out to Carol, I said that I needed a sweater one size bigger. She told me to just try that one on and she'd see what she could find.

Sighing, I put it on. While it was a little tight across my breasts, it did fit me in the shoulders and across my mid-section. It was a little low cut and you could see my sports bra peeking out, making it feel even more the wrong size.

Carol and Kelley came back to my dressing room to see how I was doing.

"Come on out. Let's see how you look."

Feeling a little embarrassed, I stepped out saying, "I like it, but everything's a little on the small side."

"Hmmm, I like it." Carol said. "Turn around for me once."

As I turned, Kelley said, "It's perfect!"

"What do you mean 'it's perfect'?" I asked. "It's way too short! And look! When I walk, you can see at least half my thigh in back."

"Honey, that's the style these days." Carol chimed in. "And besides, with legs like those, you want to expose them as much as possible."

"Well . . . Look at this sweater, it makes my boobs stick way out. I look like a cartoon!"

"Samantha, if I had perfect breasts like yours, I'd try to draw as much attention to them as I possibly could." Carol said. "With these, I need all the help I can get." She said cupping her breasts in her hands while pushing them up and in to give herself some cleavage.

"I had to spend several grand to get what you have naturally." Kelley chimed in.

"You two are right, maybe I'm just too conservative. But I'd feel like a slut going out dressed like this."

Realizing what I said, I tried to quickly back track.

"I don't mean that you two look like sluts! You're beautiful! It's just that I'd feel like a slut. I've never worn cloths like these before."

"Well it's about time you entered the modern work place. Look around you. Don't most good-looking women wear cloths like this? Don't you think they look smart and sexy? It's about time you showed off what you have and felt proud about it. Besides, it's an exhilarating feeling, and you never know, it might even help you get a raise." Carol said with a sly wink to Kelley.

"And while you're thinking about it, try these on next." Carol said, handing me another skirt and blouse combination.

Taking the items, I walked back into the dressing room, feeling both embarrassed and ashamed.

The skirt was the same as the one I was wearing, only in black, while the blouse was another low-cut item with buttons up the front (they looked like they started awfully low), this time in ivory.

As I removed the first outfit, I heard from behind me, "Hmmm, I thought so."

"Eeek." I screeched as I nearly jumped a foot in the air.

"What are you doing?" I nearly shouted as I turned around to see Kelley peering over the dressing room doors at me.

"Is that your Grandma's underwear you're wearing?" She asked.

"No!" I replied as I tried covering myself as best as I could. "It's mine."

What's the difference? I thought to myself. When I buy underwear, I go for comfort over frills. Who's going to see them anyway? I liked being comfortable.

"Try these on instead." Was all she said as she handed me a couple of loose items.

Looking closely, I saw that it was a matching bra and panty set and a pair of stockings. Was she crazy?!? The bra and panties were red and small. And a thong at that! I've tried wearing a thong before, but found them too uncomfortable, like having a permanent wedgie. And this pair was small, even by thong standards. The bra matched the panties with a little lace on the front. The stockings were a sheer black with some lace at the top.

"I can't wear these!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" Kelley retorted. "If you want to look confident and sexy on the outside, you need to start by being confident and sexy on the inside (and by inside, I mean under your cloths). Just try them on. I promise, you'll like what you see."

"But . . ."

"But nothing." Kelley replied. "Just try them on."

Feeling more self-conscious than ever, I let out a sigh. This was a fight I wasn't going to win, short of just walking out on Kelley and Carol. Besides, no one was going to see me in these anyway.

Peeling off my pantyhose, I looked to make sure that no one was looking my way. Even though they couldn't see anything, I was feeling particularly vulnerable with my bare shoulders visible and my legs up to my knees showing. Kelley and Carol were quietly talking over by a suit rack.

Taking off my sports bra (there's nothing more comfortable than a sports bra), I quickly put on the bra Kelley gave me. Considering how small it looked, it surprisingly felt quite comfortable. Looking at myself in the mirror, it still looked way too small. I have always been proud (though embarrassed) by my breasts. They were perfect Cs, they were firm and stood up proudly with no sagging (of course, I was only 23, why would they sag?). Growing up in a Minister's home, I was always taught to be modest, so I had always kept them under wraps.

This bra gave me more cleavage than I knew I had! But with the lace in front, if I looked closely, I could see my areola peeking through. I looked great, but I felt naked.

Taking a deep breath, I quickly removed my panties and pulled on the thong. Holding my breath, I moved around a little trying to see how they felt. They actually didn't feel too bad either. The strip of fabric that ran between my butt cheeks was smaller than other thongs I've tried. This was practically just a string, but with less material, it actually felt extremely comfortable. And just look at my butt! It practically pops! Just like the girls in those videos.

The only drawback was the front. It was so narrow in front that what I thought was a neatly trimmed bush was poking out the sides. I wasn't going to get these, but if I did, I was going to need to do a little trimming.

Next came the stockings. I have never worn stockings before, and wasn't sure I knew how to keep them up. Didn't I need a garter belt or something? As I pulled up the first one, I realized that the lace top was actually elastic and that it stayed in place all on its own. Pulling on the second stocking, I checked myself out in the mirror. Normally, I wear pantyhose over my sensible panties. With the thong and stockings, I looked and felt nearly naked. However, I had to admit to myself that I looked hot. I barely recognized myself. I looked like I was ready to star in a porno for crying out loud.

Turning around to check out my butt again, I heard "I knew you'd like it."

Nearly jumping out of my skin, I turned to see Kelley peeking over the doors again.

"Kelley!" I yelled, trying to cover myself to no avail. "What are you doing? A little privacy please."

"Don't be so modest, you're among friends. Now let me see what we have."

Without any warning, Kelley opened the dressing room doors for a better look.

"Carol!" Kelley called out. "What do you think of this?"

"Oh . . . My . . . God!" was all Carol could say as she looked up from folding some shirts. "You look incredible! Now stop trying to cover yourself up and come on out here where we can get a better look at you."

Come out there? Were they crazy?

"There's no way I'm coming out." I stammered as I tried closing the doors Kelley was holding open.

"Come on. You don't have anything that we haven't already seen before. Besides, you want an honest opinion on how you look. Don't you?"

Giving up on trying to close the doors, I took one tentative step out.

"Come on, we're the only ones here. Come on out where we can get a better look at you."

Reluctantly, I dropped my hands to my sides while I took a couple more small steps out into the store. As embarrassed as I was, I was starting to get some nervous butterflies flittering around in my stomach. What's up with that?

"Relax, don't look so stiff. You look fantastic!" Kelley said.

"Were you a gymnast?" Carol asked.

"No, but I was a runner in high school and college." I replied.

"You're incredibly fit and toned." Carol said. "I couldn't see it under your other cloths, but now all I can say is 'Oo La La'. You have a body that most women (including myself) would kill for. Don't be ashamed and hide it. Used properly, it can open the world to you. Now turn around so I can see what you look like from behind."

Slowly turning around, I heard again "Oh . . . My . . . God! I go to the gym four times a week and I don't look half that good." Kelley exclaimed. "You must work out like a fiend to keep yourself looking that good."

The butterflies were starting to fly a little faster as these two beautiful women were ogling me. Me! "No, I just run three times a week. I haven't been to a gym since my college days. I just have good genes I guess."

"Good genes my ass!" Kelley snorted. "No one has that perfect of a butt without working at it."

"It is what it is." Was all I could say.

"With the exception of a little trimming you'll need to do, you look perfect Samantha." Carol said. "Believe me, you're going to love the feeling of knowing you look like a porn star under your conservative exterior."

"Conservative exterior?" I questioned. "Have you seen what you had me try on? I'd hardly call it conservative."

"By today's standards, it is." Carol replied. "Now go try on the second outfit we picked out for you."

Pulling on the skirt, I was glad to see that the hemline at least covered the lacy tops of my stockings. As I looked at my backside in the mirror, I could see that just a little hint of the lace would show through the slit when I walked. Pulling the skirt down just a hair would fix that.

Next came the blouse. Wow, was this low cut. I had it buttoned all the way up (the top button just barely covering my bra), but it still showed a ton of cleavage. I bent forward a little to see if that let any of the bra show, but it didn't. However, I could tell that if I bent too far forward, someone would get quite an eyeful.

Exiting the dressing room, Kelley gave me a catcall whistle. I think I turned a little red, but to be honest, it made me feel good. I gave a quick twirl like a model on the runway.

"You don't look like the same woman who came in here 30 minutes ago. You look incredible!" Carol said. "There's one last thing that will put it all together."

Carol held out a pair of high heels.

I said, "No, I can't wear heels. I'm already 5'10". Heels will put me over 6'. I don't want to look like an Amazon." I'd always been self-conscious about my height. I was already taller than most of the guy friends I had. I've always worn flats (or 1" heels) so I didn't draw attention to my height.

"Listen." Carol said. "Your legs are already spectacular, but in heels, your calf muscles will just pop. And with your thin ankles, you're going to have the best legs in town. Like everything else, if you have them, flaunt them."

Not too sure about it, I slid them on. I felt like a giant! A little unsteady on my feet, I walked over to the mirror. Turning around, I had to agree. My legs looked incredibly long and perfectly shaped.

"You're prettier than a run way model." Carol said.

"I'm jealous, and a little turned on." Kelley said with a little giggle.

"Stop it." I said. "You're making me blush. I can't wear this. It is beautiful and sexy, but it's just not me. Besides, with the thong and stockings combination, I'm practically naked under this."

"That's the beauty of it. No one will ever know. And don't you feel a lot cooler under there? I always feel sweaty when I wear pantyhose." Said Kelley.

"Yes, it does feel cool and free. But with this skirt, I'm only inches from exposing myself to the world."

"Well that's up to you. You can keep yourself perfectly covered, or you can flash a little skin if you see someone you're interested in." Kelley said with a wink to Carol.

"What!?! Flash some skin? Are you out of your mind?"

"Like I said, it's all up to you. You're in complete control with an outfit like this. But be careful, you'll be attracting a line of men dressed like that. Now take it off and let's get going."

Heading back to the dressing room, my head was spinning. I couldn't get this outfit. But I sure did look good in it. I'll just give it back and tell them I'll think about it.

The skirt and blouse were back on their hangers, and I was removing my bra when I heard a man's voice.

"I think my wife would like something just a little less reveling." He said as I looked up to see Carol leading a man to a rack of lingerie right next to my dressing room.

I froze.

Here I was, in only a thong and stockings, while a man (a complete stranger) was standing less than four feet from me.

My first instinct was to duck and hide, but he'd already seen me. Besides, with these sorry excuses for doors, there was nowhere to hide any way.

He looked over at me, smiled and said "Hi."

I couldn't say a word. My mind went blank with panic. I just stood there, smiled and put my hands over my breasts. I don't think he could see anything, but it was just my natural instinct.

My stomach was doing back flips now. I was scared to death, but at the same time, I felt a funny tingling deep down in my gut. What was that? Fear? Excitement? There's no way I was getting excited being nearly naked, standing this close to a complete stranger. Was there?

As his piercing blue eyes locked on mine, I could feel a dampness begin to spread between my legs. Damn, I was getting excited! How was that possible when I was scared senseless? I felt like he could see straight into my soul and that he knew exactly what I was feeling. I couldn't look away.

As scared as I was, I couldn't help but wonder what he'd think if he did see me like this. Would he be disgusted? Embarrassed? Turned on even? What would a guy do if I turned him on? What would I do? The thought of turning him on got me even wetter. I lowered one hand to check out how wet I was and as a finger brushed across my clit, it sent a chill up and down my spine.

Did he see me quiver just then? God I hope not. What was I doing?

While my head was in turmoil and my body was aflutter, all I could do is stand there and return his gaze with a stupid smile on my face.

Just then, Carol said, "Maybe your wife would like this one." Holding up a sheer black teddy.

That broke the spell.

As the stranger turned to look at what Carol was handing him, I shrunk down as low as I could without making it look too awkward. I quickly put my bra and blouse back on. Then put my skirt on before removing the thong and stockings, replacing them with my panties and pantyhose.

As I was putting my suit jacket back on, I saw the man at the register paying for his items.

I waited until he left the store before I came out.

"How could you guys let him in with me in the dressing room like that?" I nearly yelled at them.

"Well I couldn't very well have kept him out. He was already in before I realized he was there. Then I figured the best I could do was help him find something fast and get him out of here." Carol retorted.

"Besides, I don't think he could see anything." Kelley piped in.

"You don't THINK!?! I was practically naked and standing less than four feet away from a complete stranger!"

"Relax. He's gone. This store has been like this for years and no one's complained." Carol said. "Besides, even if he did see something, wasn't it kind of exciting. Being that close to someone and having total control over what he sees and doesn't see? It's like your new cloths. You have control over what anyone sees."

That was what had me so upset. Not that a stranger almost saw me naked, but that I actually got excited by being nearly caught naked.

There was no way that I was going to admit this, especially to these two right now. "Control or no control, I can't handle that kind of excitement. I need to go."

"Wait!" Kelley said. "We need to pay for your new cloths before we go."

I wasn't buying any cloths. I just needed to get out of here. Though I might have to buy this damn thong since I got it kind of wet. Maybe I could just slip it out in my purse.

"I don't want the cloths. They're not right for me."

"Just hang on a second. Carol, ring us up while I try to calm Samantha down."

"I don't need calming down! I am calm!" I exclaimed, still breathing hard.

"Let's just get our cloths and go get a drink."

Figuring that this was the quickest way to get out of here, I went up to the register with Kelley.

"For the stress you went through today, I gave you 50% off everything." Carol said.

"You don't need to do that." I replied. "It's not your fault I'm such a prude."

"You're not a prude. You were just caught off balance while trying something new and you panicked a little. And while I don't NEED to do it, I WANT to do it. I want to make sure that you come back again after you realize how much you love your new cloths."

I was starting to calm down a little. "Thank you, I do appreciate it. And I'm not sure if I'll like these or not, they're a little more provocative than I'm used to."

"Just try them with an open mind, I'm sure you'll end up loving them."

"Thank you, we'll see. And it was lovely meeting you Carol."

"It was wonderful meeting you too and I hope to see you again real soon".

While Kelley and I were sitting at the bar, enjoying our drinks, she handed be a small bag that I didn't notice her carrying before.

"Here, this is for you. If you're going to be wearing new cloths, you're going to need some more . . . under things that work with your new outfits."

Peering into the bag, I said. "Kelley, you didn't need to . . ." As I looked, I saw a couple more pairs of bra/panty sets with matching stockings. "Kelley, I can't wear these! I mean, I don't need these. I have plenty of underwear at home, I don't need more."

"But you do. In order to make your new outfits work on the outside, you need to feel right on the inside (I mean underside). Looking sexy isn't a look as much as it's an attitude."

"But that's the point, I don't WANT to look sexy."

"Samantha, you're already hot, whether you want to admit it or not. Now I'd like to see you take that next step to sexy. These cloths will help you change the way you think about yourself. Once you start liking the way you look, your whole attitude will change and you'll have taken that step from hot to sexy."

"Why would I even want to be sexy?"

"Because, when you're sexy, life gets easier. Everyone (guys and girls) will want to do things for you and get you things. You'll probably never have to buy your own drink again. And knowing the guys in our office, you'll get bigger raises twice as often."

"Well that all sounds fine and dandy, but it's still not me. It's not the way I was raised."

"But that doesn't mean that it's not the way you can be. Tell me, why were you so upset today when that man walked into the store when you were changing? I think I saw something in the way you looked that tells me that you weren't as angry as you wanted us to believe."

"I really was upset. But it wasn't for the reason I led you to believe." I confided. "Though I nearly went into shock when he was standing so close to me and I was upset and angered by him even being there. It was the fact that I was actually TURNED ON by the experience that got me so bent out of shape. While I was standing there looking him in the eye, I got all tingly inside. I even got my panties damp. How was that possible?"

"Hmmm, I think you're a closet exhibitionist! You like the idea of strangers seeing you naked. Do you like teasing too?"

"Of course not! At least, not that I'm aware of. I've never teased anyone before."

"Maybe you should try it. You now have the cloths to start experimenting a little. Believe me when I say that you'll be getting lots of attention. Watch this." Kelley said with a devious smile.

With that, she rolled the top of her skirt down low on her hips (showing off a taught midriff) while pulling her skirt up so it sat a good 6" above her knees. Unbuttoning another button on her blouse, she headed off in the direction of a group of guys sitting at a high top by the bathrooms.

As she strutted up to the table, she dropped her purse, spilling the contents all over the floor. When she knelt down to pick up her things (letting her skirt ride up higher on her thigh) all four guys jumped off their stools to help her out. At first, I thought to myself that chivalry wasn't dead after all, but then I noticed that one of the guys was trying to look down her blouse. While at the same time, a second was transfixed by a tattoo Kelley had on her lower back (how had I not noticed that before). These guys were just perverts! All they wanted was to get a better look at this damsel in distress with her short skirt and low cut blouse.

As she put the last of her things in her purse, she looked over at me with that devious grin still on her face. When she stood up, she swung her legs around in my direction showing me that her skirt had ridden all the way up her legs. Were those her panties I could see between her legs? From all the way across the bar? She must have given those guys quite an eyeful.

Standing back up, she stayed to talk with the guys for a while. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but she seemed quite animated in her conversation. She was waving her arms and at one point, she even pointed my way. One of the guys brought a round of shots to their table and they all raised their glasses in a toast. Kelley slammed hers down as a waitress brought out a second round of drinks. She chatted and laughed with one guy in particular before she scribbled something down on a napkin and handed it to him. She then grabbed two drinks and walked back over to our table.

She was laughing and smiling all the way back.

'See how easy it is?" She said. "All you need to do is flash a little skin and maybe some panty and you can get pretty much anything you want. I had those guys wrapped around my little finger."

"Did you really flash those guys your panties? You don't even know them . . . do you?"

"No, but that's my point. A little skin and you can get freebies from total strangers."

Kelley continued to drone on, but I was lost in my own thoughts.

I couldn't believe what Kelley had just done. Showing herself off to complete strangers in such a public place like that. And while Kelley seemed to revel in the control she had over these guys, it didn't appear to get her sexually turned on at all. How is that possible? I was turned on just watching her flash her bra and panties. All those guys wanted her and were practically bending over backwards just to get a peek at her under things. What would they be doing if she hadn't been wearing panties?

What was I thinking?!? Why was I so excited by the thought of Kelley flashing those guys her pussy? What would she be feeling if she did flash her pussy? What would I be feeling? There's no way I could do that, but what if I did . . .

This line of thinking was getting me all hot and bothered and I could feel my panties getting damp again. Maybe Kelley was right, maybe I was a closet exhibitionist and didn't even know it, but I was starting to realize it now. But how could I ever even try something like that? Well, now that I have the cloths for it, I was getting excited just thinking about wearing them.

I Interrupted Kelley, "It's getting late, I think I need to get going home."

"Late? It's only 10:30. Stay and have another drink with me."

"I can't, but maybe another night. I need to get up early tomorrow and I don't want to be up too late tonight. I'll see you tomorrow morning."

The first thing I did when I got home was to take my new things out of the bag and lay everything out on my bed. I loved the look of my new skirts and blouses, but I couldn't take my eyes off the bras, panties and stockings. They were beautiful, but oh so small. I couldn't wait to try them on again.

Stripping off all my cloths, I picked up the panties and help them up before my eyes. How could these even be called panties? These were so small, they were more like body art than anything practical. Wearing these would be sooo naughty, I couldn't wait any longer. As I stepped into them, slowly pulling them up my long legs, I could feel myself getting excited all over again. But as soon as I pulled them over my hips, I was hit with disappointment. Looking at myself in the mirror, Carol's words ran through my head again. "With the exception of a little trimming you'll need to do . . ." And sure enough, I could see my bushy pubic hair peeking out both sides of my thong. Feeling disappointed, I ran off to the bathroom to draw a bath.

Stepping into the steaming tub, I delightfully sunk below the sea of bubbles. Grabbing a new razor, I decided to start with my legs. With my legs nice and smooth, I looked down at my pussy to see what needed trimming. I'd always kept myself trimmed along my bikini line, but these new thongs were waaay smaller than any bikini I'd ever had. As a matter of fact, I'd probably have to shave off all the hair on either side my lips. As the lips of my pussy protrude just a little, I was extra careful while shaving myself. Moving gingerly, I slowly removed all the hair on either side of my pussy without incident. Now what should I do with the hair above my pussy. I thought I'd get cute and shave it into a little heart shape, but I quickly realized that that was easier said than done. Looking at my lopsided result, I continued shaving until I was left with what looked like Hitler's moustache. That would never do. While I didn't want to totally shave my pussy, that was pretty much the only option I had left. So off it all came. I couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed by my work. I looked like I was pre-pubescent again. I know that a lot of women liked this look, but it made me feel even more naked than being naked. Well, there was no going back now.

Laying back to enjoy the rest of my bath, my hand kept moving down to check out my new handy work. Mmmm, it sure does feel soft and smooth now. As I ran a finger up and down between my pussy lips, my mind went back to the dressing room from this afternoon. Just the memory of being nearly naked and only four feet from a total stranger was getting me excited. My finger rubbed harder and faster as I thought about the eye contact we made. I know that he knew I was practically naked behind those small swinging doors, and that if I had just opened one of those doors a crack, he would have had a complete view of me. With that, I slid a finger between the lips of my pussy and picked up the pace even more. Mmmm, the building pressure felt wonderful as a second finger joined the first in my pussy. What would he have done if I had allowed him to see me standing there nearly naked? As I worked my fingers further and further up and in, they found my g-spot while I worked over my clit with my thumb.

Oh God! It felt like an electric shock running up and down my pussy and straight through my clit. What would he have done had I left the door open a crack while I turned and bent over while I removed my thong? I could just imagine the bulge in his pants growing even bigger. As my left hand moved up to massage my right breast (pinching my nipple between a finger and thumb), the fingers and thumb of my right hand simultaneously worked over my clit and g-spot even faster and harder. Oh my God!!! I was so close to cumming!!! I could see his eyes looking straight into mine. He knew and he was trying to will me to open the doors a crack. What if I had . . .

I clenched my toes and tensed my legs as hard as I could while the rest of my body started to shake. Oh God, here I cum!!!!!! My pussy exploded as an electric sensation zinged throughout my entire body. It was an incredible combination of intense tingling from head to toe while at the same time there was the most satisfying release of tension my pussy has ever felt. As my clit became too sensitive, I had to stop rubbing it, but my g-spot continued to hum as my fingers kept stroking away deep inside myself. Shit! My body's never felt this good. And it wasn't over yet! As I continued massaging my g-spot, my pussy kept on pulsating while my still clenched legs were starting to quiver and shake. My body felt like it was totally out of my control as I unclenched my legs. But oh God, my pussy was still pulsing and it felt oh so good. I've never had an orgasm this intense or last this long! Even though I relaxed my leg muscles, they continued to quiver as wave after wave of intense pleasure rocked my pussy and lower stomach. It was like one continuous orgasm that wouldn't end! I keep working on my g-spot, like I never wanted it to stop. Are these multiple orgasms or is it just one continuous one? I didn't know and didn't care, I just wanted it to keep going.

After what felt like hours (though I'm sure it wasn't more than five or ten minutes), my climax climbed to such an incredible height that I didn't know if I could take much more. My legs clenched themselves again of their own accord and I suddenly felt as if I had just peed myself! Oooooh Goooood! The most incredible feeling in my life washed over and through me as my entire body tensed up and then went limp. I felt completely drained and used up. What had just happened? I felt as if I had just experienced the most intense pleasure of my life while at the same time I felt like I was just beat up. All I could do is lay back in the tub and concentrate on breathing while my head continued spinning. Oh my God! My insides were still tingling, but I couldn't move a muscle. I just lay there, enjoying the moment, while all I could think about were those eyes. His eyes. His wanting eyes. Willing me to open the door a crack and give him a glimpse of my naked body.

After what felt like a lifetime, I finally climbed out of the tub. I wasn't sure I could even stand, but leaning on the vanity, I managed to stabilize myself. After drying and running a comb through my hair, I walked back to my bedroom completely naked.

There were my new things, still lying spread out on my bed. Looking at that tiny thong, my hand drifted down to check out my newly shaved pussy. It still felt so smooth and soft, but it just seemed too revealing. My pussy lips were so out there and exposed to the entire world (if the entire world had been there in my bedroom with me). I ran one finger between my pussy lips before I realized what I was doing and quickly pulled my hand away. I wasn't sure that I could handle another episode like the one I just experienced quite yet.

I grabbed the thong and stepped into it. As I pulled it up over my hips, the first thing I noticed was how different it felt. With no pubic hair, they sat tight up against my pussy. The lips of my pussy were still a little hyper sensitive and I could actually feel the material rubbing against them. As I walked around the room, it felt like my pussy was getting a very light sensual massage. I like it!

Walking up to the mirror, I noticed that my thong fit visibly different as well. Gone was the mound of pubic hair that usually made my panties puff out a little. Now it just sat flat against me. And while I couldn't see my pussy lips through the thong, if I looked real close, I could see their outline where they stood out proud. I ran a finger along the ridge of my lips and even through the material of my thong I could feel myself reacting to my own touch. This was such a different look compared to what I was used too. It made me feel sexy and naughty. I like it!

I turned around to see what it looked like from behind and I was amazed to see that I was naked. Obviously, I wasn't really naked, but the near string of the thong rode right up my butt crack so that I couldn't see it. With the exception of the strings of the thong running from the top of my butt crack up to and over my hips, I WAS naked from behind. I bent slightly forward at the waist so that my butt cheeks spread themselves a little and there was the back of the thong. But there still wasn't much to see. The barely there string ran right up my butt crack and didn't leave much of anything to the imagination. Looking closer, I could see the pucker of my little butt hole on either side of the string. No wonder this thong didn't make me feel like I had a wedgie, there wasn't enough material to make it feel uncomfortable. Straightening back up, the string up my butt disappeared again. I felt naughty and dirty. I like it!

Next, I took the stockings and pulled them up my legs while I sat on the edge of my bed. Walking back over to my full-length mirror, I took a good look at myself. While at the store earlier, I was way too self-conscious to get a really good look at myself. But now that I had more time and could objectively check myself out, I liked what I saw. Having always worn pantyhose before, there was never anything sexy about them and they were always so hot they made me feel sweaty down there all the time. While the stockings didn't make my lower legs look any different, up top was a completely different story. The tops of the stockings ended about 4" below my pussy. While I used to have my panties and pantyhose covering my butt, I now had nothing. And the lace at the top of the stockings was totally sexy! Doing a complete 360 while checking myself out, I felt (and looked) like one of those Victoria's Secret models. Knowing that I'd be nearly naked under my skirts from now on made me feel sexy and naughty. I like it!

Looking back at the stuff laid out on my bed, I started to reach for the matching bra when my eye caught the shoebox. The high heels. Since I was a tall 5'10", I had always worn flats. I was self-conscious about my height and didn't want to scare off all the guys in my life. But I did have to admit that these heels did make my already nearly perfect legs look even better. Grabbing the box, I took the shoes out and looked at them. They weren't overtly slutty or anything, they were actually quite elegant looking. But those 3" heals were going to put me at 6'1" or more.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, I slipped the shoes on and buckled them up. Walking around the room, I felt a little wobbly on my feet. I walked around my townhouse trying to get used to the feel of them. Being careful not to walk past any windows, I went to the kitchen, living room, down stairs to the den, then back up to my bedroom. Feeling a little more stable, I walked back over to the mirror. WOW!!! My legs looked impossibly long! Something about being in heels made my legs look longer than ever. And being forced to stand on my tippy toes made my calf muscles tense up and pop out. Kelley and Carol was right, my legs do look incredible in heels (if I do say so myself). With my calves all tensed up, my quads and hamstrings had to tighten up to compensate. This made my thigh muscles stand out so that my legs looked even more toned than normal. And as if that wasn't enough, now my butt was flexed so that it really popped and gave me some ever so slight dimples on my butt cheeks. What a hot look! I think I was even starting to turn myself on.

Then it dawned on me that this was how I was dressed when that guy walked into the store. Looking at myself and imagining him only four feet from me, looking into my eyes as if he knew exactly what I was wearing, I lowered my hand to touch my pussy again. With my newly shaved pussy and tiny thong, my fingers caressed my pussy lips right through the material of my thong like I wasn't wearing anything. Almost instantly, my thong became damp as I felt a pulsing deep up inside me. Still rubbing my pussy through the thong, my fingers brushed up on my clit. It felt like little bolts of electricity were shot up through my pussy and into the bowels of my soul. Within seconds, my thong was drenched as I had a quick but earth shaking orgasm that ran from just behind my belly button and ripped its way out through my clit.

I quickly sat back on the edge of my bed. Why was I so sensitive? I had just had two of the most intense orgasms I have ever had and that second one needed almost no coaxing from me at all. What was different? Was it just the thought of me showing myself to guys nearly naked? While it had never crossed my mind in the past, I was now easily turned on and quickly aroused just by the thought of teasing complete strangers. Kelley was right again, it appears that she knew me better than I knew myself.

After taking a minute to catch my breath, I stood up and picked up the matching bra. Pausing to look at my breasts, I started wondering if I even needed a bra. My all-natural C-cups were perfectly full and round (the few people that saw my breasts always assumed that I had implants) and stood up perfectly all on their own. With no sag at all, it was as if I was wearing an invisible bra. After my two orgasms, my nipples were still hard and sensitive. My nipples weren't overly large, they were the size of small marbles pointing up and out.

Putting on the bra, I noticed that it didn't give me support like my normal bras. But since my breasts were so firm and tight to begin with, I didn't really need much in the way of support. This bra was made more for displaying my breasts than supporting them. Once again, Kelley knew exactly what she was doing. It fit perfectly! Not too tight and no bunching up anywhere. It was cut to show a lot of cleavage and while the material was thin enough that I could see my erect nipples poking through, my nipples were still covered from view. I bent forward and shook my chest side to side a few times. While this afforded a fantastic view, there were no nip slips. So this is how a well made bra is supposed to look and feel. Right now, those too thin runway models had nothing on me. I LOVE the way I look!

Next, I picked up the skirt. What looked way too short this afternoon was looking about perfect now. Holding it up to my hips, I looked at myself in the mirror. It still looked good as it showed off a good three inches above the knee. I stepped in and slid them up my legs and over my hips. As I zipped it up in the back, I realized how tight it was. I was so fixated on the length earlier, I didn't realize how snug it was. While it was perfectly flat in the front, when I turned around, the skirt seemed to be perfectly tailored just for my butt! It hugged my butt like a second skin and I think that if I had been wearing my normal panties, I'd definitely be showing some serious panty lines. This made my butt look perfectly round while the rest of the skirt was tight enough to keep me from taking full strides when I walked. With the heels on, I felt like I was exposing a lot of leg. Walking back and forth in front of the mirror, I could tell that though it was close, none of the lace from my stockings would show in front. From the back though, there was that three inch slit. While it made it easier to walk, I was able to see the lace at the top of my stockings (though no skin above the lace). Something told me that I was going to become quite popular around the office!

Now which blouse to wear? Holding up the sweater, I knew that it wasn't exactly right. While it was quite low cut and this afternoon I thought it was way too revealing, it now felt too conservative. Putting it back down, I picked up the blouse with buttons. Putting it on, I knew that it was perfect. I could control how naughty I wanted to be by buttoning or unbuttoning the buttons. I started out by leaving the top button unbuttoned. Right away, I unbuttoned the second. This was more like it. With this bra, I was showing an almost inappropriate amount of cleavage. I smiled as I could imagine Dan from the office looking down at me at my reception desk all the while trying to resist the urge to look down my blouse. Unbuttoning one more button allowed my bra to show. I liked how naughty this looked, but I re-buttoned it, figuring that it was just a little too much for work.

Standing back from the mirror, I took in the whole package. Damn I looked good. From head to toe, I couldn't believe how different I looked. In the heels, my legs were impossibly long and incredibly toned. With the low cut blouse, my cleavage was perfectly on display. I could hardly wait to get to work tomorrow.

As I headed to the subway station the following morning, I could feel all eyes following me as I walked down the street. The heads of both men and women were turning as I walked past. I was feeling good about myself and I was starting to sway my hips more than normal as I walked. Wearing stockings rather than pantyhose made me feel free and naughty. My naked butt was only inches away from being exposed to anyone who had the right angle. Just thinking about it was already starting to get me aroused. As I entered the subway, I could feel the wind blowing up and out the entrance and going straight up my skirt and breathing softly on my pussy. I could feel myself getting damp already. As I stepped onto the escalator heading down to train level, I could see that all the men riding the escalator up were trying to get a peak up my skirt. Even though I knew they couldn't see much from their angle, I spread my feet a little so that they were shoulder width apart just to see what the guys would do. As expected, all eyes were glued to my legs and trying to peer up my skirt. I knew that they couldn't see anything, but I was getting hotter by the minute just thinking about how close they were to seeing everything.

As I stepped into the train, I could feel all eyes turning my way. The train was full and there were no empty seats, so I had to grab the handrail to keep from falling over when the train pulled away from the station. As soon as I lifted my arm to grab the rail, my blouse pulled up and exposed a good 4" of my stomach. A little bonus that I hadn't counted on. While I didn't have six pack abs, I did have a tight stomach that I kept up with my four day a week runs and sit-ups beyond count. I felt like I was on display for everyone. I had one guy sitting in front of me with his face only 12" from my pussy and he was looking up my blouse. And there were three guys behind me who were getting quite the eyeful too as I had to spread my legs again to keep my balance. With the 3" slit up the back of my skirt, I knew that they could see the lace of my stockings. I could feel my thong getting damp as I realized that these guys would just love to get a peak up my skirt. Did I dare drop my purse like Kelley did last night? Could I bend over to pick up my things, giving everyone an even bigger eyeful? As much as I tingled at the thought of it, I wasn't quite ready for that yet.

"Would you like my seat?" The guy sitting right in front of me asked.

"Me?"

"Yes, you." He replied.

"Sure, I'd love to sit, these are new shoes and they're killing my feet. Thank you."

As he stood up and I was turning to take his seat, I could have sworn that his hand brushed my butt. I looked back at him over my shoulder, but he was just looking at me smiling. Did he just try to cop a feel?

"Thanks again." I said as I sat down.

As soon as I sat down, it hit me that I hadn't tried sitting in my new skirt yet. Sitting down, the skirt immediately rode another 4" up my leg, showing off the lace of my stockings plus another inch of bare skin to boot. My first instinct was to try pulling my skirt back down, but just as quickly, I realized the opportunity I had.

I quickly crossed my legs as I was able to get my skirt pulled down enough to cover my exposed thighs showing above the stockings. Looking across the train, I could see the three guys on the other side grinning from ear to ear as they were staring at my legs. I pretended not to notice them as I looked up at the guy who'd given me his seat. He turned away as soon as I looked at him, but it was obvious that he was trying to look down my blouse. Did he see anything? I wasn't sure. But I could guess by the bulge growing in his pants that he probably did.

All these guys looking at me was really turning me on. I could feel the heat growing in my pussy and I hoped that I didn't get so wet that I stained my new skirt. Oh God, I wanted to touch myself, but there was no way I could do it here. Was there? What would these guys think if they saw me touching myself? Their eyes would probably pop out of their heads as they blew their loads in their pants. The thought of making these guys cum set my pussy on fire. I had to find a way to make myself cum! But there was no way I could do it here. Was there a way I could make myself cum without touching myself? Not that I was aware of, but I'd have to look into that later.

Looking back up at the guy in front of me, I saw him quickly look the other way again. While he was looking the other way, I undid another button so he'd get a full look at my bra and breasts next time he looked.

Oh God, I had to find a way to relieve the pressure that was quickly building deep in my pussy! Not knowing how to help myself, I looked back at the guys across the aisle. They were still looking at my crotch, trying to get a glimpse of my thong, and they weren't even ashamed enough to look away when I saw them. They were so intently trying to look up my skirt, I don't even think they noticed me looking at them. I was feeling so hot and horny, that I decided to put on a little show. Maybe I'd do a little Sharon Stone for them.

Watching to see their reactions, I slowly uncrossed my legs and made sure to put both feet on the floor about a foot apart. I froze like that for the count of three to make sure that they got a good look at my thong before re-crossing my legs again. As I watched, all three of them grabbed at their crotches to rearrange (or rub) the hard-ons all three of them were sporting.

How was it that these guys could touch themselves on the train without anyone noticing while I was dying to touch myself? Oh God! I needed a finger up and on my g-spot or rubbing my clit so bad. I felt like I was so close to cumming, but I had no way to release all this built up tension right now.

Just then, they announced my stop. My brain was spinning out of control with all these guys lustily looking at me and having no way to relieve myself without being too obvious.

Readying myself to get up, I uncrossed my legs again and spread them even further this time, allowing my skirt to ride up my thigh another couple of inches, giving them an even better look at my legs and thong. I felt like my clit was standing up in its own erection. Could they see it? I gave them a count of five this time to make sure they got all they wanted. Should I quickly touch myself? As burning up as I was, I'd only need two seconds on my clit to bring on an explosive orgasm. But it was too awkward of an angle to casually reach up my skirt without anyone noticing. Things would just have to wait.

Grabbing a hold of the guy who had given me his seat, I made sure to rub my tits against the bulge in his pants as I stood up. Leaning into him, making sure we had full body contact, I whispered breathily into his ear.

"Thank you for your seat. That was so kind of you."

"Any time." Was all he could say.

Looking him square in the eyes, I reached down and gave his raging hard-on a little squeeze.

"Thanks again." I smiled as I quickly turned to leave.

"Have a great day guys." I said as I passed the three guys I had given the show to.

I left them all stammering something as I exited the train.

What had I just done! Not only had I given four complete strangers a show, but I had actually touched one of them without giving it a second thought. How was it I could touch his cock, but I couldn't touch my own pussy? I was so incredibly turned on that I nearly ran for the nearest restroom.

Luckily, it was right around the corner because the way my thong was rubbing on my clit when I walked, there was no way I was going to be able to hold off much longer. I practically ran into the women's restroom, nearly knocking over to women who were working on their hair in the mirrors. Apologizing, I ran into the nearest stall, slamming the door shut behind me. I was so close to cumming that I didn't even take the time to lock the door. I only had time to pull my skirt up over my hips and squat over the toilet. I didn't even bother taking my thong off as I went to work on my overly erect clit.

Instantly, my pussy exploded.

"Ooooh Gooood!!!" I screamed as I came hard.

This wasn't like the long rhythmic orgasm I experienced last night, this was more of an explosion of pleasure, as if someone had blown up a dam that had been holding back a river for years.

Once again, I felt like I was peeing myself as I felt all the tension draining out of my body.

"Are you ok?" Asked one of the women who had been fixing her hair.

"Yes, I'm fine." I said, breathing hard. "It was a close call and I'm just relieved to have made it in time."

They had no idea how relieved I was.

"Well, if there's anything we can do, just let us know."

"Ok, thanks."

But I could hear them leaving as quickly as they could.

Looking down at myself, I saw that I did pee myself. Only it wasn't pee. My orgasm was so intense, that I came like a guy. Was I a squirter? I've heard of women who ejaculated on orgasm, but I'd never done anything like that before. Then I thought about last night. During the orgasm I had in the tub, I felt like I had peed then too. These past three orgasms were so much more intense than anything I've ever felt before, something had definitely changed in me. I'd been so extremely turned on since I started thinking about teasing (and actually teasing) guys that it's taken me to a complete new level of ecstasy. Maybe this ejaculating (or squirting) was just how my body expressed itself in response to all this newfound pleasure.

Being extremely careful not to get my skirt or stockings wet, I pulled my drenched thong off. Peeking out the stall door, I made sure that no one was left in the restroom. With my skirt still up around my waist, I quickly went over to the sink, wetted down a few paper towels and cleaned myself up. Once I was clean, I let my skirt fall back into place. I washed my thong off in the sink, but since they had paper towels in here, there were no hot air dryers. So wringing out my thong as best I could, I put them in my purse until I could get them properly dried at the office.

Heading out of the washroom, I was in a throng of people and I immediately noticed everyone checking out my butt and legs again. Even though I knew no one could see anything, just knowing that my thong was in my purse made me feel extra naughty. There was nothing covering my pussy should anyone get a glimpse up my skirt. It didn't feel any different physically (my thong was barely there anyway), but mentally, I was on a high and I could feel my pussy starting to tingle again. How was it possible to be so continuously turned on and horny all the time? Ever since yesterday afternoon, I've been in a nearly constant state of arousal.

Walking towards the escalator heading up out of the subway, I noticed the stairs that ran right alongside the escalator. Hmmmm, that looks interesting. At the last second, I veered off to take the stairs. With each step I took, I could feel my skirt riding a few inches higher up my legs before settling back down. That meant that from behind, anyone there got a view of the lace of my stockings . . . and possibly beyond. Could they see anything? I didn't think so, but the thought that anyone might be able to, starting getting me going all over again. I could feel my pussy getting damp and this time I had no thong to absorb the dampness.

Looking back over my shoulder, I saw two guys on the escalator staring fixedly at my butt. It was like they were mesmerized. I wonder how much of a show I'm giving them. What if I suddenly stopped and bent over, pretending like I was picking something up? For sure, they'd get a peek at the bottoms of my butt cheeks and maybe even a shot of my bald pussy. With these thoughts running through my head, I reached down and brushed my now erect clit through my skirt. Tingles of pure ecstasy immediately shot up through my body directly from my clit. There was no way I could cum again so quickly after the last one? Was there? There was no way I could risk it right now. If I did, I'd ruin my new skirt for sure. So there was no stopping to bend over as I continued my climb up the stairs.

My walk to the office was exhilarating as I thought about my uncovered pussy so close to so many people on the street. And while the initial jolt that struck me on the stairs had subsided a little, I was still in a constant state of arousal all the way to the office. I've never felt so wanted by so many men in my life. Life was good.

When I got to the office, I went straight to the woman's room without even stopping at my desk. Making sure that there was no one else in there, I went to the far stall and locked the door. Pulling up my skirt again, I sat down and decided that I was going to take this one a little slower than the last one.

My pussy was already wet, so my fingers slid easily up and down between my lips. Mmmmm. I slid one finger and then a second up inside myself. I was going to avoid my clit all together this time and work exclusively on my g-spot. I wanted this to last.

As my fingers ran over the ridges of my g-spot, I could feel a slow pressure building from deep within. Nothing like the quick explosive feeling I got when I worked my clit, the pressure continued to slowly build as I kept massaging that perfect spot up inside myself. Oh God, this felt good!

Just then, someone entered the woman's room.

Keeping as quiet as I could, I continued rubbing myself as there was no way I could stop now. Luckily, whoever it was, just came in to wash up and check her makeup, because she was gone within three minutes. Which was just perfect as I was ready to cum. There was no shaking of my legs this time, no convulsive explosions and no squirting. Just one long drawn out humming vibration deep in my pussy. Oh God! It wasn't stopping. As long as I kept rubbing my g-spot, my orgasm kept going like a never ending wave. After five minutes, my hand was starting to cramp, but I didn't want it to end. Wave after wave of pure pleasure washed over and through me.

Someone else entered the woman's room and I let myself stop as I pulled my dripping fingers out of my pussy. The humming deep inside me kept going, like several mini aftershocks, but eventually they died down. Mmmm, I felt so drained and relaxed.

Looking at my dripping fingers, I popped the tips of them into my mouth. Mmmm, that's not so bad, I wonder why guys make such a big deal out of the taste and smell of a woman's pussy. Putting my fingers back in my mouth, I got them cleaned up, not wasting a single drop. Grabbing some toilet paper, I cleaned myself up and stood back up, letting my skirt drop back down into position.

"Looking good, sexy!" Kelley said as I came out the stall. I hadn't even heard her come in.

"Hi Kelley, how are you today?"

"I'm glad to see that you didn't chicken out and revert back to your own wardrobe." She said as she checked me out. "You look so incredibly hot in that. I think you're going to be the center of attention today."

"You think so?" I said as I washed my hands.

"I know so." She replied. "You'll have all the guys hanging around your desk all day, you'll see."

"Well, let's see what happens." I said with a devious little smile.

We walked out to the lobby together as I thought about the thong still in my purse.

This is going to be interesting indeed . . .

Now here I was, two weeks later, standing in my way too small towel, waiting for the pizza guy to show up.

Over the course of the past two weeks, I had grown ever bolder in my teasing. But so far, I had only shown off my thong and bra, I was still too nervous to show off my tits or pussy.

Well, tonight that was all going to change. I thought that I'd feel a little more confident and sure of myself if I took this next step in a controlled environment and in the safety of my own home. I had everything set up just so. My purse was on the floor behind me, next to the front hall closet. I had just finished shaving my pussy again and I was totally naked with the exception of the teeny towel I was wearing. Now, I just needed the pizza guy to show up (I hope he's cute).

Even with all the teasing I'd been doing over the past two weeks, the butterflies were still all aflutter in my stomach. I was both nervous and excited and I could feel my pussy starting to get damp just thinking about what I was going to do.

Headlights flashed against the far wall as a car pulled into my driveway. Peering out the window again, I saw a kid (he couldn't have been more than 17) get out of his car. It was hard to see what he looked like in the dark, but at least I could tell that he wasn't fat.

Backing away from the door, I waited for the doorbell to ring.

There it was. Time to start the fun.

I waited to let him ring the bell again.

"Coming!" I yelled as I gave him a few more seconds.

Opening the door, the kid's eyes grew wide as they were drawn straight to my half exposed tits. Then his mouth dropped open as his eyes drifted down to my bare legs and barely covered pussy.

"Sorry, I just got out of the shower and didn't hear you. I hope you weren't waiting long. Come on in and close the door, you're letting all the cold air in." I said as I gave a little shiver (as much out of nervousness and excitement as from the cold).

As he turned around from closing the door, I saw that he wasn't too bad looking. Not a hunk, by any means, but cute enough for tonight.

"Here, let me take that." I said as I reached out to take the pizza from him. I made sure that our hands touched as I took the pizza. I wanted to make sure that he was excited and nervous too. And from the look of the front of his pants, I think I accomplished that much at least.

As I set the pizza on the entryway table, I made sure to bend over slightly so that he could get a better look at my tits. I couldn't see the look on his face, but judging from the growing bulge in his pants, he was liking the view plenty well.

"So what do I owe you?" I asked as I straightened back up and looked him in the eye.

"What?"

"How much do I owe you for the pizza?"

"Oh, ummm, let me see." He stammered as he looked for the receipt in his oversized money pouch.

"Here it is, that'll be $13.79."

"$13.79?" I asked.

"Yeah, $13.79."

"Ok, let me get my wallet." I said as I slid the pizza box out to look behind it.

"Hmmm, now where did I set my purse?" I asked myself as I looked around aimlessly.

"Is that it?" He said pointing to my purse sitting on the floor behind me.

"Oh yeah, thanks." I replied as I turned around and walked the few feet to my purse.

This was it. I took a deep breath as I felt a sheen of sweat break out all over my body. As I got to my purse, I planted my bare feet on the floor a good two feet apart and slowly bent over at the waist, making sure to keep my legs perfectly straight.

"Just a second, I know my wallet's in here somewhere." I said as I took my time rummaging around in my purse.

There was complete silence from behind me. I knew that my towel had pulled up and over my butt when I bent over. Everything was on display only four feet in front of him. Bent over like this, with my feet so far apart and my legs straight, I knew that my pussy was in clear sight for him. And in this position, my pussy lips were spread open a little, giving him a perfect view of my hardening clit and vagina. Plus, with my butt cheeks spread open in this position, he had a bird's eye view of my little butt hole. I flexed my legs and butt muscles to make sure that this was being permanently seared into his brain.

Oh God, this was exciting! I was getting turned on and I could feel my pussy starting to get wet. I thought I could even feel a drop of pussy juice running down my inner thigh. Could he see how my wet pussy was glistening? I wasn't sure as the silence continued behind me.

"Here it is." I finally said after what had to be at least ten seconds of rummaging.

As I straightened back up, I quickly reached down to the bottom of my towel and feigned shock.

"Oh my God! Did you see anything?!" I asked in mock panic as I turned around.

"I didn't realize how small this towel was. I'm sorry if I exposed any of myself to you."

"I . . . You . . ." Was all he could get out, but the bulge in his pants said it all.

Walking back up to him, wallet in hand, I pulled down the towel a little making it look like I was trying to cover my privates. But all this accomplished was to have both my nipples pop out. The towel didn't fall completely off my tits, but both my nipples were in plain sight.

Looking at the kid, his eyes were glued to my nipples.

"God, I'm sorry." I said as I pulled the towel back up over my nipples. "This is not the right towel to be wearing when there's someone over."

"It, it, it, it's ok." He managed to stammer.

"Ok . . . Steve." I said, looking at his name tag. "Here's $15."

"Steve? How old are you?" I asked, hoping to God he wasn't 18.

"I'm 17."

"Hmmm, too bad. If you were 18, I could give you a proper tip." I said with a wicked little grin and wink.

"I'll be 18 next month." He said so fast that it almost sounded like a single word.

"Sorry, but there are laws. I don't want to get either you or myself in any trouble. Here's another $20 for you."

"You don't need to . . ."

"But I want to." I said. "And I hope I didn't embarrass you at all."

"Have a great rest of the night." I said as I opened the door for him.

"But . . ." was all he could muster as he walked out the door.

"Good night Steve. Sweet dreams." I said as I closed the door on him.

Turning my back to the door, I was breathing hard with excitement. That was better than all the teasing I'd done over the entire previous weeks. I was so damn hot right now. I ran a finger between my wet lips as I headed to my already full and waiting tub, my pizza already forgotten.

Now that I'd gotten over the hump of flashing my tits and pussy, my mind was racing, trying to come up with future plans.

This was going to be a long night in the tub . . .