**Sarah's First Adventure**

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*Sarah shows off her body for the first time and loves it.*

Sarah woke up wet and horny that morning. She had had the dream again. She had been up on the stage naked, surrounded by strangers. They had stared at her nakedness, cheered her, complimented her. They had liked what they saw. It had excited them. It had excited Sarah.

As the excitement had grown, her hand slipped down to the wetness between her legs. She had begun rubbing herself to the wild encouragement of her audience. Her hand had slipped deep within her pussy. At least, maybe it was her hand or maybe it was someone else's hand. It didn't matter. Fingers plunged within her, faster, harder, deeper. She exploded in orgasm.

Sarah was suddenly awake, her body still shuddering with pleasure. After a while she threw off the sheet. She was alone in the house, her husband on the road for two more days and her daughter half a continent away at school. She had recently taken to sleeping nude when alone, not sure that her husband would understand. She had taken to spending a lot of time naked in the house. It felt good.

She plodded to the kitchen, made coffee and toast and sat naked at the kitchen table facing the back door. As she sat, she wondered what she would do if someone looked in. She found herself wishing someone would look in, would really see her naked. Would she run if a meter reader or delivery man suddenly appeared at the back door? She suspected she would, but didn't really know. She knew that she wanted something like that to happen. She wanted to know what it would be like to stand naked in front of a stranger, if the excitement would equal the dream. But it wouldn't happen. She never received deliveries, had never even seen a meter reader and the neighbors never came over unannounced.

Sarah had married her high school sweet heart at seventeen. He had been the first man to ever touch her, the first man she had ever touched. Now, twenty years later, he was still the only man, the only person. Her mind wandered to Katie, her friend from the library, sweet perky Katie with the dirty jokes, the dirty mind and the suggestive comments. What would happen if Katie was to show up suddenly and find her naked? What would she say? What would she do?

Sarah stood. She couldn't do this. She had to get dressed. She had to go out. Otherwise she would spend the day naked and fantasizing and masturbating. She couldn't do that, not again.

Her shower was quick, denying herself the recently discovered pleasures of the handheld shower nozzle. She walked back to her room, pulled open the closet doors and stood staring at her clothes. They were nice clothes, a little on the expensive side. They were respectable clothes for a respectable middle class wife and mother. She wanted to cry. She closed the closet doors and walked down to hall to her daughter's room. There were clothes there, sexy clothes for a sexy young woman, clothes that others would notice.

Her fingers drifted from outfit to outfit while she imagined herself in each. She pulled a white sundress from the hanger and slipped it over her head. She walked to the mirror to check the results. It was short, much shorter that anything that she had ever worn. It came no lower than a few inches below her hips, showing off her tanned and sleek legs.

She turned this way and that and realised that if she bent over the dress rode high in back exposing her ass. Sarah bent further yet. Her trimmed pussy came into view. She stood and stepped closer to the mirror. The fabric was thin and white and the brown aureoles of her breasts were plainly visible through the cloth. Her erect nipples called attention to themselves as well.

As she stood there admiring herself, Sarah couldn't believe what she was considering. She twirled in front of the mirror, slowly at first, then faster as she watched the hem of the dress ride higher. When she could see her pussy plainly on display, she stopped, grabbed her purse and shoes and left the house.

Sarah drove to the highway and headed away from home. Whatever she might do, she knew she would do where no one knew her. She couldn't believe that she was riding around wearing nothing more than a dress that exposed so much of her, a dress that placed her tits and pussy on display. Her excitement rose as she drove until she realised that she had not done anything yet. The tits that she wanted to show off were still unseen. The pussy , wet and burning was still covered. She had to do something.

She was on a side road when she made her decision. There was a fruit stand up ahead. An old man was putting fruit into a bag for a young couple. She pulled in beside them. She took a breath and slipped from the car. Before she reached the stand, the young woman had noticed. Sarah saw the woman's eyes flash to her tits. She saw the nudge she gave to her husband and noticed the surprised grin that instantly covered his face.

Sarah took her time, looked over the produce with infinite patience while three pair of eyes feasted on her. The four of them talked, nothing important, just small talk and little courtesies. But it lengthened the time that these three strangers could stare at Sarah's tits. It made the burning grow within Sarah's pussy.

Sarah picked a couple of things at random. It didn't matter what to her. The young man offered to carry them back to her car. She opened the back door, bent over and reached in to move the blanket that she kept on the back seat. Sarah felt the dress rise up in back, felt the cool air on her ass and the burning heat in her face and pussy. She momentarily pictured the stranger taking her from behind, plunging his cock deep within her without warning. A shiver of pleasure shot through her. She counted to five before she straightened and put the bags in the car.

"Thank you," she said to the young man's red face.

"It was my pleasure," he returned and as they looked at one another, they knew it was as true a thing as he had ever said.

He opened the driver's door for her. Sarah slipped in sideways. She lifted her legs, spread them wide and hesitated for just a moment, her trimmed pussy inches from the stranger's face, before swinging her legs into the car. She drove off, leaving him standing there, eyes wide, mouth hanging open, a definite bulge in his pants.

Before the car reached the road, Sarah's hand was rubbing her pussy on her way to the first of four orgasms she was to experience before she got home.

**Sarah’s New Adventure**

*Sarah goes off again to be seen by strangers*

It was just after six in the morning and Sarah stood naked, peering through the glass panels of her front door. It was the middle of the week and people were getting up and starting their day. Although it was September, the temperature was at seventy-two and expected to climb into the low eighties. The sky was cloudfree and the sun shown bright on the street outside Sarah's house.

After yesterday's adventure, she felt more alive and excited than she had ever felt before. She had exposed herself to others, shown her tits and her ass and her pussy to total strangers. And they had liked it. She had seen it in their faces. She was attractive and sexy and desirable. She had slept little the night before, reliving it all. Now she knew she would have to do it again.

The newspaper lay on the front lawn, a few feet from the steps. She had to get it. She could run, she knew. She could throw open the door and sprint down the stairs and snatch up the paper and be back inside in no more than a few seconds. She wouldn't though. That would be too easy. There would be little chance to be seen in those four or five seconds. And she wanted to be seen. At the same time, she had a reputation to protect, a place in the community. If too many saw her she would be disgraced.

A car pulled out from a driveway down the street and drove past her house on the way toward the highway. It was twenty after six. The longer she waited the more dangerous it would become. It was now or never.

Sarah opened the door and stood behind the screen door looking up and down the streeet. There was no one moving on the street, no doors being opened or closed, no goodbyes being called from front porches to departing husbands. She opend the screen door and stood on the porch naked. She let the door slam. It might attract someone's attention. Sarah walked slowly to the steps, taking half steps, counting slowly between each one, "One Mississippi, two Mississippi..." She reached where the paper lay, bent down and picked it up. The grass felt cold beneath her feet. A breeze brought goosepimples to cover her body. She retraced her steps just as slowly and deliberately as before. As she reached the screen door and opened it, a car turned onto her street. She stood where she was. Sarah turned to face the street, turned so that the driver could see her pussy and tits.

The car crept by. The driver stared at Sarah's naked body. He was no one Sarah knew, just another stranger on his way to work or wherever. She smiled at hm. He continued on and when he turned the corner she stepped into the house and close the doors.

She closed her eyes and leaned back against the door. She picture the stranger's face as he had driven by, staring at the naked woman on the porch.

He would drive into work now and tell his friends and coworkers about what he'd seen. They would stand around the water cooler talking about Sarah's tits and Sarah's smooth shaved pussy and they would all imagine themselves seeing her and touching her.

Sarah was touching herself now, giving into the demands of her own burning pussy. She started rubbing her swollen clit, slipped first one finger and then another into her sopping wet cunt. She came and then came again and lost herself in her own pleasure. When the last of her spasms ceased, Sarah found herself lying on the floor of the hall, a puddle of her juices on the hardwood floor beneath her. It was almost eight o'clock.

Sarah threw the paper away. She had no time for it today. The day was sunny and bright and she wanted to show off her pussy. Her shower was quick. The time for play would come later. She looked through her clothes for something to wear. She selected the long loose skirt and the scoop neck blouse that she'd bought at that Indian shop in New Mexico last year. They would be perfect. Her underwear was just a half bra that would accent the swell of her ample breasts while leaving her nipples uncovered to press against the thin fabric of her blouse.

She looked at herself in the mirror when she was done. The skirt came down to her ankles but lifted when she swirled to show off her well shaped legs. The blouse hugged her tits. The scoop neck showed two globes of flesh that danced as she moved and seemed to threaten escape from the confines of her blouse. her hardened nipples pressed defiantly against the front of the blouse and a hint of her pink aureoles peeked from the top of her blouse. She finished up with a pair of sandals that laced up her calves, another purchase from New Mexico. She was ready.

Sarah knew what she would do today, had planned it in the sleepless hours of the night. She grabbed her purse and walked to the car. Her next door neighbor, Steve, an older man, was out just getting into his car. He waved and called a greeting and she waved back. He seemed to be trying to make small talk, something he seldom did. He was staring at the expanse of flesh that seemed to overflow from the top of her blouse. She let him look for a minute or so and then drove off. Had he been looking out his window early this morning?

With that thought in mind and a tingling in her pussy he headed toward the highway. She stopped to get gas at the only full service station that she knew of. The attendant walked to the car as she rolled down the window. She saw his smile grow wider when he saw that her tits were straining to pop out at him. He filled the tank and cleaned the windshield, never once taking his eyes from Sarah. She gave him three twenties for the gas and by the time he came back with the change, Sarah had pulled down the top of her blouse fully exposing her breasts. Slowly, almost like a zombie he handed her the change. She pinched her nipples and shook her tits at him as he stood there.

"A tip for good service ," she giggled at him. "If you had checked the oil, I would have let you see my pussy as well." She drove off laughing.She pulled into the parking lot at the mall. It wasn't her local mall, but a bigger one, over an hour away. She couldn't afford to be recognized. The mall was on the top of a tall hill and the wind had begun to gust and as she approached the entrance, she felt the back of her dress rise up and the wind blow on her bare ass. The surprise made her grab at the dress and lower it, but two men driving by had seen her.

"Nice ass, lady" the one called as he slowly drove by laughing.

"If I'd been leaving instead of just arriving, I'd have been facing the other way. Think about that on your way home to your wife." She walked into the mall. She loved the mall. She liked the shopping and the people and now discovered that she liked the idea that so many were looking at her. She could see them looking, men and women too. Her tits were back in her blouse and her nipples covered. But Sarah's nipples were hard and showed through the thin fabric and the twin globes of her tits bounced and jiggled with her every move.

She walked through the stores, rode the escalators and occasionally stopped to browse at one of the counters, bending so that the clerk could get a good view of her cleavage. She had smiles for everyone and they had smiles for her. Sarah felt like it was Christmas morning and she could see all the presents under the tree. Now it was time to unwrap one. She headed for the shoe store.

She knew what she wanted and took a tall knee length lace up boot from the display. She waited until the youngest of the clerks was free and gave him the boot and told him her size. She went to the chair farthest from the other customers and sat and removed her right sandal. He was young, no older than her daughter now away at college, and skinny and innocent looking. He kept stealing looks at her tits and by the look on his face was both surprised and happy at what he saw. His name tag said "Tom".

"I think that I'm going to need help with these," she said as he pulled one of the boots from the box.

"No problem," he said as he stared at Sarah's nipples. He pulled over a small stool and sat in front of Sarah.She pulled the bottom of her skirt up a little so that he could begin to slide the boot on her foot. Her foot slipped easily into the unlaced boot, and she asked him to lace it up for her. He rested the heel of her foot on his knee as he began to lace up the boot. With each eyelet threaded, his hand rose higher on her leg and she pulled the hem of her skirt a little higher as well. At last the boot was laced and tied.

"How's that feel?" Sarah bent over and ran her hands up her leg slowly. Her head was inches from his. She could feel his breath on her tits. She leaned back in the seat, raised her leg and pulled the hem of the skirt up into her lap.

She heard his sudden gasp. The boy was looking at her pussy. It was the moment that she had waited for and yet it wasn't quite enough. Her pussy was throbbing with a demand to be touched. She took his hand and placed it at the top of the boot. "It doesn't quite feel the way I would like, Tom. Maybe you could do something about it." When he sat unmoving, she took his wrist and slid his hand further up the inside of her thigh.

Still he sat frozen, his eyes going from Sarah's face to the glistening pussy lips just in front of him. If he touched her she would come. Sarah knew that. The touch of a man's hand on her pussy would do it, the touch of a stranger's hand. She took his arm pulled it forward, felt this stranger's fingers press against her sopping pussy lips. She pulled at his arm harder and pushed her pussy forward , at last impaling herself on the young man's fingers.

She came quickly, more inspite of his efforts than because of them. She sat frozen as the spasms shook her, her hands grasping the arms of the chair, her legs closed trapping the stranger's fingers buried in her pussy, her mouth clamped shut to prevent her cries of pleasure from bursting from her throat. As she regained control once more, she looked at Tom. "Thanks," she said, "but I don't think I'll take these." She reached down and quickly unlaced the boot and put the sandal back on. Tom sat on the stool, unable to rise without displaying the swollen bulge an his pants and the wet spot that his precum had made.

"What about...?" he said. Sarah left quickly. The store manager was looking at her now and at Tom. There were others looking as well. She walked out into the parking lot. Clouds were gathering and the wind was blowing and her dress swirled up around her, impossible to hold down even if she wanted to. She didn't try. "Let them look," she thought. Many did.

The drive home was long, five orgasms long, to be exact. When the rain started she pulled to the side of the road and stripped off her clothes. In spite of the rain other drivers could see in the windows as they passed, honking their horns in appreciation. Sarah drove slow. She was a safe driver and didn't want an accident while maturbating.

She pulled into the driveway when she got home. It was dinnertime and most of her neighbors would be eating. No one could see her from the street. There were no houses that could see her back door except for the one next door. She got out of the car, naked and walked slowly to the back door. "One Mississipi, two Mississippi..." She took her time digging her house keys from her purse. When they fell from her hand she bent almost double to pick them up. Sarah went inside and closed the door. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the door. She'd seen the curtain in the neighbor's kitchen window move as she'd driven up, seen it move again as she had walked to the back door and seen it move once more as she entered the house. Her hand dropped to her pussy as she wondered if Steve liked what he saw. She knew he would see more.