Shoe Shopping Without Panties!

Over the Memorial Day weekend, Hal and I went to our first-ever group

sex party - six couples, non-stop sex - oh, well, we did nap from time

to time! - from Friday afternoon through Monday morning. I am still

sorting out my thoughts on the experience, and I shall post an account

of what happened in due course.

But, first, a little surprise, as you shall discover in due course:

something from another woman who was there, in her own words!

Let me give the start and end, for openers. The site was a nice home on

the Atlantic shore just north of Ocean City, NJ. On the drive over, Hal

asked me, matter of factly, "How do you feel, knowing that you are

going to be fucking five other guys - and me - all weekend?"

I felt a tingle, right down there. "A mixture of nerves and

anticipation," I said. "In the shower this morning, I figure that at an

average length of six inches per dick, and six guys, I was going to

have a full yard of cock inside me this weekend."

Hal laughed and said, "Well, why don't you reach over here and play with

the first six inches for a bit? I've got all those new pussies running

in and out of my mind....." So, I did the zipper thing, and for a

pleasant hour or so I jerked him off as we sped east....

Return trip, midday Monday. Hal: "So, sugar, how was it, having all

those cocks for the long weekend?" I was wearing my blue denim mini

skirt, and I had decided not to ruin a pair of panties - I was THAT wet

still! - so I took my husband's hand and ran it to my cunt and said,

"Let the recipient of all the fun speak for itself...." He fingered me

all the way to the Bay Bridge....

As stated above, the intervening days will be discussed in due course.

But, just for an exercise, let me talk about a fun break we had one

afternoon, I think Sunday. All of us were truly fucked out. I don't

think the guys could have mustered one stiff cock between all six of

them. And my poor little pussy was worn out.

So, after lunch, all twelve of us sprawled around the rec room where all

the fun had taken place, naked, happy to be together, gals mostly on a

blanket on the floor, guys on a couch and a couple of love seats.

Meredith had the idea. "Hey," she said, "let's play a game. How about

each of us tells the most off-the-wall sexual thing you've ever done?

It could be the oddest place where you've ever had intercourse, or

something you did with another person. Whatever."

There were some nervous giggles and laughs. One husband, Joe, finally

chimed in, "OK, Meredith, I am game. But since it's your idea, why

don't you go first? Tell us YOUR story to give us an idea of where you

are going, and I, for one, will try to follow."

Now, in terms of overall good looks, I think that Meredith was the most

attractive woman at the party. A lithe body, 5-6 or 5-7, trim, but

with firm to-die-for boobs, strawberry-hued nips that always seemed

erect, tight butt, tight tummy, wispy blond pubic hair through which

protruded the tip of her clitoris, a cunt that I had found to be

gloriously tasty when I kissed and licked it.

She grinned. She sat up and leaned against an ottoman, legs spread and

pulled up to her chest, so that all her interesting parts were on full

display. And what she told us that afternoon, she agreed to put into

written form for me, which she did in an e-mail that arrived last

evening.

You must imagine that you are listening to the soft, well-modulated

voice of a 30s woman (two degrees) who is lying naked on the floor,

legs spread to display her nakedness, a rapt audience bent on catching

every word.

Sunday evening Dear Little Kath: It was so very good to hear from you

again. I can't begin to tell you again how much Jim and I enjoyed the

weekend. And you know, sugar, of all the fun I had, and all the persons

with whom I played, you were the tops!

I am going to make a little old confession. I have never cared all that

much about 69ing with another person, man or woman. I prefer to

concentrate on either giving or receiving pleasure, without the

distraction of having to please someone else from time to time. But,

Kath, doing it with you made me reconsider! Why was it that we hit it

off so well when we were going down on one another? You knew exactly

where to lick and touch, you knew exactly how to present your pussy to

my mouth. I am wet right now just thinking about what we shared.

I know that Hal and Jim have been phoning back and forth about a

just-us-four weekend. I am about to suggest that whatever they might

plan, that the two of us - thee and me - find a way to meet.

Philadelphia? Wilmington? Whatever. I WANT you, my darling.

Now, I am amused at your request. Was my true story all that arousing?

I will try to put it down as I told it - as it happened - and there

might be more detail than you want to know. Do feel free to share the

account with your friends, just fuzz up any details that might point to

me, OK?

OK. My last year of grad school, and I was as chaste as a nun, what

with the guy to whom I was engaged (no, not Jim, someone else) was on

the other side of the country, at his own grad school. You will not be

surprised to hear that I had enjoyed a very active and fun sex life

since age 15, when I found that having something in my pussy other than

my fingers was most enjoyable. Cocks. God, but I loved them! I was a

naughty little girl. I figured out once that I fucked about 65 men by

the time I graduated from college.

My beau and I decided, however, that we would not screw around on one

another the nine months we had to be apart. He said the thought of me

writhing around naked with another guy made him so jealous that he got

ill, even if it was only in his imagination. So we made a promise to

one another: no fucking with other people.

Bah. And, damn it, I kept my side of the bargain. And, that fall, I

became a masturbation freak. To be sure, even when I was fucking

regularly, I also found time to jill off regularly, but not as a

primary means of sexual release. I mean, I would be in the shower, or

under the covers, and my fingers would be there, and my pussy would be

there, so why not? I had two undergraduate roomies with whom I had an

unspoken agreement: what you do in bed in the dark is your own damned

business, let's just don't talk about it. As you perhaps noticed over

at the shore (unless you are stone deaf!) I make a bit of noise when I

am cumming. My roomies would pretend not to hear, just as I pretended

not to hear them.

Enough. By mid autumn, I wanted something more exciting than frigging

myself. But what to do? I keep promises, so I was not about to find

some guy to fuck just to get myself off.

Now I played a lot of tennis in those days (pre-busted knee) and I

needed a new pair of shoes. I went into a store near the campus, and a

nice clerk about my age waited on me. He sat on the little stool in

front of me as he slipped on several shoes to check the fit. And I

suddenly realized that my skirt had fallen open so that he most likely

had a direct view right up my legs, past my knees, to my thighs and

beyond.

Yes, I know, I should have been embarrassed, and common sense suggested

that I should push the skirt together and cut off his view. I did not.

The very thought that this nice looking guy might be stealing a peek at

my pubic area, even though it was covered by thin panties, aroused me

enormously. I felt my pussy wettening with excitement. God, is he

SEEING me? Does he see my juices collecting on the fabric?

I just sat there in a near trance, my body flushed with heat. He took

his own sweet time before announcing that he had found the fit for me.

I paid him in somewhat of a daze. I went back to my dorm room. I knew

my roomie kept a vibrator in her night stand drawer, and that she had a

lab late that day and would not be home until dinner time. I got the

vibrator, I stretched out naked on the top of my bed, and I went at

myself. Whew. As a rule, I don't care for vibrators, because my fingers

work so well on my pussy. But that afternoon....

Kath, is this getting too long? Cut if you want to do so.

The shoe experience stayed in my mind the next days, and I relived, in

my mind, the sexual rush that I got from "accidentally" exposing myself

in the store. I began to wonder, "How would it be if I could do it

again, but this time making sure that the clerk saw my pussy, and not

just an outline through my panties?"

Now I've never been modest about nudity. Our high school crowd got into

skinny dipping one spring - first at night, then during the days on

weekends, and letting guys see my cunt and boobs was not all that big a

deal. Same for college. (Of course, the fact that I had a pretty good

body - hey, you've seen it, Kath! - made showing it off all the more

fun. But that was open nudity. What I had done in the shoe store was

entirely different: it was "accidental" flashing.

I thought about what to do. My plan. Go somewhere way away from the

campus, even to another town, and park your car out of sight of the

store. Wear a loose skirt, no panties. And look around the mall until

you find a store that (a) you can flash without being seen by anyone

other than the clerk and (b) pick a guy you'd really like to show

yourself to.

I made two dry runs. Two times, I chickened out. I actually went into

one store and had a young clerk show me several shoes. But I could not

bring myself to sit down and carry out my fantasy.

Then I said to myself, "Goddammit, Meredith, go ahead! You are letting

this thing prey on your mind."

On a Saturday I drove back the mall where I had actually entered a

store. I had a salad for lunch. One glass of white wine, then another.

And another. I went to the ladies' room and peed, and I looked down at

my pussy, and I said, Here goes! I slid down my panties and put them in

my purse, and I dabbed myself dry with tissue. Play time.

The clerk was in his late 20s, not a hunk, but passable. To his credit,

he remembered me from the previous visit, smiling and say, "Back again,

eh? Let's see what we can find for you." I browsed until I was at the

rear of the store, and I found a couple of pairs that I wanted to try

on. I sat on a chair that faced a blank wall and I put my feet on the

little stool.

Show time, Meredith. Let'er rip. I spread my legs. I let my mini skirt

part and slide up past my knees. I could feel the coolness of the air

conditioning against my bared body, enough to off-set the hotness I

felt in my dampening cunt.

The clerk's body language told me when his eyes first fell on my exposed

cunt. His shoulders jerked. He tried - oh, but he tried! - to avert his

eyes so as not to stare directly at my pussy. I did not give the fellow

a fair chance. I spread my legs even wider, as if inviting him to look

even closer.

I know my cunt well enough to realize that by now, sexual excitement had

caused my labia to swell, and my clittie to harden so that it would be

poking its pink little tip through my pubic hair. And, as if to

emphasize the deliberate way I was exposing myself, I flexed the

muscles of my abdomen, so that I felt my pussy pulsate.

The clerk sat and stared in awed silence. How long? Not more than three

or so minutes, I reckon. I clenched my teeth as a minor orgasm surged

through my lower body. I stifled a moan.

I finally said, "I'll take that pair, they seem fine." I closed my legs.

I shoved my skirt back into place. The clerk seemed to want one final

peek, so I shoved it up again, just for a fleeting second.

When we walked to the counter so that I could pay, he kept the shoe box

just below his waist. I knew that he was concealing an erection. I

started to give my a credit card. No, ninny, do that, and he can find

you. I paid cash.

Our eyes met - for the first time - as he handed me the change.

"Thanks," I said, "I am going to like these shoes."

Well, Kath, that was the first of about half a dozen "shoe trips" that I

made that school year. I thought about asking a girl friend to share

the fun with me but I never got up the nerve. And I have not done the

stunt since that year. Perhaps when we get together? Hmmmmmm!

Love, Babe, Meredith

So, that is what Meredith told us, although without all the details. She

suggests that I might enjoy "going shoe shopping" with her. Dare I?

Well, why not?