**Showing Off**

by[Scoob](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=125221&page=submissions)©

**Showing Off, Showing More and Showing Skill**  
There must be something about the onset of summer. This time of year, as the temperature rises, my libido escalates, my daring side begins to awaken from its winter slumber and my exhibitionist tendencies emerge.  
  
As the calendar slips into June, most of my college classmates have left this college town for their summer roosts, leaving me and a few of my fellow students here amongst the year-round athletes, worker bees and assorted townies. It's a great time to be here. The traffic thins out, leaving ample room for us avid cyclists, runners and other athletic types to train and play with abandon. Everyone dons their warm-weather work-out clothes and bare skin replaces head-to-toe fleece.  
  
For me, the warm weather means I can begin wearing my skimpy shorts, tops, swim suits and other revealing summer clothes. Remember those exhibitionist tendencies I mentioned before?  
  
Ever since I started college -- I'm a senior now -- I've found a great deal of self-satisfaction and sexual excitement in capitalizing on opportunities to show off my body to unsuspecting people, mostly men. I'm not talking about blatant flashing, although my growing boldness may lead me to that activity. I have preferred more subtle methods.  
  
Let me take a minute to describe myself. I am 22 years old. 5 feet, 7 inches tall. I have long, straight brown hair that hangs down to the middle of my shoulder blades. As my height might lead you to guess, I am long and lean, but blessed with somewhat shapely curves in the right places. I have average-sized breasts. You know, enough to fill out a bra or bikini top, but not so much as to get in the way during a run or keep me from not wearing a bra. I've been told my ass is my finest asset, pun intended. I run or cycle at least three times a week and earn extra money by working three days a week as a personal trainer. I have a pierced belly button and a somewhat elaborate, but tasteful, tattoo in the middle of my back, right at about hip level. I work hard on my body, which may explain, in part, my desire for it to be admired by others.  
  
With the temperatures in the mid-80s these days, I have pulled my stock of short shorts, flattering sports bras, halter tops and assorted other small clothing items out of the back of my closet. I just made my annual switch to g-string thong underwear, leaving my regular panties and the panty lines they create in a box with the rest of my winter garb.  
  
Getting Ready to Greet the Summer  
  
I woke up this morning feeling quite horny and decided it was time to begin my summer series of shows. My first decision of the day was to break out a pair of scissors and a new razor to take care of the hair down there, if you know what I mean...  
  
After showering, I sat down on the edge of my bathtub and used the scissors to trim my pubic hair as short as I could get it. I then squirted a half dollar-sized glob of shaving gel into my left hand and rubbed it into my pubes, lathering it up nicely and completely covering my triangle of hair, as well as around my pussy lips and all the way up to my asshole. I took a brand new disposable razor in hand and made a first pass horizontally near the top of my triangle of hair. It took several passes before I had removed all the hair in each swath. I continued to work my way down my pubic area until I had removed all the hair above my actually pussy opening. Now I had to tackle the area around my pussy lips and the area from my pussy lips to just above my asshole. Carefully, I drew the razor vertically along each side of my pussy, slowly drawing the razor downward several times to remove all the hair. Then, with my other hand, I would hold each pussy lip in place as I carefully shaved off all the hair. When I finished, I noticed I had missed a tiny patch of hair just above the hood that covers my clit. I reached down with my right hand and lifted up on the skin just below my belly button with the flat of my hand. This provided easy access to the hair I had missed. A quick swipe of the still sharp razor removed the last of my pubic hair. Next came the peritoneum area, the area between my pussy and my asshole. This area was a bit hard to get at, since I couldn't see what I was doing. However, I wanted to be thorough, so I improvised.  
  
I took my bathroom mirror off the wall above my sink. I propped it up against the side of the tub, laid down on the floor with my back propped up on a rolled up towel and raised my bent legs up toward my chest. With my legs in the air, I had a perfect view of my now bare pussy and my little pink asshole, still surrounded by wisps of brown hair. I took some more shaving cream and rubbed it all over the new target area. First I removed all the hair from the peritoneum. Next, was the area surrounding my asshole. This was a bit tricky, since the puckered skin required patience and a steady hand, lest I repeatedly nick my self. With my asshole covered in shaving cream, I used my left hand to pull my left leg to the side, granting complete access to that side of my anus. I carefully drew the razor out from my hole and up my ass cheek, being sure to remove ever last hair. I did the same for the other side and the areas directly above and below my asshole. I then took a warm, wet washcloth and wiped the remaining shaving cream away. I closely examined my handiwork and found no missed hairs. My pussy and asshole were now completely bare.   
  
Wanting to be totally thorough, I laid the bathroom mirror on the floor, squatted over it and closely studied my bald pussy. I used my finger tips to manipulate my pussy lips, taking care to examine each little nook and cranny. Not a stray hair to be seen. Done. Well, almost. All the activity around my pussy had turned me on, so with the mirror providing such a wonderful view of my special place, I slid two fingers in and out of my now-wet cunt, then focused on rubbing back and forth over my clit, which thanks to the shaving was easily accessible and in full view. It was such a turn on to masturbate with such a perfect view of my hand working my dripping wet pussy. The vivid view made me feel a bit naughty which greatly added to the excitement and ultimately a very quick trip to an intense orgasm.  
  
Now for the Luncheon Appointment  
  
Newly shaved and still horny as heck, I decided to go downtown to lunch, where all the 9-5ers gather, eat and wander over the lunch hour. To fit into such a nice setting, I needed to wear the right things. I started with a pair of tiny black g-string panties. With my now-shaved pussy, I could wear these tiny panties without nary a hair peeking out. I covered the g-string with a pair of small, skin-tight dark blue, cotton and spandex work-out shorts. These shorts look like a less-shiny pair of bicycle shorts, but are cut to a length that stops just at the place where my thighs meet my butt cheeks. The top of these shorts is cut low to hug my hips. On top I wore a thin, tight white work-out shirt. This body-hugging shirt is cut about three inches above my belly button, exposing my mid-rift and showing off the tattoo on my lower back.  
  
What I like especially about his outfit is twofold. One, the low-cut shorts ensures that some part of my sexy underwear is always showing, leaving no doubt to the average observer that I am wearing a thong, with a remarkably thin strip of material running right up from my gorgeous ass cheeks (sorry about the editorializing, but when you got it, you got it...). When I sit down and lean forward in these shorts, you can see the tiny strip of material emerging from my ass cheeks and tying in to the strings that snake over my hips and back down the front of my shorts. I know this turns guys on. There must be something about women and g-strings these days.  
  
The top is light and thin enough that one can just make out a nipple-sized dark circle on each breast. When my nipples are erect, which is quite often when I am dressed like this, the top draws even more leers than usual. In addition to being somewhat transparent, the top is very tight and clings snugly to my breasts, giving them just enough lift and support to highlight their size and nice round shape.  
  
Dressed in my lunchtime outfit, I headed downtown. Just before I was about to turn onto the main downtown sidewalk and join the throngs of lunching workers and tourists, I adjusted my shorts especially for my outing. I tugged down on each leg, positioning the shorts low on my hips. I hooked a thumb under each side of my g-string and hiked it up enough that it was plainly visible above the waist of my shorts. As I lifted it up, I could feel the tiny triangle of material that covered my crotch slip between my pussy lips. It was a bit uncomfortable, but became much less so as I walked and the material worked its way back and forth across my newly-shaved pussy. I looked down and could see my slit clearly outlined in the skin-tight shorts. I hadn't noticed that before. Ahhh, something else to show off!  
  
I decided to stop at Starbucks first. With iced coffee in hand, I grabbed a table next to the sidewalk outside. I sat down and leaned forward, putting my elbows on the table and hands around my iced coffee. People approaching on the sidewalk from behind would now be able to see the top half of my g-string thong exposed to them. They could see the top little strip of material emerging from my ass crack, and the two thin strings of material snaking up and over my exposed hips. I could feel the breeze on my half-exposed ass, and got increasingly turned on as I watched the reflection in the Starbucks window of men slowing and staring as they sauntered by me.  
  
As I finished my coffee, I nonchalantly pinched my nipples as I stood up to ensure they would provide additional focal points as I headed off for a stroll through downtown. I walked the three blocks through downtown, drawing an impressive number of leers. One time a guy was just staring at my chest as we both crossed a busy street. He wasn't altering his astonished stare one bit, so I reach up and put my hands on the outside of my breasts and pushed them together, trailing my fingers around the curve of the underside of my breasts as I dropped my hands again to my sides. I thought the poor guy was going to walk into a pole.  
  
Heading to the Hills  
  
As I left downtown, feeling somewhat flush from my little exhibitionist activity, I decided to go for a run before heading back home. I knew of a trail about half-mile from downtown that led up to a mountain overlook before winding back down to town, just a mile or so from my apartment. As I ran along the street, passing people along the way, I continued to get turned on knowing that my bouncing breasts were a surprising sight to people I was approaching, and my shapely ass was a welcome sight to those I had passed.  
  
By the time I hit the trail, I was getting somewhat sweaty. The thin white top was becoming nearly translucent with each new drop of perspiration. Good thing I was leaving pavement and the people behind. Given how exposed by breasts now were, I could get in trouble running around like that on the city streets.   
  
I continued to make good time up the trail. It was getting steeper, which was forcing me to exert myself more, resulting in more and more sweat. After about 15 minutes of increasingly steep trail, I paused to catch my breath. I looked down at my chest and was surprised that my breasts were almost completely visible. I tweaked my nipples and started back up the hill. I heard voices as I approached a hairpin turn not far from the top. I could tell it was a man and a woman. As I approached the turn, I slid my shorts significantly further down my hips, so that they were, essentially, half-way down my ass, totally exposing my g-string. As I rounded the turn, I saw the couple. They were young, perhaps in their 20s, and headed down the trail right toward me. I stood up as straight as I could, thrusting out my chest, and jogged right by them. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see them both staring at my breasts bouncing up and down in my now see-through top. I was sure they would turn around as I ran by, glimpsing my almost fully-exposed ass as I scampered up the trail. Boy was I getting hot!  
  
I soon got to the top of this section of the trail, which emerges at an overlook off a windy mountain road. The overlook provides tourists with an excellent view of the town and surrounding valley. Being a perfect summer day, there were several cars parked in the overlook lot with numerous people milling around. I ran right through the overlook parking lot, still with breasts bouncing in my see-through top and my ass nearly exposed in my tiny g-string. I heard a couple of gasps and one whistle. I kept going and crossed the road, re-entering the woods on the other side.  
  
About 100 yards into the woods, I slowed down and began walking to rest a bit. As I did so, I had time to relax and enjoy the warm sun beating down on the back of my neck. Feeling remarkably horny, I decided to find a secluded spot, well off the trail for a little sunbathing and, perhaps, a chance to relieve some sexual tensions, if you know what I mean.  
  
Fun in the Sun  
  
A little way further in, I left the trail and started climbing up to a rock outcropping about 50 feet above the trail. I climbed hand-over-hand up the steep hillside. I could feel my tiny, tight shorts sliding further down my ass as I bent over to grab rocks, roots and other woody debris to pull myself up the hill. Finally I reached the rocks and found that they hid a nice flat grassy area just above them. The sun shone brightly on the area through a gap in the trees. Since it was above the trail, no one coming by could see me. I looked around carefully to make sure no one was around, or in my sight line. There was no one.  
  
Jumping straight into the fire, I quickly slid off my shorts, stepped out of them and tossed them on a rock. Now clad only in my tiny g-string panties and light top, I was even more excited. For some reason, standing nearly naked in the great outdoors made me feel flushed and even more horny that before.   
  
I grabbed the sides of the panties and again lifted them up above my hips, pulling the thin material up between my pussy lips. I looked down, admiring the look of my shaved pussy lips protruding from either side of the black material wedged in my slit. I ran my fingers across my smooth lips, thinking about the whole shaving experience and how naughty it made me feel to have a totally smooth private area. I then hooked my fingers under the sides of my panties and slid them off over my hips and stepped out of them. Next, I peeled off my sweaty shirt and draped it on a rock next to me. Standing there, totally nude, surrounded by pine trees with the sun beating down on me, I felt a rush of excitement. What an incredible feeling.  
  
I found a relatively flat rock and laid down on it, soaking in the sun and thinking about how sexy this felt. My hand made its way down to my shaved pussy and I again began to masturbate, as a breeze blew across my sweaty body. Just as I was nearing orgasm, I heard voices on the trail below me. I quickly withdrew my hand from my crotch and moved into position to peer over the rocks to the trail below. The same couple I had passed on the trail before were noe standing directly below my rock outcropping. The guy was pointing up to the rocks and saying something I couldn't make out. Then, the woman left the trail and began climbing up toward me, the guy following her and helping her get up the steep terrain. I looked over to where my clothes were draped on rocks, about 20 feet from where I had been laying. Obviously, the clothes were well out of reach and there was no way I could get to them without being seen and/or heard.  
  
I was near panic. What should I do? I was totally naked and two strangers would be peeking over the rocks in a matter of 30 seconds. Shit!  
  
Sometimes You Just Have to Go With It  
  
In a sudden rush of excitement, I decided what to do. Nothing. I would just lay down and see what happens. I felt relatively safe, since it was a man and a woman. I crept back over to my sunbathing rock and laid back down. The way the rock was positioned, my feet were pointing in the direction from which the man and woman would appear over the rocks. Now feeling more comfortable with my exhibitionist decision, I bent my knees, feet flat on the rock and parted my legs just enough that they would have a clear view of my shaved pussy. I ran my hands over my breasts and pinched my nipples so they would be erect when the couple got their first look at me.  
  
Just as I lay my arms at my side, I heard a grunt and saw the woman appear over the rock face. She stood up and almost immediately saw me. She gasped and quickly turned around. I heard her companion ask what was wrong. She said, "There's somebody up here." The guy responded with a "so what?" and quickly climbed up over the edge. He too let out an audible gasp, but didn't avert his gaze anywhere near as quick as the woman did. He stammered something about being sorry for disturbing me. He grabbed his wife's elbow (I noticed a wedding band) and turned to head back down to the trail.  
  
"That's alright," I said in as firm and confident of a voice as I could muster. "Stay. I don't mind at all. The couple looked at each other and then looked at me. Both of them let their gaze linger much longer this time, eyes flashing with uncertainty as sexual tension seemed to grow almost palpable. They both sort of shrugged and the guy said, "Okay." They sat down on a rock and fidgeted, not know what to do with themselves.  
  
I decided that since I initiated this strange situation, I should make a valiant attempt to break the ice. So, I stood up, strode over to them and extended a hand. "Hi, I'm Kai. I don't usually lay around the woods naked, but for some reason, it seemed like the thing to do today. We all shook hands as Tom and Kate introduced themselves. The only other thing I could think to say is, "Sorry, but this is really turning me on."  
  
Kate smiled knowingly and looked down at her husband's crotch. "I think it's turning Tom on to," she said as she put her hand on the newly constructed tent in his flimsy running shorts. Tom turned a bit red. Feeling much more emboldened after Kate's light-hearted reaction, I reached down, still standing there in front of them, and sensually cupped my shaved crotch with my right hand and ran my middle finger back and forth just inside my moist pussy. Kate's eyes were fixated on my shaved pussy and the activity taking place down there. Tom was too.  
  
"Have you always shaved everything off down there," she asked with a nod of her head toward my crotch. "No, just shaved for the first time today," I relied. "It's very sexy," she said. I was surprised by her candor and noticed she was massaging Tom's obviously hard dick through the material of his shorts. "I trim and shave down there too, but not as much as you did," she said still staring at my crotch.   
  
"Really," I said, "Let me see." I surprised myself with that comment, but she didn't miss a beat and said, "OK." She stood up and slid off her shorts. She was wearing a thong too. Not nearly as skimpy as my g-string, but still very sexy. Before I could assess much more, she slipped it off too, stood up and pulled her t-shirt off over her head. Now clad in only a sports bra, she whipped it off too. Man, this girl was as, if not more, bold than I was. Now poor Tom was sitting there, hard as a rock, surrounded by two totally nude women.   
  
"See," Kate said as she looked down at her pussy and kind of compressed her upper thighs with her hands to improve the view of her crotch. Her pubic hair was trimmed very close to the skin and she had shaved all the hair off around the sides of her pussy. "This allows me to wear just about any bathing suit I want to," she said as she too slipped a finger between her pussy lips.

I watched her finger sliding in and out of her slit as I continued wagging my middle finger inside my own pussy. Tom was looking back and forth at his wife and at the total stranger standing naked in front of him. "Wow," was seemingly all he could say. He then stood and quickly stripped off his own clothes without saying a word.   
  
Seeing the Forest for the Tease  
  
The three of us stood facing one another. What a sight this must have been. Two naked women fondling their pussies and one guy gently massaging his erect cock while standing in the middle of the woods. I began to ask myself how far I wanted this to go. I decided there was no way I would have sex with Tom. I didn't know him and wasn't prepared for intercourse. Just as I completed that thought, Kate asked if she could touch my breasts.  
  
Seemed harmless enough, I figured. "Sure," I said. She stepped up to me and gently put a hand on each of my breasts. She fondled them with an expert touch, rolling them around in her soft hands, gently tweaking my nipples from time to time. Tom came up behind Kate and reached around and fondled her breasts. Kate took his hands and put them on my breasts and she moved closer to me. I could feel her hot breath on my face as Tom pushed her closer to me. We were nearly in an embrace now. Our breasts were pushed against each others'. I almost involuntarily stepped forward so that our hips were touching. I could feel her closely cropped pubic hair against my freshly shaved crotch. Tom continued massaging my breasts, occasionally moving from my breasts to his wife's.  
  
Next thing I knew, I felt Kate's hand cup my pussy and begin probing my insides with her finger. This was getting awfully hot and heavy. I had to be careful. I didn't want this to get out of hand. Those thoughts, as you might imagine, were fleeting as I got caught up in what Kate was doing. Feeling a woman so close to me was new. I hadn't ever done anything like this before. I had had one lesbian experience my freshman year of college with a dorm roommate, but it was done after much beer and didn't last too long before we both passed out. Neither of us ever mentioned it.  
  
"Lay down on the rock over there," Kate said stepping back and pointing at my sunbathing rock. I walked over to the rock and bent over, my back facing them as if to sit down. I paused with my ass high in the air, my hands on the rock, giving them an unobstructed, full-on view of my ass. I knew from seeing this view in my mirror that they would be looking at my little pink asshole and shaved mound peeking out from between my legs. Pausing in this position again gave me that naughty, slutty feeling. I love that feeling!  
  
I then sat down and stretched out on the rock. Kate came over with her t-shirt in hand and dropped it on my knees. She bent down and used her hands to part my legs and positioned the t-shirt so that she could put her own knees down on it. Now on her knees between my legs, I figured out what she had in mind. Before I could utter a word, she bent down and quickly licked my wet pussy from bottom to top. I shuddered at her touch. Seeing or feeling my reaction she buried her face in my cunt and started expertly licking me, alternating between sticking her tongue as deep inside me as she could and flicking the end of her tongue across my clit.  
  
With Kate's face planted between my thighs I watched as Tom came up behind his wife, cock in hand, and bent down behind her. He moved back and forth seemingly trying to position his cock to enter his wife from behind. He quickly found his target and lunged forward burying his nice-sized dick in her. He began to move in and out of her, forcing her face firmly into my crotch with each thrust.  
  
I was close to orgasm and began unconsciously clenching my thighs against Kate's head. Sensing my nearing orgasm, she focused on my clit and quickly sent me over the edge. I came with a couple of moans, grunts and tense muscles. Her task complete, she raised herself up on her hands and began moving with Tom, as he continued to work her from behind. I laid there, legs spread wide with Kate between them being fucked from behind by her husband. Surprisingly, she came and collapsed across my thighs. Tom withdrew from her wet cunt and stood there, still erect, his cock glistening with his wife's juices.  
  
"Would you give Tom a blow job," Kate breathlessly asked. Tom's eyes widened with surprise. I wasn't too keen on this, but being caught up in the moment, I quickly acquiesced and sat up and scooted in front of Tom as Kate got out of the way. Tom put his hands on his hips and leaned toward me, his cock now pointing menacingly straight up, just a few inches from my face. I grabbed his hard member and licked him from the bottom of his balls to the tip of his dick.   
  
With Kate watching intently, still sitting there completely nude, I slid my mouth over his cock head and swallowed as much of his dick as I could take. I grasped his shaft with one hand and began aggressively pumping his shaft up and down, sliding his cock head in and out of my mouth. I was determined to make him cum quickly, as I was a little uncomfortable sucking this stranger off. That's not to say I wasn't incredibly hot! After just 20 or so strokes, Tom began to tense up and was about to cum. With Tom's dick still in my mouth, I motioned for Kate to come over. She came up next to me, her face at the same level as mine watching Tom's cock slide in and out of my mouth. Tom was still tense and getting tenser. I could tell he was about to let go. I think Kate knew what I was going to do and she moved in closer. Right as Tom shot his first gooey rope of cum, I removed his cock from my mouth and pointed it at Kate. That first rope ended up draped across the bridge of her nose. He let loose another four or five good-sized blobs of cum, each of which landed on her face, one on her right check, one across her lips and the aforementioned one across her nose. Quite a sight!  
  
I pumped the remainder of Tom's cum from his dick, catching the last glob with my finger. I held it, now dripping from my finger, out and let Kate catch it in her mouth. She used her own fingers to wipe Tom's cum off her face, putting each bit right into her mouth. Kate was quite a cum-eater, I noted. Kate stood up and she and Tom embraced, kissing hungrily. I took the opportunity to stand up and gather my clothes.  
  
As they continued kissing, I quickly put my g-string, shorts and top back on. I bid them adieu and hurriedly started to climb over the rocks and make my way back down to the trail. I heard Kate call after me, "It was great meeting you!"  
  
Back on the trail, now in dry clothes, but with a very wet pussy, I started running home. Running through the streets back to my house, I was much more aware of how revealing my outfit was. With every bounce of my breasts, I felt a hint of embarrassment, but it was, as always seems to be the case with me, tempered by the sheer thrill of showing off my natural assets.  
  
Once back home, I had the chance to reflect on what I had just done. I had mixed feelings. On one hand, I knew what I had done was naughty, slutty and dangerous. But on the other hand, it was naughty, slutty and dangerous and had really turned me on. I had taken my exhibitionism so far beyond anything I had done before or even contemplated. That experience certainly raised the bar. What should I do now, I wondered.  
  
After that experience, I kind of laid low for a while and prepared for a trip to the Virgin Islands for a little beach time. I had planned this summer vacation trip with a girlfriend sometime ago, but she recently backed out. I decided to go alone. With my new-found taste for high adventure, of the exhibitionist sort, perhaps it was for the best that I was going alone.  
  
The Beach Suits Me Fine  
  
In preparation for the trip, I was surfing the 'net one day. I came across a website called WickedGirlz that specialized in the tiniest, sluttiest bathing suits you can imagine. Each suit in their catalog is extraordinarily tiny, barely covering anything. They all are g-string thongs. And, what makes them even more naughty is that when wet, you can see right through them. I ordered two bathing suits from them, one white one and one pink one. They came the day I was leaving, so I just ended up tossing the entire package in my suitcase as I ran out the door.  
  
One day later, I was in my air conditioned hotel room overlooking one of the V.I.'s famous beaches. I had just taken a shower, taking care to re-shave my pussy, and was preparing to head out to the beach for a bit of sun and fun. The only bathing suits I had brought were the two WickedGirlz suits. I opened the package and took the suits out. I was shocked at how small they were. I had presumed the models on the website were wearing exaggeratedly small suits for effect. I was wrong. What I saw was what I got. I stood there naked, swimming suit top and bottoms dangling from my fingers, cursing myself for not bringing a tried and true suit.  
  
I went ahead and slipped on the white suit, as soon as I could figure out which side was front and which was back -- it was that tiny. With the suit on, I stood in front of a full-length mirror and examined my outfit. This suit did not leave a damn thing to the imagination. The top was just wide enough to cover about half my breast, if you were looking at me from the front. None of my nipples were showing, but it was close. From the side, you could see the entire side of each breast. The bottoms were equally tiny. From the back, you could see everything. The suit was nothing more than tiny, thin strips of material. From the front the suit hid only a two-inch wide area that barely covered my slit. The exposed space from my belly button to the top of the suit must have been a good five inches. I mean, wearing this suit was as close to being naked as you could get without actually being naked. I couldn't imagine what it would feel like to wear this thin when it was wet. Could I possibly wear this thing in public?  
  
I decided there was no way I would wear it in a place where I might know someone, but I was in a foreign country. I wasn't going to see anyone I knew. So I tied a sarong around my waist and walked out to the beach. I was very self-conscious as I walked out through the hotel lobby, across the street and stepped onto the beach. The beach wasn't packed, but it was busy. Not many kids running around, but plenty of people my age and older.   
  
No one was taking notice of my get-up. Maybe I was just being too paranoid. That said, I was still nervous about taking off my sarong. The bottoms were really, really tiny. I saw a couple of other attractive women running around in thongs, but no one had anything as tiny as mine on. Finally, I decided to go for broke. It was hot. It was a beach. One wears bathing suits at the beach. Right?  
  
As a strode along, I untied the sarong and flung it over my shoulder. I suddenly felt a rush of excitement. I was nearly naked on a beach full of people. As I walked along, my butt and breasts subtly jiggling with each step, I was feeling pretty confident, very naughty and increasingly turned on. As I walked, I tugged lightly up on the g-string straps, pulling the suit tightly up my ass crack and just a bit into my pussy slit. The naughty feeling grew!  
  
I found a nice spot on the beach, not really near anyone, and dropped my bag and sarong and headed off for a quick cooling-off dip. I walked into the surf and dove in, enjoying the warm, salty water as the waves crashed around me. I stood there about shoulder deep in the water when it suddenly dawned on me. The suit I was wearing was designed to be transparent when wet. I was in the water. My clothes were 30 yards up on the beach. It would look like I wasn't wearing anything. I stood there a while wondering what to do. There were too many people, too many men, around for me to parade up the beach essentially naked.  
  
Just Put One Foot in Front of the Other  
  
Fifteen minutes later I realized I wasn't going to come up with any great ideas for getting myself easily out of this bind. So, I started out of the water and headed towards my clothes. When I was about belly button deep, I looked down at my breasts. The white suit, as advertised, was now totally see-through. You could plainly see my nipples and my entire breasts. Not much to do but keep walking. I decided I would play it cool, not trying to cover up in hopes of not drawing attention to myself. As I entered knee-deep water, I again glanced down. Yep, you could see my pussy, plain as day. There was my vertical slit, totally visible behind the see-through fabric. Good think I had shaved, or it would have been even more obvious -- it was bad enough already!  
  
As I emerged from the water, I kept my eyes down, not wanting to make eye contact. Finally, as I neared my stuff, I looked around. No one was really watching me. Maybe this was a truly live and let-live kind of place. I decided to try my luck and walk back to the hotel wearing just my see-through suit. I bent down and picked up my things and continued across the beach. I heard one set of comments from a couple of middle-aged people decrying the revealing suits today's women wear. I laughed to myself.  
  
I crossed the street between the beach and the hotel, getting a couple of honks followed by whistles from cab drivers parked in front of the hotel. I hurried into the hotel lobby and headed to the stairs to the second floor, where my room was.  
  
About halfway up the stairs, I heard someone coming up behind me. It was a guy, must have been about 45 years old. I glanced back and caught him staring at my ass. I decided to give him a full show and dropped my bag on the stair in front of me. I slowly bent over to pick it up, being sure to bend only at the waist. When I bent over, he stopped. I looked back at him. He was staring, mouth agape at my backside.   
  
He was mesmerized by my perfect ass spread out before him with only a tiny string of material covering my most private parts. I know from my self examination in the full length mirror that when I bent over in this skimpy suit, the string running up my ass only partially covered my asshole. You couldn't see the hole itself, but you could easily make out the puckered skin around it. And this guy was staring right at it. Still bent over, pretending to be rearranging stuff in my bag, I reached down and tugged up on the top of the suit, pulling it tight and firmly up between my pussy lips. I could tell my lips were now spread out and had to be peeking out from either side of the so-called swimming suit. I stayed like that for a few more seconds before standing up and continuing on up the stairs.  
  
Once I topped the stairs, I hurried down the hall wanting to get to my room before the guy could gather his wits and see which room I was staying in. I think I managed to get in and close my door before he new which way was up. Back in my room, I paused in front of the full-length mirror to look at what everyone else had seen as I marched from the ocean back to my room. As expected, everything was still on view. My suit was beginning to dry, but I could still clearly make out my nipples and my pussy slit and lips. Feelings of excitement grew as I mentally retraced my steps remembering all the people I had passed on the way back to the hotel and thinking about the blatant ass show I gave the guy on the stairs.  
  
Once I had managed to drag myself back to reality, I decided to take a cat nap before getting ready to go out for dinner. I slipped off the suit and laid down naked on top of my bedspread and quickly fell asleep.  
  
Dressed for Success  
  
Turns out I slept much longer that I had intended. I woke up about four hours later. I guess I was still tired from my travels. I flipped on my nightstand lamp and got up and walked over to the sliding doors to the balcony. It wasn't until I was standing at the doors that I realized I was nicely back-lit, providing a marvelous view to anyone looking up at the second floor of the hotel from the busy street below. What was getting into me?  
  
I pulled the sheer white curtain closed, leaving the thick Venetian blinds open for now. I could deal with a silhouette, but blatant second story flashing seemed a risky proposition since it wouldn't be hard to figure out what room I was in. I quickly showered and re-entered the bedroom to decide what to wear.  
  
I opted for the now standard-issue g-string, this time a chose a cute, patterned pink one. I actually had a mini dress that matched the underwear, or vice versa. I liked this dress because it added to meaning to "mini." It was skin tight and barely covered my ass. When I bent over, the dress would hike up exposing just about everything. When paired with the g-string, anyone seeing me bend over would see all bare ass, except for a thin white string running up between my cheeks and a little pink patch of material covering my hairless pussy. Besides it being extra short, I also really like this dress because it is a little sheer. You can clearly see the outline of my g-string from the back and the front.   
  
This being the tropics, I decided to go bra-less. The dress was cut low, which allowed me to show a great deal of cleavage. What wasn't exposed by the dress' cut, was somewhat visible through the dress' relatively sheer material. I added a light-weight white sweater to complement the dress and to hide my visible nipples and mitigate some of the raunchiness of the outfit.  
  
Now dressed, I finished getting ready by adding a touch of make-up, some wonderful smelling perfume and off I went to grab a bite to eat. The hotel restaurant, according to my guidebook, was one of the island's best dining spots. I decided that since I was dressed the way I was, it was best to stick close to the hotel. That way, I was never more than one minute to the safety of my room should I get too much unwelcome attention, or just feel the need to retreat.  
  
I left my room and headed back to the stairs that would take me down to the lobby. Standing at the top of the stairs, I noted the lobby was crowded. I began to make my way down the stairs, carefully stepping down in my high-heeled shoes. Just as I neared the bottom of the stairway, I slipped and came crashing down on my butt, arms and legs akimbo. I let out a little shriek which caused half the people in the lobby to look my way. There I was, spread out on the stairs, legs apart in a very short, sheer dress. I quickly stood up, tugged the hem of my dress down and strode towards the restaurant, many eyes following my every move. I gave the gawkers what they wanted as I swayed my hips side to side as I made my way into the restaurant. Again, I felt that excited, naughty feeling as I approached the hostess and asked for a table for one.  
  
The hostess informed my there was a 30 minute wait, even for a table for one. I could wait in the bar she told me. I agreed and went to the bar, finding an available tall stool next to an equally tall table in the corner of the dark bar.   
  
What'll it be Lady?  
  
The bar was pretty busy, with many diners awaiting their tables. I hopped up on the bar stool, crossing my legs instinctually as I sat down. I could feel the cool wooden stool on my ass as I adjusted my position. My dress was too short to fit underneath me when I sat down. It was long enough, however, to cover most of what wasn't planted on the wooden seat. I knew that if I bent forward, pretty much everything would be visible.  
  
After a few minutes, a young waiter came over and handed me a drink menu. "I'll be right back to take your order," he informed me. He soon returned and asked what I would have. I hemmed and hawed a bit as I looked at the menu, and looked at him. I put the menu flat on the table and bent forward, looking up at him to ask what was in a certain drink. His mouth fell open as he could see right down the front of my dress. I followed his eyes and glanced down at my now-exposed chest. He could see most of my breasts and just a hint of nipple. I leaned forward a bit more and audibly pondered my drink decision. As I leaned more forward, I could feel the back of my dress rise. My skin prickled as the air conditioned air enveloped my now exposed ass cheeks. I saw his eyes take in this new development. This time, I pretended to be flustered as I looked back and noted my ass was hanging out. I made a bit of a production of tugging on the back of dress attempting to hide my butt and panties. "Damn dress, always riding up. Guess you know what color underwear I am wearing, eh?" I said.

"Yep, pink," he stammered as he ran off to get my drink. I hung out in the bar for about 20 minutes, long enough to torture this guy several more times as he brought me three drinks. I was downing those things much quicker than normal. I guess I was caught up in the moment and feeling adventurous, rambunctious and naughty. Just as I finished the third drink, the hostess appeared and told me my table would be ready in about three minutes. I called over the waiter and asked for my check. I told him I was running to the ladies' room and would be right back.   
  
Inside the bathroom, I entered a stall, hiked up my skirt, pulled down my panties, sat down on the toilet and relieved myself. I looked down at my panties stretched between my knees and had a wicked idea. Maybe I can get away with not wearing the panties. I slipped them off and stuck them in my purse. I washed my hands and walked back out into the bar. I swear I could feel a breeze blowing up my short dress and caressing my shaved pussy, must have been my (horny) imagination. I got back to my table and the check was waiting. The waiter eagerly appeared as I was about to get my wallet out. He stood there looking down at me as I opened my purse. I was careful to open it wide. I wanted him to see the pair of pink panties I had just removed and tucked inside. I pulled them out, dropped them on the table and continued fishing for my wallet. Finally, I got the money out and handed it to him, picked up my panties and dropped them back inside my purse. I lustily smiled at him as I got off the stool, taking care to spread my legs in case anyone from the bar happened to be looking. I headed out of the bar, glanced back and noted he was watching me walk away. I knew the dress clearly highlighted my hips and was sheer enough that he could make out the dark line of my ass crack.  
  
As I was about to open the bar door, I purposefully dropped my receipt and bent over to pick it up, my ass facing the entire barroom. As I bent at the waist, my dress provided a bit of resistance before finally slipping above my hips. I grabbled the receipt, paused to shake some mythical dirt off it, and stood back up. I glanced back and noted the waiter and, perhaps, 10-15 men and women were silently staring at me. I knew they had just feasted their eyes on an unobstructed view of my most private parts. My winking asshole would have been front and center, sitting just above a nice rear view of my shaved pussy mound. What a naughty thrill that little show was.  
  
I had a pretty uneventful dinner, with my only exhibitionist activities consisting of walking to and from my table. The table cloth draped over my table kept my pussy and ass flashing to a minimum. Just as well. No need to push my luck...yet.  
  
The three drinks at the bar, coupled with a filling dinner and two glasses of wine pretty much did me in. After I finished eating, I made my way back to my room. I didn't do anything particularly risky on the way back up, other than walking through the lobby in a see-through dress with no panties on. As I was putting my key into my door, I heard the door next to me open. A guy, about my age, stepped out holding a room service tray. He was average height and not bad looking. He was wearing only a pair of boxer shorts. He bent down and set the tray on the floor. He glanced up at me as he was standing up. He was startled by my presence, but managed to eek out a "Hello" before retreating back into his room. I was happy to see I had such a cute next door neighbor. Too bad he ducked back inside before I could show him something he wouldn't forget.  
  
Doing Something About Those Odd Noises  
  
Inside my room, I flipped on the TV, undressed and took a quick shower. After drying off and running a brush through my hair, I laid down on my bed and flipped channels for a bit. I was still naked and couldn't resist the temptation to lightly play with my shaved pussy. I just love the way it feels down there without any hair. So smooth, soft and exposed. As I watched the TV, I used my fingers to move around my pussy lips and to lightly stroke my inner thighs and the rest of the area around my pubic region. Strangely, I occasionally would hear grunts, moans and other sex sounds coming from somewhere outside my room. I turned off the TV and listened closely. I couldn't tell where the noises were coming from, but someone was clearly having a good time. I got up and walked around the room trying to discover the source of the hot sounds. Finally, I walked up to the locked door that separated my room from the room next door, where the cute guy was staying. With my ear against the door, I clearly heard sounds of someone noisily having sex. I had been listening for about five minutes when the sex noises stopped and was replaced by stilted dialog and bad background music. It then dawned on me, the guy was watching a porno movie. He must have been using that video-on- demand system the hotel offers. I had noted earlier the availability of assorted adult entertainment fare.   
  
I stood there in the nude, picturing the guy laying naked on his bed, dick in hand, jacking off while watching porn stars getting it on. At that moment, a very naughty thought entered my mind. Why not make this guy's fantasies come true? I should just walk over there, totally nude, knock on his door and fuck his brains out.  
  
I stood there listening and considering what, if anything I should do. After a few more minutes of porno dialog and more fuck sounds, I decided to go for it. However, I couldn't walk over there totally naked. Instead, I pawed through my bag and pulled out the thin, white running top I wore the day I encountered that couple while running outside my hometown. I pulled on the top, and admired myself in the mirror. The top came down to about belly button level. My nipples were visible through the thin material. Below the waist, I was naked. My shaved pussy. My bare ass. My curvaceous hips. All out in the open. Could I walk over there and knock on his door dressed, or not dressed, like this?  
  
My question was answered as I grabbed my room key, opened my door, peered out into the hall and quickly walked over to his door as my door slammed shut. I paused as I stood there naked in front of his door. I made a quick decision to take this a long way, but, as before, I wasn't going to have intercourse. I figured boundaries, in a situation like this, were important.   
  
I lightly rapped on his door, standing close enough that he couldn't see what I was wearing through his peephole. I heard him approach the door. He must have looked at me through the peephole. "Just a second, let me get something on," he hollered. I took a step back and waited, anxiously, for him to open the door.  
  
Finally, the door opened and he began to say hello, but stopped mid-syllable when he noticed I had nothing on below the waist. "I couldn't help but hear your choice of late night television programming," I said with a sly smile. "Mind if I come in and watch with you?"  
  
He stepped out of the doorway and waved me in with his hand. He didn't say a word. I assumed he was tongue-tied by having a nude woman with a shaved pussy enter his hotel room at 11 p.m.   
  
Much Better Than Pay-per-View  
  
Deciding to play this to the hilt, I grabbed a desk chair, turned in around and threw a leg over the seat back and straddled the backwards chair. This sexy display further caught the guy by surprise, if that was still possible. He politely asked me if I wanted something to drink from the mini-bar. I opted for a beer. He had one too.   
  
After a bit of uncomfortable silence, I asked him if he could turn the movie back on. He turned on the TV and the show appeared immediately, still on the channel he had on when I knocked. I looked at the TV and was treated to images of two women and a guy engaging in a variety of sexual acts. At that moment, the guy was fucking one woman in the ass, while the other woman squatted below the action and licked the first woman's pussy. I noted neither had pubic hair. "Hey, look, both of those women shave their pussies too," I said out loud while looking down at my own crotch. Damn, did I just say "pussy" to a stranger? I never use that kind of language out loud. I was horny, no doubt about it.  
  
The guy was still wearing the boxer shorts I saw on him earlier. He had added a plain white t-shirt to the ensemble. He seemed well built and was getting noticeably excited by my lack of clothing. Emboldened by the reaction my presence was having on his loins, I decided to really go for it. I pulled off my top and said, "This movie is making me so hot. Do you mind if I stay and watch it with you?"  
  
He replied that, of course, I could stay. We made small talk as his eyes feasted on my naked body. I wondered what exactly was going through his mind. He must have been thinking about what a fantasy-come-true this was.  
  
I stood up and walked over to the king-size bed on which he was sitting. I laid down on one side of it, propped up a couple of pillows and put my hands behind my head and started intently watching the porno movie on the television. He was pretty quiet. It seemed every time I moved he would regress a bit communication-wise. He made several more attempts at conversation, even going so far as to make a joke or two about having a naked stranger in his hotel room. While he talked, I just smiled wickedly at him and sensually played with my breasts, or tinkered around with my very wet pussy. He just watched, with mouth open and eyes wide.   
  
During a break in the sex action on the TV, I glanced around the room. It was then I noticed there was a bottle of sex lube on the nightstand next to me. There also was a small vinyl bag that clearly was full of something. I picked up the lube and said, "Do you use this when you masturbate?" He must have been feeling a bit more confident, because he answered in the affirmative quickly and without embarrassment. I set the lube on the bed next to me and picked up the vinyl bag. "And, what is this?" I asked.  
  
"Uh, nothing," was all he said. I could tell by his reaction that he was not too keen on my looking in the bag, which, of course, made me want to do it all the more.  
  
I opened the bag and pulled out a couple sexual toys. Turns out, they were all anal play toys. He had a straight butt plug. One of those with a rounded tip that slowly widens from top to bottom. He also had a set of anal beads. This toy consisted of five or six beads of assorted sizes attached together with a piece of string. "Do you like putting these things up your ass," I asked him. "Sometimes," was all he said.  
  
I picked up the toys and went to the bathroom, making serious eye contact as I walked by the still-startled man. I washed each thoroughly with soap and water and re-entered the bedroom. "Mind if I try these out," I asked him. I couldn't believe what I was saying, and what I was about to do. I had only had one experience with total strangers and that was just a week or two prior to tonight. After tonight, I need to get a handle on myself.  
  
What's a Play Without Props?  
  
I picked up the bottle of lube and stood at the foot of the bed, by the desk chair I had straddled earlier. I squired a big glob of lube in my hand and began to smear it all over the anal beads. For some reason, the beads seemed the naughtier of the two items. I rubbed the lube that remained on my hands after coating the beads all around my asshole, taking care to slide in a slippery finger or two to make sure my insides were adequately coated.   
  
Once everything was sufficiently slippery, I turned around, put one hand on the back of he chair with my butt facing toward him, and put the first bead up against my asshole. I bent my knees a bit, arched my back and began pushing the bead into me. I could feel my sphincter muscles give a bit as the bead slowly entered me. I focused on relaxing and applied a bit more pressure. Suddenly, the bead popped past my sphincter and ended up comfortably sitting inside. I held the next bead against my anus and pushed it inside to join bead number one. I did the same with the next three beads until all five were buried in my ass. The only sign of these lovely beads was a foot-long string with a knot at the end hanging out of my asshole. I wiggled my hips around and gingerly walked across the room and back. "Ummmmm, this feels good," I said. "I feel so full and it feels wild when they move around as I move around. Now what do you do?"  
  
He explained that we would leave them in his ass for a while, drawing out his masturbation session and enjoying the sensation the beads provided. He said he would pop them rapidly out right as he was about to cum, which added a whole new dimension to orgasm.  
  
I walked up to his full length mirror, turned around, bent over and spread my ass cheeks with my hands and gazed at the string emerging from my tight, little pink asshole. "This is kind of hot," I said. He agreed. I walked back over to the bed and laid back down, scooting my butt back and forth and squirming as I felt the beads rubbing around inside my ass. "Why are you wearing so many clothes," I asked. He shrugged his shoulders and quickly stripped off his boxers and t-shirt. "Much better," I said.  
  
  
He looked good naked. Not especially muscular, but lean and strong looking. I noted he didn't have a single chest hair. Just not a hairy guy, I guess. He had a great looking dick. It was fully erect and appeared to be nice and long with an interesting curve to it. He didn't have much pubic hair to speak of. I asked about that. He explained he kept it pretty closely trimmed. Not for any particular reason other than he liked it that way. Well, to me, it looked good and very sexy.  
  
I handed him the bottle of lube and told him I wanted to see him jack off. He squirted a bunch of lube into his hand and began working his cock. After a couple of passes, he dick gleamed thanks to the slippery lube. The veins on his dick got highly pronounced as he pumped the thing up and down in his fist. As he did this, I reached down and began fingering myself, using my still-slippery fingers to work my clit. His eyes were focused on my pussy as he jacked himself off. I slid myself around, to give him a better view up between my legs. The way I was positioned, my legs were spread right in front of him giving him an unobstructed view of my shaved pussy, and my finger action. The string from the anal beads was laying the bed between my legs.  
  
We continued masturbating ourselves as the other watched for about 10-15 minutes. How he didn't cum then, I'll never know. I did. It wasn't a huge, waves-crashing-on-rocks earth-shaker, but it felt damn good. I stopped playing with my pussy after I came and watched him for another minute or two. I think the lube coating his hand had lost some of its lubricating value and he slowed down and stopped jacking off. He looked at me as if to say, "Okay, what next." What to do now, I wondered to myself. I first took stock of my situation. I had just had an orgasm by fingering my shaved pussy while laying totally nude in the bed of a complete stranger with a set of anal beads up my ass. This total stranger, whose name I did not even know, was sitting next to me, also naked, with his hard cock in his hand. Indeed, what to do next....  
  
I stood up and assumed the same position as before bent over with one hand on the back of the desk chair, my ass facing the guy. I reached around and grabbed the string emerging from my asshole. I slowly tugged on the string and felt the pressure of the first bead trying to emerge from my backside. I tugged a little harder and the first bead popped out. I swear it made a little popping noise. I continued pulling and the second, third, fourth and fifth beads quickly popped out. I turned and holding the string of beads up said," Wow, that felt amazing." He gave me a knowing nod.  
  
One Good Turn Deserves Another  
  
"Let me put the butt plug in your ass," I asked him. He looked sheepish, but readily agreed. I had him lay flat on his stomach on the bed. I used a warm washcloth to ensure his anal area was clean (I was hot and ready for anything, but, what can I say, I'm a neat freak). Once my housekeeping was complete, I squirted some lube directly into his ass crack. It must have been cold because he let out a little yelp and squirmed a bit. I carefully rubbed the lube all around his anus and slid in first one, then two fingers. The first finger slid in easily, the second was a bit harder. I picked up the butt plug, a bright yellow one, and coated it with lube. With the clear lubricant dripping from its tip, I put the plug up against his anus and pushed it slowly in. I slid in somewhat effortlessly. It went in all the way up to the base. Once in place, I could feel him squeeze it with his butt muscles. I told him to roll over.  
  
He was now on his back, with his legs parted. I could see his nearly hairless balls dangling between his legs. His cock was rock hard and laying nearly flat against his stomach, pointing right up toward his chin. I climbed up onto the bed, positioning myself between his legs. I took his cock in my hand and lifted it straight up, dropped my head and sat there admiring his tool, my face just inches from his most intimate body part. I slid my well-lubed hand up and down his shaft as he lifted his chin and let out a contented groan. I lowered my head further and put the head of his cock in my mouth and sucked, applying as much pressure as I could. I rolled my tongue around his cock head while it was in my mouth. I release the sucking pressure and slid my mouth down his dick, taking as much of it in my mouth as I could. I've always known I was a good cock sucker and decided I was going to give this guy a blow job he would never forget.   
  
I continued slowly engulfing his dick, quarter inch by quarter inch. I was determined to see how much of it I could take in. I got it about half way in and slowly let it slip back out between my lips. I took a breath and started back down. I hit the halfway point this time and kept going. I relaxed my throat muscles, concentrating on stifling my gag reflex. I felt his cock head touch the back of my throat and a unconsciously tightened by grip on his cock shaft. I continued focusing on relaxing my throat and let his cock head slide further down my throat. With my mouth now wide open, I felt my nose touch his pubic hair. Almost there. I took a deep breath through my nose and let the last half inch of his dick enter my mouth. I closed my lips tightly around the base of his cock and reached down and cupped his balls in my free hand. He moaned with pleasure and complimented my technique.  
  
Having achieved my cock sucking goal, I slowly let his dick slide back out of my mouth, my lips tightly wrapped around his member. I then began quickly sliding it in and out of my mouth while I pumped his shaft with my fist. I let go of his balls and, instead, grabbed the butt plug and started sliding it in and out of him. I had to concentrate to keep my head bobbing up and down, my right hand pumping his cock shaft and my left hand sliding a butt plug in and out of his asshole. Made patting one's head and rubbing one's tummy seem like a piece of cake.  
  
He began to tense up and seemed to be skipping breaths. He was about to cum. I kept sucking, pumping, and sliding. After a few more strokes, he was right on the edge, about to let go. At the exact right moment, just as he was about to erupt, I pulled the butt plug rapidly out of his ass. It was as if I had opened the floodgates of a dam. He began spewing load after load of cum. The first couple of blobs I caught in my mouth and swallowed. The last few I watched shoot out of his dick and land on his stomach. I rubbed them into his skin with my fingers, while still holding his pulsating cock with my other hand.

When he finally finished his minor convulsions and stopped spewing cum, he relaxed and let out a breathless, "Wow." Wow, indeed, I said to myself.  
  
After all that, I was incredibly horny again, but remembering the boundaries I had set for myself before entering his room, I decided it was time to go.  
  
I got up off the bed, gazed at him hungrily as he lay naked on his bed, thinking I really wanted to fuck him, picked up my room key and shirt and made my way to the door instead. With my hand on the door knob, I smiled back at him and said, "That was fun. See you around." With that brilliant piece of dialog still hanging in the air, I opened the door, looked down the hallway in both directions, and walked quickly the 15 feet back to my door.  
  
Once safely back inside, I flopped down on my back on my bed, threw my arms back over me head, took a deep breath and mentally reprimanded myself for doing something so raunchy. I guess it was a good thing I was getting on a plane and going home tomorrow, I told myself.  
  
I wonder what I should wear on the plane?