The Blue Dress Pt 1

Sat Jan 28, 2006 01:30

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Barbara liked to shop, and one Saturday Harry surprised her by suggesting they go to the mall and look for a new dress for her. This was unusual because Harry didn't like shopping, saying he had no patience for endless tours through shops with overpriced merchandise and poor service. Barbara wondered at this sudden change of heart but welcomed it, so off they went. After looking in several stores at the mall, they found a dress they both liked. The dress was dark blue,  
sleeveless, and a bit shorter than Barbara usually wore, falling an inch or two above the knee. The neckline was square, and the bodice was made of two overlapping flaps held together with three large buttons. There was also a zipper in the back of the dress. Although the buttons were functional, their main purpose was decorative. Barbara tried the dress on and liked the way it looked on her. It fit her nicely, not too tight. The color set off her red-gold hair, and the style complemented her figure. Harry bought it for her and suggested that Barbara wear the dress and he would take her out to dinner. Barbara agreed.  
  
The restaurant he chose was small and nearly full. They had not been there before, but Harry knew it had a reputation for excellent food and a nice atmosphere. This proved to be the case, and he could see that Barbara was impressed. They were seated in about the center of the room, which buzzed with low conversation that was filtered through soft background music. Before ordering dinner, Harry asked for the wine list and chose a bottle of white zinfandel, one of Barbara's favorites. He raised a toast to her new dress and how good she looked.   
Harry knew that Barbara would feel the effects of the wine quickly because she seldom drank. On those rare occasions when she did drink, she relaxed and became more outgoing, forgetting the cares of the workplace that preoccupied her most other times. They each drank two glasses of wine, then ordered their dinner. Harry proposed another toast and Barbara readily downed her third glass. Harry figured that she was pretty relaxed and decided the time was right for the next step in his plan. He leaned across the table to her and said, "I want you to do something for me."  
  
"What?" she asked.  
  
"I want you to go to the ladies room and take off your bra. You can put it in your purse. "  
  
"I will not!" she responded, loudly enough so that the people at the tables nearest to them couldn't help but overhear. Some looked curiously at Barbara, but then went back to their own dinners and conversations. She was astonished at her own vehemence, even though Harry's suggestion came completely out of the blue. What in the world could he be thinking of? She knew she was blushing furiously.  
  
"Please?" Harry pleaded. "Nothing would show and it would really turn me on. Besides, if you do, we might playa little game later." Harry was no longer the smooth seducer he had been when he and Barbara had first met; four years of marriage had taken that out of him. Besides, his real feelings for Barbara and the importance of what this night might mean had made him hesitant, uncertain. Nor had he formulated any alternative; everything depended on what Barbara decided to do right now.  
  
"What game," she asked suspiciously, but Harry could see that she was curious, as he'd thought she would be.  
  
"Go take your bra off and I'll tell you when you come back."  
  
"I don't know - - oh, all right." Barbara studied Harry's face searchingly before she got up and walked across the room toward the lobby, where the men's and women's lounges were located. She was gone for several minutes.   
  
When she returned, he couldn't tell if she had removed her bra or not. The fabric of the dress was too heavy to reveal any hint of what was underneath.  
  
"Did you take it off?"   
  
She hesitated, then admitted that she had. She looked around nervously, and was clearly ill at ease.  
  
"Great!" he said enthusiastically. The waiter brought their dinners, and Harry made no further mention of the bra throughout the entire meal. He knew Barbara was getting more curious by the minute. Finally, as they were finishing their desserts, she couldn't stand it any longer.  
  
"What's this about a game?" she asked. "What are you up to?"  
  
She sounded more suspicious than curious now, and Harry wondered if his idea hadn't fizzled before it got underway. Harry figured that he had nothing to lose at this point, though, and went ahead.  
  
"There's just enough wine left in the bottle for each of us to have one more glass. When we drink that, the bottle will be empty. I propose a little game called "a bottle, a button." When we finish the wine, I want you to undo the top button on your dress."  
  
"WHAT?" she responded. "Absolutely NOT!" She looked as if he had asked her to commit a public murder. Heads turned their way. Harry reacted with complete calm.   
  
"Oh, come on," he urged. "The way the dress is cut, opening one button won't show anything but a little cleavage. If you want to, go to the ladies lounge and check it out for yourself. If you think opening a button will show too much, then we'll forget about it. But I would really like you to try it. It would tantalize me a lot to know that you were so close, showing a trace of cleavage, and that I couldn't do anything. "  
  
Barbara sat for a moment with an unreadable look on her face. She abruptly got up without a word and left the table. In a few minutes she returned. Harry was disappointed to see that all her buttons were fastened. She picked up her wine glass and swirled the remaining few drops of liquid in the bottom. While she toyed with the glass in her right hand, she absent-mindedly moved the fingers of her left hand to the top button on the dress. Harry watched her avidly. She began to move the button between her fingers as if unconscious of what she was doing. As she finished the wine, her fingers moved slightly on the button. When she put her empty glass on the table, the top button on her dress was open and the square neckline was gaping slightly, just enough so that he could see the beginning of the curve of her breasts and the start of the deep shadow between them.  
  
Harry smiled, his eyes fixed on that hint of curve and shadow. He was becoming more excited than he had expected. Barbara's breasts were large and firm, with pink nipples that stood out quickly when she became excited. He loved to look at her breasts, and loved to touch them even more. He also loved her nipped-in waist and the strong, rounded cheeks of her buttocks. She had a fabulous figure, but never liked to show it off. Well, that might change if things went as he hoped.  
  
She had a glint in her eyes. "Satisfied?" she asked. There was a tone of sarcasm in her voice.  
  
Harry's eyes searched her face, but he couldn't read her expression. Instead of answering, he said, "How would you like to go somewhere else?"  
  
She considered a moment, then said, "Sure, let's go."  
  
Harry reached into his wallet and placed some bills on the table. He stood up and moved to the side of her chair to help her. As she rose from her seat, she bent forward a bit and turned toward him a little. She held the pose for a moment, giving him a deep look down her cleavage. When she was sure his eyes were fixated on the open button, she chuckled and stood up quickly.   
  
Harry was mystified as they walked out of the restaurant and across the parking lot to the car. He opened the passenger door for her and as she slid into the seat, the hem of her new dress rode well up over her knees. She wasn't wearing hose, and the smooth skin ofher inner thighs shone briefly. He walked around the car and got into the driver's seat, noticing that she had smoothed the dress and pulled it down to just above her knees. But the top button was still open. He thought that might be a good sign.  
  
Harry drove across town to an older section of the city and pulled the car into a parking place under a street lamp across the corner from a neighborhood bar. Without a word, he got out, opened Barbara's door, and again caught a view of her thighs when her skirt rode up as she stepped out of the car. He guided her across the street and to a door at the side of the bar. The sign on the door read: "Ladies  
Entrance." Barbara giggled.   
  
" A little old-fashioned, isn't it?" she commented.   
  
Harry didn't respond, just held the door open for her and ushered her inside. The room was empty. Harry didn't hesitate but guided Barbara to the end booth at the back of the room. He seated her so her back was to the door.   
  
"How about a beer?" he asked, knowing she liked beer better than mixed drinks.  
  
"Sure, I'll have one," she replied.  
  
Harry walked through the archway that connected the "ladies area" from the main bar. He and Barbara were the only customers at the moment, which is what he had expected. The regular customers would be in later, and around ten p. m. the bar would begin to fill and remain full until closing time, two a.m. He greeted Nick the barman, who was also the owner, by name and ordered two bottles of imported beer.  
  
"We're in the other room," Harry said. "You don't have to wait on us. When we want refills I'll come and get them." Nick nodded, and Harry took two glasses and the bottles and started walking back to the other room. On his way, he noticed the pool table situated in the farthest reaches of the main room, with its halo of bright light illuminating the table's surface while the area surrounding the table was quite dark by contrast.  
  
Barbara was waiting expectantly for his return. After he had set the bottles and glasses down and eased himself into the seat opposite her, she said, "Bottles, I see." Harry still could not read her expression.  
  
"There's no draft beer for sale here," Harry explained.  
  
"That couldn't be the reason you chose this place," she said, not asking it like a question.  
  
"Well, perhaps partly." He poured beer out into the glasses. It would take two full glasses to empty one bottle, he decided.  
  
" Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked as they both finished their first sips of beer. "I really wanted this night to be a special one for us."  
  
Barbara thought for a moment, trying to decide what Harry was asking. She decided simply to answer him as honestly as she could.   
  
"I was shocked, then angry, when you asked me to take off my bra," she responded.  
  
"I can believe that, but tell me, how does it feel to go without it?" he asked, his tone demonstrating his genuine interest in her answer. She hesitated before replying, as if not sure herself what to say.  
  
"It was strange at first. I was certainly self-conscious walking back to the table. I felt as if everyone in the room could see my naked breasts through my dress. But I knew from the mirror in the ladies lounge that nothing really showed. When you asked me to open a button, I panicked for a minute. I thought I couldn't do that."  
  
"And now?"  
  
"Now, it feels - it's hard to describe. I kind of like the idea that seeing that little bit of shadow turns you on. Feeling my nipples rub against the fabric of the dress instead of being confined inside a bra makes me feel a little excited, and wicked, I guess, if you want to know the truth. I don't know --I wouldn't want to go around like this all the time, but it seems OK for right now."  
  
While they were talking, Harry had poured out the bottles into both glasses. They both drank. The glasses were soon emptied, and nothing was left in the bottles.  
  
" Another?" asked Harry .  
  
"Sure, why not," Barbara responded without hesitation.  
  
"It will cost you another button, " Harry told her.   
  
She looked down at her dress as if trying to calculate how much more revealing opening another button would be. It surprised her that she was even considering it.  
  
"Come on, " Harry urged. "There's no one here but us, and your back's to the door. No one will see you but me."  
  
"What about the bartender, won't he come to check to see if we want more drinks or something?"  
  
"No, I told him I'd come out there and get anything that we wanted. He won't intrude on us unless we call him. "  
  
Barbara still hesitated. Finally she said, "You go get the drinks while I think about this."   
  
Harry started to argue, then realized that was the worst thing he could do. He wanted her to enjoy this, not to be forced into something she didn't want to do. He said, "Sure," and retreated to the main room.  
  
Harry chatted with Nick for a few minutes, wanting to give Barbara time enough to decide. After several minutes, Harry figured enough time had passed, so he took the two fresh bottles and returned to the booth. He set the bottles on the table and slipped into his seat.  
  
He looked across at Barbara. She didn't say anything. He let his gaze drop to her neckline, and two buttons were open. He could see her full deep cleavage, the velvet shadow between her breasts and the inner curves of each breast. The edges of the partially-opened dress had fallen back and barely covered her nipples. She let him look for a long moment and then moved first one shoulder and then the other, as  
if she was a little stiff from sitting too rigidly in one position. Her body moved inside the dress, but the dress itself stayed pretty well in place, and her breasts moved easily and unrestrainedly, revealed even more by her open neckline.  
  
Barbara smiled slightly, looked Harry directly in the eyes, and said, "Let's drink." Harry quickly poured beer into their glasses. He noticed his hands were trembling a little. Apparently Barbara noticed too. "Nervous?"   
  
He grinned and shrugged. They clinked glasses and drank. Barbara emptied her glass in two gulps. Harry hurried to keep up. Soon the bottles and the glasses were empty again. He had never seen her drink so fast or so willingly. Her face was a little flushed, but she didn't seem drunk at all. Harry checked his watch. It was eight -thirty. The bar wouldn't begin to fill up for at least another hour.  
  
"I'll tell you what," said Harry. "There's a pool table in the other room. How about playing a game? There's no one in there but Nick, the owner, and he won't bother us." He knew Barbara liked to play pool but seldom had the chance.  
  
"Like this?" Barbara asked, leaning forward and fingering her neckline in what appeared to be a casual gesture, but pulling the dress away from her body, revealing her left nipple. The nipple was very hard and pointed, dark pink and startling against the blue color of the dress. Harry couldn't tell if her she was exposing it accidentally or deliberately.  
  
"Sure, why not?" Harry answered. He didn't feel he was as much in control of this situation as he had thought he would be, but he decided to try to take things to a higher level of risk anyway. "I'll tell you what. Let's play for some worthwhile stakes. It'll make the game more exciting."  
  
"What have you got in mind?" Barbara asked with a smile that seemed to Harry to contain a bit of a challenge. He thought for a moment. This was completely on the spur of the moment, no part of his plan.  
  
"If you win, I have to do anything you tell me to. If I win, the same in reverse." This was more of a gamble for him than it seemed, because Barbara was a better pool player than Harry. She obviously liked the idea of having the chance to take over the initiative. She knew that under ordinary circumstances, she could beat Harry four games out of five. Barbara regarded him with a critical eye.  
  
"It's a bet. Let's go for it!"

The Blue Dress Pt 2

Mon Jan 30, 2006 15:49

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Barbara laughed gleefully and slid out of the booth before Harry could even move. She led the way into the other room, looked around, nodded and smiled to the barman and walked over to the rack of cues behind the table. She checked three or four before deciding on the one she wanted to use. Harry also chose a stick and pulled a quarter from his pocket.   
  
"Call it for break."  
  
"Heads."  
  
He tossed the coin. It flashed brightly as it spun in the harsh light over the table. Barbara's flashing too, Harry thought, as he could see her left nipple creep out from the dress as she moved to watch the path of the coin. The coin fell on the table and Barbara bent over slightly to see it clearly, and Harry could see her left breast fully exposed as the dress fell forward. Barbara turned her head to look at Harry, and seeing where his gaze was concentrated, held the pose deliberately, her nipple becoming harder, her breast rising and falling as her breath quickened. Harry forced his eyes from her breast to the quarter lying on the table. Tails. His break. In more ways than one, he thought.  
  
Barbara racked the balls, bending over and giving Harry another generous look down her cleavage. He positioned the cue ball and made his shot. Two of the striped balls, the nine and the fourteen, fell into a pocket. Harry shot again but missed. He sat on one of the stools against the wall as Barbara looked carefully at the table and then bent over to take her shot. Her back was to Harry, and he stared as her dress was pulled high on the back of her legs as she shot. She wiggled her ass and Harry started to perspire. Must be the beer and the heat from the light, he thought. She shot and missed. She straightened up and Harry shook his head slightly.  
  
"No luck tonight," Barbara said, smiling as though she was having all the luck in the world.  
  
"Too bad," he responded. "My shot." Harry sighted down the cue and made a shot, successfully putting the twelve ball in a pocket.   
  
Barbara didn't sit down, but circled the table opposite Harry, so that she remained directly in his view. She was doing something with her body that Harry couldn't quite figure out. Her breasts were moving inside her dress and first one nipple and then the other would peek out at him for an instant and then vanish again behind the cloth. He shot almost without looking and missed. He pulled a folded hankerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead.  
  
"Getting hot?" she inquired sweetly.  
  
He sat down as Barbara looked at him for a long moment and then began to shoot. She sank ball after ball after ball, moving quickly around the table and hardly seeming to aim at all. She sank all seven of the balls and then stopped to consider the eight ball. She had to tell Harry which pocket the eight ball would go in, and Harry looked bleakly at the table. The eight ball was sitting about six inches from a corner pocket, and Barbara had a clear shot at it. She indicated the corner pocket and Harry nodded glumly. He had known he might lose, but hadn't expected to lose so badly.  
  
Barbara had to stretch over the table to make the shot. With her left foot on the floor, she leaned over the table and extended her right leg, resting its full length on the edge of the table and moving slightly from side to side to get the proper angle for the shot. The hem of her dress pulled high on her left leg and slid up her right leg almost to her ass.   
  
Harry sat down behind her for a better look. He couldn't quite see up to her knickers -if she was wearing knickers. The thought that she might not be took complete hold of him. The edge of the dress was too tight against her legs for him to see, even when he bent over and looked.  
  
"Harry."  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Come around here and see if I have this shot lined up correctly. "  
  
He did as she asked, looking at the table without really seeing it, preoccupied with wondering if she was wearing knickers or not.  
  
"Harry!"  
  
"Oh, sorry. Let me see ..."   
  
He looked at the position of the eight ball, then the cue ball, then followed an invisible but very straight line to the cue stick. Everything was brightly outlined by the bright light reflected onto the table from overhead. His eyes followed the line up the cue to Barbara's left hand cradling the stick, followed further up the cue to her right hand moving the stick forward and back in little motions, her elbow held high and away from her body -her dress was pulled aside and her entire right breast was exposed, falling out of her dress, gleaming as whitely as the cue ball, seeming to be just  
as firm as that ivory spheroid, but with the dark nipple protruding! She seemed not to notice, to be concentrating only on her shot.  
  
She held the pose for a long time. Harry looked back towards the bar and saw that Nick, the barman, was also enjoying the view. While he was glancing back at Nick, Harry heard the sound of the cue striking the cue ball, immediately followed by the click of one pool ball against another, and then a couple of noises that didn't sound right. He turned back just in time to see the eight ball roll leisurely across the table while the cue ball hung poised on the lip of the corner pocket and then fell in.   
  
Barbara had scratched! He had won the game! He wondered how it had happened. It seemed almost impossible that she could havemissed such an easy shot. He could hardly believe it.  
  
"Scratched, darn it!" Barbara didn't sound like she minded, and smiled as she said it. "Well, what do you want me to do? I'll be a good loser this time. But I want another chance." Harry snapped out of his daze.  
  
"Do? What do I want you to do?"   
  
Harry stood as if thinking hard for a moment. He looked at Barbara. Her face was flushed and she was breathing in short, quick gasps. A thin line of perspiration lined her upper lip, making her mouth incredibly enticing. Harry backed up a couple of steps and sat down on one of the short stools.  
  
"I want you to take off your knickers."   
  
Barbara didn't seem surprised or shocked. "How do you know I'm wearing any?" she asked with a mysterious smile.  
.  
"Uh. well, uh. I just assumed ..."  
  
"you should be certain of your facts before you name the payoff of a bet, don't you think?"  
  
Harry was thoroughly confused. "Well, I guess. .."   
  
Barbara moved toward where Harry was sitting and stopped with the hem of her dress touching his knees.  
  
"Why don't you check, Harry? Then if you find knickers, why, you can take them off, or I will if you would rather."  
  
Barbara leaned forward and took hold of the hem of her skirt with both hands. Harry glanced quickly to the front of the bar, but Nick seemed to be preoccupied and payying no attention to what was occurring by the pool table. Barbara slowly straightened, raising her skirt steadily up her bare legs until the hem rested just at the top of her thighs. She held the dress in that position, the tops of her thighs only inches from Harry's mesmerized stare, and then suddenly dropped the hem to its full length.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "You probably wanted to do that yourself!" She shook the dress out a little against her thighs as if in invitation. "Go right ahead. "  
  
Harry reached out his hands and placed them, one on each side of her knees. The fabric of the dress was electric against his wrists. He could feel Barbara quiver delicately as he began to bring his hands up the sides of her thighs. She breathed with in a soft, ragged moan as his hands moved slowly, steadily upward. He could feel the muscles of her thighs move against the palms of his hands and the tips of his fingers. Higher and higher went his hands, higher and higher the hem of the dress, until he had raised it enough to see that Barbara was indeed wearing knickers, white lace bikini knickers, peeking out from under the raised hem of her dress. He had to clear his throat. His mouth was suddenly very dry.   
  
"I find that you are indeed wearing knickers. I would like you to raise the hem of your dress to the top of your knickers and hold it there while I remove them." He cleared his throat again.  
  
Barbara glanced uncertainly toward Nick at the bar, but he was at the very front of the room, apparently looking out the window. My god, the window! The thought unnerved her for a second, but trying to reassure herself, she thought that the distance was too far for anyone to see anything clearly, and there didn't seem to be anyone looking in.   
Without saying a word, she took the hem of her dress in both hands and raised it up to her waist, holding it there. She trembled all over, she couldn't help it. She was standing in a public bar with her dress pulled up to her waist and in a minute Harry was going to pull down her knickers and she would be standing completely naked from the waist down except for her shoes, and they didn't cover much! How did she ever let herself get into such a situation? And yet, to be honest with herself, she was feeling exhilarated as well as frightened, daring as well as ashamed. What was happening to her? Instead of feeling victimized, she felt a sense of power. She felt strangely but undeniably that she, not Harry, was in control, and she liked the feeling very much. She even had to admit to herself that she was enjoying the dangerous excitement of exposing herself in this way.  
  
Harry wasn't sure if this hadn't gone too far. He hesitated, raising his eyes to look closely at Barbara's face. She was staring at the wall, and her mouth showed the mixture of emotions she was experiencing.  
  
"Is it too much?" he asked softly. At first he didn't think she heard him.  
  
"Do it!" was all she said. It sounded halfway between an order and a plea.  
  
"Fast or slow?" He was speaking very softly. Again, he wasn't sure she heard him.  
  
"Slow. Very slow..."  
  
Her voice was barely a whisper. He ran his fingertips, slowly, ever so slowly, over the top of her knickers and around the lace edging of the elastic. She shivered involuntarily as his fingers passed over her abdomen, his touch lighter than the smallest feather, so that it almost seemed like a touch in a dream. The juices inside her were surging. Hold on, she thought, just hold on. Slow, slower, make it last and last, willing Harry with her mind to do what was giving her more pleasure than she could have ever imagined in such a situation. And he must have heard her, or received her thought in his mind; because he was sliding the cloth and lace almost imperceptibly, a millimeter at a time. Sliding so very slowly over the bones of her hips, over the firm round cheeks of her ass, freeing the tiny garment from her wetness -she would have to wring out the knickers if she wanted to put them in her purse! she thought- and she held her skirt at her waist without a tremble in her hands, even though inside she felt like a maelstrom, and she felt proud of keeping such tight control- until she couldn't stand it any longer and gave out a deep moan and stumbled back until she felt the edge of the pool table supporting her weight behind her.  
  
"Quickly!" she breathed, and Harry swiftly in one motion brought her knickers from mid-thigh to her ankles and helped her step her out of them.  
  
And still she stood there, leaning back against the solidity of the massive table, breathing deeply and holding her dress up to her waist! Her small feet and slim calves, her smooth knees, her ripening thighs blending into generous hips, the lush red-gold hair of her pussy, her slightly rounded abdomen, her deep navel and the marvelously narrow waist above, every inch fully revealed in the stark light -stood there without moving, eyes closed, perspiration glistening on her forehead, her arms, and the satiny skin of her abdomen and thighs, while a scent of musk arose from the center of her body and seemed to fill the room...  
  
Until Harry said, "You can put it down now."  
  
She looked down at him with heavily lidded eyes and said in a husky voice, "If you want me to."  
  
And waited for him to tell her.  
  
"Yes, for now."

The Blue Dress Pt 3

Mon Jan 30, 2006 17:50

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Harry replaced the cues in the rack and conducted Barbara back to their booth in the far room. They were both very thirsty, and Harry went to the bar and got two more bottles of beer. Nick looked at Harry quizzically but said nothing, which Harry appreciated. Nick was all right. As Harry started back to the other room, the main entrance door opened and a group of men came in and took seats at the bar. The first of the regulars. Nick began to serve them matter-of -factly, knowing what each wanted before he ordered.  
  
Harry came back to the booth, set down the bottles and eased into the booth opposite Barbara. She had heard the noise from the other room and looked at Harry questioningly. He explained about the regulars, and how the bar would probably start to fill up soon. Barbara looked a bit crestfallen at this. Harry poured the beer out into the glasses. They both drank quickly, trying to quench their sudden thirst after the experience at the pool table. In no time, glasses and bottles were once again empty.  
  
"Do you want another?" Harry asked doubtfully.  
  
"Yes, I really would, if you don't mind." Barbara replied.  
  
"No problem for me," Harry reassured her, and went to get two more bottles from Nick. Two more people came in as he was starting to order, and he motioned Nick to wait on the newcomers first. Three more came in while he waited for Nick to hand him the bottles. Four of the men went back to the pool table. If they only knew about the game played around that table just a few minutes ago, thought Harry. He took the bottles and went back to the booth. Harry sat down and began to pour out the beer.  
  
"Wait!" Barbara said with a gesture. "Don't I owe from the last round?"  
  
She still was playing the game!  
  
Barbara looked Harry directly in the eyes and, holding his gaze with her own, moved her left hand up the front of her dress until it reached the third and final button and deliberately opened it. She put her hand back on the table. They looked at each other, making a contest out of how long Harry could keep looking Barbara in the eye without glancing down at the open dress.  
  
Harry looked at the open buttons. There really wasn't much to see, he realized. The tension on the last button had pulled the fabric above it apart when the button was closed, but with the button undone, the fabric just lay loosely across Barbara's breasts, covering them as effectively as when the dress was fully buttoned up. Harry nodded at the buttons, and Barbara looked down and realized the situation. They both laughed.  
  
At that moment, the door to the "Ladies Entrance" opened and two "thirty-something" couples came in. They took a booth on the opposite side about halfway between the door and the arch that led to the main room. After a quick glance towards the back, the couples seemed to pay no attention to Harry and Barbara. But just having other people in the room, which they had come to think of as "their room," seemed to raise the stakes of the game they were playing.  
  
"Show me!" Harry urged, as the two other men in the room went into the main room to order drinks. Barbara, slowly but very deliberately, as if she knew exactly what she was doing and fully intended it, pulled open the front of her dress as far as it would go. She was obviously trying to expose both breasts fully at the same time, but the cut of the dress wouldn't allow for that. She moved the open top of the dress back and forth, exposing completely first one full, beautiful, ivory breast and then the other. Harry could see the faint pale blue veins showing through the translucent skin of the underside of her breast, and that seemed more erotic at that moment than anything that had occurred previously.  
  
But Barbara wasn't satisfied. She wanted both breasts free at once, without having to press them together, having them be entirely free of any restriction. Her nipples were very hard. Harry could see from the look on her face that she was becoming frustrated with the limitations of the dress.  
  
"Shit!" Barbara said, loud enough to be heard across the room. The two women waiting for their escorts to come back with their drinks looked up and glanced in Harry and Barbara's direction but went back to their conversation, which was too quiet to be heard away from their table.  
  
Barbara pulled and tugged at the front of her dress, but it wouldn't give. She looked at Harry. He thought she would tear the dress apart from frustration.  
  
"Touch them," she stated emphatically. Harry reached across the table and placed his hand on her right breast, feeling the hot nipple stab into his palm. He had to stretch to reach her even though she was leaning forward. Her short stature prevented her from stretching toward him very much without climbing onto the table, which Harry was thinking she was about ready to do.  
  
"Do you want me to sit over there, next to you?" he asked. She shook her head negatively. He reached for her left breast. She made an impatient gesture. He leaned back and waited. He could see that something was going through her mind. Suddenly she slid out of her seat and stood up. The front of her dress gaped open. The dress obviously had a mind of its own. It remained closed when she was sitting down, but when she was standing, the front opened up, revealing at least half of both her breasts.  
  
Barbara moved forward so that she was standing just beside his seat. He thought she was going to sit down next to him and began to slide towards the wall, but she just shook her head. He looked at her inquiringly. She took a deep breath, which did very interesting things to the top of her dress and caused her breasts to move as if they were playing a game of their own.  
  
"Unzip me'.. she commanded, and turned her back to him. Her fingers were folded into tight fists, and those fists were jammed against the top of her hips in a stance Harry knew well and which meant complete determination and no arguments.   
  
She took another deep breath and threw her shoulders back, waiting for Harry to slide down the zipper on the back of the dress. She was paying no attention to anything or anyone else but Harry glanced over and saw that the two women in the other booth were staring open-mouthed. He could imagine what they were seeing. Even at that angle there could be no doubt that the top of Barbara's dress was completely open and that she wasn't wearing a bra. Of course, Harry thought to himself, they couldn't know about the absence of knickers...  
  
Barbara gave an impatient twitch of her shoulders to tell him to hurry up, which must have looked very interesting from the front, because at just that moment the two men returned with their drinks and both stopped in the archway as if they had run into an invisible wall. Both their jaws dropped to a point dangerously near dislocation. For a moment no one moved and there was no sound. It was as if time had stopped. Then one of the men moved and hurried to join the women in their booth and soon the other man followed. They began to whisper to each other, looking first at one another and then at Barbara. Harry wasn't sure if they were even aware that he was there.  
  
Barbara shook her shoulder again, harder, and Harry knew what that meant. He reached up and unfastened the tiny hook at the top of the zipper. He started to move the zipper down but then stopped.  
  
"Fast or slow?" he asked her, in a quiet tone that he meant for her ears alone, but which he immediately realized had been heard by the two couples across the room. Harry couldn't see Barbara's face, but he could tell from the stiffening of her body that she was dangerously close to exploding. She took in a deep breath and he expected her to tell him something like "I don't care, just do it!" Then he sensed her body relaxing and she let out the breath she had kept pent inside her.  
  
"Slow would be nice, wouldn't it?" she almost crooned. She leaned back toward him. Harry again took hold of the zipper pull and began to ease it down. The room had become very quiet. Even the noise from the bar seemed muted. The two couples in the other booth stared unabashedly at what was happening. Each click of the zipper foot seemed to echo like a hammer striking a nail.   
  
Barbara didn't move or give any sign that Harry was to stop. The back of the dress began to come open. Harry could see the straight line of Barbara's spine begin to appear and the smooth curve of her neck and shoulders. Harry 's hand was beginning to tremble. What was happening went far beyond the simple button game he had envisioned when the day began.   
  
The zipper continued to open. It seemed to Harry that the zipper was acting of its own accord, that it had nothing to do with him. When the back of the dress was opened halfway down Barbara's back, he paused to see if she would give him any sign, but there was none, and he continued the process of unzipping the dress. The zipper was long rather than short. It reached, Harry thought, several inches below the end of Barbara's spine. He had a giddy thought that the zipper had been put in the wrong dress, that it belonged to a dress for a woman six inches taller than Barbara.  
  
He watched, almost hypnotized, as the dress peeled away from more and more of Barbara's back. The dress was open in back to her waist now, and there were still several inches of zipper to go. Harry could see the top of the dress where it covered her shoulders start to relax and slide toward her arms. If Barbara held her arms close to her sides, she could stop the dress from sliding, but she kept her fists on her hips. Her fists were putting downward pressure on the dress as well. Had she forgotten that she was no longer wearing knickers? Did she intend to drop the dress to the floor and stand naked in front of the two couples across the room as well as anyone else who might come in? Should he keep going or put a stop to this right now? No, he had started the whole thing, and he had to see it through the way she wanted him too. This was a kind of commitment, a new plateau in their relationship, and he had to give her the freedom to do what she wanted to do, and to help her do it.  
  
The zipper was fully open. Harry could see the rounded flesh of Barbara's buttocks and the crack of her ass. It was completely evident that she was wearing nothing under the dress. He gave a slight tug on the zipper tab to let her know that the dress was fully unzipped. She nodded and dropped her fists from her hips, letting her hands open and fall naturally to her sides. He didn't think the dress would fall off without help, but he wasn't sure. Barbara took a breath and let it out in a sigh. He could see her turn her head and look directly at the two other couples in the room. They were staring at her as if they couldn't tear their eyes away.  
  
She turned slowly and deliberately to face him. When she was facing him directly, he could see that she was smiling at him, a smile mixing passion, excitement, and a bit of conspiracy. She reached up with both hands and gave a gentle tug at the open neck of the dress. She moved her shoulders slightly and gave another tug, all the while gazing directly into Harry's eyes. The dress slipped an inch down her shoulders, then another. He could see all of both her breasts now, seeming to be more firm than he had ever seen them, the nipples erect and harder than he could have imagined. Her breasts were framed by the dress, which stiII clung to the edges of her shoulders. Her eyes sparkled and gleamed.  
  
She raised her eyebrows at Harry, and shrugged her shoulders just slightly. The dress fell to her waist, where she caught it in her arms, folding them across her waist. She was entirely naked now from the waist up. Harry thought she had never looked so beautiful, never so confident of herself, never so in command of a situation. Her breasts, entirely free now as she had wanted; were exquisitely beautiful. She continued to look directly at Harry, and there was something in her look for him that he had never seen before.   
  
He held her gaze for what seemed a very long time. Then he allowed his eyes to wander all over her body. He knew that the other couples could see the back of Barbara's naked body from her knees upward, that the backs of her thighs and the full roundness of her buttocks and her narrow waist and her straight back and lovely shoulders and neck were all exposed, and he wondered if they could possibly realize what a wonderful privilege she had given them.   
  
Barbara casually pulled the dress back onto her shoulders, turned around and took the few steps to her seat, again looking directly and unselfconsciously at the other two couples. She sat down and faced Harry. The other couples looked at each other in confusion and after a hasty consultation hurried out the door.  
  
Harry just sat and stared at Barbara in complete amazement. There was nothing he could think of to say. The whole experience had overwhelmed him. He found his gaze moving from her eyes to her mouth to her still-open dress. She smiled, and once again did her tug and shrug routine, and the dress fell to her waist.  
  
"Can you reach them now?" she asked. She leaned forward; and Harry placed both his hands, palms up, at the opposite edge of the table. Barbara bent slightly and let her breasts lie in Harry's hands. He held them for a moment, then began to caress them gently. He made light, tiny circles around her nipples with each thumb, occasionally rubbing the ball of his thumb directly against the protruding, insistent points of her breasts. Her breath came quicker. She made little moaning sounds in her throat, sounds that were a mixture of great pleasure and the pain of something inside her that had been caged far too long and was about to emerge. She was breathing heavily. His own breath was ragged and he could feel the blood rushing through his body. Finally Barbara sat back in the booth and surveyed the surroundings.   
  
"We still have a round to go!" Harry looked at the two full bottles on the table. He had forgotten all about them.  
  
"We don't have to finish.." he started to say, but Barbara waved his words away.  
  
"We don't want to leave anything undone, do we ? Let's see -I don't have any buttons left... and my zipper is open ...my bra is in my purse ...and so are my knickers --I suppose it wouldn't be according to the rules for me to take off my shoes, would it? " She paused as if considering very seriously what to do about the question, which she obviously intended to answer herself.  
  
"No, I don't think so, " Barbara went on. Then she said brightly, "Oh, I know! "  
  
She reached over and poured beer first into Harry's glass and then into her own. He watched this as if in some kind of trance. He was vaguely aware that she was expertly pouring to keep the foam to a minimum, but it seemed to him that she was using more body English than necessary to do  
it. She raised her glass and he said, "To us." They both emptied their glasses in one motion, and Barbara quickly filled them one last time.  
  
"My turn to make the toast," she said. "Here's to the blue dress! "  
  
As Harry raised his glass to drink, Barbara reached under the table with her left hand and brought it back to the tabletop, the blue dress in her hand. She had managed to remove the dress completely with one hand while pouring the beer with the other. She placed the blue dress in the center of the table.  
  
"I think it's time we went home, don't you, Harry? Would you mind carrying this for me?"  
  
Harry just nodded, almost in shock. Barbara rose from her seat, looked to see that Harry was carrying the blue dress and, entirely naked except for her shoes, led the way to the door. She paused for Harry to open the door for her and preceded him outside. She walked as casually as if she were fully clothed.  
  
Barbara linked her arm in Harry's free arm. As they started to cross the street, a car sped by and its driver turned his head as if it were on a swivel, not believing what he was seeing, and the car swerved dangerously