The Little Yellow Skirt

“You want me to do what?” she said, already oddly stimulated by the idea.

“Why not?” he asked as his hands moved along the flare of her hips and came to rest on the front of her dress that was now pressed gently between her soft thighs.

She did not flinch from the gentle contact with her sex but stood there, a small slightly shy smile on her face. “I’m too old for that sort of thing and besides you wouldn’t leave me alone.”

He wrapped his arms around her and held her ass firmly as he pulled her against his groin. He pressed his face close to hers. “Isn’t that the whole idea?”

“I don’t have the right outfit,” she protested - but actually she did, a small lined skirt – a bright yellow affair that would allow her to maintain public modestly while walking about but allow easy access to her now moist opening while sitting at a table.

She seemed to stay moist whenever he was near and even sometimes when he was far away and her mind replayed the sweet sensation of him snuggly inside her -- patiently waiting for her to reach sweet, mind-bending orgasms before he would start those slow in and out movements that always ended in a kind of animal release – a near supernatural madness brought on by two people quenching each others fire.

They had spoken about going without panties on several occasions and she had tried it once when alone at home – she had actually liked it and had gotten wet almost instantly thinking about him. She had even thought about masturbating to calm her arousal and halt the sensations that drifted up from between her legs.

“OK, I’ll try it,” she said, “but you have to promise not to expose me to anyone in public…”

“Of course I wouldn’t do that.” His smile was not quite believable. “I want you…all for myself!”

She smiled and turned freeing herself from his grasp. She hurried off to the shower, dampness already glistening along the pink lips between her legs.

She came out of the shower in the short yellow skirt and seeing her, her smiling face made up to go out, he knew that he was going to have a very difficult time paying attention to anything except the fact that just above the hem of that small bright covering – only inches from view was her naked and exposed sex. He felt himself growing turgid and he was sure that she could see his penis pressing against his pants – straining to get out. His imagination was now in a sort of overdrive and he considered not going out immediately but having sex with her right then and there – dinner could wait. Dinner wasn’t going to be remembered no matter how good it turned out to be. He imagined pressing her back on the bed and spreading her dangling legs as he pushed her tiny skirt up her hips. In that jumbled fragment of thought he saw her pulling her legs up exposing her already wet sex to him -- offering herself without reservation. He saw his penis touch her glistening outer lips, and pause as though he was unsure and then in the next frame of the film strip he watched his straining manhood, plunge into her exquisite softness, in a single inpatient stroke.

“Well now, don’t you look good enough to eat,” he said turning away to hide his erection as if looking for his keys.

“Thank you kind sir,” she replied with feigned modesty.

They walked to the car and the cool air brought some relief to his swollen member. At the nearby restaurant they waited with glasses of wine in their hands until a table became available. They spoke quietly about the atmosphere, the wine and the menu but through it all he could not drag his mind away from the thought of her naked sex hiding in the darkness between her legs. He wanted so badly to touch her there and see first hand if she was as stimulated by the liberating nakedness as he. He wondered if she would become wet from his caresses and if she would have a damp spot that would exposed her secret to the diners – cry out that she was undressed beneath her outer shell.

Seated finally, he sat next to her on the bench of a booth along the side of the main dining area. She was hidden from the throng but easily accessible to him. As though she read his thoughts, she slid her skirt up just enough to allow her legs to open – just enough for his hand. He was near mad with anticipation. He feigned calmness, his heart pounded. Before their order could be taken he placed his hand on her naked thigh and slowly moved it upward until he felt the soft fringe of her pubic hair. He paused there and drank in the sensation; He reached for the glass and took a sip. She sipped her wine but showed no outward signs of nervousness or discomfort. She smiled as his hand moved against her wet labia and gently parted the outer lips. The waiter approached their table and he casually pulled his hand from her eager sex and placed it in the table. The salad served, they ate in silence. Soon his hand was back at her now wet opening – his fingers pressed between the outer lips, a finger stroking her clitoris until it pouted from the sweet attention. She moved her hips to better press herself against the gentle intruder. Involuntary movements began and her moisture flowed like that of a teenager who had discovered for the first time, that nature made her sex for much more than reproduction. She felt a flush well up from the base of her belly to her entire body – a sort of pleasant hot flash that suggested that she was beginning to move toward an orgasm.

“God,” she thought. “I can’t cum in a restaurant!” But by then she didn’t care, the pleasure was so wonderful that she didn’t want him to stop….

“Can I get you another drink?” asked the waiter who had appeared through the sexual fog that surrounded their table.

“Ah…sure, why not,” he said as he again removing his hand from its pleasant work.

He exhaled like a man who had been toiling at heavy work and she, her face bright red from her close approach to her first public orgasm, smiled and reached for her near empty glass of wine.

“Whew… I was about a minute away from a big O -- I am not sure that I could have kept a straight face when it arrived. I am glad you stopped before that waiter got the surprise of his young life.”

He smiled at her, proud that she had responded to him but slightly shaken by their visit to the lip of the volcano. His penis stood straight up in his pants, a tiny point of moisture at its tip. He was gratefully for the table between him and curious eyes in the restaurant.

They ate quickly, knowing that the sooner they were out of the establishment the sooner they could quench the fire that raged between their legs. With dinner behind them they started for their hotel. His hand went back to work on her smoldering opening and again she responded with wetness that ran down between her cheeks -- wetting the rear panel of her skirt. She no longer cared what he did to her as long as the incredible tension that had built up in her all evening would soon be relieved.

They arrived at their hotel room. Their clothing was thrown on the floor and within a minute they were locked in a sexual embrace that produced the one thing that matter the most to them at that moment– a grand mind altering sexual release. The orgasms came to her three times that evening -- one after the other -- until she felt her vagina relax, satiated with her pleasure and dripping with his thick sticky semen. She lay in his arms completely at rest, desiring nothing more than what they had shared and wondering if anything as intense and wonderful would ever happen again.

Later she stirred to wash the pleasantly pungent wetness from her body. She stepped over the little yellow skirt. She smiled in the darkness. “I will have to make sure I keep a short skirt handy,” she thought. When she crawled back in bed, she snuggled against the sleeping man. She reached down and caressed his soft wet penis. He made a small noise as he slept. “Goodnight to you too,” she said and pressed her bare bottom against his hip. She looked forward to the morning when she would again be wet and eager for him.