Things I've Worn in Public

Ch. 01

by gossogÂ©

My name's Francine. I'm single and 28, and I've been showing off for almost ten

years. I love experimenting with different types of revealing clothing and

seeing how people respond. I'll share with you some of the more memorable

episodes.

If I wanted to, I could put on thick glasses and drab clothes and simply blend

into a crowd. My body doesn't grab people's attention unless I want it to.

Unless you look closely, I basically look the same as I did in high school: five

foot six, good physical shape, medium breasts, slim waist and narrow butt. I've

never been too happy with my hair: it's mousy brown and fine, hard to work with.

My legs, though, I wouldn't trade with anyone. I walk all the time, and it's

kept them toned yet feminine.

All in all, I like my body a lot. Sometimes I'll just stand nude in my bedroom

in front of the full-length mirror, checking myself out. This always sparks the

urge to find a new way to show myself off to others. Judging from the reaction I

get, the guys really like my body too, even though I'm not a blonde with 38-inch

boobs. Go figure.

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Between semesters in college, I spent the fourth of July with a couple

girlfriends at a theme park that had some water rides. We dressed up knowing we

would probably get soaked. Megan wore a one-piece maillot with nylon boy shorts

that drip dried. Karleen had a tankini with similar shorts. I just wore a

regular bikini. It wasn't sheer, or even obscenely skimpy: just a cute little

white and burgundy pattern, with spaghetti straps to keep it together.

It turned out lots of girls wore outfits like my friends', but I was the only

one walking around the park in a bikini. So even though all my private parts

were covered I felt really exposed. It was a great feeling, knowing so many

people were checking me out as I walked among them. One man put a hand on my

bare shoulder, to ask that I let him squeeze by, and even casual touches like

that felt electric.

We got in line for a ride where you plunge down a slide in a raft. Megan worried

the ties would come loose on my bikini, but I said it was impossible: I had tied

them really tight and double-checked all four knots. Nothing would come loose.

But the idea of that happening really excited me. Suppose both top and bottom

came loose as I was coming down the slide. In the churning water, they could be

lost for a long time, even forever. And I might be spinning and sliding so fast

that I would be more concerned about staying on the raft than being able to

cover myself up. The ride ends right next to the people waiting in line; they

would all see me stumble out of there drenched, dizzy, out of breath, and naked!

Deep down, I wasn't worried this would happen. But at the top of the stairs

Megan and Karleen chickened out, not because they were in any danger of losing

their suits, but because they got a good look at how steep the slide was. I

tried to convince them to go, but they refused.

The guy ahead of us heard what was going on and offered to go with me. His name

was Brad, and he was lifeguard cute, with blue eyes, broad shoulders and a tight

tummy. I could tell he thought I was cute too, and all of a sudden it seemed

like I was 13 again, giggling and not sure what to say.

Brad was a total gentleman on the ride, even though he was checking me out from

time to time. Our tube zoomed down the slide, and it seemed like half a second

later we were at the end, where my friends were waiting. None of my knots had

even come a little loose.

Brad wanted to go again, and so did I. Megan and Karleen realized we were

hooking up, and excused themselves. If we didn't meet back earlier, we would

meet at the exit after the fireworks show.

We did the ride twice more, and then walked together, checking out other rides

and booths. My bikini felt damp and clammy against my skin, especially after the

rest of me had dried off. I knew it was clinging to my butt, showing off the

shape much more than when it was dry. After a while, we were holding hands, and

I was really enjoying flirting with a cute guy while wearing not much at all.

After "dinner" (pizza, chicken strips and Cokes) we were beyond flirting, and

both in the mood to make out. Trouble was, there was no privacy anywhere. Brad

raised the idea of taking me home, but I wasn't ready for that; plus, I didn't

want to completely ditch my friends. So we stayed. The sun set and we looked for

a good spot to watch the fireworks.

When the first fireworks went up, the walkway was packed around us. Everyone

craned their necks, looking skyward. Brad stood behind me, hands on my shoulders

at first, then hugging me around the waist. I snuggled closer to him, enjoying

the feel of him.

When he untied the knot in back, one of two holding up my top, I didn't resist.

He caressed my bare back for a while. It was such a thrill. My top was just

resting loosely on my breasts.

He moved to my sides, taking his time. I was getting giddy with anticipation,

for what I was expecting and hoping he would do. I shivered as his fingers moved

under my loose top to stroke my breasts. He pinched my nipples, very gently, but

the sensation almost made me shriek. This was totally naughty. I loved it.

A few minutes later, he took my top completely off. (I later found out he had

stuffed it in his pocket!) Now topless, I started thinking about how many people

were standing very close to me. It wasn't pitch black; the bright fireworks

often lit up the area. And if anyone took a break from looking skyward, they

might notice the cute girl in the bikini had her top off!

I was supposed to be watching the fireworks, but all my attention was on what

Brad was doing. He had my breasts good and tingly before he started roaming

downward along my sides, to my waist and hips. He put one hand on the small of

my back, and then slid it down beneath my waistband to cup my right cheek. I was

getting more and more excited. The bikini bottom was the only clothing I had

left, and he was inside.

He put both hands inside, fondling my butt, stretching the damp bikini and

causing it to inch down. Would he stop there? I hoped not. My pussy was very wet

now, and it wasn't from the water slide. A big firework blossomed above us,

lighting us up for a moment like a spotlight.

Oh god, Brad had slipped my bikini down in back, revealing my bare bottom. His

hands moved to my hips, slowly pushing the straps down. One finger, then two

explored in front, along my pubic hair and down to my pussy lips. Boy, was I

ready for him. I gasped when he stuck a fingertip inside, and was thankful for

all the booming that drowned me out.

He fingered me for a little bit, then changed his mind and started untying the

knots holding my bikini together. Hurry up, Brad, I thought. One side, then the

other; I had moved my feet apart shoulder width by this time, and the bikini

bottom fell to the ground. I never saw it again.

His hands roamed over my breasts, tummy, butt, and pussy, almost frantic in his

hunger. I was so charged up that knowing I was in the middle of a big crowd

naked just made me more excited instead of scared.

I turned around. He started kissing me. Here, in the dark, everyone's attention

elsewhere, was the sort of private place we had looked for before but couldn't

find. I wondered if Brad, as he drove to the park today, had any idea that later

on he would be making out with a naked woman. Probably not!

I wanted a lot more than making out by that time, and reached between his legs.

The head of his erect penis was poking out one of the legs of his trunks. I

pulled down his trunks and it sprung up, hard.

No way he could resist this. He was strong enough to lift me up so he could

enter me, and supported me by my butt as we started thrusting. Good thing the

fireworks were getting louder; we were making noises of our own. My breasts

squished against his chest as we moved back and forth. I was in heaven; I wanted

this to last forever. But it was so intense that I came; and this caused him to

come seconds later. Then the fireworks show climaxed too, the grand finale where

they set off every firework left in the box.

He set me down; I had to get dressed before the floodlights came up. The park

was closing for the night. He pulled my top out of his pocket and I put it on,

tying the knots as best as I could. The bikini bottom I couldn't find. I guess

some guy took it as a souvenir. I kissed Brad goodbye and had to walk out of the

park with my friends, covering my pussy with my hands, while my butt was bare.

They teased me about it for a long time. The security guards frowned at me; if I

wasn't already leaving they would have kicked me out. The male guards were

happy, though.

Brad and I dated for the rest of the summer. I spent several nights in his bed,

and the sex was fun, but our hottest time together was that first night at the

park.

\* \* \*

Several years ago there was a girl named Keiko, a 19-year-old Japanese girl

living in Waikiki. I never got to meet her, but read some of her stories. She

loved to show off, and judging from men's reactions, she was very pretty. Her

most remarkable features were large breasts (especially for an Asian woman, she

said) and a hairless pussy. She didn't shave; hair simply didn't grow there.

She told what happened one day when she walked along the beach wearing only a

towel. I wanted to do the same thing, so I drove to the beach, went to the

changing room and walked out with my own towel. Secured with a knot just above

my breasts, the towel covered me almost to the knee. Pretty demure, I know; but

in Keiko's story, her towel fell completely off. I wanted the same thing to

happen.

Keiko bought a drink and then walked along, drink in one hand and handbag in the

other. I bought a mai tai and did the same. As she walked, the breeze was

sometimes enough to flip up the towel, high enough to reveal her pussy. That

didn't work for me because my towel was too long.

Also, the swaying of Keiko's large breasts caused her knot to slowly loosen,

leading to the climax where the falling towel unveils her nude body. That didn't

work for me either; I don't have large breasts like she does. I could have

walked a hundred miles and my knot wouldn't have budged. What a dud, I was

thinking.

I tried retying the knot much looser, and saw the towel fall immediately. So a

few people got a good look while I picked it up and retied it. But that wasn't

the same. I wanted the feeling of accidental nudity, of slowly losing the towel

while being unable to do anything about it. I tried several times, and couldn't

find the middle ground. Either the knot could survive a nuclear attack, or it

would fail immediately.

A few guys walked up, trying to pick me up, hoping I'd be game for more than a

flash. I pretended I was just having trouble getting the knot to stay without

being uncomfortably tight. I didn't say anything about exposing myself, so I

could imply it was all accidental. I gave them a flash of bare boob as I stood

there retying, and realized they would hang around until I shooed them away. I

sighed and tried one more time, tying a knot deliberately loose. When the towel

fell away, I shrieked and covered up with my hands.

One guy picked up the towel and offered to put it on. I raised my arms to get

them out of the way, and he took another peek before wrapping it around me. When

tying the knot, he let two fingers underneath brush against my breast for a

moment. Well, aren't you sneaky, I thought. Then the knot was done. He had tied

it pretty securely.

My towel adventure was still kind of a bust (ha ha), and I didn't feel like

continuing. I thanked the guys, said I had to leave, and blew them a kiss

goodbye.

I included this story to show that not everything works out like I planned! Even

there on the beach, I could imagine Keiko losing her towel ten yards away, the

men's eyes popping out at the sight of her big boobs and bald pussy, and

forgetting I was even there.

"Damn you, Keiko!" I wanted to shout at the sky. Just kidding. But I wonder

where she is now?

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The T-shirt was Kaylee's idea. I'm not assigning blame, I'm giving credit.

After college, I got a good job and found a really nice apartment; but right

away needed to find someone to share the rent. Kaylee was the first to respond

to my ad. I decided I wouldn't need to interview anyone else, and she moved in.

Kaylee was gorgeous, a knockout. Vietnamese, with long glossy black hair,

delicate face and light brown eyes. Just over five feet tall, she had shapely

legs, a narrow waist, and large, perfectly sculpted breasts. They were fake, not

fooling anyone, but the guys didn't mind. No, when she strutted into a room with

a tight miniskirt and clingy top, guys lost their train of thought.

She was a lingerie model, posing for magazines like Maxim and attending import

car shows. Her published photos were almost prudish in a way: showing as much

skin as possible, but never a bare nipple or exposed pussy or pubic hair. It was

sometimes ridiculous, the lengths they would go to abide by this. Kaylee could

be obviously nude, but with her back turned, or legs crossed just so, or holding

a loose top at just the right position over her chest, to cover the naughty

bits. I thought it was kind of a tease. Just short of Playboy nudity without

ever going there.

Behind the scenes was a different story. Kaylee had all sorts of fantastic

stories about the wild stuff that went on after a photo shoot or at the parties.

It's a good thing she really enjoyed sex, because there was a lot of it. And the

photographers would keep private albums, the shots they took candid or between

poses, the photos that could never be published.

Kaylee saw one photographer's album and was so pleased with the pictures of

herself that she started asking for copies. She showed me her own albums,

pictures of some friends, but mostly of her. They were amazing. There was no

censorship, no teasing; some shots were very explicit. Full frontal nudes,

nipples, pussy, everything. Sexual shots (some simulated, some real) with men

and women. "You're the only friend outside the industry I've shown these to,"

she said. She asked me not to tell anyone else about them.

Kaylee dated a lot of guys, but the nice thing was she never took any back to

our apartment. She wanted to keep her bedroom as a quiet retreat. I sometimes

brought guys home, and she didn't mind. She would just hang out in her room.

There were still some funny incidents, though. One Saturday night I was making

dinner for a guy named Bill when Kaylee came in. She wore nothing particularly

obscene, just tight jeans and a sweater, and she didn't flirt with the guy: just

Hi, Nice to Meet You, and she went back to her room. Bill, however, was

distracted from that moment on, even though he tried to hide it. Like his brain

had followed her into the bedroom. He was of no use to me after that. I had to

send him home.

During quiet evenings or rainy weekends, when it was just Kaylee and I hanging

around the apartment, her favorite outfit was just a T-shirt. Usually a baby

tee, white or pastel, thin and stretchy and a size too small, baring her midriff

and clinging to every curve of her upper body. And that was it. Her bare butt

became a familiar sight for me, as well as her pussy, which she kept shaved. She

never asked if it was OK to walk around bottomless: her style was just to assume

there would be no problem. And I didn't mind.

Sometimes we'd sit on opposite ends of the couch and she'd tell me about the

latest party, where she'd be mostly or fully naked during the night, and wake up

in some guy's house, her clothes somewhere else, like lost luggage. As she

talked, and I sat there captivated, she tended to have a finger between her

legs, idly playing with herself. Sometimes just stroking the lips, sometimes

inserting a fingertip. I think it was just to keep herself buzzed; she wouldn't

wind herself up enough to come that way. She assumed I would have no problem

with that, either, and she was right.

I could watch her and listen to her for hours. Maybe days. There was one Sunday

afternoon where she had me nearly hypnotized. She guided a manicured finger in

and out of her moist pussy. Her white baby tee clung to her oversized breasts,

her nipples vainly trying to poke through. I think she loved having me as an

audience, and a housemate who was cool with her just being herself.

"You should take off that shirt," I said.

"Why?" With her looks, Kaylee could get away with being blunt.

I could have had a better answer ready: it's just us, you'll be more

comfortable, something like that. Instead, the honest answer came out: "I want

to see you."

She stood up, and for an anxious moment I thought she was going to leave, as if

she had just realized she had made a huge mistake. But she didn't walk away.

Without saying anything, she peeled off her top, pulling it over her head,

freeing those magnificent breasts. She walked toward me.

I honestly thought I had no interest in women. Still, I don't care if you're man

or woman, gay, straight, or bi/curious: if Kaylee climbs naked onto your lap,

she's going to convert you. I sat there wide-eyed as she straddled me, my mouth

agape until she started kissing it.

I did so many things for the first time that afternoon. First time touching a

naked woman. First time kissing on the mouth, with or without tongue. First time

touching her breasts, then kissing them. First time with another woman flat on

her back, my hand finding its way to her pussy, shaved or not; first time with a

finger inside. First time with my tongue, tasting her. First time making another

woman come.

Kaylee stripped me, and it seemed to take forever: shoes, socks, shorts, shirt,

panties, bra. "You shouldn't wear so much around the house," she said. She

kissed and licked me everywhere. Each place her lips touched I could feel her

love flowing out, making it glow: my neck, shoulders, nipples, navel, thighs,

knees, toes. She saved my pussy for last. I came so hard that for several

seconds I couldn't see. I was amazed to realize what had to be true: Kaylee had

been attracted to me for some time. And despite her self-confidence, her

experience, and her blunt attitude, she had been scared: afraid to mess up a

good friendship, and a good living arrangement. Instead, she had kept to what

she figured was safe, and hoped that I would make a move.

Overjoyed, relieved and newly confident, she savored me, explored me, and kept

me aroused. I devoured her like a sailor on his last day of leave. I ran my

fingers through her waterfall of hair, sniffing the scent of her floral

conditioner, letting her tresses spill over my thighs or my breasts. For a while

we did nothing but look into each other's eyes. I buried my face between her

breasts, reaching behind and between her legs, inserting my finger inside her as

far as I could reach. She kneeled over my head as I lay on my back, towering

over me, as I licked her again, nearly bringing her to tears when she climaxed.

I was so happy I was close to crying too.

Kaylee wore me out. When she led me to my room, I was already enervated, and

when I collapsed on my bed, I was exhausted. I lay supine, legs apart, while she

sat cross-legged next to me, slowly caressing my breast. I was getting excited

again, but had no energy to move.

"I didn't know if you were into other girls," she said, pensive. "I took a big

chance."

"I don't know if I'm really bi," I said. I stared at her breasts, hungering,

wishing I could manage to raise my head, take a nipple in my mouth. "I think...

I think I'm just Kaylee-sexual."

She laughed. "That's clever! I like that." She lay down, snuggled next to me,

and we slept until about midnight. Then woke up starving, wondering what to eat.

She shared my bed from that night on, until she got engaged and moved out.

I promised to tell you about the T-shirt, didn't I. Sorry.

Anyway, we just stopped wearing clothes around the apartment if no visitors were

expected. When Kaylee told me a story, instead of sitting at the opposite end of

the couch, she now sat in my lap. Her stories were interrupted more often, as

she or I would get so aroused that the narrative would just trail off and we'd

start paying full attention to each other's bodies.

At other times, like watching TV, my favorite place for her was on my lap, but

facing forward. I could kiss her on the neck, play with her breasts, and finger

her slippery, shaven pussy. It was one of these times when I told her about my

exhibitionist hobby, something I was doing off and on, but hadn't done anything

for several months.

"I have an idea," she said. "Go out in public wearing only a T-shirt."

I protested, picturing myself wearing one of her clinging baby tees. "That's

pretty extreme to start out with, isn't it?"

"No, no," she said. She hopped off my lap and stood up. "What we do is find a

long shirt of just the right size, that when you are standing up comes down to

here." She pointed to a spot one nanometer below my pussy lips. "Now if the wind

blows, or you walk around, or you reach up, more will show."

"How would I explain being out like that?" Even when I got stripped naked, I

liked to have some plausible reasoning (at least to start) how I got that way.

If I'm in a sheer bikini, I need to be going to the beach -- stuff like that.

Kaylee thought for a moment. "The laundry room." Our apartment building had a

shared laundry room in the basement. "Everything else we own is dirty; we go

down in our T-shirts and do the wash. We could do that right now."

"You're coming too?"

"Of course."

We found a nightshirt for me that fit the bill, with a little trimming: just

barely covered me in front, as long as I stood still, shoulders slumped, no

breeze. In back, Kaylee cut it a bit higher so that at least 1/4 of my butt

cheeks would always be showing. If I bent over, the view would be X-rated.

I stripped off and pulled the shirt on. Geez, my nipples were hard already,

which the shirt made obvious. Kaylee put on a yellow baby tee and opened the

door.

"That's it?" I said. She wasn't wearing anything below the waist.

"Sure," she said. "Let's go."

We just took a few whites and lights, enough for me to carry in a small basket.

Kaylee carried nothing.

Ours was a fairly big building, many tenants, and most of us didn't know each

other, except by sight. Some familiar people and some strangers passed us in the

corridor, more of them gaping at Kaylee than me. Whenever they stared at her,

and sometime later looked her in the eye (not all did), she stared defiantly

back. Yeah, you saw it, she seemed to say. So what?

In the laundry room, there were about six or seven others there, men and women,

all single, all watching Kaylee with various degrees of interest. We found a

washer and emptied the clothes into it.

"How are you feeling?" she said.

"This is kind of easy. With you dressed like that, I wonder if anyone even sees

me."

She laughed. "You're prettier than you think. And you're leaving more to the

imagination. Sure those guys are thinking about you."

I poured in detergent and was about to shut the lid when she stayed my hand.

"Not everything's in yet." Incredibly, in the middle of the laundry room, she

pulled off her baby tee and tossed it in. I could only take a deep breath and

smile. She was just so beautiful. I wanted to ditch this laundry thing and take

her back upstairs.

I looked around. Certainly she had everyone's attention now. Her bare breasts

were visible over the rows of washers to almost any side of the room. "Kaylee...

my god."

"There's one more thing." I knew what she meant, but I wasn't ready for it.

"Kaylee, there are like ten people here!" I whispered.

She tiptoed up, kissed me, and took the hem of my shirt. "Ignore them." I let

her strip me. She closed the lid, started the cycle, and now anything we wanted

to wear would have to be retrieved from the washer full of suds.

"Pay no attention to them," she said, leading me to a bench between the rows. I

sat down, she sat on my lap, and we started making out. She was following her

own advice, not looking around, but I still swiveled my eyes from time to time,

trying to see who was watching. One wise guy even picked a washer right next to

ours, and took his time loading his clothes. Kaylee got off my lap and eased my

head back so I was laying face up on the hard bench. My legs went down to either

side. The guy got a great view of my breasts, and my pussy, before Kaylee

started licking it.

I was paranoid, scared, shocked, embarrassed; but mainly she was making me

deliriously horny. I closed my eyes and held onto the bench for balance as she

kissed, sucked, and fluttered her tongue. I could feel my nipples crinkling up,

getting hard. Kaylee kept licking. When I came, biting my lip to try to keep

quiet, she didn't stop; she would just back off a tiny bit, and then make me

come again. I finally had to put a hand on her shoulder. "Stop, stop."

She had me sit up, and then stood in front of me, her luscious breasts at face

level. "You know you can make me come, just by kissing me there," she said.

She did. I took my time, tasting, kissing and teasing. It was exquisite. When

she came, she collapsed into my arms. We were still embracing when our washer

buzzed, signaling end of cycle. We ignored it for a while. I could feel her

heartbeat, racing as fast as mine. Gradually we relaxed, and I was looking

forward to putting my T-shirt back on.

Only when I lifted the lid did I remember. We still had to run these through the

dryer!

We spent almost the entire dry cycle with Kaylee on the bench, her back arched

as I licked her shaved pussy, bringing her to climax again and again. As I bent

over to do this, my own ass was in the air, and must have been a delectable

sight.

After she came again, I poked my head up, and was glad to see we didn't have a

standing room only audience by now. All it would have taken is one guy on his

cell, telling everyone he knows to tell everyone they know. Thank heavens for

our doorman, who won't let guests in unless they answer his call to their

apartment.

Finally our clothes were ready. I pulled on my T-shirt, still hot to the touch,

a lovely warm feeling against my skin. Kaylee didn't put anything on, and tossed

her baby tee in my basket. She walked back with me naked, nipples hard and pussy

swollen, giving the evil eye to anyone who dared challenge her.

Back in the apartment, we let the clothes get wrinkled in the basket as we went

to the bedroom. I stayed in the shirt, liking the sensation against my skin.

Kaylee simply reached underneath. "We should do all our laundry like this," she

said.

I disagreed. Doing this in our own building was asking for way too much trouble.

I preferred more anonymity when I showed off.

Unfortunately, Kaylee stayed with me only 18 months. She left to get married to

a hip-hop producer she met at one of the car shows. I was a bridesmaid at her

wedding, which was one of the most elegant, dignified ceremonies I had ever

seen. The guys there were perfect gentlemen, even some of the artists (who you'd

recognize) with CDs full of guns, thugging, bitches and hos. I was really happy

for Kaylee, but after she moved out, I cried off and on for three days. I still

miss her. She has a little boy now, and has retired from modeling; the days of

hanging around the apartment naked are never coming back. So far, she's the only

woman I've really fallen for.

Looking back, this story still didn't tell much about the T-shirt; and I haven't

really done an adventure that used it fully. I guess that'll have to be a

different story.

I hope I haven't bored you, with all this talk about me. Let me know either way.

Next time I'll tell you about: stripped naked at a volunteer park cleanup; Daisy

Dukes and disintegrating crop top at a car wash; and how I had to cross a

chest-high stream without getting my clothes wet.

Kisses,

Francine