**My First Experience**

by Vickilynn Â©

My name is Vicki Lynn Hauser and I am an exhibitionist. Well, I don't know if there is a technical definition and if I qualify under that definition, but I know that I get very excited whenever I am accidentally or purposely exposed to men or women. I think I discovered flashing, and how much I enjoyed doing it, when I was almost nineteen while a senior in high school. I used to sit in the library during study hall and Arnold, who was also a senior, would sometimes sit across from me at the same table I did. I really didn't know Arnold at all except to see at study hall. He never seemed to notice me and I don't know that I would have cared if he did.

One day at school I was wearing a light blue dress with a square cut neckline with white silk embroidery. It wasn't low cut at all, so I was sure that it was a very decent dress. When I finished studying I stood up and then I bent over the table to pick up my books. I guess the neckline pulled away from my body and some of my breasts were exposed. I happened to glance over at Arnold and saw that his eyes were looking down my dress and were wide open. I looked down my front and saw that, actually, quite a lot of my breasts were exposed. I had an old bra on that wasn't quite big enough for the amount my breasts had grown since I had gotten it. It covered my nipples and a bit more, but not a lot more. The rest of my breasts were spilling out and it looked as if my nipples might pop out at any time. I glanced back over at Arnold. Just then Arnold's eyes looked up and saw mine looking at him. He turned bright, bright red.

At first I was angry at him for looking down the front of my dress. Then I realized it had made me feel very excited knowing that he had been able to see my breasts. And that he wanted to do so. In fact, I was quite wet for the rest of the afternoon thinking about Arnold staring at my breasts. After that I tried to wear dresses with scoop necks as often as I could. While in them, I would be "careless" about bending over. I always made it seem like I didn't know that any part of my breasts were showing, but of course I was fully aware of what I was doing, and I was very aroused by doing it.

Then one day in the library Arnold dropped his pencil and bent under the desk to retrieve it. I had never paid much attention to how my legs were positioned when they were under a table. I realized while Arnold's head was under the table that my legs were wide open. So Arnold must have got a pretty good glimpse of my knickers. After that, Arnold starting dropping his pencil quite a lot, and I made sure to spread my legs whenever he did so.

Next I bought a pair of see through knickers at the mall. I didn't let my mother see them because she always bought me white cotton knickers. I couldn't wait to get to the library for study hall the first day that I wore my new knickers. I was hoping as hard as I could that Arnold wouldn't be absent. I was elated to see when I got inside that he was there, in his regular seat across from where I normally sat. My heart was really pounding. I had worn a frilly white skirt which was a little shorter than I usually wore. I wanted to be sure he would get a really good look. Before too long he dropped his pencil and as he started to bend down, I opened my legs really wide. I could actually hear him gasp as he saw the dark blonde hair covering my pussy for the first time. The knickers were so clear it was almost like not having any on. I was really excited.

So was Arnold. I knew he was, and so did everybody else, because just then the fire alarm bell went off and we all had to get up and leave the library to go outside. Arnold tried to put his books in front of him but before he could do so I saw, and the other girls around me saw, that his cock was sticking straight out in front of his baggy pants. We all started giggling and then filed out.

On the following Friday I went over to my friend Jennie's house to study after school. We were having a big English history exam the following week and really needed to study hard for it. Jennie and I had applied to the same universities and we knew we needed to have really good grades to get accepted to any of them. We spent several hours quizzing each other on dates and battles and kings and that sort of thing in Jennie's bedroom before her Mother came in to ask if we had looked outside lately. We hadn't. When we did, we saw that a huge amount of snow had fallen without us even noticing.

Jennie's Mom said that it would be too dangerous for me to try to go home before the roads got plowed. She said that she would call my Mom and see if it would be okay for me to spend the night with them. I protested that I didn't want to be a bother and that I didn't have any pajamas. Jennie's Mom said I wouldn't be a bother and that I could borrow one of her nightgowns (Jennie was a lot smaller than I was, especially in the breasts, while her Mom was rather larger than I was). She said that as Jennie's Dad traveled a lot he had several of those goodie bags that airlines give out containing tooth brushes and tooth paste and stuff like that. My Mom thanked Jennie's Mom and told her that of course it would be all right for me to spend the night with them.

Jennie and I studied some more and then her Mom called us in to dinner. After eating with her Mom and Dad (who was in his early forties, was very good looking and was in excellent shape from all the workouts he did with the equipment in their rec room) and some more studying, we got ready for bed. Jennie kept her knickers on under her nightgown but I have never liked to sleep in my knickers so I was naked under her Mom's rather large cotton flannel nightgown. It had thin straps holding up a shapeless sort of gown. It was a bit low cut, but definitely not enough so to be considered sexy by anybody but a flannel freak.

Jennie and I walked out to the living room to say good night to her parents. Her Mom kissed me on the cheek and I walked over to her Dad to kiss him on the cheek. He was sitting down in his easy chair so I had to bend over to reach his cheek. As I did so, the left strap of the too large nightgown slipped off my shoulder and my entire left breast became bare. Jennie's Dad looked directly at my nipple, which was rapidly becoming erect and his eyes widened. I quickly pulled the gown back up and gave him a little kiss on the cheek. He seemed to be looking at me differently from the way he had always looked at me before. No one except him had seen my nightgown slip off my breast.

I was so excited at the thought that Jennie's Dad had seen my breast, and had appeared excited at the sight of it, that I could barely sleep. Jennie had twin beds so I very quietly played with my pussy and my nipples for quite a while before falling asleep.

In the morning, Jennie and I went out to breakfast still wearing our nightgowns. I saw Jennie's Dad looking at me speculatively. I thought he might be wondering whether the nightgown might slip down off my shoulder again. I didn't disappoint him, though I had to be careful so that neither Jennie nor her Mom would see. When both of them had gone into the kitchen to get the breakfast dishes and bring them into the dining room, I managed to drop one of my hair ribbons onto the floor and, in order to get Jennie's Dad's attention, I said, "Oh darn, I dropped it."

I bent down to pick it up, with my back to the kitchen and my front facing Jennie's Dad. As I had hoped, and with only a little help from me squeezing in my shoulders as I had practiced in the bathroom that morning, the night gown slipped off again. Only this time both my breasts were bared. And Jennie's Dad stared directly at my breasts. I waited a few seconds and then, as if I had only just noticed that my breasts were exposed, I excused myself and pulled the gown back up. Jennie's Dad said that that was okay, that the nightgown seemed a bit large for me. He didn't mention having looked at my breasts. I was so excited that I had been able to turn on a good looking older man that I could barely get any breakfast down.

Having discovered how exciting flashing could be for me, as well as for the man who saw me, it quickly became second nature for me to flash whenever I got the opportunity.

A few weeks later I visited Jennie again. This time we had arranged with our parents for me to stay overnight at Jennie's so I brought things to change into for sleeping and for the next day. Jennie's Dad seemed very pleased to see me. Her Mom, too, but her Dad in a different way. I hoped he wouldn't be disappointed.

After dinner and studying Jennie and I changed into our bed clothes. Jennie wore the same nightgown she had worn previously and again wore her knickers under her nightgown. Her knickers were the same white cottons my Mom always bought for me. I wore a very short white night gown of a diaphanous material. You couldn't quite see through it but you almost could. When I looked in the mirror I could see a slight darkness where my nipples were and a definite darkness where the hair covering my pussy was. I tried to strain my neck backwards to see if I could see the crack of my ass but I only ended up hurting my neck and I didn't want to ask Jennie to check.

In any case, I knew that with sunlight behind me you definitely could see through the nightgown in some detail. It had a fairly low vee neckline which showed a lot of the swell of my breasts. I had practiced bending over in front of the mirror at home and I knew that from the right angle you could see all of my breasts and my nipples and even the dark triangle of hair covering my pussy. (I had hadn't started shaving there yet). I had been a little worried that Jennie might think my nightgown was too sexy but since she couldn't think of her parents looking at her in a manner that would acknowledge that she was becoming a woman, neither could she imagine them looking at me like that.

Jennie and I went out to kiss her parents good night. I was pleased to see that her Mom was still sitting on one of their two couches in the living room while her Dad was sitting on the other one which was parallel to the first with a low glass top coffee table in between. As we walked in I saw her Dad quickly glance up at me. I could tell that he had been interested to see what kind of nightgown I would be wearing. I was thrilled that he cared. His eyes seemed to narrow a bit as he was trying to make out whether he could actually see through the material of my gown or not. I hoped he would keep looking at me.

Jennie kissed her Mom first and then began to walk over to kiss her Dad, who still had his eyes on me. I turned my back to Jennie's Dad and bent over from the waist to give her Mom a kiss. As I did so, and as had happened when I had practiced before the mirror in the bathroom for the week before going to Jennie's, I could feel the hem of my nightgown pulling up over the cheeks of my bottom, leaving most of my bottom, and my pussy, exposed to his view. As Jennie was walking away from me and looking at her Dad, I knew that she wouldn't be able to see how much of me her Dad was able to see. Even so, I didn't dare stay in this position for too long in case Jennie did glance back at her Mom and me.

When I stood up and turned toward Jennie's Dad, I could tell that he had definitely been looking at me. I glanced down toward his lap to see if what had happened to Arnold had happened to him as well. It wasn't sticking straight out in front of him as Arnold's had been, but I could tell for sure that he had an erection. And I was so happy that I was the cause of it.

But I had a problem. I wanted Jennie's Dad to be able to look down the front of my nightgown and see my naked breasts and my nipples and my pussy when I bent over to give him a kiss. But I certainly didn't want Jennie's Mom to see my naked ass. So on my way between the two couches I turned to Jennie's Mom and asked, "Could Jennie and I please have some warm milk before we go to sleep?"

Jennie's Mom said that of course we could and, as I had hoped, she stood up immediately to go into the kitchen. Even better, Jennie said that she would help and she went into the kitchen as well. As I bent over in front of Jennie's Dad I put my hand on my shoulder strap, which I knew would cause him to look in that direction, and said in a low tone of voice, "I hope I don't fall out of this nightgown, too, Mr. Gibbons, I wouldn't want to embarrass you again."

He laughed while looking down the front of my nightgown where I wanted him to and said, "I wasn't embarrassed, Vicki Lynn, you have become a very pretty young lady."

"Do you really mean it?" I asked.

He assured me that it was true and then said how much nicer he thought this gown looked on me than his wife's had looked. I thanked him, gave him a peck on the cheek and finally stood up just before Jennie and Mrs. Gibbons came in with the warm milk. I despise warm milk and would never drink it at home but it had been the only thing I could think of that would get Mrs. Gibbons out of the way for a moment. Jennie and I took the milk into the bedroom, drank it and then went to bed, where I played with myself for a very long time, especially after I could tell from Jennie's regular breathing that she had fallen fast asleep. Finally, very contentedly, I fell asleep too with my right hand still between my legs and my fingers in my warm wetness.

The next morning, as usual, I woke up early. Jennie was still fast asleep but I could hear someone out in the kitchen moving around. Then I remembered that Mr. Gibbons had said that he had an early indoor tennis game. I hopped into the bathroom, peed, washed my hands, brushed my teeth and ran a brush though my short dark blond hair. I quickly massaged my nipples and was very pleased to see that their stiffness was quite visible through the light material of my nightgown. Then I went out into the kitchen, closing the bedroom door quietly, hoping it wouldn't squeak as it usually did, so as not to awaken Jennie. To my great delight it was Mr. Gibbons in the kitchen and not Jennie's Mom up early to fix breakfast for her husband.

And to my even greater delight, it was a very sunny day, even if it was still cold outside and there was snow on the ground. The Gibbon's had a large picture window in the kitchen which gave them a lovely view of their garden. It also allowed the sun to stream in. I said a cheery good morning to Mr. Gibbons who smiled happily as if he was genuinely glad to see me. He was already dressed in his tennis shorts and had his tennis cover-ups in his arm. I quickly walked around so that the morning sun was behind me shining through my nightgown. I followed Mr. Gibbon's eyes as they moved down to the area between my legs, which I had conveniently set fairly wide apart. His eyes widened as he could now see my pubic hair almost as if I didn't have a nightgown on. I stayed in that position for a couple of minutes while we were talking about his tennis match and then turned sideways. As we had talked, my nipples had hardened even more and now they were very noticeably erect, and completely open to his eyes because of the sun shining through the material. My pubic hair, which I had fluffed up in the bathroom before coming out, was also visible from this new view. Mr. Gibbons seemed to stammer just a bit as we talked.

This was very exciting to me but I wanted Mr. Gibbons to see more of me and I had the feeling that he did as well. Then I remembered from when I had visited them in the snow storm that Mrs. Gibbons kept the orange juice on the bottom shelf in the refrigerator. I quickly moved to open the refrigerator door while still talking to Mr. Gibbons and then, standing with my legs as straight as possible, bent over totally from my waist to search for the orange juice.

This time I could feel the hem of my nightgown slide all the way up my bottom so that it was completely bare. I moved my legs a little further apart as if to provide a better balance for my search and managed to push my ass a little backward and upward to ensure that my pussy was totally in view. I could feel it getting wet but somehow I didn't think that Mr. Gibbons would mind. I pretended that I couldn't find the orange juice and after searching for several minutes while carrying on a running, if somewhat disjointed, conversation, asked Mr. Gibbons if he could help me look for it.

They had a Cold Storage refrigerator which was very large so there was plenty of room for both of us to rummage through the refrigerator. Mr. Gibbons came up behind me but although there was room for him to be beside me he remained with half of his body behind my right side. A delicious shiver went down me as I could feel his bare left leg lightly and then more firmly pressing against the back of my bare right leg. We stayed in this position for several long thrilling seconds. Then Mr. Gibbons reached across me and said, "Maybe it is over to your left, Vicki Lynn."

And with that his left leg, as if by accident, slid to my left and nestled itself firmly against my naked pussy and ass.

I gasped, but immediately pushed back against him. Mr. Gibbons understood this to be the invitation that it was. He put his hands around my waist and pulled me even more firmly back against his leg. Then he moved to his left and I could feel his erection, through his tennis shorts which I wished so much he hadn't had on, pushing against my pussy. He dipped and then raised his knees repeatedly as he slid his erect cock back and forth up my pussy to my ass and back. I was in heaven. Heaven became even better in just another minute or two when Mr. Gibbons, with his cock still firmly pressed against my pussy, bent further over me and moved his hands to cup my breasts through my nightgown. His fingers quickly found my stiff nipples and caressed them. In another minute, the nightgown wasn't covering them any longer. Mr. Gibbons pulled my straps down and bared my breasts, as I hadn't even dared hope he might do. I couldn't believe how wonderful it was to feel his firm but gentle fingers caressing my nipples. I moved my bottom from side to side against his erection, enjoying the different feelings of having it pressed more against my right cheek or my left cheek or squarely in the middle.

My breaths were coming in shorter and shorter gasps as the sensations shooting from my nipples to my pussy continued to intensify. Just when I thought I was about to burst with pleasure we heard the squeak of Jennie's bedroom door. Mr. Gibbons quickly jumped back. I stood up with the orange juice in one hand while I pulled up my nightgown and adjusted the straps with the other. I put the orange juice down on the table and moved so that I would be away from the window and its stream of light. Jennie came on into the kitchen and said good morning to both of us. Then she glanced down at her Dad's front and said, "Oh, Daddy, you've spilled some tea or coffee on your tennis shorts."

I looked where Jennie's eyes were looking and saw that there was indeed a wet spot where the head of his then erect penis had been a couple of minutes ago. He still had an erection but it was rapidly subsiding, something Jennie didn't seem to have noticed. "Oh, you're right," he said. "How clumsy of me. I had better go change quickly or I will be late."

Jennie and I had orange juice, cereal and tea and then went back to her bedroom to change for the day. If she noticed the aroma of my arousal she didn't mention it. I hoped there would be another occasion to come visit her soon.

Vickilynn in New York Ch. 01 by Vickilynn Â©

A few weeks after I began living with my then BF, Greg, in New York, he received a call from his old grad school roommate, whom I had never met. He said a sudden trip had come up and he would be arriving in the city that night. All the decent hotels were booked and he asked if he could possibly stay with us. After checking with me, and assuring me that Ed was a nice guy, Greg told Ed that he was welcome to stay with us. The only trouble was that we didn't have a guest bedroom and he would have to sleep on the couch, which converted into a bed. Ed said that would be fine and that he would be arriving very late that night.

By the time he arrived, a little after midnight, I was already in bed asleep. Ed and Greg must have talked for a while and then both turned in.

The next morning I climbed out of bed and started to walk to the bedroom door. I always sleep in the nude, as did Greg, and I was still in that condition as I opened the door to the bedroom, wondering whether Greg would stop me. He always liked to exhibit me to other men but I didn't know if he would do so in his own apartment. By that time my heart was pounding at the thought that I would walk naked into the living room and be seen by Ed. I was surprised at how much the thought of having Greg's old roommate seeing me naked excited me, but it did, tremendously. While I was still trying to decide whether I really had the courage to walk naked into the living room, Greg said, "Are you were really going to walk out there naked?"

I said, "Well, Ed might be still asleep."

"Fat chance," Greg said.

So I walked back to the closet to put on some clothes. To Greg's surprise and, as it turned out, delight, I didn't put on jeans or even one of my all too decent nightgowns, but rather put on a translucent silk low cut one. If it hadn't had any lining, it would have been totally transparent. As it was, I knew that my pink nipples and dark pubic hair were clearly evident below the two layers of thin material. Greg didn't comment on my selection for fear, I think, that I would change my mind and put on something that would hide my figure.

I walked to the bedroom door, and this time opened it and walked on out. Greg quickly put on a robe and followed me into the kitchen. We made coffee and I checked that Ed was awake so that we could bring him a cup. He was, but was still lying under the covers. Greg and I walked in and Greg introduced the two of us. I bent over to shake hands and as I did so, I could feel my nightgown fell away from my breasts, giving Ed a view of both of my breasts and nipples. Ed's eyes became very wide as he tried to pull them away from my body and up to my face. I walked back into the kitchen to bring out milk and sugar for the coffee. It was a very bright, sunny day. As I passed the windows with the sun streaming in behind me, I knew that it was almost as if I were walking naked in front of Ed and Greg. I heard Ed's quick intake of breath and then heard Greg say to him, "Vicki's very pretty, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," Ed replied, "and she has a great figure, too." I turned and looked at them quizzically after Ed's remark, pretending that I didn't know the effect of the sun shining through the thin material of my nightgown, but then thanked Ed for the compliment, shrugged my shoulders and walked on into the kitchen. I don't know who was more excited about seeing me come back into the living room, Ed or Greg. When I returned with the milk and sugar the view they got must have been as good as before from the looks on their faces. Actually, maybe even more so, because now my nipples had become very erect and I knew that Ed and Greg could see them very clearly. This time I bent over in front of Ed to set down the milk and sugar. As I did so, Ed got another, even better view of my hardened nipples. Instead of immediately standing back up, I looked at Ed, who quickly changed his glance from my nipples to my eyes. I asked Ed how many spoons of sugar he wanted. He asked for two spoons, which I took my time carefully measuring out. I made certain to keep my eyes on my task so that Ed could keep his eyes on me.

As I poured the second spoon of sugar into Ed's coffee, one of the straps on my nightgown slipped off my shoulder. The material slipped down and left my entire left breast exposed. I pretended not to notice. I stood up and walked over to a chair and sat down, my breast still exposed to their view. We talked for a while with Ed and Greg looking surreptitiously at my uncovered nipple before my hand accidentally brushed against my erect nipple. I feigned surprise and readjusted my nightgown, covering my breast. "You should have told me I was exposed," I said to Greg, "I might have been embarrassing poor Ed." Ed quickly said it hadn't embarrassed him and for me not to worry. Then Greg said he would go out to the bakery to get us some stuff for breakfast. But I knew it was really to give Ed and me some time alone to see what would develop.

After Greg left, I told Ed that I had to take a shower. I knew he had been excited looking at me, and I was just as excited. Especially as I knew it excited Greg to have me exposed to Ed. I bent over again in the process of standing up, and then, in case Ed had missed anything, bent back down to pick up the coffee cups and take them into the kitchen. As I walked to the kitchen, I hoped that the light was still shining through my nightgown. I think it was. When I went into the bathroom in the bedroom, I carefully took away all the towels and put them under the bed. I also left both the bathroom door and the bedroom door wide open. I stepped into the shower and took as quick a shower as I could, with my nipples staying erect the whole time. Well, I helped them a little. When I was finished, I called out, "Ed, Greg was supposed to change the towels. He took out the old ones but didn't bring any new ones. Could you please get one from the linen closet in the hallway?"

As Ed brought the towel into the bathroom, I opened the shower curtain enough to know that he could certainly see at least my right breast and my pussy while I could still pretend that I wasn't just standing completely naked in front of him. I thanked him for the towel, which I took from his hand but made no move to cover myself with. I then started talking about how awkward it must have been for Ed to have to bring the towel to me and that I hoped he wasn't too offended. He assured me he wasn't, as he stared at my body and I pretended not to notice where he was looking. Finally, I said, "I guess I'd better get dry now," and I pulled the curtain the rest of the way open and stepped out of the tub. Ed, reluctantly I hope, turned away and went back to the living room. By the time Greg came back with the pastries, I was dressed in jeans and a shirt and was sitting in the living room with Ed.

When Greg came into the living room, he could see that my face was a bit flushed and he knew I would have something interesting to tell him later. The rest of the day was uneventful and Ed had to go out with some business associates that night, so we didn't see him again until the next morning. This time, Greg got up before I did and went out to make the coffee. He was talking with Ed when I came out of the bedroom to join them. This time both Ed and Greg gasped. I was wearing the same nightgown I had worn the day before, but I had cut the lining out of it. Now it was absolutely, totally transparent, and I knew they could see every inch of my nakedness. I hoped neither Greg nor Ed would say anything to cause me to have to put a robe on over my nightgown. Neither one did. It was another sunny day, but I didn't even need the sun coming in behind me for them to be able to see all of me. My nipples were as erect as I had ever known them to be. I knew that my pussy lips were clearly evident, and clearly moist.

After a few minutes, Greg was so excited that he excused ourselves to Ed and practically dragged me into the bedroom where we immediately began making love. I'm sure Ed could hear us, especially as my orgasms were anything but silent, but neither of us cared. When we had finished, and rested a few minutes, I said to Greg, "Let me get you a cool drink." And I began to walk, completely naked, to the kitchen.

"Ed will see you," Greg said.

"You want him to, don't you?" I replied. He nodded that he did, and I went on in to the kitchen. I called over to Ed to ask him if he wanted some ice water. He said he did. I got the ice water and carried it over to Ed, who looked like he had just received an early Christmas present. I was just handing him the glass as Greg came into the living room in his robe. Ed looked at Greg who only smiled. So Ed resumed looking at my now completely naked pussy and breasts.

I took my time giving first Ed, and then Greg, their ice waters. Finally, I left them to go get dressed. I would rather have remained naked in front of them, but I knew that Ed had to leave for his plane in a few minutes anyway and there wouldn't be time for any other developments to occur. At least, not until Ed's next visit.

Vicki Lynn's Squash Adventure by Vickilynn Â©

I had a fun time recently. My BF and I decided to go play squash at a squash court a few towns away from us. I'm not a very good squash player, but I am enthusiastic. My BF is a lot better than I am so I decided to make the game interesting for him, and maybe give me a bit of an advantage, by wearing see through knickers. I didn't tell him about it, though, so I could surprise him the first time I bent over to pick up the ball, or ran for it or did just about anything on the court other than stand still. My tennis skirt is the kind that flies up in the air with any kind of movement at all -- my favorite kind of skirt.

When we got to the courts it turned out that the only one available was the "show court", which has glass sides and bleachers along one whole glass wall. There were a lot of people standing around waiting for a court and watching the action on the show court. I almost chickened out when I saw how many people there were, but then I decided it would make it that much more fun to have a large crowd. (Though my heart was still in my throat. It is every time I flash, no matter how many times I do it.) Anyway, my BF and I went onto the court and started to warm up. I glanced over at the bleachers and saw there were maybe ten or twelve people sitting in them, mostly just talking among themselves.

In only a minute or two, though, my short tennis skirt flew up around my waist as I tried for a shot I couldn't quite reach. When I glanced back over at the bleachers it seemed like all eyes were on me, including the four or five women who were sitting there. In another couple of minutes I had to bend over to pick up the ball from the floor and this time my BF noticed the knickers that I was wearing. He said something like, "Interesting choice. Are you wearing those just because you wanted to excite me or did you really want to win today?"

I told him I had worn them just for him and didn't have any idea we would have to play on this court, but that it was making me pretty excited. My BF glanced at the bleachers and said, "It's making them pretty excited, too." I just shrugged, though actually I was really exhilarated, and we started playing.

I actually was trying pretty hard. Not really to win because my BF is way too good for me, but at least not to look like a total beginner in front of all those people. And, after just twenty minutes, it had become "all those people". There were more than twenty and the longer we played the more seemed to show up. There must have been a very long wait for a court that day. My skirt flew up a lot, so they got a lot of chances to see my ass or my pussy. And my BF almost never picked up the ball unless it was almost right at his feet. He wanted everybody to get a chance to look at my bottom. Well, they got a lot of chances. And even worse, or rather better, I was playing so hard that I was sweating, and my knickers were becoming wet (a little because of the sexual excitement but mostly just from sweat) so they became even more transparent.

During the last several minutes of our time on court the bleachers were totally full and other people were standing around watching. It was really exciting for me. A couple times, just to be sure that people would see my pussy and not just my ass, I bent over a little and lifted my skirt to wipe the sweat off my forehead. And since my pussy is quite hairy right now, I'm sure anyone looking (and I think a lot of them were) was sure it was pussy they were seeing.

All too soon our time was up and we had to vacate the court. But first we walked over to the side of the court to pick up our gear, put the ball in the can, etc. I spent a lot of time bending over, from my waist, naturally, while picking up my racket cover, adjusting my socks, anything I could think of to prolong my excitement. Eventually we had all our stuff together and I couldn't stall any longer so we left. We got a lot of smiles and several thumbs ups as we left the court. After we left the court, my BF excused himself and went to the men's room while I took a sip of water from the water cooler. When I straightened up, a woman standing next to me started talking to me.

She said, "I don't know how to tell you this, but did you know that people can see through your knickers?"

I pretended to gasp and said, "Oh no! Really? I'm so embarrassed. Thank you for telling me."

I almost had a laughing fit, and my BF did a few minutes later when I told him about the woman's comment. I wish I had the nerve to go on the court without any knickers at all on but at a place like that some manager would probably come and throw us out and I wouldn't want that. I have played tennis without my knickers on, but that's another story.

Vicki Lynn's Adventure at a Party by Vickilynn Â©

My boyfriend Greg and I were invited to a cocktail party by some friends of friends of ours. The party was in a large house in a town near ours. There were between forty and fifty guests, which barely seemed to make a dent in all the space they had available in the living room. I was wearing a mid-length fairly low cut black cocktail dress. And, as usual, that was all I was wearing. The dress had darts in the front so there was some support for my breasts. But I think it was still pretty obvious to everybody that I wasn't wearing a bra.

On at least a few occasions I bent over to pick up a canapÃ© from the low glass cocktail tables that were scattered around the living room. As I would start to straighten up, I could feel men's eyes boring holes down the front of my dress. It made me feel very good. I have always liked to have men look at me, and especially to look at me as a sexual being. As soon as I realized that there were several men at the party who liked to look at me with lust in their hearts and on their faces, I started bending over more often. I didn't actually eat much at all. I would just bend over and pretend to examine what was available, then take my time about standing up straight again.

Greg and I were, as you're supposed to do, circulating. We didn't see much of each other for a couple of hours while I flirted outrageously with almost all the men, only one of whom I had ever met before. And I only knew him from having met once at another cocktail party. Quite a few of the men were attractive, so it was no hardship on my part to flirt with them. Men are so easy to flirt with. All a woman really has to do is put her hand on a man's arm while she is talking to him, or to make almost any sort of physical contact. For women who smoke it is very easy. They just take the man's hand in theirs to bring the lighter to the cigarette. I have never smoked, so when I am flirting, I try to talk with my hands a lot, and make sure that my hands are on the man whenever possible.

I suppose I was doing a good job of flirting, because I always seemed to be surrounded by men (which I loved). Two or three times, when I turned to the left or right to face one of the group I was talking with, I bumped against a nice firm penis. I can't say for sure that it was firm because of me, but I certainly hoped that I at least helped. After a couple of hours, I saw Greg sitting in a chair across the room. He beckoned to me so I came over to his chair. He asked me if I was enjoying myself and I told him that I certainly was. He knew that meant that I liked the men at the party. We started to talk some more when someone at my side started talking to me. I turned to talk to him and then a couple of other men drifted into the group. We were all talking and flirting when I felt Greg's hand on my leg, under my skirt. I was a little embarrassed in case anyone saw what he was doing. But since my skirt was not very short, I thought that probably no one would notice. To be sure no one would notice, I edged closer to his chair.

This encouraged Greg, so he started slowly to move his hand further up my leg. This was very exciting to me, to be talking to three or four men while Greg was starting to play with me. It seemed like an eternity, though, before his hand got close to my pussy. By that time, I was very wet. And as I said, I wasn't wearing any knickers. Greg's fingers found my wetness and then started really playing with me. He slid, didn't even have to push, one finger inside me. My pussy practically swallowed his finger. Then he put another finger inside me, and my legs started to feel weak. I was trying to concentrate on what the men around me were saying, but it was very, very difficult to do. Greg didn't help at all, but rather started moving his fingers faster and faster inside me, as if he was trying, really trying, to make me have an orgasm in front of all these people.

Fortunately for me, he slowed down, but then he took both fingers out of my pussy. I started to panic because I didn't want him to stop. He didn't, though. He just moved his hand around to my bottom and then, before I could move or do anything, he spread his fingers across the cheeks of my bottom and pushed his middle finger all the way up! I almost jumped. Usually Greg has to be very slow and careful when he puts a finger there because I am so tight. But this time, his finger was so well lubricated with my pussy juices, it went all the way in without hurting at all.

Then he started moving it in and out, teasing me. He would pull it almost all the way out, then slide it back in again. Pretty soon he increased the tempo, until he was basically pushing it all the way in and then pulling it all the way out. My hips, all on their own, started moving to the rhythm of his hand. I only gradually became aware of what my body was doing, in public, and I tried to make it stop. I couldn't, but I did manage to shorten the amount of sway of my hips. Maybe, if I was lucky, not everybody in the room would be completely aware of what was happening to me.

Then Greg's finger came all the way out of my bottom and his hand moved back to my pussy. I stopped moving completely and stood stock still. Greg knows that I don't like him to put the same finger into my pussy once it has been in my bottom, but within a split second he had two, and then three fingers into my pussy, which was dripping wet. My hips started, once again, moving all on their own. I was still talking, or at least trying to, to the men around me, who must have been curious or amused at my discomfiture. Then all three fingers pushed as deep as they could go into my vagina, pulled back, then thrust home again. I knew that if this kept up much longer I would scream. The pleasure was so intense I could barely stand. I wanted so much for my orgasm to come, yet was so afraid that it would. The tension was incredible!

Just then, within seconds of reaching my orgasm, Greg walked up and asked me if I wanted another drink. I started to say yes, then realized Greg was standing next to me and offering me a drink while he was sitting down driving me wild with three fingers in my pussy. Because of my total excitement, it took a long time for it to sink in that these weren't Greg's fingers that were still moving more and more rapidly in my pussy. I looked down and saw that it was one of the men I had been flirting with earlier in the evening. My God! It was really a total stranger with three fingers in my pussy, one of which had just been deep inside my ass.

At least, the orgasm I had been about to have rapidly subsided. I moved towards Greg and felt the fingers try to keep me where I was. I moved more aggressively, and felt the fingers slide slowly out of me, trailing my juices all the way down my leg. I moved to Greg, and then turned to watch the stranger put all three fingers in his mouth and lick them while looking me right in the eye. I was so embarrassed, but so turned on. I wanted to make love, to be made love to, right on the spot.

I asked Greg if we could leave. He looked at me and asked if something was wrong. I said "No, but I want to rape you and I can't do it here." We had used a limo service so we both could drink at the party and fortunately, our driver was waiting outside, so we quickly climbed into the car. Before we were very far down the block, I had Greg's penis in my mouth while I was reclined on the back seat. Greg pulled my dress up to bare my bottom, and began caressing my ass and my pussy. He remarked on how wet both were. I took my mouth off his penis long enough to say, "Wait until I tell you what just happened." It didn't take long for Greg to cum. I used my hand to pump the last bits of semen from him, swallowed them, then sat up and changed positions.

I put Greg's (it really was Greg's this time) hand on my pussy, and encouraged one finger into my vagina.

Greg then caressed my clit and my vagina while I told him that when, standing at his chair, I turned to the left to respond to someone, I didn't realize that he had stood up and left. So when I felt a hand on my leg, I thought it was Greg's. When I edged closer to the chair, and the hand, it must have made the stranger think I was encouraging him. Which I was, though I thought it was Greg I was encouraging. When I felt the hand move to my pussy and start to play with me, I was certain it was Greg's. When my pussy became totally wet, I wanted Greg's fingers deeper inside me. And then they were. And to have my other hole played with in public almost drove me wild!

Greg said that perhaps he should spend more time putting his fingers into my pussy so that I would be certain to recognize when it was somebody else's fingers. I told him that would be fine with me. Then Greg helped me to have the orgasm I had been so close to having before. Our driver seemed startled, but it was heavenly to me.

Vicki Lynn's Tennis Adventures by Vickilynn Â©

I like to play tennis, even if I'm not very good at it. I don't like to wear tennis knickers, though, because they are not made out of silk or cotton, which are the two fabrics I like next to my skin. In addition to feeling good, cotton or silk knickers have a tendency to ride up during exercise, exposing more and more of the flesh of my bottom. So naturally I wear regular cotton or silk knickers, which I find exciting and which, when they realize what I am wearing, is exciting to at least the men and perhaps some of the women on the surrounding courts. The longer I play, the more of me there is exposed, and the more exciting it becomes for me. And my audience, I hope.

Once I was playing while on vacation at a Club Med in the Caribbean. Most times I wore regular knickers. One day, though, while taking a group lesson, I wore my bright orange thong bikini bathing suit bottom under my tennis skirt. I figured that people saw me in that on the beach and what difference should it make if it was on the tennis court as well. Of course, I knew that the reality was that a thong bikini would be much more interesting and exciting on the tennis court than on the beach. It did seem to interest the other tennis students quite a bit â€“ especially the men. And it excited me tremendously to know that they were all looking at my ass whenever my tennis skirt would fly up, as it frequently did. Another time, I wore a light purple thong bikini panty that seemed to excite quite a lot of attention from the people in the courts around me.

A day or so later, when my boyfriend Greg and I were playing, I was wearing regular cotton bikini knickers. The weather was particularly hot that day and sweat was streaming down my forehead. I didn't have a sweat band for my forehead and sweat kept getting into my eyes. Eventually I looked around at the mostly empty courts and saw that nobody was glancing my way, except Greg. I didn't think he would mind what I was about to do. I reached down, lifted my tennis skirt and took my knickers off. I then used them to wipe my brow, draped the knickers over the net post and continued to play.

I was wearing a short, flirty skirt, the sort that showed most of my knickers when I served or ran after the ball â€“ or would have if I had still been wearing any knickers. It was short enough that every time I had bent over to pick up a ball from the ground, almost all of my knickers had been exposed. Even though I was very excited at having taken my knickers off on the tennis court, I don't think I was quite ready for my bare bottom to be completely exposed. So at first both my tennis game and my ball retrieval was a little timid. I think I couldn't quite believe that I had actually taken my knickers off in public. While playing a game that would definitely expose me to anybody on the other courts. I was very excited, but also overwhelmed and a little scared.

Because of this, whenever I would pick up a ball, rather than bending from the waist as I would normally have done, I bent from my knees and stooped down â€“ much to the displeasure of my playing partner. After a little while, though, I began to stoop more rapidly, causing my skirt to flip up and expose my bare bottom, though only very briefly. Gradually, I became more self assured â€“ no one had come over to arrest me â€“ and I started playing with more exuberance, causing my skirt to flare up, exposing my ass more and more often. And, from time to time, the pubic hair of my pussy was briefly exposed as well.

Needless to say, my tennis game became worse and worse as my excitement grew. It took a while before people in the adjacent courts noticed what was going on, mostly because not too many people wanted to play when the weather was that hot. Eventually a couple of guys started playing in the court next to ours and a few more people started playing on the other surrounding courts. After a while, one of the guys in the next court glanced over just as I was bending over to pick up a tennis ball. I accidentally dropped it and had to pick it up again, providing an extended view of my naked ass. When I glanced over I saw that his eyes had become huge. I'm sure he couldn't trust that what he thought he had just seen was really a naked bottom. I watched as he missed both of his next two serves while spending most of his time looking over toward our court. The next time I had to pick up a ball I dropped it again, this time twice, and this time on purpose, before getting if firmly in my grasp and standing up. This gave him a really extended view of my ass cheeks and pubic hair.

He had a very visible reaction. Then, perhaps not wanting to give his opponent too much of an advantage since he knew his own game was going to be shot to hell, he called his friend up to the net and I think told him what he was missing. My partner and I hadn't been bothering to change courts after service breaks and these guys hadn't been, either. But now they started to with great regularity, which I think showed a real sense of fair play on their part. In the meantime, I seemed to have lost what remained of my inhibitions. When I would hit a good shot (and I kept hoping I would hit a lot of them) I would twirl completely around in pretended glee and happiness â€“ and, of course, showing my legs and my naked torso all the way up to my waist.

After a few minutes, people in some of the other courts also noticed and the entire standard of play at the courts seemed to drop. I noticed this with enjoyment. I was obviously turned on by the commotion I was creating. But I realized that people were getting mostly good views of my bottom but not of my pussy. So I started casually using the front of my tennis skirt to wipe off my racket handle. Sometimes I would be walking toward one of the adjacent courts while meandering back to the service line, sometimes toward the other. As I grew increasingly bold, I would raise my skirt higher and higher, and for longer and longer interludes, making a real production of wiping the sweat (whether real or non-existent) from the handle of my tennis racket.

I enjoyed it greatly, while of course pretending to have no idea what was causing all the disturbance on the surrounding courts. After an hour or so, I had become so excited that I beckoned Greg to come to the net. I walked up to the net and I said, "My thighs are all wet, and it isn't perspiration, Greg. Can we go back to the room quick?"

He said, "Of course, let's get out of here".

I glanced around and then said, "My forehead's all sweaty."

Then I lifted my tennis skirt all the way up to mop my face. I managed to turn completely around while doing this, as if I were looking for our tennis balls so we could put them back in the can. There were (I think this is true and not just my overheated memory) almost audible gasps from the surrounding courts. It was great fun for me. So much so that I have done it again on several occasions.

One of those occasions occurred when I was visiting my parents. They live in a condo in a gated community with tennis courts and a swimming pool. I was visiting them with Greg. It was a nice day and we decided to play tennis. I had on knickers when we started. As I said, I won't wear tennis knickers because I don't like the way they feel, so I was as usual wearing regular knickers. They kept creeping into my crack, though and didn't feel comfortable. I complained to Greg.

"Just take them off, Vicki Lynn," he said.

I had never done this at our condo before, only at places where we were on vacation.

"Do you think it'll be okay?" I asked.

"Sure, why not?" Greg said.

I immediately felt myself starting to get wet from the thought of playing with no knickers right there where someone we knew might see me. Greg pointed out that there wasn't anyone on the other courts and this would be a perfect time to take them off. So I bent down and peeled my knickers off. Then I draped them over the net post. I sort of wadded them up but Greg straightened them out so that anyone coming by could immediately see that there was a pair of knickers hanging on the net.

We resumed playing and continued to have the courts all to ourselves. I found that I was actually beginning to feel disappointed that there was no one there to see my naked ass. Then a couple, probably in their late twenties or early thirties came by. They looked at the courts and examined the swimming pool adjacent to the courts. From the way they were looking at things, they seemed to be thinking about whether they wanted to buy a unit. The woman had long blond hair and I could tell from Greg's face that he found her very attractive. The man was extremely handsome. He had a good build, maybe 6'2" with a dark full head of hair.

They stopped to watch us play and I decided to put on a little show. I put my racket down on the court with my back to the couple and bent over from the waist to retie my shoe laces, which didn't need tying. I could hear the woman telling her husband, "Did you see that?" and heard him pretending that he hadn't noticed.

She said something like, "Let's wait a bit and you'll see. She doesn't have any knickers on!"

Then he said, "Say, look over there on the net, isn't that a pair of knickers? You may be right."

Since I was paying attention to their conversation and not to my tennis, and I'm not really that good, anyway, I missed my shots and turned around to go pick up the balls. I made sure to bend over from my waist, not my knees, and spent a long time picking up each ball.

I could hear the wife say, "See, I told you, she doesn't have any knickers on."

And he said, "My God, you're right."

As I turned back around so I was facing the court, and them, a gust of wind lifted my tennis skirt (I always wear the kind that lift easily in the breeze) all the way up above my waist. Now there could be no doubt at all that I didn't have any knickers on. This time I could hear both of them gasp, but I still acted as if I was unconscious of the fact that they had just seen my pussy. They watched for several more minutes and I got lucky with the wind a few times. I also bent over to pick up balls on many occasions, giving them good views of my pussy and my bottom. Eventually I heard them say, regretfully, it sounded like, that they really ought to go but that this seemed like a very nice place to own a condo.

After they left a couple of men came and started playing on the court next to us. I didn't do any overt bending over, but of course the wind was still fairly strong and from time to time my skirt would fly up. They were pretty serious tennis players so they didn't notice anything at first. Eventually, though, I heard one of them saying something to the other, and after that they seemed to be spending as much time looking in my direction as in playing their game. It was great fun for me, and very exciting. After a while Greg and I decided it was time to go relieve our sexual tensions. I picked my knickers up off the net and we left. I think the men were disappointed.

Vicki Lynn's Evening at the Office by Vickilynn Â©

One evening in New York my boyfriend, Greg, and I had both worked fairly late, then went out to dinner at Il Nido, a very nice but over priced Italian restaurant. Both of us had a few drinks and a quantity of wine. We had left our briefcases at Greg's office so had to stop by there before taking the train back home. It was about ten at night, so there were not a lot of people around.

We were feeling somewhat amorous in the elevator going up to the 38th floor. We started kissing pretty passionately. I was wearing what Greg said was a very pretty dress and, as usual, not a whole lot in the way of underwear. While in the elevator going up to the office, I unzipped the back of my dress and pulled down the top, baring my breasts and my nipples. Greg seized upon the opportunity and began kissing and sucking on my nipples, which rapidly stiffened. We both knew that the elevators in my building have cameras in them, but Greg didn't seem to care, and I was only the more excited for knowing that somebody might be watching what we were doing.

All too soon we got to his floor and went to his office. Greg spent a few minutes getting some papers together while I enjoyed the view of Manhattan from his office. As I wasn't wearing any underwear, I thought it might be a good idea to illustrate that fact to Greg. I sat on the corner of his desk and pulled up my dress, baring my pussy. Greg stopped what he was doing and got down onto his knees with his face inches away from my pussy. He reached forward with his tongue and began to lick me. I slid my bottom closer to him and he took my clit into his mouth and sucked on it. He is really good at this and can always make me cum within minutes.

I did so, and in a few more minutes I did again. I wanted to make love with Greg on the couch in his office realized that if we didn't leave pretty soon, we would miss the last train back. We left his office and got on the elevator. It started on the way down, got past a few floors, and then stopped. I am convinced that the guys at the front desk had watched as we were going up to the office and wanted to see what might happen if the elevator stopped on the way back down. We pressed the alarm and a disembodied voice said they would try to fix the problem.

Knowing full well what I was doing, I started kissing Greg and massaging his cock. He responded in kind and within a minute or so, my dress was unzipped and fell to the floor, leaving me standing there with not a stitch on. His hands, and tongue, went all over my body. Ever the exhibitionist, I twisted and turned so that all parts of me would be facing toward the camera from time to time. I unzipped his pants and took out his more than willing prick. I wanted him to take his clothes completely off and be as naked as I was but he was too embarrassed to do so. We kissed, sucked and before too long his erect cock was inside me â€“ doing it standing up in front of a camera is not the easiest thing to do, but the excitement made it possible.

We continued making love for some while (all the wine made sure that this was not going to be a night when overly rapid gratification would occur). Eventually, a somewhat thickened voice came on the intercom and said "We've got the problem fixed. Are you ready to come down now?"

Greg responded, "Sure, just give us a minute or so."

We quickly got Greg zipped up and I put my dress back on, though I did it a lot more slowly than Greg zipped up. A couple of minutes later, the elevator started descending. When we got out, there were quite a lot of people around, all of whom applauded us. I glanced over at the monitors and saw that there were about six screens all showing our elevator. Although of course I was embarrassed, this was just what I had been hoping for. So I smiled and bowed in acknowledgement of the applause. Greg blushed and then followed suit (it must be so tough for him to be a conservative banker and be over sexed at the same time). I think most of the tapes from the elevators are overwritten the next day, but I suspect that this one may still be in existence somewhere (or maybe with lots of copies somewhere).

Then Greg and I walked down to Grand Central in a great state of excitement. My skirt wasn't particularly short, but it also wasn't desperately long and while we were walking I felt Greg's hand start pulling up my skirt, exposing my naked ass. Then his hand started caressing my naked bottom. There weren't a lot of people around, but there were a few guys, obviously tourists, who were following us. They whistled when Greg first lifted my skirt and they could see my ass, and whistled more when Greg's fingers disappeared into parts of me. We kept this up all the way to the station and the guys behind expressed their disappointment when we went into the station instead of continuing to walk down the street.

We got on the train, quite tired but excited, and started playing some more. Greg pulled up my dress, exposing my naked pussy, which he told me looked really pretty, and recommenced playing with it. After caressing and lightly pinching my clit, he put two fingers inside me. They were still inside me when both of us fell asleep just after the train left the terminal. We woke up when the train got to its last stop, a few stops past ours. The lights on the train were still on, my dress was still pulled up, my pussy was still exposed to everybody who happened to be on the train that night, and two of Greg's fingers were still inside me. The conductor had never waked us to ask for our tickets â€“ whether out of embarrassment or because he wanted to walk past a few more times I don't know. How many people walked by and looked at me sleeping and at my naked pussy with two fingers inside it I don't know either â€“ it wasn't a very crowded train but even so, there were probably a hundred or more people on board.

When we awakened and saw our state of clothing, I just laughed. I extricated Greg's fingers from my pussy, pulled my dress back down and we left the train. After a short wait we got a taxi back to our station and picked up Greg's car. By then, I had awakened a little and was turned on by thinking about the people who might have (must have?) seen my pussy while we were asleep. I was so excited that I took off my dress and was totally nude in the car as we got onto the highway. A few trucks started to pass and then slowed down. Greg was having a very difficult time driving because his eyes were on my pussy or my breasts when they ought to have been on the road. Eventually, we got to my condo place and the guard (it is one of those gated communities where not very bright guards are sometimes there to tell the bad guys where the best houses to rob are) came over to be sure we were residents. He looked inside the car, saw me in all of my nakedness, gulped a couple of times, tried to think of something to say so that we would have to stay there for a few more minutes and finally waved us through.

This could have been the last of our adventures for the night but I was so excited that I wasn't quite through yet. My mailbox is on a circular road that goes around the whole complex. It is just before a covered bridge adjacent to the cul de sac where my condo is. I asked Greg to stop and said, "Let me get the mail."

The car stopped at the mailbox and I got out of the car, still naked. I made a point of walking in front of the headlights over to the mailbox. Although it was late, a couple of cars came by from the opposite direction, slowed down, almost stopped, and then drove on. I had been moist before but now I became even wetter. I made a real production of getting the mail, opening the mail, all in the nude, and then sorting the mail. When I thought I really couldn't stall any longer, I finally walked, slowly, back in front of the headlights to the passenger side and got in.

We drove up to the house and I took as long as possible to find the house keys and enter the house with Greg. We then fell into each other's arms, laughed at considerable length and went upstairs to make love.

Vicki Lynn's Trip to Aruba by Vickilynn Â©

When I first met my boyfriend, Greg, I was at a spring ball at a local country club. It is a black tie affair and the women seem to compete with one another in terms of who can wear the lowest cut evening gowns. I went to the ball in a black backless evening dress. It didn't particularly accentuate my breasts but in the back it was cut to only a half-inch or so above the top of my ass. And, although it wasn't a low cut dress in the front, my naked back made it clear to everybody that I wasn't wearing a bra. And, to anyone who looked, and I hoped that a lot did, it was also clear that if I had on any knickers, which I didn't, they would have to have been very skimpy. My outfit caught Greg's attention in a major way. When the dancing began he immediately asked me to dance and we continued doing so for most of the evening. When he took me into his arms, he pulled me tightly against him, with his cock pressing against my pubes.

During all the slow dances he had an erection, which seemed to embarrass him, but I pretended not to notice as I exulted in the feeling of that wonderfully stiff member pushing against me and I pressed even more closely against him. Sometimes I moved my body so that my pussy was grinding against his cock. Every time I pressed against it, it seemed to get bigger. As we danced, his hand around my waist would slip downwards to rest upon the crack of my bottom, occasionally slipping beneath the thin material of my dress and onto my ass. And then, as the evening wore on, down further. The dance floor was always very crowded so he didn't worry much about people seeing what he was doing. Sometimes he was able to reach all the way down my crack and under my ass to find my pussy. When his hand came back up, it was moist on my back. It was so exciting because his fingers felt so good and because we were doing this in public. Wherever he put his hand, I never moved it away. I almost came, over and over again, right there on the dance floor. Eventually the band finished playing and we had to go home. He called me the next day and soon we started dating.

After a few months we decided to go on a brief vacation, our first one together, to Aruba. We had arranged to meet at the airport and take the American Airlines flight. We both arrived early. He had said it would be nice if I wore something interesting and I told him that I thought he would be happy with what I was going to wear. While we were standing in line to check in, I bent over to check that all our bags had identification tags on them. I was talking to Greg while I bent over, so I knew he was looking at me. When I leaned down, my button up the front, scoop necked mini shirtdress fell away from my body. As I knew he would, Greg looked down the front of my dress. I knew that he could see all the way down to my shoes. And that he could see that I wasn't wearing any underwear. No bra, no knickers, no nothing. Greg could also see that my nipples were erect because I was so excited knowing that he knew that I was naked under my dress.

The plane was less than half full but we were seated in the midst of several families with children. I looked back and saw that the rear rows were almost empty. If the flight was to be as interesting as I hoped it would be, we needed to be away from families, so I asked Greg if we could move closer to the rear to a row with no people in any of the surrounding rows. We quickly moved down to our new seats. I've always been a bit afraid of flying, or at least of takeoffs and landings, so we held hands tightly as the plane took off. Once in the air we talked some but kissed more. Within a few minutes I encouraged Greg to undo the top two buttons of my shirtdress and put his hand inside, playing with my breasts and touching my nipples as their firmness became even firmer.

After a short while the stewardess came by to ask if we wanted a drink. Greg hastily removed his hand from my breast and put it in his lap. Even though I am an exhibitionist, I began to turn red with embarrassment but the stewardess only smiled as she took our drink orders. As soon as she left we started kissing again. Greg kissed my lips, my ears and the side of my neck, which really turned me on. It seemed to take forever, but his hand eventually moved down to my legs and then to the lower buttons of my dress, which was fairly short, about eight inches above my knees. As I sat there, highly excited, he undid the bottom three buttons (leaving only two buttons not yet undone) and slid his hand in to play with my pussy. I was already somewhat moist and rapidly became more so. Just as he was inserting a finger into me, the stewardess came back with the drinks. Once again we quickly composed ourselves. This time, the stewardess didn't bother to avert her eyes and smiled even more deeply.

We put the drinks on an empty tray table next to us and between sips resumed our earlier activities. Very soon, thereafter, the chief steward, who I think had been tipped off by the stewardess that it might be worth his while to come by our row, came to ask if everything was all right and if we needed more drinks. The excitement of our activities seemed to have made both of us thirsty so we actually were just about ready for a second round. As the steward bent down to take our glasses he glanced down the front of my dress. He must have been able to see all of my breasts and my nipples because he almost knocked our glasses over trying to pick them up. After he left to get the new drinks, Greg put his hand back in my pussy and began massaging it again. Most of the time he played with my clit, but occasionally inserted a finger deeper inside me.

He had just inserted a second finger into my very wet pussy when the steward brought the next round of drinks. I looked down and saw that my dress was by now totally open below the waist and my pussy was completely exposed to view. Greg started to pull his hand away in order to let me rearrange my dress but I simply put my hand on his and smiled up at the steward. I thanked him for the drinks and told him that I thought we would probably be needing a lot more, if he had time to bring them. He stammered some kind of reply that he would be happy to make the time and then said not to worry, that the drinks were on the house even though we were in economy class.

After he left, I unzipped Greg's pants and took out his erect cock. "If we're going to show the steward such a good time, we ought to give equal treatment to the stews," I said.

Then I began slowly massaging his penis, stroking it enough to keep it very firm but making certain not to let him come. For the rest of the trip, either the steward or one of the stewardesses came by every few minutes or so to see if we needed anything. There must have been at least five different stewardesses on the flight and every single one of them stopped by at one time or another. (We were lucky that they were all young and none of them were prudish). Sometimes when one of them would stop by I would cover Greg's cock with my hand and arm, and sometimes not. I never covered myself so my pussy was bare most of the time and one or the other of my breasts was exposed some of the time. A few passengers walked past our row to get to the bathrooms. By the time they realized what they were seeing they were (almost always) already past us. On the way back, however, they walked much more slowly. Some stopped and stared at length, others took sideways glances, but all took as long as possible to walk past us. This made me very excited.

When the plane landed and we climbed down the ramp, several of the stews and the steward smiled at us and joined in thanking us for making the flight so pleasant. By the time we cleared customs, found a taxi and arrived at the Americana Hotel we were (still) in a state of considerable excitement. I began undoing the buttons on my dress as soon as we entered the elevator (we had buttoned up again at the end of the flight, not knowing how the Aruba customs officials would react if we did not, and not wishing to risk spoiling the vacation). It is probably a good thing that the room wasn't too far from the elevator or my dress would have been on the hallway floor before we got to the room. As it was, the bellboy's jaw dropped when he turned around after putting our bags on the luggage rack and saw that my dress was completely undone, my pussy totally exposed and my breasts mostly exposed. One erect nipple was in view, the other almost so. The bellboy then told us at much greater length than I expect he normally did about all the amenities of the hotel. He seemed very reluctant to accept the tip Greg was trying to give him and leave but, eventually, he did.

We leaped upon the bed and within seconds I had Greg's tongue inside me. He was just beginning to learn which positions I like best and where and how I really like to be touched. I gladly tutored him. To tell you the truth, I like almost all positions (at least all the ones I know how to do) but I especially like to be on top or to make love doggie style. And, of course, to have a tongue in my pussy and on my clit. After trying a few of the things I like, we both came. I think the plane ride had made Greg very excited because he spurted a lot more than usual. We rested for a few minutes, took quick showers and then put our swimsuits on so we could hit the beach.

Swimsuit might not be the right term in my case. I decided to wear a one piece, pink Danskin undergarment with spaghetti straps and no lining in the pubic region or any other areas. It was more or less transparent when completely dry and I could easily imagine what it would be like when wet. Greg did a double take when he looked at me in it. I asked him if he minded if I wore this because I didn't have any bikinis with me. He told me that he usually preferred bikinis to one-piece suits but that in this case he thought an exception could be made. Then he told me that if the suit looked the way he thought it would when it got wet that we had better plan for just a very short swim.

I draped a towel over my shoulder and headed out the door, followed by Greg. When I looked back I saw that he was watching my ass, which I took to be a good sign. We took the elevator down and walked through the lobby to the exit for the beach. Quite a few eyes turned in our direction, which made me very happy. We got to the beach, put our towels down and went into the water. Several men looked over at me. I think they couldn't really believe that a woman would actually wear what I was wearing into the water. And some women stared in disapproval of what they thought would be even more clearly evident in a moment or so after the suit became wet. Their fears and my hopes were instantly rewarded as it turned out that the suit was 100% completely transparent when wet. Greg, and everybody else, could see my breasts and nipples so clearly that it was almost as if I weren't wearing a suit. I followed one man's eyes and saw that every strand of my pubic hair was clearly exposed. Greg started getting an erection so he went into deeper water. I swam with him for a bit but I preferred being closer to the shore, so the water wouldn't cover my ass or my pussy. I did, however, duck into the water frequently to make sure that my non-suit suit would stay wet and exciting for Greg and all others who happened to glance in my direction â€“ and a lot did.

I thought briefly about allowing the suit to dry before we walked back through the lobby to the elevator. But I didn't think that would be exciting enough. So when I was ready to go, I ducked back under the water one last time, put my towel over my shoulders, making sure that it didn't cover my breasts, and then began walking back into the Americana. I was so excited I was wet from more than just the ocean. Everybody in the lobby turned to watch as we walked through. I don't think anybody saw my face as they were much too busy looking at my nipples, which were very erect, or my pussy. I think our procession through the lobby created lifetime memories for quite a few of the people there â€“ and certainly for me.

Vicki Lynn's Summer Job by Vickilynn Â©

Between my sophomore and junior years at university I got a summer job in a city within easy driving distance from my parents' home, where I was staying. The company I worked for hired college kids each summer to do the kinds of chores their regular employees didn't want to do, or which wouldn't have been cost effective for them to use their time doing. It wasn't a giant multinational company but did have about one hundred people working on a large floor of an office building. I was given a desk in a bull pen section with twenty-three other desks. Twelve of the desks faced in one direction, the other twelve faced towards the first twelve, spaced in four rows of three desks in each row for each section. Mine was in the front row of one of the groups of desks. Desks may be too grandiose a word. These were basically gray metal tables with a small drawer in the middle. There were no modesty panels, which meant that anybody looking could see my legs, and frequently more. Because of this, most of the other three girls perpetually wore slacks. I didn't.

As I like flashing so much, I usually wore short skirts and low cut or at most medium cut blouses. Since I was brand new and had no previous business experience, I needed a fair amount of guidance and direction. A lot of the men in the department took pity on my inexperience and came by my desk frequently to provide such assistance. Especially on days when I was wearing a low cut top. Whichever one of the men it was would stand over me looking down the front of my dress at my breasts while I pretended not to notice what he was doing. As soon as I realized how much the guys liked to do this, I began wearing more interesting bras, or sometimes no bra. And sometimes I would wear a demi-cup bra with my nipples exposed. Whenever one of the men would be staring down at my nipples they would become very erect. I really liked going to the office.

One of the more fun things was to have a man gazing at my erect nipples and trying to carry on some sort of pretend conversation while his cock was starting to make a bulge in his pants. I like erections and I especially like them when I am the cause of them. On the days when I didn't wear a bra, I would always have a lot of assistance being offered. My breasts are quite firm, but the jiggle is still noticeable when I walk. Most of the guys seemed to be looking at me when I came in each morning; I suppose to see how much help they ought to offer me that day.

For the first few weeks at the job, other than not objecting when men caught what they thought were their surreptitious glances at my breasts and nipples, I didn't do anything too overt. I am pretty sure, however, that on a few occasions when I was deeply involved in my work I simply forgot about my legs and they either fell open or didn't. On one occasion, after wrestling with a particularly thorny assignment about the number of Styrofoam coffee cups used each day, I finally looked up and noticed the man sitting at the desk nearest mine staring directly below my table and at my legs. Then I realized that I had pulled my legs up onto my chair and was leaning on one hip. Since I had a fairly short skirt on, the other hip was totally exposed. I had knickers on, but they were thong bikini knickers with the thong completely hidden in the crack of my ass. I'm sure he thought I wasn't wearing anything under my skirt. He glanced up and saw me looking at him and turned bright red. I just smiled and put my head back down over my work, leaving my legs exactly as they were.

That seemed to break the ice for me. After that, I started more consciously moving my legs apart while at my desk. Sometimes I did it while talking directly to one or more of the men, so I knew they had to be looking in my direction. I wore knickers every day, although they were usually thongs. Then I wore a pair of totally transparent knickers. I didn't usually shave my pussy then, and although I am a natural blonde, I have fairly dark blonde pubic hair, so I knew they could all see my pussy hair. I got a lot of interest from the men that day, and I loved all the attention my pussy was getting. Of course, I still pretended that I had no idea that anybody could see anything.

On many occasions when I would receive a telephone call, usually from a co-worker, I would tilt my chair and lean back while talking on the phone. I always crossed one leg under my bottom as that was a comfortable position for me. I also knew that it would hike my skirt up and my knickers would be in view of anyone who was passing my desk. On one of those times I glanced down after having been on the phone for fifteen or twenty minutes during which there had been a lot of traffic around my desk, and saw that not only were my knickers completely exposed, but several inches of my bare skin above my knickers was also out in the open. I was thrilled.

Eventually, on my last day before returning to university, I built up my courage to come in without any knickers on at all. At first I thought I would wear my knickers to the office and then take them off. But I was afraid I would chicken out, so I left the knickers at home to make sure I couldn't change my mind. I was almost trembling while driving to work I was so excited thinking about the reaction I would get when they realized they were looking at my naked pussy. I wore a light colored skirt to make it easier for them to see my legs, and the contrast of my pubic hair.

I got to the office before any of the men did that day and so I practiced sitting to see how high up my skirt would ride. It turned out to hike up a lot higher than I had realized at home. It barely covered my thighs when I was sitting normally, and rode almost halfway up my thighs when I slid down in my seat. I was getting pretty nervous, afraid I had gone too far, but since I hadn't brought any knickers with me, I couldn't back out short of simply going home (or out to a store in a couple of hours when they would open to buy new knickers). While I was worrying, the first of the men came in and took his seat. I smiled at him and said good morning, then turned back to my work. He was sitting at the furthest desk away in the fourth row of that group of desks, but I still heard an audible gasp. I looked up and saw him looking under my table. My legs weren't very far apart, but they must have been far enough for him to have seen that I didn't have any knickers on. I pretended ignorance (of course) as to the cause of his discomfiture and asked if he was all right. He said he was, and then said, "You look very pretty today, Vicki Lynn".

He had never complimented me on my looks before, so I knew just which part of me he thought was pretty, but of course I didn't mind. I just said thank you and went back to my work.

Pretty soon the others came in and sat down and then glanced up at me before glancing back down at my legs -- well, really, at my pussy. I could feel my nipples hardening and hoped they didn't show too much. I hadn't really thought about that or I might have worn a different blouse. I had on a white one, not at all transparent but I suppose rather opaque. I could feel my nipples pushing through the thin bra I was wearing. When I glanced down I could see that they were very visible, very dark even though they are pink, and very pointed. Since I couldn't do anything about it, I simply ignored them, figuring this would make my audience have to make decisions -- to look at my naked pussy or my nearly naked nipples.

It hadn't taken the other guys long to notice that I wasn't wearing any knickers. And the three guys in the closest desks had a really good view. I pretended to be reading some memos when they came in and took their seats, but I was really watching their eyes - not at the same time, the one in the left desk came in a few minutes before the others did. His eyes widened a lot when he realized what he was looking at. He quickly looked up at my eyes to see if I was looking at him, but he saw me reading the memo. He moved his eyes back down to my pussy. Which I made more accessible by opening my legs a little wider and turning my ankles as if trying to ease a little pain in my feet.

After a few minutes, another one with a front row desk came in and was even more blatant in staring directly at my pussy. He didn't even bother to check whether I was watching him, but rather stared openly below the table. I waited two minutes and then looked up and asked him if he could help me with something. He turned beet red and said of course, but could he just finish up something first. I said it would only take a minute and if he didn't mind I'd like his help right away so I could get on with my assignment which I needed to complete before the end of the day. With obvious reluctance he stood up and I could see a really impressive erection bulging from his light khaki pants. I looked straight at his erection and didn't avert my eyes until he was all the way up to my desk. Then I finally looked up at his eyes, which were now focusing on my nipples. They had a mind of their own and were very, very erect.

I was dying to reach my hand out and stroke his thick cock, but I knew I couldn't do that. What I did do was to push my chair back from my desk. Then I asked him if he could take a seat in the chair on the side of my desk and I swiveled my chair in that direction. He sat down and was now only about three feet away from me. I glanced down very quickly and saw that my skirt had risen so high that not only was my pussy totally open to his gaze, but three or four inches of my tummy above my pussy were equally exposed. I tugged at my skirt, as if I were being modest, but actually only pulled it down to just above the top of my pubic hair, which I could feel with my hand as I did so. I would have loved to put my fingers into my pussy, but I very reluctantly kept myself from doing so. Then I talked to him about the assignment I was working on, which I hoped didn't sound as silly to him as it did to me.

From time to time while we were talking I looked out at the other men, half of whom still had a very good view. As I did so, I noticed those who didn't have a good view got up and went over to pretend to talk about business with their colleagues who did have a good line of vision. My turning away gave the guy at my desk, Jim something, an opportunity to look directly at my pussy, which now had beads of moisture covering it, without having to worry about me seeing him. I had some printouts in my hand that I pretended to study so that Jim would have more chances to look at me. His erection, which had gone down a little when he got to my desk, now seemed to have returned to full strength and I glanced at it, wistfully, several times.

After I had talked to Jim as long as I thought I could without being totally obvious (pretty obvious, of course, but maybe not totally obvious) I finished up and he went back to his desk. I know he was a little embarrassed because the other men could see that he had an erection, but perhaps most of them did also. At least, I hoped they did. I went back to my work, but made sure that I crossed and uncrossed my legs a lot. At one stage I tucked my left leg under my right one. This raised my hip a bit and gave a view of part of my ass as well as my pussy. From time to time I would reach my hand down and scratch my thigh. I didn't bring it all the way to my pussy, though I really wanted to do so, but I knew that would be going too far. I had to keep up the pretence, even if it wasn't a very convincing pretence, of not realizing that I was exposed to all of them.

The time really flew by during the day. At lunch, none of the men wanted to get up and leave, so finally I did, and after that they all did as well. I went out for lunch with a girlfriend to a restaurant nearby. The waiter there got a couple of really good looks at my pussy, but as there was a long tablecloth, none of the other diners did. I should have chosen a different restaurant, but I was so excited by what I had been doing all morning that I was almost wobbly, and not able to think very well.

I went to the ladies room after lunch and masturbated furiously and very successfully. I almost screamed out, it was feeling so good, but just before I climaxed I heard several women come into the room. I couldn't keep from coming, but I was able to keep from screaming. Though just barely. When I got back to the office none of the men had returned from lunch. So this time I did let my hand stray to my pussy. I was still playing with myself when a couple of the guys strolled back in. By the way they stopped and stared at me, I think they could tell what I was doing. I had, but just barely, the presence of mind not to jerk my hand away, but rather pushed my finger deep into me and then very casually moved my hand up to my lap. Then I moved it up to my face to rearrange my hair, which allowed me to smell my pussy. I love its aroma.

The rest of the day became a blur. Several times one or another of the guys would come up and ask if he could talk to me about a problem he pretended to want to discuss with me. I always, as they hoped I would, invited them to sit and discuss the issue. Then I would cross and uncross and recross my legs repeatedly. I always made a pretence of tugging my skirt down, but made sure never to actually completely cover my pussy. I remained wet the entire day. I noticed that my guys had a lot more of their friends coming by to talk to them than they normally did, so I know they had spread the word that there was something they might want to take a look at.

Late in the afternoon I had stood up from my desk to go to the ladies room again. I was standing for maybe half a minute before I realized that my skirt hadn't fallen back down and my pussy was completely exposed to all the men in the room. I pushed it back down, though I toyed very briefly with the idea of just walking to the ladies room and letting it fall back into place whenever it would. Almost as soon as I had pushed it down, I wished I hadn't. But I figured I would have more chances. Just as I walked in front of my desk my phone rang. I started to walk back around my desk to pick it up but then, I don't know why, I just leaned over the desk, which was quite wide, and picked up my phone.

This caused me to lean over at the waist. I could feel my skirt rising as I bent over, and by the time I picked up the phone, I knew that at least half of my ass was exposed. This made me even more excited, so I leaned on one arm on the desk while talking to one of my girl friends who had called. From time to time I shifted my weight from one leg to the other, which caused more of one hip or the other to be exposed. When I finally finished the phone call and stood up and turned around, there were more than a dozen men standing around, all of whom had seen my ass and, I'm pretty sure because of the angle, my pussy lips. I pretended to be totally unaware, of course, and walked, almost ran, to the ladies room. This time there wasn't anyone else there and I came three times before going back to my desk.

As I got close to my desk the phone started ringing. I thought it might be a set up, but didn't mind, so I leaned over the desk again, this time pushing my ass way up to be sure that my pussy lips would be well exposed, and answered the phone. It was a man from a nearby department. He didn't need anything very important, but seemed very anxious to keep me on the phone. One of my guys must have called him, as soon as he saw me walking back from the ladies room, to put him up to making the call. I bet some money changed hands that night.

When the phone call finished, there were again a lot of guys from other departments talking to my guys. I ignored them and walked around and sat down, with my legs demurely close together. I kept them together for all of a minute or so until the men who weren't in my department had left. Then I spread my legs fairlywide and started doing some spreadsheet work on my computer. From time to time I moved my fingers down to scratch my upper thigh, and I could almost hear a collective intake of breath. It was very, very exciting for me. I worked well past normal closing time and noticed that not one of my guys left before me. As a reward for their having provided me with such a good audience for my flashing throughout the summer, when I stood up to go, I didn't smooth my skirt down although I could feel that it had caught again and that my pussy was totally naked for all of the guys to see. Just in case any of them were actually working, I called out to the group to say good night and good bye to everybody. They all stared, not believing that they could get that good a view of my pussy, and even a couple of inches of skin above my pussy. Finally one of them, who was probably hated forever after that by his co-workers, pointed down at my crotch and said, "Vicki Lynn, your skirt."

I looked down and pretended to be totally unaware that my pussy was exposed. I pushed my skirt down and said, "Thanks, I hope nothing was showing."

"Oh no, not at all," they all chorused. So I said good bye to them all and left.

It was a wonderful last day at the office for me.

Carolyn's Shoe Salesman Adventure by Vickilynn ©

The following story is from my friend, Carolyn, who asked if I would help her a little with it.

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As you can see from the title, my name is Carolyn. Vicki Lynn, whom some of you know, is my friend. I told her about an experience I had last year in a shoe store and she suggested that I put it down on paper and submit it to Literotica. A little about myself: I am 5'6" with shoulder length dark hair and what some people have described as sultry eyes. I have a slender build although my breasts are quite full. My measurements, for those who are interested, are 35 – 23 – 35. I almost never wear knickers and I do wear a lot of short skirts and dresses – never slacks or jeans. I don't like bras and I never wear them. I enjoy the freedom and I like the feel of my breasts swaying when I walk. One more thing, I don't shave my pussy. At all. I have quite a lot of dark, thick pubic hair. I like it to be bushy. It feels good to me and I'm never going to shave it.

Now back to my story. I needed some new shoes and decided to go to the Payless Shoe Source in a mall not too far from where I live. I was wearing a white, short sleeve blouse and a fairly short dark blue jeans skirt. And of course, no knickers. Although Payless is a self service store, they do have salespeople available and I definitely wanted one. I picked out a pair of low heeled black pumps and took them over to an available chair to try them on. Before I could take my own shoes off a salesman appeared. He was about six feet tall, quite young, maybe 20, and very handsome with just a trace of baby fat in his face.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes, please. I'd like to try on these shoes and similar ones in red if you have them."

"I'm sure we do. Let's just see how these fit first to be sure you have the right size for this brand. They all differ slightly, as you know."

He knelt down in front of me and lifted my right leg slightly. He slid the shoe on and I could tell immediately that it wasn't going to be a good shoe for me as it didn't have enough arch support. But I let him strap it up anyway and then I stood up to test it.

"No, this one isn't right. I need more arch support than this. But I like the style. Could you show me some others more or less like these?"

"Of course. The size is okay?"

"Yes, it's fine."

"Okay, then I'll be right back."

I sat back down and he undid the strap and took the shoe off. My knees had been pressed together and he had been all business, not even glancing up to see if there might have been something to see. I was a little disappointed. He came back after a few minutes with several boxes of shoes in his arms. The first pair he showed me was red and they looked quite pretty to me. I spread my legs just a little as he lifted my foot to help me on with the shoe. His eyes flickered upward towards my knees, but only briefly. The shoe felt quite nice so I asked to put the other one on me as well. As he lifted my leg I raised it a little higher. His eyes again flickered upwards and this time remained there for a bit longer. He seemed to be squinting as if to get a better view. I smiled to myself and thought that this might turn out to be interesting for me after all.

I got up and walked around in the shoes. I find it so difficult in most shoe stores to get a really good idea of whether the shoes will feel right when I am outside walking on sidewalks. So many of them are carpeted and then almost all shoes feel pretty good. This store was mostly carpeted but did have some tiled areas where I did most of my testing. They still felt good and I thought they might be keepers. I went back to the chair, sat down, and said, "These feel okay. Let's keep these here while I try on the others."

He lifted my leg again and this time immediately tried to look between my legs. They were still pretty close, together, though, and I don't think he could see anything of interest. Just yet. He took off the other shoe but was again disappointed. I knew that I was going to give him a better view but I was in no hurry. I was enjoying watching his suspense. He showed me a pair of black shoes next. I didn't like them as much as I had the red shoes but I did try them on, parting my legs a little bit more than I had before. This time he could see my upper thighs and this seemed to be enough to make him excited as I could see a noticeable bulge forming in his slacks. I enjoyed looking at it.

The next pair of shoes, also black, looked very pretty and I hoped that they would fit well. This time as he lifted my leg I relaxed my other leg and let it slip several inches away. Now I was certain that he would be able to see my naked, hairy pussy. I was right. He glanced up and his eyes immediately widened perceptibly. His mouth fell open and I finally understood what the expression "slack-jawed" meant. He held my leg up for several minutes before he realized what he was doing. He quickly averted his eyes and put the shoe on me. When he lifted my other leg I made certain that he could again see the hair covering my pussy. Actually, a bit more of it as I opened my legs a little wider. I looked down at his trousers and saw that his erection was full blown now and very impressive. I decided that I wanted it inside me. Right then and there, not that evening or the next day.

I tried on three more pairs of shoes, making sure that he could see my furry pussy each time. The store was pretty crowded and there were quite a few men and women walking around looking for shoes. One man in particular had been standing in the same spot since I tried on the first pair of black shoes. He was pretending to be looking at women's shoes but kept casting surreptitious glances toward my legs. I hoped he was getting a good look. One woman, when she was walking by, had glanced over just as the salesman had been lifting my leg. She glanced over, saw that she could see between my legs and that I didn't have any knickers on and she could see my thick, luxuriant pubic hair. She gasped a little, then frowned and hurried on. Another woman though, when she saw the same sight, smiled and lingered for a few minutes before moving on. I like women as much as I do men, so this was quite exciting for me.

My salesman left to find some more shoes for me to try on as I had requested him to do. When he did so I lifted my right leg high and placed my ankle over my left knee so that I could put on the red shoes again. As I did so, I moved a little bit towards the man who was still standing in his same spot and was continuing to spend most of his time trying to look between my legs. With my right leg in this position I knew that he could see all of my pussy. Not just the thick, dark hair but my pussy lips as well. I looked down at his crotch and saw that he, too, had quite a nice erection. He was wearing khaki pants and must have had on boxer shorts as his erection was very clearly evident beneath his khakis.

By now the moisture caused by my excitement was dripping through the hair covering my pussy and onto my legs and I'm sure he could see that, too, as could the men and women shoppers passing by. And, when he returned, so could my salesman, whose erection had gone down some while he was away. But after seeing the position my legs were in it rapidly regained its former strength. I wondered if he would make any comments but he seemed to be so transfixed that he barely mumbled anything. I knew that if anything was going to happen, I would have to take matters into my own hands. I quickly tried on the new shoes he had brought but didn't like any of them. Then I stood up.

"Don't you have any more in the stock room?"

"Well, sure we do. I can go get some for you."

"Why don't I come with you? That would save you some time as I can look at the shoes and decide whether I want to try them on or not."

"I don't think customers are allowed in the stock room," he muttered somewhat nervously.

"I was only trying to save you some time so you can help other customers. Surely your boss couldn't object to that."

"I suppose not. Come on."

I followed him into the stock room. As soon as we were inside I put my arms around his hips and felt his cock. It wasn't particularly large but it was quite hard. I quickly moved my hands up and down on it. He stopped walking immediately and let me caress his erection for several minutes. Then he turned around and said, "Maybe we should move a little further away from the door."

I thought that was a good idea so we walked to one of the shelves near the back. There were other salesmen and saleswomen in the stock room getting shoes for their customers to try on but none of them paid any attention to us. Maybe they worked on commissions. I leaned up against a wall and lifted my skirt, baring my naked, bushy pussy, which was by now very moist and warm. He moved his hand tentatively toward me and I pulled it onto my pubic hair. His fingers ran through my thick pubic hair. He mumbled that it felt really nice and then thrust his fingers upwards into my vagina. I don't think he was very experienced but I was so excited it didn't really matter to me. I reached down and unzipped his trousers. He had jockey shorts on which I tugged at for a bit until I could free his cock from them. I was a little surprised that he wasn't circumcised as most of the men I have known have been. His cock felt nice in my grasp but I wanted it inside me. I put my arms around his waist and drew him towards me. He fumbled for several minutes trying to get it in but he couldn't find the aperture. Finally he asked me to help him. I took his cock in my hand and put it into the right place and pulled him up and into me. I let go and he thrust his hips forward to push it deeper into me, which I greatly enjoyed

I could hear the other salespeople moving about but none of them needed any of the shoes near us. I began moving my hips back and forth in time with his thrusts. I knew he was young and suspected I wouldn't have much time but it turned out that he had much better staying power than I had expected. It was almost fifteen minutes before I came and clung to him for a bit. I had barely managed not to cry out but I hadn't. Then I encouraged him to resume moving and I started thrusting my hips again. I came one more time and then he did as well, more than twenty minutes after he had put his erection inside me. His cock receded in size almost instantly and slid out of me in no time at all. He quickly zipped up and I dropped my skirt. I told him I thought I would take the two pairs of shoes that I had set aside and wouldn't need to look at any more shoes that day. He just nodded goodbye and I left the stock room. A couple of the salespeople gave me questioning glances but nobody said anything. I paid for the shoes and left. I could feel his cum oozing out of me and down my legs all the way home where I took a shower and cleaned up. I really liked the shoes.

Vicki Lynn in St. Lucia by Vickilynn Â©

I want to tell you about the vacation I took with Greg to an all-inclusive club in St. Lucia. The airport is very close to the club so there is only a short bus ride from the airport. On the bus we were given a card with some do's and more don'ts. One of the don'ts was that women were "kindly requested" not to sunbathe topless. When Greg read that, his shoulders sagged. He had been to Club Meds and similar clubs before and I know he is very visually oriented. He really likes to look at naked women. I think most men do. Within a couple of hours, after we checked in to our room, changed and hit the beach, we discovered that quite a few women paid no attention to the "request". Greg became happy again, and so did I. I don't remember why not, but I hadn't brought any bikinis so I had to wear a one piece suit. It didn't take long, however, before I rolled down the top to get some sun on my breasts and let me feel the ocean breeze playing with my nipples. After a little while of me enjoying being topless, and Greg assuring me that he was enjoying it even more, we asked a nice, somewhat bald man to take a picture of the two of us. He seemed happy to do so though his wife didn't seem to be so pleased

The next day, I didn't want to wear a one piece and since I still hadn't bought a bikini, I decided to wear my Calvin Klein blue bikini knickers. I figured they would cover as much as a bikini bottom would, so why not? Greg told me that everybody would be able to see that it wasn't a bathing suit bottom but I just said "Does that really bother you? Who is going to care? And if it makes somebody excited, all the better."

He thought about it for a moment or so and then said "Why not?"

I put on a tee shirt over my bare breasts and we went off to the ocean. I quickly took off the tee shirt and we took a long stroll on the beach â€“ one of our favorite things to do. I think from their stares that quite a few people could tell that I wasn't really wearing a bathing suit, but nobody said anything to us.

The next day, I felt a little more daring. This time, I didn't put a tee shirt on but rather walked out of the room with only my Calvin Klein's on. I had a towel, but didn't drape it over my shoulders. I wanted my breasts to be totally bare. Several people in the hallway saw us and at least one, a woman, gasped, but her boyfriend or husband didn't seem to mind at all. We walked down the beach for a bit and got to a section that, at least at that moment, didn't have any people on it. I stopped, pulled off my knickers, put them and my towel down, and ran into the water. Greg took off his trunks and followed me in. The water was warm and felt delicious on my pussy. Greg immediately got an erection and I enjoyed seeing how much larger I could make it grow. A few people walked past on the beach and each time someone passed we would hope that the wave would be going out so the person could see we were nude. We got lucky several times.

Eventually we came back out of the water after enjoying playing with each other and Greg took a few photographs of me. It was just about noon. That was good for us because the food at the club was so good that everybody left the beach and went in to lunch. Except us. We were having such a good time being naked on the beach and taking pictures that we soon started being very romantic. We lay down on the sand, with our toes and lower legs in the water and started kissing. Greg was kissing my nipples and moving his fingers lightly over my pussy. It didn't take long before I took his hand and pushed it more firmly on my pussy and guided first one finger, and then two, inside of me. At first Greg kept looking in either direction to see if anybody was walking up the beach, but pretty soon he concentrated on me. I loved it. His cock was so hard, it was almost twitching. I stroked it very lightly, and then more firmly, but I had to be careful because I knew how excited he already was at making love on the beach at noon time, and I wanted him to come inside me, not in my hand. (Sometimes in my hand so I could watch as his semen spurted, but not this time).

Before too long he was inside me, moving slowly and almost pulling his penis all the way out before pushing it back down again. God, it felt so good! He kept moving for a very long time and it just kept feeling better and better. Just when I was getting close to having an orgasm, we both saw a couple coming towards us on the beach. Greg said "Do you want me to hurry up... or slow down?"

"Slow down, lets make it exciting for them, too." So he did, and kept moving while the people came closer and closer. I was making more and more noise. I couldn't help myself, Greg was feeling so good inside me and I was so excited knowing these people were watching us making love. Finally, when they were between ten and twenty feet away, we both came and just collapsed. I guess we were lucky that it was a young, open minded couple. The guy seemed to be slowing down a lot while his girl friend was pulling him forward, but at least they smiled and waved as they walked on down the beach. I think if there had been more film in the camera, my Greg would have asked them to take some pictures of us.

With each passing day Greg and I left more and more of our inhibitions behind. You might not think we had a lot to begin with, but you don't know how terrified I was at each step of the way. I love being exposed in public but I am always frightened, both thinking about what I am about to be doing and then when I am actually doing it. Of course, I'm pretty sure that makes it even more exciting for me. On I think the third or maybe the fourth day, we were sitting just off the beach under some palm trees that provided great shade but still allowed the sun to come in.

By now I was pretty much always topless and mostly wearing just my knickers. I deliberately hadn't bought any bikinis so that I would have an excuse to wear my Calvin Klein's on the beach. There were quite a few other people around, but I don't think they were paying much attention to the fact that I didn't actually have a bathing suit on. Maybe they had got used to it by now. While we were relaxing under the palms, I started putting some suntan lotion on my breasts. Greg said, "Let me do that for you." I gave him the lotion and he started rubbing it in to my shoulders, then my chest, then my breasts and then, ever so slowly, my nipples. By now, several other people were looking at us but we pretended not to see them. Greg kept massaging and massaging, occasionally putting more lotion on his hands as if he were actually trying to put the lotion on me. My nipples became very firm, and I'm sure everybody could see how hard they were â€“ it just felt so good to me, especially knowing they were all watching.

When we felt too excited to keep sitting there, we walked down to a different stretch of beach. There were some sand dunes just off the beach. Greg and I looked at each other and decided to go explore them. It seemed pretty deserted so we took off my knickers and his swimsuit and started making love. When we did it on the beach before I was on the bottom, but this time I wanted to be on top. Greg didn't need to engage in a lot of foreplay because I was already so wet. And he had had an erection, pretty noticeable, too, since he began putting the lotion on my breasts. As I was already quite moist, I slid my pussy down on his cock. Just a little at first, then, as slowly as I could manage, a bit more and a bit more until finally all of his cock was inside me. It took quite a while because Greg has a pretty generously sized cock. I've never measured it but I do know that when his balls are positioned just below my pussy his cock comes up to several inches above my navel. Though only when he is erect, of course.

Then I started riding him for all I was worth. It was heaven! Such a great feeling to be out in the open, the sun shining down on us, and knowing that at any moment someone might decide to investigate the dunes just as we were doing. I found a good angle so my clit was rubbing terrifically well against Greg's penis. We were really going at it when suddenly we heard the sound of what turned out to be one of the club's tour buses. It happened that the dunes were pretty isolated from the beach, but the road from the club was only fifteen or twenty feet away behind some very small but quite thick bushes. Everybody on the left hand side of the bus had a perfect view of us. They broke into clapping and whistling but we were so far into our love making that we didn't have time to become embarrassed until afterwards. (We did receive a few funny looks from women that night. I think they were trying to be sure it was really us they had seen. It was difficult for them to sure, though, because I don't think they were concentrating on our faces when the bus went by).

After making love, we ran through the bushes and down to the water. Just as we came through the bushes we almost ran into a group of about four couples walking down the beach. They stood and gaped at us. Greg's erection hadn't completely subsided so the women had a good focal point for their attention. The men alternated between looking at my breasts or my pussy. It made me so excited I wanted to make love again right there and then. But instead we ran on down to the water and splashed about in the ocean for a while. Several more people walked past and all of them stared at us. I loved it. We sat on the beach naked for a while and it was fun to watch guys walking towards us, slowing down more and more as they realized we were naked. Several of them actually stopped and sat down on the beach near enough so they could look at me. One came over and started talking to us. He asked us if we weren't worried about the police seeing us. I said that just made it more exciting, though in fact I was petrified at the thought of the police coming by. A half hour or so later, Greg put his trunks back on and I put my knickers on and we began to walk back to the club. We had gone only a few steps before we saw a police patrol car slowly going by. We wondered whether one of the persons who had seen us had reported there being a naked couple on the beach. But we never found out if that was actually the case or if it was just a routine patrol.

That evening, after we had eaten and gone dancing, we walked slowly back to our building. The club had lights for the sidewalks and the moon was quite bright, but one of the grassy areas had a large and very tall coconut palm which provided some darkness. I tugged Greg's hand and led him over to the shadows provided by the palm tree. As soon as we were in the darkness I pulled my dress off. And, as usual, I didn't have anything on under it. Greg got the hint and took his clothes off as well. We kissed and caressed for almost an hour during which we could see various people walking past on the sidewalk. We weren't sure whether any of them saw us although several seemed to walk extremely slowly while looking in our direction. On two occasions the man in a couple would begin to walk across the grass towards us to investigate but both times the female would pull him back to the sidewalk and they continued on. Finally I was too excited to wait any longer and I pulled Greg's delicious cock into my moist pussy. He was pumping furiously into me when all of a sudden there was a loud thud as a coconut crashed down from the tree and missed us by only a foot. We quickly decided we had better continue our love making in our room.

The next day, we went back to the dunes. This time, as soon as we got past the main grounds of the club, I tugged my knickers off and walked naked on the beach for the half mile or so to the dunes. Several people walked past in the opposite direction and each one seemed stunned to see a naked woman on the beach. The more people who saw me, the more excited I became. Finally we got to the dunes. The day before Greg had left his watch there. It was one of those ten dollar fake Rolexes purchase from a street vendor that he had accidentally worn into the water and it had immediately stopped working. Now the watch wasn't there, so we knew that at least some other people came to the dunes. And that meant that somebody could come upon us as we were making love. This made me even more excited. I quickly pulled Greg's trunks down and he stepped out of them as I caressed and kissed his already firm cock. Within a few minutes he was inside me and we made love for a second time on the dunes. It felt wonderful to make love again in the open where someone might come at any moment but unfortunately our timing wasn't right and the bus didn't go by. After we had both orgasmed, we walked, still naked, to the ocean. This time, we got as lucky as on the day before. There were several people strolling by. Some seemed pretty shocked, several seemed very excited, as were we. This time we had the camera with us. I wondered if we could get somebody to take a picture of us making love, but Greg said he needed more time before doing it again. Though he did take a few pictures of me reclining in the water.

After dinner that night, Greg and I walked over to the area of the beach near to the dining room. We found a beach chair, the kind that opens out so you can lie down on it. As usual, I wasn't wearing any underclothing so I took off my dress and put it down on the beach chair. Greg undressed as well. By the time he had his pants off he had a very large erection. It took him only a minute or two before he climbed on to the beach chair and had his erection inside me. My heart was beating pretty fast because there was a very bright moon again that night and we could be quite easily seen by anybody walking nearby, including the police we now knew that the club used to patrol the place. The thrill of the danger made me very, very wet and easy for my Greg to enter. Greg was excited too, for the same reasons as I. We heard several people walk past on the sidewalk near the beach, but we don't think they saw us â€“ at least they didn't come over to investigate. The love making was great, but more because of the excitement caused by the possibility that we might get caught than because of the comfort, or rather lack of it, of the beach chair. Greg's knees and my elbows kept falling through the plastic things which made it difficult to maintain any kind of rhythm.

In spite of the difficulties of the lounge chair, we both managed to come. After holding me for a few minutes, Greg put his clothes back on and handed me my dress. By now I was feeling really excited, however, so I gave it back to him, took his hand and started walking back up the beach to the sidewalk leading to our building and our third floor room. We got to the sidewalk and found it empty â€“ damn! --, but at least it was well lit so if anybody should come by they would have a very good view of me. I walked as slowly as I could, hoping that we would be discovered by somebody.... anybody. I thought I saw two people standing on the third floor stairwell of our building. I hoped that they were coming downstairs and not going back to their room. So I walked even more slowly to give them time to get down the stairs.

Just as we got to our building a young couple, I think the ones I had seen on the landing, stepped out of the shadows. I'm sure they had been standing and watching us walk all the way up the long, well lit sidewalk. Greg tried to hand me my dress but I wouldn't take it. We talked with the couple for a few minutes as my nipples hardened and Greg regained his earlier erection. The man couldn't keep his eyes off my pussy, much to my delight. The woman spent more time looking at my breasts and my nipples, and I found that exciting, too. After five minutes or so of conversation, during which no one else happened by, the wife dragged her protesting husband away. He turned his head back several times for "one last look" and I waved to him each time he did. Then we walked up the three flights of stairs to our floor hoping that someone else would come by but we had no luck. When we got to the room, we were feeling pretty amorous and began making love again, this time in rather greater comfort than had been the case in the lounge chair.

This was our last full day at the club. The next morning we went to the beach one last time. I again wore my Calvin Klein's as I had most of the week. All too soon it was time to go. We walked back to the assembly area where most of the others had been standing around fully dressed for some time waiting for the bus to the airport. As they all stared I dried off with my towel, tugged my dress over my head and then removed my wet knickers. A couple of minutes later the bus pulled up and we had to leave, but only after generating some lovely memories.

Vicki Lynn's Squash Adventure by Vickilynn Â©

I had a fun time recently. My BF and I decided to go play squash at a squash court a few towns away from us. I'm not a very good squash player, but I am enthusiastic. My BF is a lot better than I am so I decided to make the game interesting for him, and maybe give me a bit of an advantage, by wearing see through knickers. I didn't tell him about it, though, so I could surprise him the first time I bent over to pick up the ball, or ran for it or did just about anything on the court other than stand still. My tennis skirt is the kind that flies up in the air with any kind of movement at all -- my favorite kind of skirt.

When we got to the courts it turned out that the only one available was the "show court", which has glass sides and bleachers along one whole glass wall. There were a lot of people standing around waiting for a court and watching the action on the show court. I almost chickened out when I saw how many people there were, but then I decided it would make it that much more fun to have a large crowd. (Though my heart was still in my throat. It is every time I flash, no matter how many times I do it.) Anyway, my BF and I went onto the court and started to warm up. I glanced over at the bleachers and saw there were maybe ten or twelve people sitting in them, mostly just talking among themselves.

In only a minute or two, though, my short tennis skirt flew up around my waist as I tried for a shot I couldn't quite reach. When I glanced back over at the bleachers it seemed like all eyes were on me, including the four or five women who were sitting there. In another couple of minutes I had to bend over to pick up the ball from the floor and this time my BF noticed the knickers that I was wearing. He said something like, "Interesting choice. Are you wearing those just because you wanted to excite me or did you really want to win today?"

I told him I had worn them just for him and didn't have any idea we would have to play on this court, but that it was making me pretty excited. My BF glanced at the bleachers and said, "It's making them pretty excited, too." I just shrugged, though actually I was really exhilarated, and we started playing.

I actually was trying pretty hard. Not really to win because my BF is way too good for me, but at least not to look like a total beginner in front of all those people. And, after just twenty minutes, it had become "all those people". There were more than twenty and the longer we played the more seemed to show up. There must have been a very long wait for a court that day. My skirt flew up a lot, so they got a lot of chances to see my ass or my pussy. And my BF almost never picked up the ball unless it was almost right at his feet. He wanted everybody to get a chance to look at my bottom. Well, they got a lot of chances. And even worse, or rather better, I was playing so hard that I was sweating, and my knickers were becoming wet (a little because of the sexual excitement but mostly just from sweat) so they became even more transparent.

During the last several minutes of our time on court the bleachers were totally full and other people were standing around watching. It was really exciting for me. A couple times, just to be sure that people would see my pussy and not just my ass, I bent over a little and lifted my skirt to wipe the sweat off my forehead. And since my pussy is quite hairy right now, I'm sure anyone looking (and I think a lot of them were) was sure it was pussy they were seeing.

All too soon our time was up and we had to vacate the court. But first we walked over to the side of the court to pick up our gear, put the ball in the can, etc. I spent a lot of time bending over, from my waist, naturally, while picking up my racket cover, adjusting my socks, anything I could think of to prolong my excitement. Eventually we had all our stuff together and I couldn't stall any longer so we left. We got a lot of smiles and several thumbs ups as we left the court. After we left the court, my BF excused himself and went to the men's room while I took a sip of water from the water cooler. When I straightened up, a woman standing next to me started talking to me.

She said, "I don't know how to tell you this, but did you know that people can see through your knickers?"

I pretended to gasp and said, "Oh no! Really? I'm so embarrassed. Thank you for telling me."

I almost had a laughing fit, and my BF did a few minutes later when I told him about the woman's comment. I wish I had the nerve to go on the court without any knickers at all on but at a place like that some manager would probably come and throw us out and I wouldn't want that. I have played tennis without my knickers on, but that's another story.