**Good Girl Loses Her Inhibitions**

by Vanessa Evans

*Summary: Florida guy marries a girl from Alaska and the change in climate and the joys of sex change her life forever.*

**Part 01**

I met my now wife, Dakota, last year when I was on a business trip to a small town up in Alaska. She had just started working for the company that I was visiting and I fell in love with her the second I saw her. She is only 18 and is 5 feet 3 inches tall with shortish blond hair above her 34A – 22 – 34 figure that is covered in beautiful skin that looks she has a suntan. Apparently she has some American Indian heritage a few generations back. Another thing that I liked about her was the fact that she wore virtually no make-up. Such was her complexion that she didn’t need it.

Anyway, the first chance that I got I invited her on a date that night and thankfully she accepted.

Oh, I’m Ethan, a 25 year old IT consultant with a slightly athletic body. I used to play hockey for my university.

I was up in Alaska for 4 days and each of the 3 nights I took Dakota out on a date. Unfortunately we didn’t end up in bed on any of the dates. On the last date I asked her to quit her job and come back to Florida with me but she refused saying that we hardly knew each other.

I was gutted but I wasn’t going to give up that easily. Three weeks later I found an excuse to fly up there again and our dates started again. This time, though I’d booked my hotel and flight so that I could stay up there for the Friday and the weekend as well and Dakota happily managed to book the Friday off work as holiday.

We spent 3 glorious days together but each night she insisted that she go home to her parent’s house. I quickly found out that her family were deeply religious catholics and they had brought up Dakota that way.

During our conversations I found out that Dakota wasn’t totally happy with her catholic upbringing but she was still a big believer. I had slight concerns about this, but not enough to put me off her because I was sure that I could slowly eradicate her catholic inhibitions.

On the Sunday afternoon, just before my flight home I asked Dakota to marry me. She refused, telling me that it was too soon but she did tell me that she might have a different answer if we still loved each other in 3 months time.

Those 3 months were torture for me, and for her. We video chatted every evening with her often being the one who instigated the call before our agreed time.

Three months later, to the day, I reminded her what she had said and proposed again. She said ‘yes’ and we agreed that we wanted to get married as quickly as possible and that she would come and live with me in my condo in Florida.

Dakota told her parents, quit her job and I decided to take 2 weeks off work to go up there, meet the in-laws and get married. They invited me to stay with them; but in their spare room with Dakota’s father warning me that we weren’t married yet.

Thankfully, one catholic belief that she didn’t agree with was contraception. She believes that the world is over-populated and that it is irresponsible to churn out babies like there was no tomorrow. Besides, she had lots of places that she wants to see and things to do before she becomes a mother. She’d gone to see her doctor to get put on the pill the day after I had proposed to her – the second time.

To be honest, the wedding was a drag, but that was what Dakota wanted and that is what she got. Even her deflowering was sort of catholic style – in the dark, under the sheets, missionary style with her holding her hand over her mouth so that no one heard her pleasure. It was good, but I had big plans for that gorgeous little body.

We spent a few days after the wedding visiting her relatives up there then flew back to Florida and to my condo in Miami. Dakota was very impressed with the weather in Florida and she quickly asked me where she could change into a sundress.

“Right here sweetheart. Don’t be shy, we’re married now. It’s about time that we saw each other without our clothes on.”

“Well I had saved myself for my husband but. …… Shouldn’t we go to the bedroom?”

“Why, what’s wrong with right here in the kitchen?”

“Father Thomas and my mother have told me that sins of the flesh should only happen in the bedroom.”

“Wow; well Dakota, this isn’t the religious part of Alaska, ‘sins of the flesh’ or even seeing each other without clothes on can happen anywhere and at anytime. And I think that we should both take our clothes off right here and now.”

”Well I guess that it will be okay, no one can see in here can they?”

“No Dakota, we’re all alone.”

“Okay then, can you go first, I don’t want to be the only one without clothes on.”

I was naked in seconds and eagerly waiting for my gorgeous new wife to get naked.

Dakota slowly unfastened her jeans and rolled them down her legs letting me see her large, cotton panties.

“They’re going in the trash.” I thought.

Dakota’s top came off next revealing an industrial, padded bra. I’d felt her cute little tits with their bullet nipples under her nightie in bed the last few nights and now it was time to see them.

“What an amazing sight Dakota, they’re gorgeous.” I said when she managed to find the courage to lower her arms.

“They’re too small.”

“NO THEY ARE NOT.” I snapped back, “they ARE awesome. You should be very proud of them; and look how big and hard your nipples are, they’re truly awesome.”

Dakota blushed and put her hands back on her tits.

“No don’t cover them Dakota, they’re amazing. You really should be proud of them. People would pay millions to look at them.”

“Well they can’t, you are the only man that can see them.”

“I wouldn’t be too sure of that Dakota.”

She gave me a quizzical look but didn’t say anything and I didn’t push the point any further, just let what I had said sink in.

I leant forward and kissed each nipple then I went higher and kissed her full on the lips.

“That was nice.” Dakota said. “Can I put my bra back on then my dress?”

“No Dakota, we said naked and you’ve still got your panties on.”

Dakota looked at me with that cute pleading look that melts my heart but I knew that I had to be firm.

“Dakota, do you want me to take them off for you?”

“No, no, I’ll do it.”

And she did, albeit very slowly and not at all in a sexy way. Then her left hand went to cover her tits and her right hand went to cover her sparse, blond pubic hair.

I put my hand out, palms up, and looked at her. She knew what to do, and after a couple of seconds her hands found mine.

“There,” I said, “that wasn’t too bad was it?”

“Yes it was but I guess that I’ll have to get used to it.”

“And you’ll have to get used to this as well.” I said as I pulled her to me. I hugged and kissed her, long and slow and tongue probing.

The inevitable happened and my erection grew and pressed against her stomach.

“Ethan,” Dakota said when the kiss finally broke, “you shouldn’t be like that, not here and not in the middle of the day.”

“That is your fault for being so gorgeous Dakota, but get used to it, you’re going to see and feel a lot of that.”

“Ethan, you’re so naughty.”

I picked her up and carried her to the sofa. I was surprised to feel her wrap her legs around me as we walked and I guessed that it was just natural instinct.

“Ethan, we can’t do that, not here.”

“Yes we can, and we are doing it, I’m going to fuck you right here and now.”

“Ethan, no, it’s naughty.”

“Yes Dakota, spread those legs wider apart.”

I fucked a blushing Dakota and came deep inside her. She didn’t orgasm so I withdrew and went down on her.

“Ethan, stop it, you can’t do that.”

I didn’t answer her and my mouth kept eating her until she orgasmed. This time she didn’t try to suppress her verbal pleasure.

We just lay there holding each other for a couple of minutes then I said,

“Can’t do what?”

“You can’t, shouldn’t do that to me.”

“Why not?”

“It’s not right, not natural.”

“Who says?”

“Father Thomas says that oral sex is a sin.”

“Well don’t do it to him then.”

Dakota thumped my arm, then said,

“You know what I mean.”

“Yes I do, but he’s wrong. Just so long as a couple don’t hurt each other then anything that they do is natural and okay. If it wasn’t we wouldn’t have the bits to do it.”

“I guess that that makes sense. Do you want me to do that to you Ethan?”

“Yes, but not until you’re ready. Moving here with me is a big change for you and I don’t want to rush things and make you uncomfortable.”

“Thank you husband of mine. Can I get dressed now?”

“Yes, of course, but don’t put any underwear on.”

“What! I can’t do that, I have to wear a bra and panties.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s what girls do.”

“Why?”

“Because ……..”

“Maybe in Alaska, but this is Florida you don’t need so may clothes and most girls don’t bother wearing underwear, it keeps them cooler.”

“Well I can see that but don’t most people have air conditioning?”

“Yes, but I’m talking about outside as well.”

“Oh I could never go outside without underwear.”

“Why not?”

“Someone might see.”

“No one’s going to see up your dress, well apart from me, and you don’t mind me seeing you do you?”

“Well no, but what about my breasts, my nipples do have a tendency to protrude a lot. I have to wear a bra to hide them.”

“Why? There’s only me here, and besides, didn’t you notice all the girls in the airport and on the way here, there were thousands of nipples making little tents in the girl’s tops.”

“I did notice a few. I thought that they must be whores or something.”

“No Dakota. Not wearing a bra and letting your nipples poke out your top doesn’t make you a whore or a slut or anything nasty, just a normal girl who wants to be comfortable.”

“Well, I don’t know, Father Thomas always says that showing the shape of you body is a sin, and my mother told me to wear a bra all the time so that boys didn’t get any ideas.”

“You are married now Dakota and this boy has ‘ideas’, and this is Florida. Not wearing a bra and letting your nipples poke at your skimpy tops is not a sin. If it was there would be no girls in Florida, they would all have been struck down by lightening or something.”

“Can I at least put my dress on now please?”

“Of course you can wife of mine.”

Dakota put the dress on and stood in front of me.

“It’s a little tight, an old one, we don’t have much use for sundresses in Alaska.” Dakota said smoothing her hands down the front of the dress. “See what I mean about my nipples, I should really wear a bra.”

“I do see what you mean Dakota.” I said as I put my hands on her knee length dress where it covered her tits and squeezing her hard nipples. “You look fantastic.”

We continued putting her belongings away then relaxed on the sofa.

“It feels weird not wearing underwear Ethan.” Dakota said.

“And the catholic world hasn’t come to an end has it?”

“No.”

“Then maybe Father Thomas and your mother got it wrong.”

“Maybe.”

After some talk about the condo and the building I said,

“Let me show you where to take the trash, you’ll need to know that.”

“Okay, let me go and put some underwear on then we can go.”

“Why, no ones is going to see you.”

“But… okay then.”

I led her down to the ground floor then to the trash room. As I explained the recycling system Dakota said,

“This is so weird.”

“What?”

“Being out here in a public place with no underwear.”

“But you feel cooler than when you first arrived here don’t you?”

“Yes, but the gentle breeze is tickling my, my pussy, it’s making me w….. oh nothing.”

“Your trying to say that it makes your pussy wet.”

“Err yes. It’s not normal, I shouldn’t be like that.”

“It’s perfectly normal for a girl to get aroused when a gentle breeze caresses her pussy Dakota.”

“But it’s naughty and I’m a good girl.”

“You are a very beautiful, GOOD girl Dakota and getting aroused is normal. You need to learn to embrace these feelings and make the most of them.”

“I’m not going to let you make love to me down here, not in this smelly room.”

“How about by the swimming pool?”

“No. There’s a swimming pool here?”

“Yes, come on, I’ll show you.”

Dakota seemed to forget about her underwear status as I led her out to the pool. We stood beside it and watched 2 of my neighbours swimming.

“This is so beautiful, back home we had to travel for an hour to the nearest swimming pool. Can we come for a swim, I’ve got a swimsuit.”

“I’ve seen your swimsuit and you’re not wearing that here.”

“It’s all that I’ve got.”

“We could come skinny dipping.”

“Oh no we’re not.”

“Tell you what, tomorrow we’ll go to the mall and get you some clothes more appropriate for the sun of Florida not the ice of Alaska.”

“That sounds nice.”

Just then one of the swimmers saw us and swan over to us.

Dakota must have remembered her underwear status, she stepped back and put her hands over her dress covered pussy.

“Hey Pete, this is my wife Dakota. Dakota Pete.”

Pete reached his hand out of the water to shake Dakota’s hand. She slowly stepped forward and shook his hand.

“Jeez Ethan, you’ve got a real looker there mate.” Pete said.

“Yes I know, wait until you see her in a bikini, she’ll knock you dead.”

“I can believe that. I can’t wait for our next poker night at your place Ethan.”

“Me too mate. Sorry, but we’ve got to go, been away for a few days and we need to go and get a few fresh supplies in.”

“Okay, see you buddy, and you too Dakota.”

As we walked away Dakota said.

“He seems like a nice guy, what’s this about a poker night?”

“Oh that, I was going to get around to telling you but other things were more important. There’s me, Tom and Henry, we meet up every Friday evening, watch a game, have a few beers and play some poker. If it’s my turn to host it Pete joins us here.”

“Do you play for money?”

“Only pennies, it’s nothing serious, just a bit of fun.”

“Good, my mother says that gambling is evil.”

“I wouldn’t go that far, but it is a mugs game. We only play for fun. Now, when we get back to the condo I’ll pick up my wallet and we’ll walk to the local 7-11 and get a few things. Then we’ll think about something to eat.”

“Good, I am starting to get a little hungry.”

“But on the way out I need to show you the laundry room and the excuse for a gym.”

“Okay, I did notice that you didn’t have a washing machine.”

I took her to the laundry room then the gym. There’s only a couple of treadmills, a couple of exercise bikes and a couple of other muscle building machines in there but it’s enough for general fitness.

“We’ll come down here soon and get you acquainted with the machines. I’m sure that you want to keep your gorgeous body in trim.”

“We only have one gym back home and that’s at the other side of town. I used to walk a lot after I left school but that’s it.”

“Well we’ll soon get you fit.”

“I haven’t got and gym kit, can we get some please?”

“Or you could workout without any clothes on Dakota.”

“You are funny at times Ethan.”

We collected my wallet and were back on the ground floor when Dakota said,

“Wait, I have got to go back, I haven’t put any underwear on.”

“And the world hasn’t ended. You forgot for a while didn’t you?”

“Well yes, but we’re going down the street to a shop. People will see.”

“See what, a beautiful young lady holding the hand of a very lucky young man. They’ll only see your pussy if you hold the front of your dress right up.”

“I certainly won’t be doing that.”

“Go on, give me a quick flash of that pussy. Is it still wet?”

Dakota blushed then said,

“No, yes; I’m not lifting my dress.”

“Can I?

“No, yes; stop confusing me.”

“Okay, but you are still wet aren’t you?”

“…………. Yes; but that’s your fault.”

By that time we were half way to the 7-11 and not seen anyone.

“See, I told you that your lack of underwear wouldn’t be a problem.”

“Okay, you were right but we haven’t got to the shop yet.”

“I bet that we’ll go shopping then get back to the condo without you flashing you pussy to anyone.”

“You’d win that bet because I’m not going to flash my pussy to anyone.”

“Not even me?”

“No, not out here.”

I put my arm around her and pulled her to me.

“I love you Dakota.”

“And I love you too Ethan.”

We made it to the 7-11 and I picked up a basket. As we walked around selecting what we wanted I noticed that Dakota was very careful if she had to bend over to get anything.

“Soon fix that.” I thought.

As we left the 7-11 Dakota said,

“Did you see him looking at my nipples? It was so embarrassing.”

“Why were you embarrassed? He couldn’t see your nipples.”

“He could see the little bulges.”

“And he will have seen thousands of little bulges, believe me Dakota, he probably never even noticed them, and if he had he won’t even have looked twice. Not that they aren’t worth looking twice at. I want to look at them 24 x 7. Relax Dakota millions of girls in Florida walk about wearing a lot less than you are now.”

“But I’m only wearing a dress.”

“A big dress, sorry Dakota, I love you and please don’t get upset but that dress has way too much material for Florida. We’ll get you some new ones tomorrow.”

“Well I did notice that it was quite long compared to the other girls that I’ve see since we got off the plane, but I’ve got no underwear on. Are you telling me that Florida girls wear short skirts and dresses with no underwear?”

“Yes, well not all of them, but most do.”

“Wow, I don’t know that I can do that.”

I stopped, pulled her to me and hugged her. As I did so I deliberately slid my hand up her back pulling the dress material up with it. She didn’t realise what I was doing and I’m sure that part of her bare butt was exposed for a while.

“You can do it Dakota, before long you’ll be wearing skirts and dresses that only just cover that cute little butt of yours and you will think that it’s quite normal.”

“I don’t think so, I could never wear anything that short, especially without panties.”

“So you’re happy not to wear panties and a bra all the time now are you Dakota?”

“I didn’t say that. No, this no panties and bras is too weird and uncomfortable for me. I’ll stick to wearing them.”

“But you’re not wearing any now, and admit it, you are cooler and you are aroused and you want to fuck me don’t you?”

“Okay. I’ll admit that I don’t feel as bad as I did when I first put my dress on without any and your right, it does get me aroused, but it’s not normal.”

“Maybe not in Alaska, but this is Florida. Look up at the sun. By Alaska standards, what’s normal about this weather?”

I pulled Dakota to me, hugged her and said,

“Just keep trying it, you’ll soon forget that you’re not wearing anything under your dress or skirt and top. Trust me, all the girls soon get used to it.”

“Maybe, bu….” She started say as my mouth engulfed hers.

When we got back to the condo we put the shopping away then sat on the sofa. I sat down first and then pulled her onto my lap. As I kissed her my hand went to her knee then slid up her thigh under her dress.

“Stop that Ethan you naught boy.”

“Hey, we’re married, remember?”

“Yes but.”

“Hey, I’m aroused, you’re aroused, so let’s do it.”

“I’m not aroused.”

“Oh yes you are; look.” I slid my hand out and held it up in front of her face. She blushed.

“Dakota, your body says that you are aroused so don’t go into denial. Your body wants me to make love to you so don’t argue with it; trust your body, it knows you better than your brainwashed brain does.”

“I haven’t been brainwashed.”

“Sorry, but you have, Father Thomas and your mother have convinced you that so many things are wrong when they are not. Trust your body, not them.”

By that time my hand had slowly returned to her pussy and I was slowly rubbing her clit. She said nothing but she kissed me and spread her legs a little.

Our clothes were off in no time and we fucked again. I tried to count the number of times that we’d done it that day but I got distracted and never got a total.

Spent and lying next to each other on the floor I said,

“Are you still hungry?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to go to a restaurant or shall we order in?”

“There was only one place that we could get food delivered back home and that wasn’t very good.”

“Well here we can get just about anything delivered. What do you fancy?”

“Can we have a pizza please?”

“Sure, what type do you fancy?”

I phoned the order through then turned to Dakota, we were both still naked and I said,

“Will you answer the door like that for me?”

“No I will not.”

“Go on, please, just for me?”

“No. How can you even ask me to do that?”

“I’ve told you, you have an amazing body that you should be proud of and not be ashamed to let other people see it.”

“But it’s private.”

“Why should it be, you’re gorgeous.”

“I am not.”

“Oh yes you are.”

“You’re biased.”

“Yes I am, but I’m also truthful and I can see what others can see. Take Pete, what did he call you, ‘a real looker’ and he couldn’t wait to see you in a bikini. God girl, he loves your body nearly as much as I do and you just wait until you meet other people. They’ll tell you the same.”

“Do you really think so?”

“Yes I do.”

“I’m still not answering the door like this.”

“Okay, not this time, you can put your dress on.”

I wondered if she’d registered the ‘not this time’.

The pizza arrived and the boy didn’t show any indication that he looked at her protruding nipples.

“Let’ take our clothes off again and eat it naked.” I said.

“You’re a sex maniac Ethan.”

“I am when you are around. That’s what you do to me and you like it.”

Dakota smiled, said nothing and pulled her dress off.

We ate naked, made love, cleared up, made love, then went to sleep.

I woke up spooning the still naked Dakota with my morning wood resting along her slit.

“That’s nice” Dakota said as she woke up and waggled her butt so that I slipped inside her.

After the first of the day we lay there and Dakota said,

“I’ve never slept without a nightie before.”

“And you’ll never sleep in one again.”

“Hmm, that will be nice. Will you wake me up the same way?

“No. I’ll slide in your wet pussy before you wake up.”

“Isn’t that rape?”

“Only if you didn’t want me to do it, and your pussy was dripping so you wanted it.”

“I did.”

“That’s what happens when you trust your body.”

“Hmm, maybe.”

We eventually got up and went to the bathroom.

“Can I have a bit of privacy please Ethan, I need to pee and poo.”

“Just do it, it’s no big deal, we all shit and piss.”

“But I’ve never done it when anyone else was is the room.”

“You’ve been doing a lot of ‘firsts’ since you got here. Sharing bathroom time is just one more joint activity. Just do it Dakota, and don’t be shy about farting, we all do it, girls just as much as boys.”

“I know, but don’t look at me.”

I laughed then kissed her and got back to cleaning my teeth. I listened to the hissing, the plopping and the farting, smiling as I brushed. I had started shaving when Dakota finished.

“That was weird, but I guess that I’ll get used to it. You’re right, we have to share everything now.”

“Yes, and you can share my razor when I’ve finished.”

“Thank you, my armpits and legs could do with a shave.”

“And this.” I said as I turned and grabbed hold of the little pubic hair that she had.”

“You want me to shave that off? I saw that most of the girls at school shaved down there when we showered after PE but I never thought of doing it myself.”

“I think that girls look a lot better when there’s no hair there. Nothing to get stuck in my teeth.”

I saw Dakota blush.

“You’re naughty Ethan, you know that don’t you?”

“And you love every second of it.”

“Yes I do, even though you embarrass me something rotten.”

“Even when I ask you to not wear any underwear?”

“Yes I do.”

“See, I told you that you’d soon get used to it and like the breeze making you horny.”

“Okay, you were right.”

“Trust your body girl.”

“I know.”

By then I was finished shaving and I said,

“Do you usually shave in the shower before or after the shower?”

“In the bath actually, we have bath back home, not a shower.”

“Oh yes, I forgot. Sorry, no bath here; showers are better for you, and the planet.”

“I know, let me in there.”

We showered together, soaping each other and shampoo each other and with Dakota constantly grabbing my hard-on and giving it a quick wank.

“Before you start shaving there’s just one thing that I need to do Dakota.”

“What’s that?”

“This.”

I lifted her up and pressed her back against wall. She squealed as her legs wrapped around my waist and I lowered her onto my cock.

“Fuck girl, you’re so wet and slippery.” I managed to say between kisses and her gasping as I let her bottom-out after each lift by her butt.

We kept going until we’d both cum, then after a long pause as I held her up until my hard-on subsided, I lowered her back to her feet.

“Now for every man’s dream.”

“What’s that?”

“Shaving the girl he has just fucked and watching his cum seep out of her hole.”

“You’re so crude at times Ethan.”

“And you love it don’t you?”

“Maybe. Come on then, pass me your razor and gel.”

I got out and sat on the toilet seat as I watched Dakota shave her arms, pits and legs then rinse off.

“This is weird.” Dakota said.

“What?”

“You watching me shave and know what you are about to do.”

“Is it making to wet?”

“You’ve already done that lover.”

Dakota leaned forwards, bent over and kissed my limp cock.

“Careful girl, you’ll get it wanting more.”

Dakota giggled then said,

“Where do you want me?”

“I want to fuck you everywhere.”

“No, that’s not what I meant; where do you want me so that you can shave me?”

“Hmm, on the shower floor I guess. it’s big enough if you bend your knees.”

Dakota got on her back on the shower floor with her head leaning on the end wall so that she could see what I was going to do. She spread her knees so that they were touching the side walls then said,

“I’m ready; your not going to cut me are you?”

“Hell no. I could never hurt you.”

“Make sure that you don’t. I don’t want to have a band aid down there.”

“That would look cute, just a band aid covering your slit, like a thong, although some thongs are a lot smaller than a band aid these days.”

“Really, they sell thongs that are smaller than a band aid these days. They couldn’t possibly cover everything.”

“I think that that’s the idea, just slip between you lips leaving you all exposed.”

“I could never wear anything like that.”

“Oh I don’t know, I can just imagine you in one looking all bald and split in half.”

“Ethan, you are so naughty.”

“And nice.”

“And nice, now get on with the job in hand or I’ll do it myself.”

“Okay.”

I got the scissors and got started, then continued,

“We’ll get you a couple of those thongs today, I know just the place.”

“You frequent lingerie shops do you? Is there something that you want to tell me? Will I find some panties hidden away if I search around?”

“No silly, can you remember me mentioning Henry, well his girlfriend, Madison, owns a lingerie cum bikini shop close to the beach, we’ll go there later, you need a couple of bikinis as well.”

“Okay, I hope that you don’t want me to go to the beach wearing a bikini that disappears between those lips that you are playing with.”

“I’m not playing with them, I’m shaving them.”

“It feels like you’re just playing with them.”

“Relax girl, I’ll meet your bodily needs just as soon as I’ve finished this.”

“I can see that you have some bodily needs as well Ethan.”

“That’s your fault Dakota, you’re just so beautiful.”

“And I’m naked.”

“And you’re naked and I’m shaving your pussy so don’t make me have an accident.”

I was about finished her pubes and pussy so I slid a couple of fingers inside her then told her to get up on her hands and knees.

“Ow, doggy style, you’ve not fucked me that way yet.”

“Patience girl.”

“What are you doing Ethan?” Dakota asked as I rubbed shaving gel all around her butt hole. “Are you going to fuck my butt?”

“That pleasure will come some other time; just now I’m going to shave off all those hairs around your butt hole.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that I had any there.” Dakota replied in a disappointed tone.

“Relax girl, everyone grow hairs there.”

When I was done I didn’t say anything, instead I positioned myself and rammed my cock straight into her vagina.

“Humph; that’s nice, please don’t stop.”

I didn’t and we fucked until we’d both cum again. Then I pulled her to her feet and we showered again.

As we showered I rubbed my hand on her now bald pubes.

“That’s nice, it feels so different. I bet that I look like a little girl again.”

“You look fantastic Dakota, and I love the feel.”

Dakota put her hand to her pubes and said,

“It does feel smooth and nice. I like it.”

“Does that mean that you’ll keep it like that?”

“If you want me to.”

“I do.”

I kissed her again.

Once dried we went to get dressed.

“Can I choose what you are going to wear please Dakota?”

“I guess so, but make sure that I’m decent, I don’t want to get arrested or embarrassed.”

I rummages through the clothes that we’d hung up the previous day, pulling out blouses and dresses to get a better look at them as Dakota looked on in amusement.

I ended up with a choice of 2, a long blouse and a button down dress. It wasn’t a summer dress but it was button down.

I held the blouse against her front and saw that for some reason Dakota had a blouse that went down to mid thigh. Then I held the dress against her.

“Which would you prefer Dakota?” I asked.

“Well the dress is nice but the material is too thick, I’d be red hot all the time. The blouse would be a lot better but which skirt will I wear with it?”

“None, it’s long enough to wear as a dress. Put a little belt with it and you’ll look fantastic.”

“Well, I don’t know. Let me try a belt with it.”

Dakota went to the wardrobe to get a belt. As she picked up the one she wanted it slipped out of her hand. Automatically, she bent over to pick it up and the blouse rode up her back and I could see her butt and her still slippery pussy staring at me.

I managed to stifle my pleasure moan but it did give me an idea.

Dakota put the belt on and I told her that she looked amazing.

“The only way that you would be cooler walking around in that is if you were naked, and I don’t suppose you are going shopping naked.”

“Definitely not. But it is short, too short.”

“I can guarantee that we will see hundreds of girls with shorter skirts than that Dakota.”

“Well maybe. Just let me go and clean up a bit then I’ll put it back on and decide then.”

“Okay sweetheart.”

Dakota took the blouse off and put it on the bed. As soon as she was out of the door I quickly got a pair of scissors and half cut off all the buttons. I was back in my original position by the time she got back.

“He, let me help you with the buttons, there’s lots of them.”

“Only 7, but okay, thank you.”

I did up the bottom ones and we met at her waist.

“Oh hang on, I forgot my bra.”

“No Dakota, you don’t need it. That ‘dress’ is a bit baggy at the top so your gorgeous hard nipples wont be on display.”

“Well ….. okay then, I suppose it will be cooler, but I need some panties.”

“No Dakota, you don’t. Remember, we agreed that you’d give no panties a try to see if you liked it.”

“I did yesterday and I prefer wearing some.”

“One short trip to the 7-11 is hardly a proper trial. Go without today and we’ll talk about it tonight.”

“I don’t know, I’ll feel uncomfortable without.”

“Only because you haven’t got used to being without. Well that’s not completely true, you did forget a couple of times yesterday didn’t you?”

Dakota blushed then said,

“Yes I did.”

“Try it. If you get really upset I’ll buy you some granny pants and put them on you in the middle of the mall.”

“You will not.”

“Oh yes I will.”

“Oh no you won’t.”

We both laughed and fell back on the bed as I grabbed her to kiss her. I was on top of her and she spread her legs ready for me to fuck her again but I didn’t. After a long, passionate kiss I got up and said,

“Sandals on and a lets go. If we don’t go now we’ll never get there.”

Reluctantly she agreed and got up. As she did so I saw that the bottom button had already popped off. I just holed that the other would last until we got to the mall.

As we walked out of the building to the car Dakota said,

“That gentle breeze is making me horny again.”

“Control it girl, we have some shopping to do.”

I opened the car door for Dakota and she accidentally, I think, gave me a look at the shiny, bald pussy. I groaned.

“Are you alright Ethan?”

“Yes sweetheart, just admiring my wife.”

Amazingly, Dakota didn’t notice the missing button as we drove there. It only took us 15 minutes but she said nothing. I wondered if she was actually getting used to bare legs outside.

When I went and opened the door for her she again gave me a look at her pussy and I again wondered if it was deliberate.

Walking across the car park I pointed out all the young girls walking in and how short their skirts were.

“But are they wearing underwear?” Dakota asked.

“Well I’ve seen a few that are definitely braless but it’s difficult to tell about the panties. I’m sure that some of them won’t have any on.”

“I’m still worried that someone might see up my skirt. The wind might blow my dress up.”

“And those girls that haven’t got any panties on, do they look concerned?”

“None of them look concerned but we can’t tell if they’re got any on or not.”

“I’m 100 percent sure that some of those girls won’t be wearing any, and just about all of their skirts are shorter than yours, and most of them are more floaty than yours. Don’t worry about it. There’s nothing you can do if the million to one thing does happen and you get exposed. It’s like getting on an aeroplane. There’s a million to one chance that it will crash but millions of people still get on them each day. Just forget about what you’re not wearing and get on with your day.”

“I know that your right Ethan, it’s just that it takes s lot of getting used to.”

“I know darling, I know.” I said as I stopped us and gave her a long kiss. Again pulling her ‘dress’ up at the back. This time though, I knew that her butt was on display, I saw her reflection in a car window.

“Progress.” I thought.

As we walked through the doors I was on her left and when I turned to look at her I couldn’t help noticing that I could see into the top of her ‘dress’ and see her right tit complete with rock hard big nipple.

The first time that I saw it I groaned and wondered if I could survive the day without getting my hands on them.

“This place looks massive.” Dakota said as she looked down the main corridor and up to the second floor. “So much bigger than the ones back home.”

“A lot more people live in Florida than in Alaska I guess.”

“Probably.”

“So where are we going first?” Dakota said as we went through the entrance. “Wow, air conditioned, I needn’t have worried about keeping cool.”

I looked down the top of her dress expecting her nipples to have grown but how do hard rocks get bigger?

“Well, we’re looking for clothes and shoes for you. We want trendy, young people’s shops because I’m not buying you any thick, long dresses. Only ones that will keep you cool and look fashionably good.”

“By that I suppose you mean short dresses.”

“I certainly do.” I replied and put my hand on her stomach, accidentally sliding 2 fingers between the buttons and onto her flesh. “About up to here.” I continued.

“Very funny. And those fingers feel nice.”

“And you stomach feels nice.”

“Okay, you can take your hand away now. How about that shop over there? That looks like young women’s clothes in the window.

We went in and started looking through the racks. It was easy to find ones that I liked but Dakota was harder to please; she wanted longer ones and I wanted shorter ones. After goodness knows how long we settled on 4 for her to try on.

Unfortunately, the changing rooms were strictly women only and Dakota had to go and try each one then come out for me to see then go back to try another one on. There were 2 tight fitting ones that I thought looked great on her, short enough to just cover her butt and ‘V’ necked so that there was no chance of her wearing a bra, and thin enough so that her nipples were very obvious.

One of the ones that I liked was the last one that she tried on and we stood talking about them for a couple of minutes.

“But they’re so short; I’ll have to wear panties.”

“No panties.”

Whilst we were talking a few girls were going in or coming out of the changing rooms and as Dakota said, ‘I’ll have to wear panties’, a girl going in said,

“I wouldn’t wear panties with that dress, they would give you a horrible VPL.”

“What’s a VPL?” Dakota asked.

“A Visible Panty Line. She right, it would look awful.”

“I guess that you’re right. I guess that I’ll just have to be careful how I walk and not bend over.”

“So we’ll take the 2 that I like then.”

“Okay, thank you Ethan.”

Dakota turned to go back and get changed and I couldn’t help notice that the dress was riding up, I could see the bottom of her butt cheeks.

“So far so good.” I thought.

Dakota came out in her old ‘dress’ and carrying the 2 dresses.

“I’m going to have to be careful, the 2 bottom buttons have come off.”

“Oh dear, that’s a shame but I’m sure that you’ll survive.”

We went and paid for the dresses then went looking for another shop. It didn’t take long and the process started again.

This time we found more clothes that I liked, some of which Dakota liked as well, even if she did complain about the lack of material. When we went to the changing rooms we were surprised to see that they were gender neutral ones, curtained off individual cubicles with a big mirrors at both ends of the corridor.

“Different.” Dakota said as I followed her into a cubicle.

“You shouldn’t be in here Ethan.”

“Why not.”

“You’re a man.”

“There’s a man in the next cubicle.”

“Hmm, well I guess that it’s okay, but no naughty stuff.”

“As if.”

Dakota looked at me and smiled as she started unbuttoning her ‘dress’.

“Damn, that’s another button gone.”

“Are you getting too rough with the buttons, maybe it’s a sign that you need to wear something else.”

“I suppose that I could wear one of the dresses that we’ve just bought but they’re so short, I was just going to wear them in the condo.”

“No, stick with the dress that you came in, it might last until we get home.”

With the ‘dress’ off Dakota started on the potential new clothes.

She put on a nice skirt first. It was tight and about 8 inches long. When she pulled it up she looked at herself in the little mirror and said,

“I can’t wear this. It’s way too small.”

“Don’t say that yet, try one of the tops on with it.”

She looked at me with that cute, pleading look and when I didn’t react she picked up one of the tops that I had selected and pulled it on.

“You can’t be serious, this is see-through. I can see my nipples and areolas.”

“Have a look at yourself in one of the big mirrors before you decide.”

“Okay, is there anyone out there?”

I pulled the curtain back and saw no one.

“It’s all clear Dakota.”

She stuck her head out from behind me and checked for herself. Seeing that I was right she stepped out and walked to the nearest big mirror.

“Look, you can see my tits and the back of the skirt doesn’t even cover my butt. And look, you can see my pussy.”

“Pull the skirt down to where it’s supposed to be.”

She did, then looked at herself in the mirror.

“That’s a little better but I could never wear it outside the condo.”

“Bend over and see if it rides up.”

Dakota did and I got a fantastic view of her bare butt and pussy. Then she screamed, jumped up and turned to face me. In the mirror I saw what had caused her to scream. I saw a young man holding a pair of jeans and grinning. When I turned to him he said,

“Excuse me please. Oh, that outfit looks great on you darling.”

Dakota had been so shocked that she’d forgotten to cover her tits and pussy until the man spoke. That brought her out of her shock and she moved her hands to cover herself and ran back to the changing cubicle, but she forgot about her exposed butt.

The man watched her bare butt disappear into the cubicle closely followed by me.

Poor Dakota was actually shaking. I put my arms around her and held her firmly until she regained her composure.

“That, that man saw me. I was naked.”

“Woah there sweetheart. Firstly, the world hasn’t ended. Secondly, you haven’t been struck down by some religious demon. All that has happened is that a man has seen your best assets. Assets that you should be proud of.”

“But, but, he saw me.”

“Just like I am seeing you now. It’s no big deal. Relax. Take a few deep breaths then give me a kiss.”

Dakota did all those things and as we were kissing I looked in the mirror on the back wall of the cubicle. The skirt was still up around her waist. What’s more I hadn’t closed the curtain when I entered the cubicle. The people that I had heard walking passed would have been able to look in, see the mirror and the reflection of her bare butt.

I smiled and lifted her off the ground. Instinctively, she wrapped her legs around my waist as we continued hugging and kissing.

Eventually our kiss ended and Dakota slid down me until her feet found the floor.

“Can you close the curtain please Ethan?”

“Are you alright Dakota? I asked as I closed the curtain.

“Yes, I was just being stupid.”

“No Dakota, you have a hang-up about your body and people seeing it, and they won’t go away in a flash. We need to take things slowly and I’ll protect you on the way. Okay?”

“Yes, thank you, I love you. I want to change, I hate my upbringing and I’ll try to change. I want to be a Florida girl.”

I hugged and kissed her again and while I was doing so my right hand went down her back to her still bare butt. She jumped up on me again and my hand held her bare butt. As we kissed my hand slid between her buttocks and found her pussy. She moaned and shuddered as I probed her dripping pussy.

I broke the kiss and said,

“You know that your dripping don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Your brain may not have enjoyed that experience but your body certainly did.”

“I know.”

“Sorry girl but I’m not going to fuck you here, you’ll just have to hold those thoughts until we get back home. Besides, I would have thought that the idea of having sex in a shop changing cubicle would have horrified you.”

“It did, but at the same time it’s so exciting.”

“I understand. Now try the rest of those clothes on before someone comes looking for us.”

She did, but only went outside to the big mirrors when she had a dress or non see-through clothes on. Each time she came back in to the cubicle I made sure that the curtain was closed.

“I liked most of those clothes but I can only wear them in the condo. I couldn’t possibly go outside in any of them.”

“Okay, give me the ones that you don’t want and I’ll dump them. Put your ‘dress’ on then we’ll go and pay for them. Then we’ll go and get some food, we haven’t had any breakfast yet have we?”

“No. okay.”

When I took the unwanted clothes out I left the curtain half open and when I returned I watched Dakota put her dress on and fasten the buttons. I maybe wrong but I guessed that she hadn’t noticed that the curtain was open.

“Damn. Another button on this dress had popped off.”

“Don’t worry, you can wear one of the dresses that we got in the last shop.”

“No, err, I can’t, they’re too short. Okay then, I’ll get the black one out of the bag and remove the label, but you’ve got to promise me that you’ll tell me if anything is showing.”

“Of course sweetheart, I don’t want you to be embarrassed.”

We left that shop with Dakota wearing the really little black dress that hugged her figure like a second skin. Her nipples were sticking out so much that I’m sure the material was stretched to the point of it being slightly see-through.

“You look amazing, like million dollars Dakota.”

“I hope that I don’t look like a pile of a million dollar bills but thank you Ethan. I feel really exposed, like I’m naked. I’m shaking and I keep wanting to pull the hem down but it doesn’t make any difference. And look at my nipples, it’s obscene.”

“No it isn’t. They look fabulous. Every man that sees you, and quite a few girls, will fancy you and you don’t look naked, just like, no but better than all the other Florida girls wearing short skirts or dresses.”

“I’ve never been with a girl.”

“You’d never been with a man until a few days ago.”

“True. Can you hug me to stop me shaking?”

Dakota went up on her toes and we hugged. In the process I put my hand on her butt and squeezed it. I felt the hem rise and when my hand slid down I felt her bare butt.

“Did I tell you that you look amazing Dakota?”

“Yes Ethan, you did.”

“Try to relax Dakota and we’ll go and get something to eat. What do you fancy?”

“Did you see a McDonalds when you were in Alaska Ethan?”

“Now that you come to mention it I didn’t see one in your home town.”

“That’s because there isn’t one. I’ve seen all the advert on television and I’ve never had one.”

“We can soon put that right but don’t get used to them, too many will make you fat.”

“Don’t worry about that, I don’t want you to have a fat wife. I won’t be able to get into this dress.”

“So you will wear it again?”

“Yes, in the condo.”

“I’ll ask you again when we get home.”

We walked to the food hall with Dakota not realising that half her butt and probably the front of her slit were on display.

As we entered I saw a few heads turn and Dakota also noticed.

“What are they looking at? I thought that you said that men were used to seeing girls in skirts this short.”

“They are, but they’re not used to seeing such a beautiful girl wearing one.”

We ordered our food then went to find a table to wait for it to be delivered to us. The table we found was against a wall and we sat side by side with our backs to the wall. As Dakota sat down she gasped the said,

“This damn dress is too short, I’ve just sat on my bare bum.”

“I’m sure that you’ll get used to it.”

“I’m not too sure that crossing my legs in this dress is such a good idea, it’s risen up to my waist.”

“Try just sitting with then uncrossed then.”

She did and I immediately put my hand on her bare thigh and slid it up as far as it would go.

“I’m not sure that here is a good place to do that Ethan, someone might see.”

“No one can see, there’s a table in the way.”

Dakota relaxed a little and my hand made it’s way to her pussy.

“Not here Ethan.”

“You’re still dripping aren’t you?”

“Yes, it’s your fault.”

“It’s the dress isn’t it?”

“And being without underwear. Look at my nipples they’re huge.”

“I haven’t stopped looking at your chest since you put that dress on. I could hang my Alaska coat on one of those.”

“Stop it Ethan, you’re making me blush.”

“Did I tell you that you look amazing Dakota?”

“Yes Ethan, you did.”

“Did I tell you that you that should trust your body Dakota?”

“Yes Ethan, you did. Will you remove you hand please Ethan.”

Instead of removing my hand I waggled the fingers and Dakota moaned.

“Please Ethan.”

“I’ll make you cum Dakota, you just relax.”

“No, you can’t, not here.”

I kept going and I soon felt her relax her legs and spread them a little.

Dakota must have been really turned on by being dressed the way she was because it took less than a minute for her to cum, her body shaking and jerking. She had calmed down but was still quite flushed when I heard one of McD’s staff shout ‘85’.

That was our number so I stuck my hand up and shouted ‘here’.

The girl came over and put the tray on the table. If she’d looked over the side of the table she’s have seen Dakota’s bare pubes, but I guess that she didn’t look that low because she said,

“Is she okay? She looks a bit ill.”

“Yeah, she’s just fine thank you.”

The girl smiled and said,

“Enjoy your food.”

I gently squeezed Dakota’s thigh and she shook her head then looked at me.

“I can’t believe that you just did that to me, and I can’t believe that I responded like that. Oh my gawd, what is happening to me?”

“You’re starting to trust your body Dakota; see the benefits in doing that.”

“Yes, but oh my gawd, I’ve just had an orgasm in mall food court. That’s terrible.”

“Why is it terrible?”

“Because, because we’re in public.”

“Why is that terrible?”

“Because someone might have seen us.”

“And why is that a problem?”

“What would they think?”

“Why does it matter what they think?”

“It; ….. I guess that it doesn’t really matter.”

“Good, so trusting your body is good then? Smell those fries. Get eating girl.”

I saw Dakota’s jaw drop as if she was going to say something, then she squeezed her thighs on my hand.

“Now it’s my turn to ask for my hand back, I need it to eat with, and I’m going to eat with that hand so that I taste your love juices.”

“Ethan, you can’t say things like that.”

“I just have and I’m not taking it back.”

We sat and ate with Dakota smiling and obviously enjoying the McDonalds experience. I did note that she didn’t cross her legs again, or even close them properly, or pull her dress down to try to cover as much as she could.

When we were finished she put her arm under mine, her head on my shoulder and said,

“Did I tell you that you that I love you Ethan?”

I squeezed her bare thigh and slid my hand up to her pussy. She shuddered and I replied,

“Yes you did, and I seem to remember that I said something like that to you as well. Now, we need to get to Maddy’s lingerie / bikini shop. Do you need to go to the rest room?”

“No, err yes, that’s a good idea if I’m going to try bikinis on.”

We stood up and I saw her bald pubes before she pulled the dress hem down to just cover them and butt.

We both went to the rest room then I waited for her. When she finally appeared she’d combed her hair and looked quite perky.

“You look happy and smoking hot Dakota.”

“Thank you Ethan, I do feel good. While I was sat there I was thinking that things aren’t as bad as I was thinking. Damn that mother of mine.”

“Does that mean that you are now happy to be waking about in public dressed like you are?”

“No, but I’m getting there, and I’ve decided that you are right.”

“About what?”

“Trusting my body. It makes perfect sense.”

“That’s my girl.”

We walked out of the mall, arm in arm, and straight to the car. Once in side Dakota said,

“Do you want me to take care of you? You must have blue balls after everything that you’ve seen this morning, that is the right term isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is, and yes please. Are you sure that you want to do it here?”

“Yes, its private and no one can see us.”

“Okay, go for it.”

She did, and my right arm went over the top of her and to her exposed left butt cheek. She recognised when I was about to cum and she raised her head and said,

“Do you want me to swallow it?”

“Yes please.”

She did, then looked up at me again and said,

“That was quite nice actually, a lot better than the girls at school used to say it was. How did I do?”

“You did brilliantly for a first attempt.”

“But I need to improve, will you teach me?”

“Of course I will, but not here, we need more room than in the front of a car.”

“When we get home then?”

As we drove to Maddy’s shop I wondered if I’d released some sort of sex maniac.