**I’ll do anything for him**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

When we woke up again it was light outside and Jack reminded me that we had to go shopping, that I literally had nothing that I could wear for work the day after. Jack had already introduced me to the cowboy way of fucking but he introduced me to the reverse cowboy way before he carried me into his shower.

It was a very happy Grace that went down to put some coffee on, me not caring at all that I was still totally naked. After breakfast I went to get my old skirt and T-shirt out of the dryer and discovered that they were still wet. Between us we had forgotten to start the drying cycle.

“You can go shopping like that Grace.” Jack said.

“You wish, I’d get arrested within minutes of getting out of the car.”

“Yes I do wish that we could go shopping with you totally naked Grace. I’d be so proud of the naked girl on my arm.”

“I wouldn’t be able to get out of your car. I’d be so embarrassed and ashamed, my hands would be glued to my pussy and tits.”

“That’s okay for now Grace, we’ll work on your confidence.”

“Hmm, so how are we going to go shopping? I might be able to get my knickers dry in time but not the skirt or T-shirt.”

“You can wear one of my shirts, I’m sure that they will be long enough for you to wear as a dress.”

“You think so? But I’ll have no knickers on, your boxers would just fall right off me.”

“You don’t need knickers, no one will be able to tell that you haven’t got any on.”

“You think?”

“Let’s go and see if we can get you decent enough to go shopping.”

We went and did our bathroom things including watching each other sitting on the toilet. It was common for girls to walk in on girls at the children’s home, but Jack wasn’t a girl. I just got on with it knowing that I’d soon be seeing Jack pee.

Then it was shower time and Jack fucked me against the shower wall with the hot water pounding down on us.

Back in his bedroom Jack got dressed whilst I tried on all his shirts. His longest was white with long sleeves. I rolled the sleeves up because they were too long for my arms then borrowed one of his narrow belts but I had to tie it because there wasn’t a hole for the buckle far enough along the belt.

Five minutes later Jack said,

“There, you look like a runway model Grace, put your shoes on and we’re ready to go.”

“But I haven’t any knickers or a bra on.”

“Okay, starting with a bra, you don’t need one, you beautiful breasts aren’t big enough to need support so why bother?”

I knew that part was right,

“But my nipples might get hard and people will see them making bulges in the shirt, the material is very thin.”

“Who cares? All that means is that you are proud of your body and aren’t ashamed of showing your pokeys.”

“But I am ashamed of my body, I’m too skinny and my breasts are too small.”

“Grace, we’ve talked about this and we are going to work on your incorrect feelings. Going out with a bra will help you.”

“Okay, if you say so, but what about knickers, you can’t use the not needing support excuse Jack.”

“I don’t need to, being outside with no knickers will soon become the new normal. We went outside yesterday and you were totally naked. I bet that you started to forget about being naked. By the time we went to bed I bet that you though nothing of being naked.”

“I was asleep when you carried me to bed, and I was certainly embarrassed when Steve came.”

“Fair comment, but the rest of the time?”

“Well, okay, I guess that I did sort of get used to it.”

“There you go then, you’ll soon forget that you you don’t have any knickers on.”

“But your shirt hardly covers my butt. I’m used to knee length skirts.”

“Lots of girls wear miniskirts and microskirts and I bet that they quickly got used to the short length. I’m sure that we’ll see quite a good few mini and microskirts in the shopping centre today.”

“But I’ll feel so exposed.”

“And you’ll quickly get used to it.”

“Well if that’s what you want Jack, let’s go, I have nothing to wear for work.”

Five minutes later I was sat in the passenger seat of Jack’s car again, but this time it was my bare butt that was on his leather upholstery.

“I hope that I don’t leak onto the seat.”

“I’ll get a towel to put on the seat, one that we can leave in the car.”

“I’m going to be riding in the car without knickers a lot am I?”

“Yep.”

I didn’t say anything but I was thinking about how my life had changed in the last 24 hours. There was quite a lot of things that I had never done before and quite a lot that I never, ever imagined me doing, things that I loved and things that I wasn’t happy about, but overall, I was happy, I was Jack’s girl and it felt good even if it was embarrassing sometimes.

As soon as I got out of the car I said,

“The breeze is ticking my pussy Jack.”

“Nice is it?”

“Hmm, yes it is.”

I held Jack’s hand as we walked in, Jack saying,

“Try to forget what you are and aren’t wearing. People usually see what they expect to see. Most people will register that you are a girl and that’s it. Some will be attracted by your beauty and stare for a second then keep moving. A few will stare for longer and wonder what a beauty is doing with a man like me. A very few will stare and you and think about what you are or aren’t wearing. The secret is to act normal, like you are wearing you winter woollies. If you thing and act like you are dressed in an acceptable way then others will accept what you are wearing as acceptable.”

“What if this shirt blows open, it doesn’t have buttons below my pussy.”

“Don’t even look to see if your pussy is on display, don’t even think about what you may or may not be showing. The shirt will return to normal when it is ready.”

“But people might see my pussy and now that it’s bald I feel like I’m exposed even more.”

“You are not exposed Grace, If people get a glimpse of pubic hair they may look again. If people see your bald pubes they may think that they’ve just seen some bare thigh. It’s a question of less being more.”

“Is that why you shaved me?”

“No, I hate getting hair in my mouth.”

“Will you eat me out when we get home please?”

“Only if you give me a blowjob and let me fuck you.”

“Jack, you can do whatever you want to any part of my body at anytime.”

Jack gently squeezed my hand then had to let go for us to go through the door into the shopping centre.

“At least there is no breeze in here.” I thought as Jack put his arm round me, holding my chest just below my breast.

Soon we were in a girl’s fashion shop looking at all sorts of clothes and accessories. We selected lots of tops, skirts and dresses for me to try on. What I did notice was that when we chose the skirts and dresses Jack stopped me from choosing anything that was longer than mid-thigh, and most of them had to be lightweight and flared. The dresses had to be summer dresses with either spaghetti or no straps. That part was okay with me because it was Spring and the days were getting warmer.

When it came to trying the potential new clothes on it was a slow job. Men weren’t allowed in the changing rooms and I could only take 6 items in at once. I was in and out like a Yo-Yo putting something or then going out to show Jack to see if he was happy.

When it came to the tops and skirts Jack said that I should just put whatever on and go out to show him topless or bottomless but I didn’t do that. I know that he wanted me to but I didn’t have the courage.

Jack threatened to spank me for not doing as he wanted but I didn’t think that he’d go through with his threat.

When I had finally tried on all the items and Jack and I had sorted them into 2 piles I said,

“Jack, all the skirts and dresses that we’ve chosen are short, now I don’t mind wearing them for you I don’t think that they are really appropriate for work.”

“Yes they are. Maria in sales wears short skirts doesn’t she?”

“Okay lover, you got me there but are you going to let me wear knickers with them. I bet that Maria wears knickers?”

“How do you know Grace, have ever got a look up her short skirt?”

“You got me again Jack, so do you want me to wear knickers at work or not?”

“Not.”

“Even though the skirts that you are buying me are very short and you’ve told me never to cross my legs?”

“That’s right Grace.”

“What if people at work, or anywhere, see my pussy?”

“Then it’s their lucky day. We’ve talked about you embracing your sexuality so it shouldn’t be a big deal if someone does get a look at your pussy. Don’t go sitting with your knees wide open like men do, just act normally, as if you had a full length skirt on and didn’t need to cross your legs.”

“And I’m, guessing that you’re going to say something similar about the tops that you’re buying me?”

“Good girl Grace, if anyone sees your pokeys or the real thing down your top it’s their lucky day and it has cost you nothing. You never know, your boss might promote you if he gets a quick glimpse of your pussy or tits.”

“Well okay then, if it makes you happy.”

“It does Grace, and I’ll show you how happy it makes me when we get home.”

“I can’t wait.”

“Sorry, but you are going to have to, we’ve got more shops to go in.”

The next shop was another girls fashion shop where we selected more clothes, I was getting used to Jack’s taste for what he wanted me to wear and I too was selecting the skirts and dresses with short skirts. I realised that I was also selecting tops that were baggy or had buttons on the front. I also selected a couple of sheer tops that I thought that he would like for when he took me places other than work.

The changing facilities were more helpful in that shop and all I had to do to show Jack what each item looked like on me was to open the curtain. I even gave Jack a thrill, and me actually, by opening the curtain a few times topless, then bottomless. But I did cheat a bit by sticking just my head out first to check that there was no one else near Jack.

After that shop we walked back to the car and dropped off the bags ready for some more shopping. After we’d dropped them off and were walking back I tried to tell Jack that he shouldn’t be spending so much money on me but he replied by saying,

“As much as I’d like to take you everywhere totally naked I can’t so you need these clothes Grace,”

It was a good job that we were between 2 cars when he said that because I turned and reached up to kiss him to thank him. His response was to put his arms round me and lift me up to his height. In doing so I felt the skirt sliding up my back leaving my bare butt totally exposed. Jack made it a long kiss and I just hoped that no one saw my butt.

Back in the shopping centre Jack bought me some earrings and a bracelet then told me that I should think about getting my nipples pierced sometime. That was something that I had never even considered and agreed that I’d think about it and that we’d talk about it some other time.

Then Jack took me into a mobile phone shop and bought a phone for me, not one of the cheap ones, a top of the range one which cost him a fortune. As we walked out of there I told him that I would earn it by letting him do whatever he wanted with me whenever he wanted. I’d told him that before but I said it again just to make sure that he understood that I meant it.

Next it was a bag shop where I chose a couple of bags, then the shoe shop next door. I tried to keep my knees together as the girl helped me try on shoes and sandals but I’m sure that she got at least one glimpse of my bare pussy, but it was girl so I wasn’t that worried.

After that it was a fast food place for a quick meal. We sat near the window and Jack told me to open my knees a bit. When I told Jack that people passing by would be able to see my pussy he asked me to keep looking out and tell me how many people looked more than a quick glance.

I knew that what Jack had said was right and when we got up to leave and only 3 people had looked my way and none of them had done a double take or looked for more than a split second.

That was the last place that we went to in the shopping centre but on the way home we stopped at a supermarket for me to stock up on toiletries and shaving things.

During the drive home Jack asked me what I thought of my spending the day at the shopping centre and then the supermarket wearing only a man’s shirt and I had to admit that I was starting to get used to it and that there were times that I didn’t even think about it.

“Good, that’s my girl, and as a reward, when we get home I’m going to fuck your brains out before we put all those clothes away and sort out your new phone.”

And that’s just what we did, not just once, but twice, the second time being after we’d sorted the clothes and the phone. I was the luckiest girl alive, a new wardrobe and a new man, what more could a girl ask for?

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The next morning was a bit of a rush because Jack fucked me as soon as he woke up. I woke as he entered my wet pussy and I vaguely remembered dream that we were marooned on a desert island and there was to do was fuck all day and night.

After a mad dash I was showered and shaved and wearing a new top, new skirt and new shoes, carrying a new bag with a new phone in it and was being driven to work from my new living place by my new boyfriend. I was extremely happy but at the same time a bit nervous. I had a microskirt on with no knickers and I was scared that one of my colleagues would see up my shirt and realise that I had no knickers on. It didn’t help that my nipples were creating 2 pokeys in my top.

As we drove I told Jack that I was nervous and he reassured me by repeating what he had told me before. He also gave me a few rules for at work about our relationship. He told me that although he didn’t mind others knowing, he didn’t want to announce that we were now together, not make a big deal of it. He also told me that I wasn’t to keep going to him for a quick whatever and that he wouldn’t be running over to me all the time. Basically we were to continue as we had before the weekend.

“Our relationship will get out and that’s fine, but we must act professionally at work.”

I understood that and promised not to go grabbing his cock every 5 minutes.

When he parked the car he turned and kissed me, at the same time his hand went up my skirt and gave my clit a quick rub.

“A little something to keep you going for the day.” Jack said before getting out of the car.

My new outfit was noticed straight away and I received a few nice compliments, one woman asking if I’d got a new man in my life. I didn’t answer her.

The morning flew by without me seeing Jack even once but when I went to the canteen Jack came and sat next to me. We talked and ate whilst managing to keep our hands to ourselves. One man came and sat opposite to me. No big deal as the place isn’t very big, and he didn’t talk to us but I did notice him staring at my bare legs.

Jack said just one word to me, “Knees”. I knew what Jack wanted me to do so I eased my knees apart a few centimetres. Nothing was said, but I did notice that the man’s face went all red.

We left the room to go back to work, again keeping our distance. A short while later one of the middle-aged women came over to me as said that she’d seen Jack talking to me quite often. Then she said,

“You want to be careful with that one Grace, he’s single and he’ll be trying to get in to your knickers”

“Oh right, thanks for the heads-up. I’ll remember that.” I said managing to keep a straight face.

The afternoon dragged and I couldn’t wait to get into Jack’s car and then back to my new home.

Jack stripped me as soon as we got through the front door and seconds later his cock was inside me. We managed to have a break from each other for long enough to get us some food. Then it was time for bed and our lovemaking moved to the bedroom.

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The next 4 days went about the same. At work I seemed to get a little popular with the guys and Jack told me it might have something to do with the way I bend down to get out and put back things on the lower shelves of the cupboards. Jack pointed out that I always bend at the waist, something that was never an issue with my knee length skirts but now that I was wearing mid-thigh length skirts Jack told me that I sometimes reveal part of my bare butt and what’s between my cheeks. One of the other guys in the office had pointed it out to him saying that he’d got a flash of my bare butt and pussy and he wondered if I’d got myself a boyfriend because I appeared to be a lot happier as well as dressing more ‘interestingly’.

When Jack told me what that guy had said I was so embarrassed and scared that I would get into trouble but Jack told me not to worry about it.

I hadn’t even thought about that since I started wearing the much shorter skirt and I was a little embarrassed when Jack told me, but he also told me not to change the way I bend and that it made him happy. When I asked him about what other people were thinking he told me not to worry about it. Since no one had complained or told me that I was revealing my bare butt it obviously wasn’t a problem.

“But it’s embarrassing.” I protested.

“Grace darling,” Jack said, “It wasn’t embarrassing when you didn’t know about it so just pretend that you still don’t know. You’ll soon stop thinking about it.”

I could see Jack’s logic but it was still embarrassing knowing about my exposure. But Jack wanted me to keep doing it so I would.

The other thing was that Jack and I started sending each other text messages to each other during the day. As time went on the messages got more sexy, what Jack called sexting. He’s started telling me to play with my pussy under my desk and even put a finger inside me then to lick that finger when someone is near me.

Another thing that he’s got me to do a few times is to go to the toilet, take a photo of my pussy and send it to him. He says that those photos keep him going until we can get home.

On the Friday afternoon one woman who had seen us sitting together at lunchtime, came up to me and said that she’d noticed that I was talking to Jack a lot and that she’d seen me getting out of his car on a morning a couple of times.

I managed to think quickly and I said,

“Yes, when he found out where I live he asked me if I wanted a lift to work to save me getting the bus. He told me that comes down my street anyway so it wasn’t problem to pick me up on the way.”

I didn’t tell her that he picked me up in his driveway.

When it got to arriving home on the Friday I just stripped naked as soon as I got through the door without even thinking about it. I guessed that being naked at home had definitely become the norm that I was happy with.

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Over the weekend Jack took me shopping again, only this time I wore a proper dress and sandals, that’s all. Jack also asked me to leave a big gap in the changing room curtains and my heart skipped a few beats when I saw men staring at me as they stood beside Jack. Each time I quickly put something on. When I asked Jack if he enjoyed other men looking at me naked he replied,

“Not as much as you liked them looking at you.”

I had to think about that one for a while then I realised that I had liked it. It had made my pussy get wet and tingle.

The dresses and skirts that Jack bought for me this time were a little shorter than the previous weekend and I wondered if he was expecting me to wear them for work. I was getting used to the mid thigh length but I was a bit worried that those shorter skirts would mean that my pussy and butt would be on display more than when I bent over.

Again, Jack told me that I would get used to it but that might mean that more people at work would see what they shouldn’t see and I was a bit worried.

The other thing about some of the dress’ was that they are all armless and shoulder-less, being held up just by spaghetti straps. Jack told me to push the straps off my shoulders in the changing room and he only bought the ones that dropped to the floor on their own.

I just hoped that if I wore one for work that he wouldn’t creep up behind me in the office and push the straps off my shoulders leaving me totally naked in the middle of the office.

Jack did relent and bought me one pair of knickers from a lingerie shop. The thing was, they were made entirely of little beads. One string going round me just above my hips and 2 other strings both going from the top of my butt crack, down and under me then joining the string that is above my pubic bone.

When I told Jack that those 2 would disappear between my lips he told me that they were supposed to and that the 2 strings were to go either side of me clit. When I told him that I didn’t see the point of them he told me to wait until I put them on and walked about adding that I would find out that evening. I didn’t ask because I knew that he would tell me when I needed to know.

Jack also took me to a shop that sold make-up, something that I had never used. He told me that I didn’t need any because I was perfect as I was but he told me that I could get some if I wanted. I just got some moisturiser.

For lunch, Jack took me to a restaurant where we had a great meal but I think that he was a bit disappointed that there wasn’t any opportunities to get me to expose my tits or pussy.

When we got back home he jumped on me and fucked me right behind the front door, not even giving either of us a chance to put away the things that we’d bought. Once we’d eased our passion it was the more mundane tasks that had to be done. I must say that I am getting used to doing these jobs without any clothes on.

That evening Jack told me that we were going to the pub so that I could meet some of his mates. I was and wasn’t looking forward to it. I wanted to meet them but I was scared that he’d get me to take my clothes off, not that I was expecting to wear much or had much to wear when we went out. I didn’t want to be naked in in a pub.

Jack asked me to wear one of my shorter than mini dress’, a summer dress with spaghetti straps that buttoned from top to bottom that only just covers my butt and pussy. He also asked me to wear my only pair of knickers and to pull them up so that the bead strings disappeared and to have one string on either side of my clit.

I didn’t see the point of them until I started walking. They certainly weren’t as good as Jack’s fingers but they did draw my attention to my clit as I moved about.

With the dress and the beads knickers I wore some 3 inch heels. Never having owned any heels so high I was struggling a bit.

We went out in a taxi, both of us sitting in the back. Jack had his hand up my dress gently rubbing up and down my slit with the side of his hand all the way and I was a bit horny when we got out of the car.

In the pub I met 3 of his mates, Charlie, Arthur and Oscar. All 3 standing up to shake my hand and either saying something nice about me, or my dress, or congratulating Jack on his acquisition.

Arthur went to get drinks for Jack and me and we all sat down, Jack and me sitting on chairs opposite the other 3 guys. There was a table but it wasn’t big enough and I was sat opposite Charlie to one side of the table. Remembering how Jack wants me to sit my knees were open. I couldn’t see my pussy but in that short dress I was pretty sure that Charlie could.

“Wow Jack,” Charlie said, “You’ve got this one trained well.”

“What do you mean Charlie?” Oscar asked.

“Short dress, no bra, no knickers, bald pussy and sitting with knees apart,” Charlie replied, “You’ve struck gold there mate.”

“Yes I have,” Jack replied, “and she’s great in bed as well.”

I was a little annoyed that they were talking about me like that when I was right there, but I knew that men can be a bit rude at times., but it did make me blush a little.

“Embarrassing you are we Grace?” Charlie said, “Such a nice name Grace.”

“Leave her alone guys, Grace is a nice girl not a slut.” Jack said, “and for the record she is wearing some knickers.”

“I can see her pussy and I can’t see any.” Charlie said.

I so wanted to cross my legs but at the same time I wanted to please Jack so I just sat there. What I did notice was that Charlie talking about him seeing my pussy made it tingle.

Arthur got back with the drinks and as he was putting them in front of us I saw him looking down at my bare legs but the only thing that he said was,

“Did I miss anything?”

Jack laughed then told Arthur that he hadn’t. Then Arthur starting asking me about myself and my answers seemed to interest them because there were no more comments about my clothes or body and Charlie’s eyes went up to meet mine.

The guys seemed to accept me and there was a lot of talking about all sorts, although at times I was unable to join in the conversation because it was about boys things or sport or other things that I knew nothing about.

It became Oscar’s time to get the drinks in and when he brought them back he told Charlie to shuffle over because he wanted to talk to me and get a good look at me. By that I assumed that he wanted to look at my pussy as I was still sat with my knees apart.

When Oscar sat down Jack put one hand on my bare thigh with his fingers on the inside of my thigh. It was nice having Jack touching me although I got a bit worried after a few minutes because his hand had been slowly moving up my thigh and when it got to my pussy I gasped a little and closed my eyes for a few seconds. When I opened them I saw that Oscar was looking at me and smiling.

“Enjoying that are you Grace?” Oscar asked.

I just smiled.

The conversation continued with 2 things happening, firstly Jacks hand was rubbing my pussy slowly, but continuously, and secondly, I was couldn’t stop myself from concentrating on what Jack was doing instead of the conversation. At one point I heard someone say my name and I responded,

“Sorry, what was that?”

Oscar replied,

“It’s no good talking to Grace for a while, Jack is slowly bringing her off.”

I should have been embarrassed but what Jack was doing to me was my priority right then.

The inevitable happened and a few minutes later my hand went to my mouth to stop me from moaning too loudly, and then my whole body went rigid for a few seconds as the orgasm took control of my body.

“Oh my gawd Jack,” I said when I was able, “I can’t believe that you just did that to me, in a pub of al places. It’s so embarrassing. Sorry guys, please forget that ever happened.”

Jack was smiling and still holding my thigh up near my pussy.

Arthur said,

“The sight of you cumming Grace is burned into my memory for ever.”

I blushed – again.

Charlie went for some more drinks and when he got back it was seat shuffling for the guys. By then all 3 of them had been sat opposite me so all 3 of them had had a long look at my pussy.

I took a sip of my orange juice and then said,

“Is this a different orange juice Charlie, it tastes a bit different?”

“No, it’s the same stuff but I got the barmaid to put a vodka in it, I thought that you might like a little kick.”

“I’ve never drunk alcohol before.”

“Don’t worry love,” Jack said, “if you get drunk or pass out I’ll carry you home over my shoulder, just take it slow.”

“But if I pass out we won’t be able to ma …..“

I managed to stop myself from finishing the sentence but Charlie knew what I was going to say and said,

“Make love? Jack can fuck you when you’re out cold but it won’t be as much fun for either of you. Has he fucked you to wake you on a morning yet? I’m told that women think that it’s a great way to wake up. Or have you climbed on his morning woody yet? That definitely is a great way to wake up.”

“Speaking from experience are you mate?” Jack asked.

“Yes I am, there was these 2 whores in Thailand that I spent the night with, boy did they give me a good time, cheap as well.”

“Are you sure that it wasn’t a Ladyboy Charlie,” Jack said, “I’m told that there are lots of them out there and I bet that you were pissed. Did you ever see in their knickers?”

Charlie went quiet, and Jack decided to change the subject and asked if anyone fancied a bit of a party the next Saturday.

“You offering?” Oscar said.

“Yeah,” Jack said looking at me, “we can host a party can’t we Grace?”

“Err yes, I guess so.” I replied.

“Bring your girlfriends with you so that Grace isn’t the only naked girl there.”

“WHAT? You want me to be naked with your 3 mates and their girlfriends there?” I asked.

“Yes, why not, you’re naked all the time at home, and these guy’s girlfriend will be naked as well, probably, possibly, maybe.”

“Well if that’s what you really want.”

Jack’s hand was still on my thigh and it slid up and touched my pussy causing me to gasp.

“I’ll see what I can do, Lucy might be up for it.” Charlie said.

“Yeah, I’ll work on Emma.” Oscar added.

“Jo will be up for it.” Arthur added. “Us three guys with 3 naked chicks getting us the beers all night sounds like great night.”

We talked some more, all of us drinking our drinks. When most of the glasses were empty Jack said,

“My round, same again guys?”

“Yes please.” I said, at the time not realising that the vodka had started to get to me.

As soon as Jack had left Oscar said,

“So Grace, we’ve all seen your pussy, are you going to show us your tits?”

The vodka had crushed any thoughts of embarrassment and I replied,

“You don’t want to see my tits, they’re way too small.”

 “Yes we do.” All 3 replied at once.

“There’s nothing to see.”

“Oh yes there is.” Oscar and Arthur both replied.

“Good things come in small packages.” Charlie added.

“Go on Grace, open a few buttons and give us a flash.” Oscar said.

“No, it’s not right.” I replied but at the same time I was guessing that Jack would want me to.

I did nothing until Jack got back with the drinks then I turned to Jack and said,

“Your mates just asked me to show them my tits.”

“Did you show them Grace?”

“No, it’s not right.”

“It’s okay Grace, they’re my mates, you can show them.”

“You want me to show them Jack?”

“Yes, why not, you’re starting to get a bit proud of your body and opening you dress will help you.”

I thought for a few seconds,

“It would make Jacks mates happy and Jack too. I know that Jack likes me to show my body, hell, all 3 of them have been staring at my bare pussy for the last couple of hours and Jack’s other mate Steve has seen me totally naked. Is Jack getting me to show my body to all these people to build my confidence in myself or what?”

I couldn’t answer that last thought, deciding to talk to Jack about it later, when we were on our own, but the alcohol had lowered my inhibitions and I started unfastening the button, completely forgetting that we were in a crowded pub. Because of the shortness of the dress there weren’t many buttons anyway, and before I knew it there was just one button and the spaghetti straps holding the dress in place.

I pulled the 2 sides of the dress open revealing my bare chest for a couple of seconds then pulled them back together.

“Very nice.” Oscar said.

“Beautiful.” Arthur said.

“Wow,” Charlie said, “I didn’t think that it was cold in here but Grace obviously does. Either that or she enjoys flashing her tits.”

I giggled a bit then started fastening the buttons, knowing that he was referring to my hard nipples that were tingling a bit. I’d started at the bottom and when I got to just below my tits Jack stopped me and told me not to bother with the rest of them. I looked down at my chest and saw that my tits were covered but I’d have to be careful when I moved about.

“Thank you Grace,” Charlie said, “Jack is a lucky man to have found you.”

“You alright Grace?” Jack asked as he put a hand back on my bare knee, gently pulling them further part.

“Yeah, can you pass me my drink please?”

“No, bend over and get it yourself Grace. Guys, tits.”

Not knowing why Jack had said what he had, I did. Once the glass was in my hand I looked up and saw the 3 guys looking at me, or more to the point, at my chest. Then I realised what they were looking at and my spare hand went to my chest pressing my dress top over my tits.

“You knew that that would happen didn’t you Jack” I asked.

“Yep, do you forgive me for telling you to get your own drink?”

“How could I not forgive you, I love you.”

“Grace, that’s the first time that you’ve used the ‘L’ word, and I ‘L’ word you too, shall we get out of here and find somewhere quiet?”

“Yes please, but somewhere private as well as quiet please?”

“Guys,” Jack announced, “we’re heading out. Thanks for not trashing Grace and I’ll see you next Saturday at my place, with your girls.”

The 3 guys all said goodbye as we walked out, Jack with his arm round my shoulder.

Outside I said,

“Jack, you made me cum in that pub, in public, what were you thinking?”

“That I have a gorgeous girlfriend and that I’m more than happy for the world to see her enjoying herself.”

“It was rather nice, and with all those people did sort of make my cum a bit more intense.”

“So being exposed and cumming in public is a turn-on for you?”

“I think that it might be.”

“So just how did you feel sat there with your pussy on display?”

“Well I now know not to sit down when I wear one of my shorter skirts or dresses, but apart from that, I was embarrassed and nervous as hell to start off with, but it didn’t take that long to start to relax, after all they weren’t the first of your mates to see my pussy.”

“True, you are getting used to all this exposure aren’t you?”

“I guess that I am a bit but have we reached the limit of what you want me to do for you yet?”

“No, but I promise that you’ll enjoy yourself. I’m only trying to help you to bring out the real you Grace.”

“Well whatever you are doing my life is soo much better than it was a couple of weeks ago.”

Just then the taxi arrived and we got in. On the way home we kissed and Jack had a hand between my legs nearly all the way. By the time we got home I was close to cumming and I was happy that Jack jumped on me as soon as we got through the front door.

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My second Sunday with Jack started with him waking me by sliding his cock in and out of my pussy. I love it when he does that.

It was a glorious sunny morning and Jack wanted to eat breakfast out the back of the house but although the sun made it look a wonderful day it was still a bit chilly and after I’d been outside a few minutes Jack saw my hard nipples and asked if I was still horny.

“Yes I am but I’m a bit cold as well.”

“That explains it then, come here Grace and sit on my lap.”

We ate breakfast with me feeling Jack’s cock grow underneath me and when it got hard I lifted up then impaled myself. We finished eating like that then I started bouncing up and down until we’d both cum.

We spent the rest of the doing household chores although they took a lot longer than they should have because we kept having a break to enjoy each other’s body.

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The following week was relatively quiet although I got a few comments about the ‘new look’ me, all of them nice comments. I did notice that there always seemed to be at least one man not far from me when I had to bend over at the cupboards.

The other thing was that Jack kept sending me text messages with just PP on them. Once I realised that PP meant ‘pussy photo’ I started sending him the photos that he wanted. As well as the photos taken in the rest room I also started taking some at my desk. I’d wait until there was no one else around, set my phone’s camera to use the flash, open my knees and take a quick pic.

I nearly got caught once when a young man came to see me straight after I’d taken one and was looking at it to make sure that it was worth sending to Jack when I saw the young man walking towards me.

I blushed as I quickly put my phone back into my bag. At my desk the young man said,

“Are you alright Grace? You look a little flushed.”

I managed to brush it off and I hoped that he hadn’t seen what was on my phone’s screen.

I have to say that by the end of the week being naked at home felt totally natural to me. The fact that Jack still had his clothes on meant nothing. I was happy being naked all the time.

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It got to be the end of the working day on the Friday and as we drove home Jack said,

“It’s the photography club meeting tonight Grace, do you fancy coming with me?”

“Will you be expecting me to pose naked for them?”

“Grace, I never EXPECT you to do anything, if you want to come and just sit next to me all evening that’s just fine.”

“But I can wear something to go there?”

“Of course you can, as much as I’d like you to be able to walk into a pub totally naked it may just cause a bit of a problem so I will be happy for you to wear a dress.”

“Thank you Jack, in that case I’d like to come with you to see what you all take photos of.”

Just before we left I put on another of my new dresses and a pair of my new 3 inch heels thinking that I needed more practice wearing heels.

We arrived at the pub and Jack led me up to the function room where I saw about 7 or 8 men of varying ages.

“No girls?” I asked as we walked over.

“There’s a couple of female members but the both work shifts so they can’t make it to half the meetings.”

As Jack introduced me to everyone except Steve, the Chinese takeaway delivery driver, everyone of them came out with some nice comment about my looks, a couple adding that Jack was a lucky bastard. All of which made me feel good. One guy asked me if I was going to pose for them but I didn’t answer him.

When the meeting got underway, everyone took it in turns to show some of the photographs that they’d taken since the last meeting. They were all projected onto a big screen from a laptop and projector making everything look huge. Everyone excepts for Jack, him saying that he’s been too busy to think about photography. That comment triggered a few comments, all of which involved me one way or another and I blushed a little.

I have to say that, although there were some great photographs, none of the subject material really appealed to me.

Then it was a break where people went and got some drinks, Steve getting Jack and me one. Jack was talking to some of the others during the break and they tried to include me, but my total lack of knowledge of cameras soon became obvious and I was soon left out until Steve came back and he started to talk to me asking about how Jack and I met then asking me about my background.

When Steve had asked what I wanted to drink I remembered the orange juice that Charlie had got me in the pub and I decided to ask for an orange juice with some vodka in it. I remembered that the last one had made me feel good, not that I wasn’t before it, nor that I needed to feel good right then, I just thought that it might make the evening a little more interesting.

I don’t know how much vodka Steve asked for but it tasted stronger than the one that Charlie had bought me, but I still drank it.