Chloe's Story, Part 1

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The beginning of Chloe's story describes her growing enchantment with her emerging sexuality.

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The Beginning of Something

Joey and I had been together since I was a freshman in high school and he a junior. We were never an "item." Neither of us was popular enough for that designation, but that's probably why we were always so close. I had been raised in a very strict and very Christian family, so I never was allowed to dress in any way that was fashionable. In my family, everything fashionable was "sinful," anything that would show any hint of my burgeoning body was "moral turpitude." I was frightened of sex, and the natural inclinations of a budding young woman that emerged at night in erotic dreams and longings paralyzed me the next morning. The pull of hormones tugging at my protective veil of Christian piety turned me into a reclusive young girl terrified of the changes her body and mind were going through.

Joey, though smart, was simply skinny and awkward and attracted no attention whatsoever. But I liked him. He was shy enough to never press me for sex and observant enough to notice the changes going on. We sort of became our own society and built a pretty strong bond. He was my only boyfriend, and I assumed that would always be the case, so upon my graduation, marriage seemed an easy and seamless step. We married shortly after I graduated. I was barely eighteen. Joey was twenty one.

Joey had gotten a job at a garage downtown shortly after his own graduation. He'd always been very good with his hands and automobile mechanics seemed to come naturally to him, so he did very well very early on. Unfortunately, he didn't make enough money for me to pursue my dream of a college degree, so I found work as a receptionist at a stock brokerage firm in town with hours flexible enough for me to take some early afternoon and evening classes at the local college.

I'd always done well in high school, especially in my English classes, where the romance of books could shield me from the drabness of the real world I lived in, and my English teachers, most notably Mr. Barnes, all took an avid interest in my education. I say Mr. Barnes most notably because he alone also seemed to take notice of me as a woman, a "blossoming" woman, as he would sometimes put it.

It was terribly flattering, exhilarating actually, to be noticed the way he noticed my changes.

I truly was blossoming. My body began to change most dramatically in my sophomore year when Mr. Barnes first met me, and by my senior year, when I enrolled in his honors lit class, I knew, even if no one else did, that I had a fabulous body. It embarrasses me now to think of the hours I spent in front of the mirror admiring the new fullness of my breasts, the waspish size of my waist, and the full and erotic curve of my hips or the hours afterwards when I would reprimand myself for my hideous depravity. My breasts were probably a little too large for my frame, but it really didn't matter because I was also painfully shy from early years of being "plain" and so intrinsically fearful of "damnation" as well, that in public, I took pains to cover up all of this "blossom" that only Mr. Barnes appeared to see.

After graduation, life began to change pretty remarkably. More and more people began to take notice of me and to remark on my appearance, some of it nice, some of it creepy. On countless occasions, I noticed men following me around the supermarket and not infrequently at the local mall, too. I was still quite shy about all this obvious attention and quite certain that the temptation I felt to flaunt my body was the work of the devil, but I was also oddly flattered and exhilarated at the same time. I even found myself occasionally giving in to the devil's temptation and "posing" for some of the guys I knew were checking me out, and then feeling ashamed moments later when I'd remind myself that I was now a newly married woman. But I had to admit more and more that I enjoyed being looked at.

Later that summer, I had my hair cut into the more flattering shape my hair dresser had been recommending and let him colored it a much lighter shade of blonde than my natural ash. The hair style and color proved perfect, complementing my face, drawing attention to the fullness of my lips, and emphasizing what I'd always thought to be one of my better features, the deep hazel hue of my eyes. With Joey's encouragement, I bought a new and more flattering wardrobe. Skirts a little shorter and tighter, sweaters a bit clingier and lower cut, and an attitude a little less meek and retiring, but by no means arrogant or showy. A different woman was emerging from her chrysalis.

A Trip to the Mall

It's interesting, now that I think back on it, how important to our future one afternoon and one outfit became to the new me. And to the new "us."

It was a warm early spring afternoon the following year. I was lounging around the apartment in sheer tights and a light sweater when Joey asked me to run over to Sears at the mall with him to get some tool he needed for work. I said, sure, but I needed to change first.

"Nah, come on. You look fine. It's only Sears," he said distractedly.

"I don't have anything on under this, Joey. Don't you think I should at least put on a bra?"

"Nobody will know. Come on," he said, seemingly exacerbated at my reluctance.

"Okay," I said, suddenly feeling a very unfamiliar but erotic sensation. I'd never been out of the house without a bra. Regardless of what Joey might think, sans bra, my boobs were certainly going to be noticed in this outfit! And for some sudden and inexplicable reason the whole idea seemed exciting! I wanted my boobs to be noticed! "Let me grab my shoes," I said, trying to tamp down my rising excitement.

The first shoes I came to were totally inappropriate—four inch, black stiletto pumps I'd bought for the senior prom last year. And that's what I picked.

I threw on a little wind breaker and ran out to the car where Joey was waiting. He gave me the strangest stare, and his "Ready to go?" had an odd excitement to it. A sort of sexual tension that I immediately got caught up in as well. Maybe he wasn't so "distracted" as I thought. We rode to the mall in a peculiar silence, tinged with what I could only sense was sexual stimulation mixed with anxiety.

As we got out of the car at the mall, Joey suggested I leave the jacket in the car. I hesitated a second, afraid that Joey would be embarrassed by what he would now clearly see was my almost blatant nakedness beneath my tights and sweater, but I did as he asked. Neither of us said a word as we walked to the mall entrance, but I could see Joey stealing surreptitious glances at my boobs bouncing tantalizingly under the tight sweater as I walked in those totally inappropriate but sexy little pumps. I should have blushed, but instead I was as keyed up as I'd ever been.

In the mall, it was apparent that more guys than just Joey were watching and admiring the body walking beside him. I thought he'd surely see the commotion I was causing and be uncomfortable or self-conscious, but he didn't seem to be. In fact, he seemed to be suddenly quite possessive, as if he wanted everyone to see that the little "sexpot" next to him belonged to him. I could sense his heart beating faster. I was puzzled, but interested, too. This seemed so unlike him.

This change in Joey emboldened me, and I began to be a little more overt, just to see what happened. I began deliberately to parade my body, transparently expressing my sexuality in the most obvious manner. The more obvious I became, the more excited Joey became. And so did I.

For the next month or so, every time we'd go somewhere, at Joey's implicit suggestion, I'd dress in some similar fashion. He never asked outright, he was still too shy for that, but I could see by his

reaction that he wanted this to continue. So I accommodated him...and me! I showed more and more flesh in what I wore. More leg, and definitely more boob. Each time we went out, I'd ratchet it up just a teeny bit, so by midsummer, when we went out, Joey had a very sexy young "slut" hanging all over him.

Joey grew increasingly happy with the new me. He'd never been much noticed in high school, but now he was getting noticed for his "bitch," as he put it one night. And he loved it! More and more!

I don't deny that I did, too. I loved the attention and most of the comments I'd overhear murmured under a guy's' breath. Our sex life got better when Joey began to encourage me to tell him about the guys who'd look at me and at what I'd overhear them say. I learned early on that, if I embellished the stories, our sex was even better.

I began to wear sexier clothes at work, too, shedding the drab, loose-fitting blouses and sweaters and the long granny skirts for a more modern look that highlighted my figure a little more and drew attention to the body beneath. Nothing was inappropriate, but fortunately for me, since contemporary style the last few seasons so emphasized the breast, I could be quite innocently sexy and provocative. And naturally, the looks and compliments I got at work were translated into much more flirtatious and more tantalizing remarks about what was said and done later in the bedroom for Joey. Our sex got better and better.

We even discovered porn, which at first embarrassed both of us, but soon became another part of our weekend love making. Joey became quite intrigued that nearly all the porn stars kept themselves totally shaved, and I agreed that it was a very sleek and sexy look. At Joey's urging, I soon did the same, and loved the feel of Joey's touch on the silky smooth skin of my tight young pussy. Joey came almost to depend both on our occasional porn movies and even more on the stories I'd embellish for our sex life.

At first, he'd want to know who "liked" me at work and who "wanted" me the most. Later, he'd ask me who I was most attracted to, and though I was reluctant to say anything at first, when I discovered that even an innocent preference for one of the guys increased his performance, I subtly began to admit to certain preferences. If my stories required considerable variance from the truth, they were also extraordinarily hot...for both of us!

As things progressed, I began to give Joey little fashion shows, shows that always turned into sexy little strip teases. Joey would name all the guys he knew who would "die to see this," guys at work who had made comments about his "hot wife." He suggested that maybe we should tease them that way sometime, and I'd go along with it, shaking my boobs and wiggling my ass, pretending I was in front of them. It was all harmless fun.

We began to take fun "risks," making our sex life a little more dangerous. I had this cute mask that I got at a party shop for Halloween last year, and one night I became the "mysterious lady" who seduced my husband in our bed. Joey loved it! Then one weekend afternoon, I walked out onto our patio completely nude with the mask on and Joey again just went wild.

The next day, we drove out to his mother's house to water her plants while she was away, and Joey surprised me with the mask. He wanted to take pictures of me. Outside! Totally nude! I probably too readily agreed. The idea was exciting and dangerous, the great aphrodisiacs of our sex life.

We went out into his mother's backyard, where I sexily stripped for him. I was so excited because it seemed so perilous. Though trees surrounded the yard, I was certain we were clearly visible from the street. But I posed nonetheless, my heart pounding and my excitement peaking. Later, we made love right there on the little love seat we had dragged out for the pictures! That was truly risky and terribly thrilling.

That night, Joey drove me home nude, which was a bit more frightening than I wished at the time, but we ended up doing it again on two other occasions, one time stopping off to neck in the park. We were just two kids, discovering the sex life we never had in school.

We had a party one Saturday night and invited some of Joey's friends from work. Joey dressed me in something totally inappropriate, a teeny, tiny little Lycra micro mini, fishnet stockings and a bustier! I looked like a hooker, but Joey told me the next day that his friends at work couldn't stop talking about how hot his wife is. I got really icy stares from the wives all night though, and I'll bet they were talking about me in a very different fashion the next day. But I didn't like any of them anyway, so no loss.

This sort of thing went on for the better part of the year, and for a time, it was enough. We were still experimenting with sex and with what we'd become. That was especially true for me. I became increasingly proud, maybe even a little conceited about my appearance, which led me more and more to encourage Joey to show me off. I don't think I was really sluttish, but I knew I was becoming somewhat of an exhibitionist. And it was fun!

I would still have occasional devastating attacks of guilt and remorse, thinking I was becoming a terrible harlot, but they grew less frequent in time, until eventually I quit beating myself up morally and eventually even stopped attending church altogether. Maybe that was a mistake.

The Club

Early the next summer, a package arrived in the mail for me. It was from an online dress store, some

place called "Wicked Temptations." I hadn't ordered anything online, and even though it was addressed to me, I decided not to open it. I showed the package to Joey when he came home, and he laughed and said he'd ordered a dress for me as a kind of joke.

"Here, take a look," he laughed, opening the package and passing the dress to me. "Try it on."

"Try it on?" I said. "There's hardly anything to try on," I laughed, holding up this little fluff of material. "What were you thinking?"

Of course I did know what he was thinking. Our latest adventures had shown me that. But the closer I looked the more intrigued I became both by the dress and by the fact that Joey had purchased it "for fun." It looked extremely revealing, to put it mildly, and really, really sexy. And I did want to try it on, maybe more than he knew, though I pretended not to.

"Oh come on, Chloe. Try it on. It's no big deal. It might be fun."

"You are so silly, Joey," I laughed. "Okay, you wait right there and I'll give you a fashion show!"

I went into the bedroom, quickly stripped off my work clothes, and held the little dress up against my naked body. There wasn't much of it there. It was completely backless and short, and appeared to have a deeply plunging cowl-neck front. An eye-grabbing red, it was composed of a synthetic silk fiber of some sort that was slippery smooth and luxurious to touch. It excited me merely to look at it, and I actually trembled when I slipped it on. I was astonished when I turned to look in the mirror.

Stunned and excited, I could feel my heart pounding in my chest and blood rushing to my face as I glanced again at the girl in the red dress. The dress was not only tight, it was impossibly tight, and clingy, adhering itself to every curve and crevice of my body. And it was not only short, it was exceedingly short, falling only a few inches below my bottom and hugging it provocatively. It dipped so low in the back that a good part of my butt was clearly visible, as was the sides of my boobs.

But it was the front that was most shocking. It was a simple cowl neck, but it plunged well below my navel and was wide enough to display almost the entirety of my breasts. No matter which way I'd turn, more would be displayed than covered. Walking, it was almost impossible to keep myself from spilling out with any step whatsoever, especially given the size of my boobs. It was like wearing water. At every step, some part of my body spilled out, leaving me literally on complete display. I looked desirable and available...very available!

I could never wear the dress in public, unless I were to stand immobile, but how I wished I could, because I had never, ever looked or felt so sexy. I just couldn't wear it in public. I was determined,

however, to let Joey persuade me otherwise!

I walked back toward the front room trying my best to stay in the dress. Entering the room and standing provocatively in the doorway I said, "If you want me to wear this, I must have better shoes!" trying to sound sexy and sultry but bursting almost immediately into a giggling fit.

"Goddamn it, Chloe! You look freakin' hot. You could wear it at some of the clubs over in Bayside," he said, after some hesitation, his voice cracking just a bit.

"You're not serious, I hope. I could never wear this in public," I said, hoping he *was* serious. I really wanted to be seen in this stunningly sexy excuse for a dress.

"Well, why not?" Joey answered, looking me up and down. "You really do look outrageously hot, Baby. It could be fun if you would. I'll help you pick shoes," he laughed.

"I'd be arrested if I wore this!" I smiled. "But it would be fun, wouldn't it...?"

We were in bed within minutes and had terrific sex fantasizing about me in that outrageous little dress. I was a little vixen in bed, and our sex fantasy that night was very persuasive. I wanted to be seen in public in that tantalizingly sexy little dress!

Nothing further was said about the dress for a week or so, but the next day, I bought the perfect pair of shoes for our little fantasy dress, red six inch sling-back heels, but I never said anything to Joey about it.

On Friday, a week later, Joey suggested we go out to one of the clubs in Bayside, The Blues Baby, one we'd heard about but never visited. It had a reputation as a pick-up club, and though both of us knew that, neither of us mentioned it. An odd choice, I thought, but a curiously exciting one, too.

"Maybe I'll wear the dress you bought me," I joked.

"Well, maybe you should," Joey replied, not looking directly at me.

"Do you have sufficient bail money?" I grinned.

"Oh come on, Chloe. It's not that bad," he answered, apparently seriously. "You see lots of that in the clubs around here. I mean we're not in the Midwest."

"Do you really want me to?" I asked, hoping so much that he did.

"Sure, why not? You have the body for it."

"I couldn't wear a thing underneath it, you know," I said, my voice betraying my excitement at the erotic danger.

"We're young and we've never done anything like this before. The guys at work all do this sort of thing all the time, you know, go out, drink, dance, show off their wives or girlfriends on the dance floor. None of them have what I've got, so I'd like to show mine off too."

"You don't dance, Joey. You hate it, as you've told me countless times."

"But you do, and I wouldn't mind watching. Watch guys eat their hearts out wanting what I have. Come on what do you say? We've always talked about being 'bad.' Let's just do it once."

"Are you really sure, Honey? Do you remember what I look like in that dress? I'm practically nude!"

"I do remember, Baby. That's why I think it would be like totally hot, let the jerks at work see how hot my wife is."

That remark surprised me a bit. He wants to show me off to his coworkers because it reflects well on him, I thought. I'm not a complete feminist, but enough of one to know objectification when I hear it. I was about to say his remark was maybe a teeny bit offensive, when it occurred to me, that perhaps, for once in my life, I wouldn't mind being an "object," something for guys to stare at and ogle.

"Are guys from work going to be there?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe, maybe not. Let's just do it regardless, okay?"

"Okay, Joey, if you're really, really sure. But this is kinda more than we did last summer. I really cannot stay inside the dress you bought, you know. Every time I move something spills out," I said seriously.

"I'll be right there. It'll be okay. You really do look hot, Babe," he answered bravely.

I had serious doubts about Joey's ability to rescue me from any serious trouble, but I just let it go.

"Okay," I said. "If you're really okay with this, I guess I could try to be your little sexpot this weekend," I went on, trying to be less of a cold blanket. "You can have fun showing me off. I'll be happy to have

you display me, okay. I think it could be lots of fun, too! You're right; maybe we're too conservative sometimes."

I took Friday afternoon off from work to have my hair and nails done, and spent the later part of the day on my makeup. Joey had counter duty at work that Friday, so he wouldn't be home until 9:00, so I had plenty of time to muse over the evening ahead. Unfortunately, the more I mused, the more nervously excited I became, so to calm myself down I made myself a vodka tonic.

I tried the dress on a half dozen times, posing in various positions. I soon knew what every single movement and angle would reveal. None were modest! Dancing, if I decided to, would be particularly precarious, because there was hardly a step, especially in these six inch stilettos, that didn't almost instantly expose me totally. There would be very little left to the imagination of Joey's coworkers, if what I expected to happen did happen.

By the time Joey got home, I was a little bit tipsy, but also much calmer and braver. I wasn't dressed yet, but I had only to slip out of my robe and into that semblance of a dress to be ready.

Joey showered and dressed and by a little after 10:00 we were ready to go. I slipped on the dress, wearing only very, very sheer red thigh high stockings beneath, and with the help of four vodka tonics, said sexily, "What do you think?" thrusting my boobs in his face.

"Wow, Chloe. I guess you look a little more on display than I thought."

"Too much," I asked hesitantly, terribly afraid he was about to back out. I'd do anything I could to prevent that. "Will it bother you for the guys at work to see your wife like this?" I asked, hoping the idea of showing me off would make him determined to let me wear the dress.

"No, I guess not," he replied a bit uneasily. "None of the guys at work are going to be there anyway, far as I know. You do look good. You have a beautiful body. The dress looks a little different tonight though than it did when you first tried it on."

He was right that the dress looked slightly different. I was nearing that time of month, and my boobs were easily a full cup size larger than when I had first modeled the dress for him, so the dress covered even less now than it did when it stunned him with its brevity before. I was, shall we say, utterly and totally on display!

A great surge of relief went through me when I heard him agree that I looked good and he was, if not completely comfortable with the way I was dressed, at least willing to go along with it. I desperately wanted to be seen in this hot little outfit, for once, to be the object of desire. It was truly like a coming

out for me.

The club turned out to be great! It was dimly lit and "bluesy," the bar was filled but not cramped, and the crowd was a good mix of young and old. We found a couple of great seats at the bar near the dance floor and ordered drinks. I was only nineteen at the time, and afraid I'd get carded, but apparently the body on display in that teeny, slinky red dress proved identification enough.

Feeling sexy and sophisticated, I ordered my first martini. It turned out to be way strong! I was feeling the effects before I finished the first one, especially after all I'd had to drink while getting dressed. I knew my inhibitions were slipping away when I noticed the cowl neck on my dress had shifted dramatically to the left exposing my boob to just beyond the edge of my nipple. I saw that Joey noticed, too. But I didn't do anything about it except grow progressively more excited. The same was true for him.

"I'd really like to dance, Joey. I wish you would," I pleaded in his ear, bending over to expose that same breast entirely to him and anyone else who cared to look.

"I suck. I look totally stupid trying to dance. You know that. Believe me, somebody will ask you."

"Not with you sitting there," I pouted.

"What, you want me to leave?"

"Not leave, but maybe like just go to the bathroom for a few minutes and see what happens, okay? I really, really feel like dancing. And you said you want me to, right?"

"Yeah, I do. Okay, but don't get too crazy," he said. "But maybe a little crazy," he grinned.

"Okay, but like don't come back right away. Give somebody a chance to pick me up. Then you can 'rescue' me, k?" I said more keyed up and eager than I should have been.

I smiled back at him wickedly and winked as he left for the bathroom.

The second he was out of sight, I sat back in my chair and let the dress do what it wanted, and what it wanted was to exhibit me to the world. Exactly what I wanted, too!

The bartender brought me another martini. "From the guy over there," he said, eyeing my exposed breasts while pointing to an older guy, maybe late thirties early forties, who was nodding at me.

I smiled back at him, turning slightly to let the dress gape open again.

He seemed content to just stare at me, so I made sure he had an awful lot of flesh to please his eye. I was sitting so that from his angle, nothing whatsoever covered my breast. I smiled temptingly.

As he rose from his seat and walked over to me, I turned slightly in my chair to greet him, and with a little tug, helped the hem of my skirt steal to the very top of my thigh. It didn't have far to go!

As he neared me, I recrossed my legs enough to let the skirt ride half way up my hip and briefly expose the nothing I had on beneath. I smiled enticingly. I was being terribly bad, I know, but I was also in such a sexy mood. Blame the dress, what little there was of it.

Instead of asking me to dance, however, he sat down beside me.

"You are the most compellingly attractive woman I've ever seen," he said sincerely. "I'm glad I came here tonight."

"Well, thank you," I said, demurely but not excessively so. The hem of my dress was at the very edge of my vagina now. I subtly inched the dress up just slightly beyond the edge, almost unable to breathe now. "I'm Chloe," I said with bated breath.

"I'm Brad. Who's the guy with you?"

'Oh, that's just a guy I know," I lied.

"Is he going to be upset I took his seat?"

"Maybe a little," I smiled, watching his eyes bathe my body. "Wouldn't you be?"

"I'd be devastated," he laughed.

"You from around here?" I asked, moving enough to let the dress slip just that fraction of an inch needed to demonstrate clearly what lay at the very top of my thighs.

He put his hand on my knee and I smiled at him and sat back in my chair. My left breast was totally exposed. I waited a bit before I bothered to "notice" it and fix myself. His hand moved to mid thigh.

"No, I'm from out of town. Here on business," he answered. "Hot little club," he added glancing around the room, "but there's nothing hotter than you tonight."

I took a large sip of the martini. "Thanks for the drink," I said. "It's very strong, but I like it."

"It impressed me when the bartender told me you were drinking straight up martinis. Not really a girl drink," he went on. "I had him make you a double."

"It's just right for my mood tonight," I laughed, opening my legs enough to invite his hand further up my thigh.

The back of his hand was brushing against my slightly exposed labia when we both noticed Joey slowly coming back to the bar. If he came up and spoiled this, I would just die. I shook my head quickly at him.

"Well, why don't you dance with me before he gets back?" I said, nodding at what we were both watching. "Then he can have his seat back and you can have me," I said sexily, pushing my vagina hard into his hand.

"Love to," he said, not moving his hand. "Finish up the drink."

I gulped the drink down, nearly choking in the process, and managed to purposely drag the bottom of my dress nearly to my waist as I arose from my seat. Standing, I struggled to pull the dress back down, in the process entirely exposing my very wet, silky smooth vagina while untangling myself from the chair. It was quite a show! And I'm certain Brad knew it was deliberate!

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Joey watch me as I flounced to the dance floor.

The dance floor was crammed, which kept me from being the frenzied slut I felt inside, but not so crowded that I couldn't continue to show Brad all there was to see. When the tempo slowed, I shamelessly collapsed into his arms. The double martini had put Joey far from my thoughts. I knew I was getting myself in trouble, but I just didn't want to stop.

There was an absolute crush on the dance floor, which I hoped was shielding my behavior from Joey. As I pushed myself into Brad's body as the music slowed, Brad effortlessly moved his hands from my shoulders to my bare breasts, and as he began lightly to pinch my stiffening nipples, I knew I was in trouble, trouble I was going to have a hard time getting out of. I didn't really care. Not at that moment.

"You have an unbelievably sexy body," he said, staring into my eyes, "and a face to match. It would be a real pleasure to take you home."

I had opened for him entirely, let him assume I was his for the taking. I hadn't made one move to stop his enjoyment of my body. And I was in deep, deep trouble.

I realized the only way out of this dilemma was some semblance of truth. I told him that the "guy I knew" was actually my husband and that he insisted on taking me out to show me off and that he encouraged this kind of behavior. Brad asked me if I didn't think that was cruel teasing, and I admitted it was, apologizing and telling him that if I had my way, I would deliver what I promised.

He just left it at that and took me back to the bar where Joey was waiting, but whispered in my ear as he was leaving, "you're a little cock tease."

That hurt. I was so terribly frustrated and so embarrassed that I told Joey I wanted to leave. I stole a look over at Brad as we left and the look he returned told me how pathetic he must think the two of us are. And he was right!

In the car, I recovered myself somewhat and told Joey a made-up story about what happened, something about the guy wanting me and me telling him how hot my husband was. Something like that. Anyway, it worked and we had a good night in bed, though the man who was fucking me in my fantasy was not Joey!

Five-Year High School Reunion

Joey's five-year high school reunion was coming later the next month, and though he had initially not planned on attending, he was suddenly quite eager to go. I had a feeling I knew why. He wanted to be noticed for his "arm candy," a phrase he'd used a couple of times in the last few weeks. I was okay with it. I liked a lot of the people in his class, and in truth didn't at all mind having a few of the people who snubbed Joey see what his old girlfriend looks like now. Vain, I know, but I think understandable, too, if you've ever been to high school. I thought this could be a very fun night for both of us.

When I told Joey I wanted to find a really special dress for the reunion, he surprised me by insisting on coming along. And it pleased me, too. I liked the idea of the two of us sort of planning our "revenge." Silly, I know, but kind of fun, too. We visited half a dozen stores before we found just the kind of dress that I had in mind and that I knew would fit Joey's new image of me.

I liked the dress the moment I saw it hanging on the rack. I was a simple white knit long-sleeve dress with a scoop neck that buttoned all the way down the front. The kind of dress that is demure (a modest top) but sexy (mid thigh length). It was just exactly what I had in mind. Joey was not at all impressed at first, but I wanted to at least try it on. In the dressing room, I was pretty sure Joey would change his mind when he saw it.

The knit material was delightfully sheer and clingy and hugged my body flawlessly. Because I'm a teeny bit top-heavy, the dress was even tighter across my bosom than my hips, and tugged precariously at the buttons. Unbuttoning the top two loosened the dress perfectly and allowed just enough boob to spill out to make the whole ensemble charmingly tantalizing without being vulgar.

As I guessed, Joey was more than pleased. That night in bed, he couldn't stop talking about how hot I looked in our new reunion dress and what a spectacular sight I'd make. Early in the night, he wanted me to promise I'd flirt, but by the time he'd "warmed up," he wanted me to go a bit further. The point was to make all the guys who'd snubbed him be jealous of him now. I agreed to everything he said, knowing I wouldn't actually follow through. It seemed harmless fun at the moment.

I spent virtually all of the day of the reunion doing girl stuff—getting my hair and nails done and shoe shopping. By the time I got home, Joey had already had a drink or two and had one waiting for me. He was very excited and his excitement was infectious.

Dressing was exhilarating. I had bought a pretty lace push-up bra and matching panties. I was going to wear white pantyhose, but decided last minute on white thigh highs with an elegant lace top band instead.

When I came out to present myself to Joey, he was even more excited than I expected. He looked me over carefully, turning me around slowly. And then he said with a distinct quaver in his voice, "You'd look better without the panties. You can kinda see the panty line."

"You want me to take them off?" I said. "Won't it be obvious that I don't have anything on?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. Why don't you just try it and see? Maybe try it without anything, like maybe no bra either?"

I looked at him strangely. He was obviously very keyed up and maybe a little tipsy, but somehow the danger of the suggestion excited me, too. I'd try it.

In the bedroom looking at myself in the mirror sans bra and panties, I knew Joey was both right and wrong. The dress was much sleeker, more form fitting, and infinitely more alluring with nothing underneath. But he was wrong about it not being obvious that there was nothing beneath the dress but flesh. It was very obvious!

The more I looked and posed, the more I wanted to wear it exactly this way nonetheless. The way I’d been dressing when we’d go out lately had become addictive. I needed to look captivating and

tempting. My body in the thin knit dress was just that. It would be quite brazen, no doubt, but this is the way I was going to Joey's reunion. I just hoped he'd agree.

The second I stepped out of the bedroom, I knew this look might be too much, and I think if Joey had been completely sober, he might have objected. But a couple of vodka tonics had made him more courageous than he might have been otherwise, and though he hesitated a bit, he said that I looked really hot and sexy. I noticed his hands were shaking when he said it, however. I sensed he might be a little apprehensive about this in-your-face sexuality among his ex-classmates, but by that time, I was so into this new me, that I chose to ignore it.

As we checked in at the reunion desk, I clearly heard a guy behind us say, "Is that Chloe Wills? Man, what a change! She is smokin' hot!" I hoped Joey had heard it, too. My confidence soared, as you might imagine.

As we walked to the open bar, I got so many openly admiring stares and not a few murmured guy-type compliments ("Jesus, what a babe," "Goddamn, that bitch is hot," that sort of thing). We were going to find a table, but decided instead just to hang around the bar for a while. After another vodka, Joey whispered shakily for me to unbutton one more button. That one more button was going to put a lot of bosom on display, but I went ahead and did it anyway. Joey couldn't keep his eyes off my chest. I liked that.

Moments later, Derrick Carter walked up to the bar. Derrick is a guy I had a major crush on in high school. Joey hated him, for good reason. Derrick was big, a three sport letterman, stupid and a bully. But oh my god was he handsome! He still made my heart quiver.

In an English class in Joey's senior year, Derrick had given a totally stupid answer to some question, and Joey had corrected him. Right after class, Derrick had grabbed him, and right in front of everyone, including the teacher, had "bitch slapped him." Then to make his humiliation complete, he had his girlfriend, Teri Bales, slap him, too, which made everyone, including the teacher, Mrs. Martin, laugh before she stopped it!

Though Joey doesn't know this, I was walking down the hall at the time and saw it too. I felt so sorry for Joey. It was just so totally degrading and demeaning, but to my shame, I also felt this intense desire for Derrick right then. To do something like that right in front of the teacher was pretty gutsy. He didn't seem at all bothered by authority, and I found that really appealing. (What I didn’t know at the time was that he was bedding Mrs. Martin!)

"Hey, Joey," Derrick smirked, walking brashly up to the bar and putting his hand on my shoulder. "Your date looks great," he added, openly looking up and down my body. "Didn't you go to Centennial

High, too?" he asked, turning to me.

"Yes, I did. I was three years behind you guys. I'm Chloe, Joey's wife."

"His wife, huh? You got yourself a hottie, Joey. Funny I never noticed her at school. Good seeing you again," he said, looking at me and not Joey.

"Asshole," Joey said under his breath. I could see he was visibly relieved when Derrick left. We could both see him checking us out from his table just across the room.

"You blew him away, babe," Joey said. "He couldn't believe I've got such a hot babe. Look at that thing he's with."

Derrick was with his girlfriend, Teri, who had put on a little weight since high school. She was still very attractive, but she'd been sensational in school, and now was moving pretty quickly toward fat. Conceited of me to say, I know, but she was certainly no longer any competition. I saw Derrick stealing long glances at me. I liked it! A lot!

A few couples had started to dance, and more were moving toward the dance floor, when Joey turned to me and said, "If Derrick asks you to dance, do it, okay? I want him to see how much hotter you are than that bimbo he's with."

It all abruptly came clear. Teri was the girl every guy in school was so hot for when we were in school and the girl who had completely humiliated Joey in the hall that day when Derrick held him while she slapped him to the amusement of everyone watching. He desperately wanted to show Derrick up. And maybe Teri, too.

"You sure?" I asked. I was more than willing, but didn't want to show it.

"Yeah, do it. Like turn him on and then just like walk away from him!" he said, his speech slurring slightly.

Very weird on Joey's part, I knew, but I really wouldn't mind dancing with Derrick, though it didn't seem likely to happen, not with his girlfriend right there. Unless I did something really outrageous.

"Do you want me to try and make that happen, like get Derrick to dance with me?" I asked.

Joey hesitated long enough to let me know he wasn't too sure about that, but instead said, "Sure, why not, the asshole." Having seen the way he ogled me, I had a pretty good idea that I could help it

along.

So a few minutes later, I excused myself to go to the bathroom, surreptitiously pulling the front of my dress down as I left.

Walking by Derrick's table, I looked him directly in the eye, and very slowly and deliberately but coyly, licked my upper lip, and then bent over to check my shoe, purposely showing Derrick the treats available to him if he asked. That's all, but I had no doubt he got the message. Whether he would act on it was another matter.

Back at the bar with Joey, I kept looking over at Derrick, making him aware that I knew he was there and that I was "interested." I also tried my best to make the boobs that Joey had wanted displayed as enticing to Derrick as possible. A few twists in the chair helped clearly send the message I wanted.

A few moments later, I saw his girlfriend along with two other girls at the table get up to go to the bathroom. They weren't gone a minute before Derrick walked over and said to Joey, "Mind if I dance with your wife?"

Joey just shrugged his shoulders, trying to act nonchalant, but visibly nervous...to me at least. Derrick seemed oblivious, and simply ignored Joey. "Care to?" he asked extending his hand.

"Sure, why not," I said, smiling and letting my dress creep high up my thigh as I slid off of the bar stool. Derrick just brazenly put his arm around my shoulder as he led me to the dance floor

I'm a good dancer and the disc the DJ was playing was really good dance music. I did exactly what Joey wanted. I showed Derrick everything he'd ignored in high school! I danced with what I guess you could call controlled frenzy, enough so that, at times, I thought I might spill entirely out of the top of my dress. Derrick's eyes rarely left my chest.

And then trouble came.

After a series of really hot dance tunes, the DJ shifted tempo to a slow and erotic Beyonce hit, and as I turned to go back to the bar, thinking Joey would not want me dancing a slow number with Derrick, he quickly grabbed me and pulled me right up next to him. He wasn't letting me go, and I confess I wasn't at all unhappy with that.

One slow tune turned into another. I worried about what Joey would think, but when I felt Derrick growing tense and excited as he pushed himself harder against me, I couldn't stop myself from responding. When I felt his hand slip inside my dress and cup my breast, I surprised myself by just

melting into him. A second later he was caressing my throbbing bare breast and stiffening nipple. Though I was terrified of the consequences, I didn't resist at all.

As the dance ended and we parted, I realized in alarm, that Derrick had managed to open the entire top of my dress.

"What have you done," I asked, stupidly, giggling and quickly buttoning back up. "You've almost totally undressed me!"

"If we'd had one more dance, I would have opened it totally," he grinned. "Maybe next time. You have terrific tits, by the way."

I just smiled at him, said "Thanks, I hope there is a next time," and walked back to Joey, glancing at Derrick over my shoulder and winking at him once.

Back with Joey, I made up some terrible lies tailored to make him feel that he got his "revenge" and that Derrick was now extremely jealous of him. Joey was dunk enough to buy it all. In fact, he was immensely pleased with me and told me so. As I was puffing up Joey, I noticed that Derrick and Teri seemed in the middle of a spat of some sort, and maybe a half hour later I noticed that she had left and didn't seem to be coming back.

It was getting late in the evening now. Joey was drunk but still reasonably aware, and I was preening like mad for him. I'd unbuttoned another button, showing enough cleavage now to make me the decidedly fine arm candy he coveted, and draping myself all over him to reinforce his sense of ego. But all the while I was stealing glances at Derrick and he at me. A half dozen of Joey's old "friends" dropped by to check us out. I danced with a few of them and flirted with all of them. Joey was on top of the world.

Around 1:00 a.m., the DJ announced last dance, and I saw Derrick get up and start walking over toward us. I was frozen in anticipation, frantic at the thought of what Joey would say if he'd ask me to dance and distraught at the thought that Joey might refuse.

"Joey," I said. "Derrick's walking this way. I know he's going to ask me to last dance. What should I do?"

"Tell the jerk, no," he said petulantly.

"You sure you don't want me to make him super jealous this time?" I cooed. "I think his girlfriend got all upset he danced with me last time and just left. Isn't that cool? I could really seal the deal this time,

just make him so, so envious," I added, rubbing myself up against him.

He hesitated a second, but said shakily, "Jesus Christ! Okay, do it! Really make him jealous this time!"

"Okay, Joey, but are you sure?" I asked, afraid he might change his mind. "I'll make him really jealous for us, okay?! And you're sure, right?"

"Yeah, sure, do it!"

"Hey, you mind if I borrow your wife one more time?" Derrick asked coolly as he leaned against the bar. I could see he was more than a bit drunk. And he could see that I was more than half out of my dress.

Joey just nodded his head as if to say go ahead, not looking directly at him, and Derrick escorted me to the dance floor.

Joey had likely forgotten, but I hadn't, how long these last slow dances went on. I was tipsy and thrilled to be in Derrick's arms, and it became increasingly obvious that Derrick was more than tipsy and way more than thrilled to have me there. We staggered more than danced.

"Did Teri go somewhere?" I asked innocently.

"Yeah. She went home pissed off!" he slurred.

"Oh, really? What was the matter?"

"You were the matter," he said, pulling me tighter against him. "I kept telling her how hot you were and what a great body you had. She got pissed off."

"Oh, God, Derrick. That was not a very nice thing to say to your girlfriend!"

"You upset that I did?" I felt his hand snake under my dress to once again enfold my breast.

"No, not really, I guess," I said seductively. "Maybe I like it. Did you know I had just the most outrageous crush on you in school?" I whispered in his ear and pushing my body hard against his.

I had no idea why I said such a thing. It was totally improper, and a stupid invitation to trouble. I can only say that the alcohol and the mood and Derrick's hand again on my bare breast provoked

inappropriate emotions.

"Wish I'd known. If you had the body you have now, I would have known!"

"I did have. Maybe even better. I just kept it covered is all."

"Your husband is a fucking fool to let you out of his sight, you know. You're way too hot for that wimp."

"Don't be mean," I said.

"Did he ever tell you about the time I bitch slapped him in the hall?" he smirked.

"No, but I saw it. You made Teri slap him, too. Everybody thought that was so funny. I guess it was. But it was like so, so mean, too," I giggled. "He looked so terrified when little Teri was slapping him over and over that you just couldn't help laughing. I should never ever admit this, but I was laughing too. It was just so ludicrous to see this little girl slapping this guy while he cried. Even Mrs. Martin was laughing!"

"Yeah, I saw that. Your little bitch boyfriend was crying, and every time Teri slapped him all the guys would go 'boo hoo!' It was very fucking funny. Mrs. Martin was cracking up. I fucked her, you know," he added casually.

"Yeah, I guess everybody heard about you doing her. You got her pregnant, too, right? That's what everybody said anyway."

"Yeah, I did. Her husband knew I was fucking her but still thinks the kid is his."

"Well you are a dangerous guy, Derrick," I laughed. "And I know you're going to be very dangerous for me, aren't you?You know why Joey wants me to dance with you?" I added.

"No, why? He must be fucking crazy is all I can think."

"He wants me to make you jealous that he has a hot wife. He thinks that's how he can get back at you and Teri for what you guys did to him. I guess it worked on Teri!" I smirked, grinding my body against Derrick's. "She must be really upset," I said as invitingly as I could. I could feel Derrick's cock hardening against my thigh.

I know I shouldn't have told Derrick any of that. It was such a betrayal of Joey and made him seem

just utterly pathetic, but I was just totally into Derrick at that moment and wanted to make him know it.

"What a dumb fuck. You're right it was fucking hilarious when I bitch slapped your little pussy husband and maybe I should do it again tonight," he snorted. "What do think? Want me to?"

"Well, if you really wanted to, I guess it would excite me. You know I wouldn't do anything to stop you, that's for sure, but don't you think holding his wife's bare tit in your hand is worse than a bitch slapping?" I moaned into his ear. "Or undressing her right here on the dance floor?" I added, taking his hand from my breast and putting it on the next button of my dress. "Isn't that what you said you were going to do? That's so much better than just bitch slapping him, isn't it?"

"Yeah, maybe it is, and I did say I intended to undress you right out here on the dance floor."

"Yes, you did," I moaned into his ear.

A moment later, I felt my dress come apart and Derrick's hands cupping my bare ass. "I'm going to fuck you, too," he said.

"Yes, I know you are. And soon, too. Oh, God, Derrick," I whispered in his ear. "You have no idea how I used to dream about something like this." I could feel his hardness pushing against my naked belly now. I reached down to touch it. It was impressively large. "I want you inside me!" I whispered in his ear.

I could hold the dress together somewhat with the inside of my arms so that I didn't appear publically nude, but I was bare naked to Derrick. And I could see that a few of the couples around us were aware of that. I didn't care. I could feel the heat of his body on my exposed skin.

"I need to fuck you tonight," he gasped, reaching down to stroke the silky smooth softness of my exposed and willing sex.

I pulled his head down to my anxious lips and kiss him, moaning as I flicked my tongue in and out of his mouth, "Yes, I want you, too," I sighed heavily. "I want you to fuck me, Derrick. Desperately!"

"Lose the wimp! Let me fuck you tonight!" he demanded, moving his hand to cup my velvety vagina. I wanted frantically to obey.

"Oh, Derrick, I can't," I gasped as his finger slipped deftly inside me. "I'm with my husband. You know that. How can I?"

"Lose the wimp!" he repeated even more insistently, his entire finger inside me now. “I’ll fuck you and kick his pussy ass!”

"Derrick, I can't. You know that. But we will. Soon. I promise."

"Do you want me?" Two of his fingers were deep inside me now, caressing my quivering clit.

"Oh God, yes, Derrick, I do. Really do. Can't you tell?"

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

My answer was to kiss him hard while I mumbled into his mouth, "Yes, I want you to fuck me, Derrick. You know I do!"

"Call me," he said.

"I don't have your number," I whispered.

"Do you have something to write on?" he asked, taking a pen from his jacket pocket.

I shook my head no.

And then he did the most outrageous, sexiest thing I've ever heard of. He took my breast in his hand and wrote his number on it! There was no doubt at all now that the couples around us were aware of what Derrick had done. I stood there totally exposed as Derrick wrote his cell number on my breast while I swayed in front of him.

The dance was coming to an end, and I had to now contend with the fact that my dress was completely open and people were openly gawking.

"Hold me while I try to get buttoned up again," I laughed nervously.

"Why not just let me walk you out of here naked?" he grinned. "You'd knock 'em dead!. Then I'll fuck you!"

"Oh God, Derrick, I wish you could. I really want you. I promise next time you will," I answered breathlessly, hastily buttoning up again, this time clear to the top. Derrick's number on my tit isn't something I wanted anyone to see.

Joey was a teeny bit peeved when I got back, but a little too drunk for it to last. Rubbing up against him lasciviously and telling ego inflating stories did the trick. We were soon again acting the hot shot and his arm candy.

At home, after rubbing Derrick's number off of my tit and into my address book, I gave myself totally to Joey, while in my fantasy I gave myself to Derrick. But it would be a fantasy, I promised myself. Though there was no question of my desire, I hoped fervently that I wouldn't call. I couldn't fall that low. I wouldn’t, I told myself over and over.