**Terri Goes To NYC**

by LostDreamer79

*Terri makes a trip to NYC and finds it a bit exposing.*

[This is a spin off story from the Gina series. Terri is a young college student that works for Gina's husband now, she looks much younger than her 23-year-old age, young innocent pretty face, small boobs and a nice round teen looking ass.]

About to leave the hotel room in New York City where a small group of us were attending a conference on the company's dime. We had finished up the day a bit early and I had heard that men would sometimes take advantage of women on the subway, and it intrigued me. Who was I to pass up an opportunity to be felt up in public by a stranger.

Let me tell you about how my kinky got started. When I was in high school, I wasn't the prettiest girl, I was actually kinda plain. Not to mention I was still waiting to blossom like the other girls at school. I dated the bad boys, word had gotten around that I enjoyed being felt up about anywhere, especially in public places. Like many high school girls, I was hungry for male attention. On more than one occasion I found myself surrounded by boys in the woods, behind a store, or in the back seat of a car or front of a truck driving through town being underdressed and played with, oddly then I found it exciting riding around naked.

After a while I began to wear questionably short skirts to school, to the mall, about anywhere I went just to draw attention to me and my petite body.

I knew guys were watching me when I had to climb the stairs at school or the escalators at the mall, even a few of the male teachers had caught on to my antics and knew which periods I used the stairs to get too classes.

I wanted to feel sexier under my skirts and regular panties never worked, I tried the thongs and G-string, but I just couldn't do the up my ass thing. So I just stopped wearing panties in my junior year.

Bras I wore, I was not as blessed as the other girls, and started wearing paddled bras back in middle school until early into my senior year. I guess you could say my love language is touch, I loved holding hands, guys caressing of my shoulders which of course lead to other touching which I quickly became addicted too.

After several dates with one guy, we were making out at a party down at the lake. I was sitting on his truck tailgate in just my jean shorts, my top and bra long gone. And he asked why I even wear bras, telling me I didn't need them, and they only got in the way, as he was working my shorts down my thighs. That was the end of the bras except for rare occasions.

At first it was boys at school, then when I was able to get into bars with a fake ID, while still in high school, it was the older college guys who enjoyed my choice of daring outfits. With my nipples almost always hard poking thru my thin tops and my ultra-miniskirts they would find me a bit easy to touch and play with, especially after a few drinks and dancing. I quickly found I enjoyed the exposure and touching in the crowded bars.

In College I continued to not wear much at all, being in Florida allowed me to get away with my skimpy wardrobe, often wearing inappropriate clothes to classes, because it was hot as hell, not to mention I could, and the male professors enjoyed my outfits.

Beach parties and concerts, got to be a favorite after the sun had gone down wearing only my tiny G-string bikinis, dancing in the crowds of people, my tops pushed to the sides, eventually untied, and pulled off by guys and sometimes girls. I lost too many tops to count, but I loved the feeling and guys exploring between my legs, bringing me to repeated orgasms in front of others, was extremely erotic to me.

My current boyfriend quickly learned of my kink and took advantage of showing me off to his friends and others. Over time getting bolder and bolder as to where and how much of me he exposed to others, often leaving bars and parties mostly naked.

He still picks out a lot of my outfits, especially when we go out drinking, concentrating on ease of exposure and easy of removal.

But sometimes he gets carried away exposing me at inappropriate places like nice restaurants, large parties or even wedding reception.

This exposure at a bar also landed me my current job, a master's in marine biology and a free trip to New York City to attend a marine research conference.

Three years later after meeting Mr. John the CEO of the company, here I am going through a few of my, after hours outfits I had packed just in case I got the opportunity to show off or go for a ride on NYC's public transportation.

I am only five foot two inches tall with the body of a thirteen-year-old, nice round ass and not a lot of boobs, I never bloomed.

Strawberry blonde hair to my waist, I had it in a thick ponytail today. With the ginger hair comes pale skin, lots of freckles and lite pink nipples that seem to always be poking through my tops.

So pulling off the little schoolgirl look was a piece of cake for me and came in handy on Halloween the past few years, dressing as a slutty school girl.

Today wasn't Halloween but I was going to wear the schoolgirl skirt, but I wanted something a bit more daring, not the plain white top I had worn out to bars in the past, it was cropped and tied in the front but I wanted less to wear on the subway.

I figured I would catch the train at the stop a few blocks from the hotel, ride it out for a while then catch a returning train back and see what happens.

As soon as I could get to my hotel room I shed my accountant's attire, putting in back on its wooden hanger in the closet. Then went to the bed where I had laid out my outfit for the train ride.

First thing was the white knee-high socks, then the purple, black and yellow plaid schoolgirl skirt. This wasn't super short like the strippers wear that showed off a lot of ass cheeks. But it is short enough I shouldn't bend over wearing it. It was part of the outfit you get off Amazon for Halloween.

It was a wrap around and had a Velcro latch on the side which left about a two-inch overlap at the top and then narrows at the bottom creating an open slit up the side to my waist that shows off a lot of thigh and hip when I walk. The Velcro holds it together at the waist band, but I had added little metal catch latch to keep it closed having had the Velcro fail leaving me bottomless on the dance floor a few times, it could have also had help from Chris as well.

For a top I had a black lace strapless bra, it's a bit sheer but my lite pinks nipples don't really show. I have a red one as well, they are the only two bras I own. I had worn them out as tops in the past to dance clubs in South Beach.

Over the bra I wore a thin see thru cropped lace top that had two ties to hold it closed in the front. I stepped back and over to the mirror on the closet door to check myself out.

I looked like a slutty high schooler or a prostitute, I felt like a hooker looking at myself in the mirror.

Feeling the excitement building I slipped on my three-inch platform shoes and waisted no more time. I was out the door with a little bit of cash in the top of my hose.

I was dying from anticipation wanting to hurry out of the hotel before someone recognized me from the conference.

Once outside I felt I was in the clear, the breezy street kept blowing the flap of the skirt open almost to my waist, showing off a bit more of my thigh. I had heard you wouldn't get in too much trouble for letting boobs expose in public, wasn't sure about the skirt exposing me. I just acted like I was oblivious and headed to the subway station.

In no time I was standing on the platform waiting on the train. I noticed a few guys in suits checking me out, those were the guys I was looking for, there were others as well, they just looked like they were up to no good.

It was a few minutes before the train finally arrived, I just followed the crowd onto the closest car when the doors opened. The car wasn't too crowded, which was a bit disappointing having read articles that the men liked to be anonymous when they groped women on the subway, wasn't like the videos of the oriental women that got molested in Asian subways.

It was several stops before the people were starting to pack the car, I ended up standing in front of two men that obviously knew each other as they talked about real estate. The next stop must have been near a business area because the car loaded up at that stop forcing me to take a step forward almost straddling the men's knees.

They both looked up and smiled at me, smiling back I gave them a wink.

Looking down I could see the skirt was parted halfway to my waist just like it felt, enough for the two men to suspect I wasn't wearing anything under the skirt. They looked several times but behaved themselves, much to my disappointment.

Two stops later it was getting crowded. I could feel people pressing against me from behind.

As the car lunged forward, I felt a hand touch my ass. I wasn't sure if it was intentional or not until I felt the squeeze, I shivered, "finally a pervert!"

The hand gently moved up and down my ass, I didn't respond to the touches, at least not physically. The thumb of the person ran up the outside of my skirt exploring my ass crack. I must have let out a sigh as the men in front of me looked up, I just smiled back again, as their eyes drifted to the bit wider opening my thigh.

The thumb then traveled down the back of my skirt, my heart raced knowing he was almost to the bottom of the skirt, only an inch or so of material kept my cheeks covered.

I gasped silently when his thumb slid off the material and touched my upper thighs. I instinctively clinched my cheeks tight as the appendage touched my bare cheeks and then followed the roundness of my ass slowly higher up my crack. The people seated in front of me smiled as the skirt parted enough for them to see my complete lack of panties as the hand kept going higher unaware they were exposing me to the people in front of me, I really doubt they cared either.

He pauses briefly, rubbing up and down when he got to the top of my crack where a string or material would have been coming from between my cheeks. He must have liked what he didn't find, giving me a soft pat on my ass cheek.

The train pulled into a station and one of the men stood up excusing himself, "sorry, very sorry but this is my stop." He smiled at me. I had to back up to let him pass, the hand up my skirt pulled away.

I briefly looked back but couldn't tell who was playing with me. People exited and boarded the car. Again packing in more riders than before at the last stop.

We began moving again rocking the car a bit as it gained speed. It only took seconds, and the thumb was sliding up between my crack again. I felt a tap on the inside my heels. I knew the person was asking me to spread my feet, I mean I was allowing him to play with my ass.

Wanting to be touched, I spread my feet, as the hand went back up my skirt again as a second hand urged me to step forward.

Almost falling forward into the lap of the guy in front of me. I can feel the skirt opening wider in the front again as the back of the skirt went higher up my cheeks, than another hand held my skirt there, spreading the opening in the front. That's when I felt a finger press into my ass searching for an opening between my cheeks. Not what I was expecting but with the building excitement I let the hand do what they wanted.

The guy in front of me was looking between my legs at my exposed pussy. I smiled down at him and gave him an approving nod. The young woman sitting next to him smiled up at me and then at the guy, enjoying my exposure. I was a bit surprised when she actually reached out for the corner of the flap and lifted it up to my waist holding it up give them and others an unobstructed view under my skirt, they seemed to know what my game was.

The man in front of me reached out rubbing between my legs with the back of his hand. At about the same time the person behind me found what they were looking for as a finger started to push into my dry asshole.

The finger slowly pushed deeper into me, finger fucking my anus. I was about to cum from the intrusion and exposure. When we pulled into the next station, the hand was quickly pulled away from my ass giving me a bite of a shock, while people change locations in the car, more people getting off than on. The two in front of me smiled at each other, then up at me with my skirt still open to my waist showing off my bare smooth puffy slit.

I was pushed further to the back trying to let people get off the train, then realized I was no longer where I was in front of the man and lady on the bench, with no one holding the skirt it dropped back over me as I was moved about and was trying to catch my breath.

With the passengers thinning I decided I would exit at the next station and head back in the direction the hotel.

During the rest of the ride out, I looked around to see if I could identify the person who was behind me earlier. But few people even looked my way, I was left horny and unsatisfied.

Pulling into the next station I made my way to the steps with others shuffling to also exit the platform.

Then I made my way to the other side to catch the return train, not caring the wind was making my short skirt dance up and down my thighs.

Going down the stairs I looked below me to see a small group of local guys looking up, I smiled noticing I had their attention. Wondering to myself if they had a view up my slutty little skirt, it made me tingle a bit just thinking about what they may have seen.

As I neared the lower steps, one of them asked if I was headed out to party. Another saying we could all party now. They watched me walk past making cat calls, one says, "I like that bare pussy little girl, you should share it with us!"

I could hear the train coming and walked toward the edge of the platform with many others about to board the train. The train came in faster than I had anticipated blowing my skirt up a bit flashing my ass just briefly, still horny I made no attempt to keep it down to cover me.

The train squealed to a stop and the doors opened. Only a few exited the already packed rail car, so I pushed my way in among those headed home from work in the already crowded car, making my way to the pole again to hang on. I was hoping my outfit was screaming "Slut!"

I don't think many more people could find space into the car, as personal space rapidly disappeared. I pushed my way further back into the car, grabbed the center pole in the middle of the car. I tried to turn to see who was around me, few if any even taking notice of me in my slutty outfit, heads buried in their phones.

I was surrounded by men and women in suits, mostly boring office attire. Several of them pushed up against me as the train pulled away from the station. I could feel the warm bodies towering over me, pushed against me, pressing me into the pole as the train starts gaining speed.

I could feel a hand and body pressing into my sides and thigh. I was wanting it to happen, the ride out of the city left me frustrated and disappointed, so I pushed back against the person, moving my ass gently against his thigh and crotch to let them know I was aware of their closeness.

I let out a silent gasp as I felt a hand touch the inside of my thigh about halfway up and it rested there. I quickly looked around to see if anyone was looking my way, trying to glance over my shoulder. A few people saw me looking, lifting their heads from their phone, they must have seen my long strawberry hair moving.

The man facing me, who was also hanging onto the bar smiled looking me over and down at my sheer top and bra, giving me a wink and smile. I grinned back at him to make sure he knew he had my attention. He dropped his hand lower on the pole to waist high on me.

The fingers moving up between my legs from the guy behind me were gently rubbing up and down my inner thighs, slowly moving higher each time.

I closed my eyes taking a deep breath trying to control my breathing. Then felt the back of a hand against my bare waist below my sheer top. I opened my eyes to see the stranger looking at me and smiling. I blinked my eyes at him a few times and looked towards the cars open windows watching the dirty gray buildings pass by. The back of his hand going higher and under my see through top. I made no movement to stop any of their advances.

The hand between my thighs sliding higher, I jumped a bit when his thumb touched my ass between my butt cheeks. I was pleased and shocked as the thumb traced my crack toward the top. I had to smile a bit as it moved around the top of my crack checking for panties that weren't there, just like the last guy.

As the hand traced back down my ass cheeks, I again looked around to see if anyone was watching. Sliding my left foot away until it touched someone else's foot. I looked down to see a four-inch heel and hose covering an attractive leg exposed to just above a lady's knees, a little more of her thigh exposed by the slit that rose about eight inches up each of her legs.

She looked up from her phone at me, doing a double take, then to the hand under my top rubbing my side and under my right boob below my bra, then back to my face smiling and gently licking her lips. She was a slim attractive brunette, maybe mid-thirties. Wearing a white blouse under a matching open jacket.

She shifted her satchel to her left hand turning a bit to now face my side. That's when she noticed the hand between my thighs. The persons thumb running back and forth between my rose bud and my lips, trying to push deeper for more contact.

The lady leaned in close to me, "are you ok, are you enjoying this?"

I just smiled at her and slowly nodded my head yes. She smiled back, running her hand over my back then under my shirt, my long hair hanging down my back, stopping at the top of my skirt, then running her fingertips up until she touched my bra strap, I tensed a bit at the thought of what she might do.

Her hand then went higher pulling the loose top higher up my back, I could feel my hair touching my bare back.

The man's hand in front with the back of his hand against my rib cage was able to grab one of the two strings of the bottom tie, dragging his hand back down tugging the knot loose as he was pulling, not that it needed to be, it was completely sheer, but it exposed more bare tummy.

I was able to move my foot a bit more to spread my thighs, I was enjoying the persons thumb playing at the entrance to my pussy, getting wetter and wetter as they were easing through my folds filling the void between my legs, making me grip the pole tighter enjoying his touching.

The lady to my side began running her finger nails down my back causing me to arch my back, pausing at my bra strap again. I felt her nails move to the clasp, and cut my eyes mouthing a "please no" to her, but she grinned at me while releasing the top hook.

She smirked and blew me a silent kiss, then released a second one, teasing me, then whispered, "you like being trashy, I am going to help you out my dear!"

I wanted to look slutty for this ride, not naked, but then she released the third hook dragging the bra from around my waist. My mouth dropped open in shock, I turned my head to look at her as she smiled at me. I could only watch as she bunched up my pretty strapless bra into her hand then stuffing it into her jacket pocket. I quickly looked around to see who was now looking at my exposed little breasts.

The guy sliding his fingers around my side and tummy moved his hand higher to my hard nipple now exposed under the sheer top. I again closed my eyes as he pinched my nipple with the back of his fingers.

The timing was perfect as the hand between my legs pushed a thumb as deep as they could go inside me. This is what I had been waiting for, I wanted to start riding his digits, but they were doing a good job on their own. Hitting the right spots, as if this wasn't his first molesting a woman on the train.

I felt a hand pulling the second knot loose, thinking I need to tell them not to strip me, but the pleasure between my legs prevented me from even opening my eyes.

The train slowed as we pull into a station, but they don't let up like the guy did on the way out. People push in pressing the people around me in closer.

Then I felt a soft set of fingers slide up my side to my other breast, I forced myself to look.

It was the lady now cupping my small exposed tit flicking and pinching my nipple, she had unbuttoned her own blouse to her pierced belly button and had her other hand inside her own blouse groping herself.

Not sure why but that's when I felt the first warm wet sensation flowing between my legs, I gripped the pole tighter until the wave passed, but I still needed more.

She briefly raised her hand up pushing the sheer top off my shoulder to further expose me. I was shaking with fear and excitement, not knowing how far she would go with exposing me.

With my hands on the pole, I knew I would be able to keep her from taking my top off me and I would be able to slip it back on if she went any farther.

Leaning in again, "I want you to eat my dipping pussy, do you want me sweetie?"

I didn't know how to answer her, as she pinched my nipple again a bit harder.

The person behind me pushed my other foot wider, I felt two fingers replace the thump going even deeper, increasing the rapid masturbation of me in front of these people, only two others that I knew of were aware of what was happening as they looked on just watching.

The person behind me then reaches around sliding their hand up the front of my skirt going straight to my clit attempting to bring me to an orgasm.

Looking down I can see the slit up my thigh pulled open exposing the hand between my legs. Again, I am scared that I am about to be disrobed on this packed NYC subway car.

Feeling the orgasm about to overtake me again, I don't care, which added to the building explosion between my legs.

The lady pinching my nipple leans in again whispering, "I want your top, I have a craving to see your young body topless, and I know you want it too sweetie!"

It is a short haul to the next stop, a few people disembark, new people push around us. I see an older heavy guy now looking on, smiling watching the hands on my bare breasts and under my skirt.

I shake my head "no" to the lady, not wanting to have to walk back to the hotel completely topless in public view.

The old guy hears her this time, "let go of the pole and let me have it slut." She pinched my nipple harder this time hearing his comment.

I reach up covering her hand, again shaking my head "no" but she takes the opportunity to slide it down my arm to my bent elbow, as fingers continue to assault my pussy bringing me closer.

The new guy reaches in lifting the front of the skirt to watch the hands fondling me. He then tucks the front flap into the waist band to keep it out of the way of his view while the guy is working my clit.

Hearing the women, he decides to help and pushed the top off my other shoulder, I can feel it tight across my back holding my arms back, one hand still on the pole, the other over the ladies hand on my small bare breast.

The lady whispers again, "let go of the pole, I want you to touch me like I am touching you, please. Do whatever you want to me."

My hand shaking as I release the pole. The train slowed as we approach another station. She moves her hand from my breast to the hand that was on the pole. Quickly releasing the last button on her blouse at her waist, then taking my hand into her blouse placing it on her braless breast, hers are not much bigger than mine. Then returning her hand to my small bare tit and hard nipple.

It feels so warm and soft, I just close my eyes again groping her, as she plays with my hard nipple again.

Almost in a panic I feel my arm pulled back and the top slid over my hand. The top now dangling at my other elbow of the hand inside her blouse.

The next orgasm exposes leaving me dripping down my legs, as my knees shake like jello. The hands move away, I feel the guy moving away toward the open car door when we stop rolling.

The old guy who was watching quickly reaches down from in front of me sliding a thick finger inside me. His other hand pulling the skirt higher up to my waist. I also feel another hand on my ass when the train starts to move again. It doesn't take long before I feel a finger exploring my ass crack again, I know what he is searching for and he quickly finds it.

He runs a finger through my juices then over my ass hole. I try to relax as he pushes his middle finger slowly into my ass, then back to my flowing juices dipping briefly with the finger filling my pussy making me jump. Then back even deeper into my ass causing me to experience yet another body shaking orgasm caused by the double penetration.

I pull my hand from the lady's blouse to grab the pole, so I don't fall from my knees about to buckle. Not realizing she was ready and pulled the top from my arm, but I didn't care at that moment.

I feel more hands touching me now, I have lost count. We are about to stop again and thinking this is my stop I push the hand in front of me away telling them all, "this is my stop, please I have to get off here!" And push through the people heading for the opening car doors, bring my arm to my chest.

The big man laughs at me, grabbing the waist band giving it a yank. I feel the side give, "enjoy your walk home slut."

My natural reaction was to reach for my skirt, and I am able to grab it from his hand then out the door onto the crowded platform holding the skirt in front on me trying to cover my exposed pussy, I am now bare assed and topless. I hurried for the steps hearing several calls and laughs as I darted up to the city street. That's when I realize, this was not my stop and I needed to find cover because I was naked.

People were staring at me as they passed me. I pulled the ponytail loose to use my long reddish hair to hide my tits, my back against the wall to hide my pale freckled ass and fumbled with the skirt to get it back around me. When trying to hook the clasp I realized it had been pulled straight and wasn't going to work, my only hope was the old worn Velcro.

I could still feel the juices draining between my legs as I got my bearings and headed out in the direct of my hotel.

Once on the streets of New York City in the open I did my best to keep the breeze of the Windy City from flashing my breasts. Not to mention the flap of my skirt from blowing open.

After the initial fear had worn off and noticing a lot of people were in their own worlds not paying me any attention, I began to relax, continuing to keep pushing my skirt closed, my arm across my chest holding my hair in place over my small boobs.

I almost bumped into a girl about my age, coming out a high-end clothing store. She was quite beautiful in a sexy loose black dress, open down the front to below her navel, two narrow strips of cloth loosely covering her bouncing breasts, she had to be a model or something. "Oops, excuse me," she said in a bit of a Tennessee Mountain accent. "Cute outfit, don't you love this city, you can walk around with your tits out and it's perfectly fine!"

I had to giggle just listening to her out of place accent. Her dress top opening and closing as we walked, her breasts a bit bigger than mine and her dark nipples flashing in and out the loose top of her dress.

"Wait, you mean it is like, legal to be... topless here?"

She laughed, "oh dear yes, I don't do it here on the streets, not completely anyway, but in the parks all the time. I just love the freedom to express myself."

"So where is you top?" She asked me.

Thinking fast I told her a half truth, "it wasn't much and someone on the subway wanted it, so here I am."

"You poor thing, that had to be traumatizing. Well, you are just adorable, and you do know that gap up your thigh is a bit daring, I can see you're not wearing panties either," she giggles, "as in I don't wear them either, but today I am not flashing everyone like you are, I have in the past, I have changed a lot since moving here. I must go this way, enjoyed the chat and you enjoy your daring walk!"

I watched her a few seconds as she headed up the side street, the back of her dress bouncing off her ass.

"Wow," I thought to myself. I could feel my anxiety fading away and looking at the street sign, I still had several more blocks to go to get back to my hotel.

Thinking about what she just said I dropped my arm. My hair on the side away from the building almost immediately blew back over my shoulder. I shivered and just kept walking still holding the skirt closed and keeping it from falling to the ground should the Velcro give way.

I noticed I was starting to draw attention now, walking right past two cops who didn't say a thing, like it was normal.

Thinking to myself, "this is almost as erotic as being felt up in public!" I let go of the skirt knowing the wind was going to blow it open and hoping the Velcro held.

A guy passing me smiled, "nice tits!" It gave me another shiver, like being touched, I wanted more excitement, feeling my right leg going in and out the slit open to my waist, not knowing how much of me was flashing people.

At the next intersection I flipped the rest of my hair back drawing looks from people around me, now bare chested I crossed with the crowd when the light changed. I could feel the dampness between my legs returning.

I continued walking baring my breasts, catching a few phones pointed at me as I made my way toward the hotel.

I thought about how sexy I felt showing my breast to strangers and the opening showing my bare thigh to my waist on a public street. I used my hand to turn the skirt just a bit bringing the slit to the inside of my thigh.

Once out of the crowd the wind pushed the side flap back showing off even more of my bare thigh up to my hip.

Then the wind shifts pushing the other side away, I started to reach down but resisted, flashing my bare pussy to those walking toward me.

That's when I saw my hotel. I didn't want this to end but knew I needed to get off the street before it got dark. "Maybe tomorrow I can go for another walk on the streets," I thought to myself.

I enjoyed the remaining walk to the hotel proudly showing off my tits and the wind flashing my pussy.

Once back inside, I covered up with my hair again, then hurried to the elevators, calling to a group of men getting on, "hold the door please!" They seemed more than happy to accommodate me seeing me hurrying toward them, my hard lite colored pink nipples peeking out from my strands of long hair.

"Nice outfit," one of them said to me.

"Could you hit seven please, and did you guys know it is legal to be topless on the streets of New York City? It's a fucking rush!" Smiling at them staring at me, I pushed my hair back off my right shoulder.

They all laugh, one saying, "too bad more women don't partake!"

I laughed with them, "right!"

"I have seen a few nude photo shoots on the street too," another commented looking down at my tits, they all towered over me, "but never seen it in person until now."

The elevator dinged at three, but no one got off when the doors opened.

I giggled, "I think that would be fun to pose for a photographer," using my thumbs to push the rest of my hair to make sure all my hair was pulled back for them.

"Yeah, I am thinking the rest of you looks just as sexy!" One of them said smiling down at my short stature. Another asking, "do you mind?" Snapping a few pictures of me.

The elevator dinged at seven. As the doors opened, I stepped out, turned to face them, and pulled the Velcro free. "Maybe next time one of ya'll might be lucky enough to find someone like me on the subway, oh and I'll be in the bar later, not sure what I'll wear though."

As the doors closed, I turned around there were two women and a man behind me, "Oh yes, we are headed there too, please join us when you get down there," one of the women said, the other asking, "don't you work for John down in Miami?"

Now a bit surprised, "ah, um, who? I need to get to my room before someone says something, please excuse me."

I turned to hurry to my room, I burst out laughing as soon as I heard the door click closed. Turning, I looked in the mirror, the same one I admired myself in before leaving the hotel earlier that evening.

"I did it, I did what I dared myself to do, I sure wish I had boobs though," I said to myself groping my small tits admiring my young teenage looking body.

"I got to find something sexy to wear now," thinking about clothes I had packed wanting to get down to the lounge with my new friends from the conference and the lady I just met to explain to her why I was naked in hopes she didn't tell Mr. John.

I was thinking how impressed I was with the lady, huge tits under a silver sequin cocktail dress showing off a lot of firm cleavage and firm tanned legs.

I went to get a shower to clean off the juices from my subway ride and the hands that had been between my legs, as well as my own excitement.

After getting out of the refreshing shower, I dug through the closet and then my suitcase until I found her backless knitted sweater, another of my boyfriend's favorites. After touching up my make-up, something I didn't wear a lot of, and pulling my knee socks back on along with the same platform shoes, I was out the door.

When I entered the hotel lounge, I could feel my sexiness in the air, my bare back and sides exposed, wearing the knit sweater type halter dress that was open down the center with two narrow strips to cover my small boobs, like the one the girl was wearing earlier. The bottom of the dress around my waist moving gently due to its own weight. I also knew that same weight had a tendency to stretch the dress and had revealed the top of my butt crack a few times in the past while out with Chris. He also likes to tie it loose to expose my boobs from the sides.

It was easy to spot the lady from Miami in her silver sequin dress. I made my way to the bar to join her and her friends that I had met outside the elevator in the hall. At the same time scanning the crowd for the guys I rode up the elevator with to my floor.

"Hi, I'm sorry I ran away in the hall, and yes I work for Mr. John in the marine division, I am Terri and I hope we can keep this between us."

The older lady giggled introducing herself, "I am Sherri, I am close friends with Gina, I am sure she would love to hear about you getting out of the elevator, it is something she might do! But I will leave that to you to tell her the story." They all laughed at Sherri's comment.

The guy with Sherrie held out his hand, "sorry I didn't get to introduce myself earlier, I am Harry, and this is Tina, an associate of ours from Texas." Tina in a business suit jacket/dress almost knee high, the front low enough showing a hint of cleavage.

"Nice to meet you all." I smiled at them.

Harry smiling back at me, "not as sexy as the hallway, but still quite intriguing," his eye lingering at my side boobs peeking out the side of the knit dress.

Sherrie told me to order a drink, telling the bartender to add it to her tab. Then asked me how I ended up at the conference for John.

I was a bit happy to be there with a mutual friend now, told her I had met John and Gina at Spanky's doing a contest. Afterwards John and I chatted, I don't know why but he saw something in me and offered me a job as an intern in their Marine Science Division working on the research boat.

Harry asks, "contest, what kind of contest? I wanta hear this story!"

They all watched me turning red faced. I looked around the bar trying to make my slight embarrassment subside.

Sherrie giggled, "if Gina was involved, it has to be a good story! Y'all wouldn't believe this woman, she's in her late 30's and looks like a college gal and the body of a high paid stripper!"

I giggled, "Wait, she is that old," I asked Sherri. "I thought she was like in her late 20's maybe, no wonder she likes showing off!"

Harry asks again, "so what was this contest and what's Spanky's?"

"Spanky's is a popular college bar down in the Lauderdale area, I used to frequent the place many years ago, did a few Wet T contests when I was in college, sounds like I need to start going there again." Sherrie tells them.

Tina asks, "so it was a wet T-shirt contest?"

I tell them, "No worse, bare-as-you-dare contest my boyfriend got me to enter to try and pay a few college bills I had coming due."

"Now it's getting interesting," Harry said to her. "Keep going, what did you wear?"

Sherrie giggles, "and what did Gina wear, anything?"

I just smiled at Sherrie's comment, "basically, well like, pretty much not anything!"

Harry asks me, "she did the contest naked; I'd love to see what your friend looks like Sherrie!"

I start telling them about the contest, "Well she started out in a long red scarf, she managed to be the last one called to come to the stage. And the guys went crazy when she turned around and everyone knew that's all she was wearing, even my damn boyfriend was cheering for her! She held the scarf closed at the bottom but that didn't last long! Halfway through her song she pulled the scary off her shoulders. As soon as she did that, I knew I lost."

Sherrie laughing, "so she stripped for the college crowd, did John find out?"

"Are you kidding, he was there watching her! Anyway, I did make it to the second round, I was a bit shocked. Oh, I was wearing one of those sling shot bikinis, again my boyfriend bought it for the contest, he is such a perv."

Tina asks, "sling shot bikini, what's that?"

Sherrie tells her, "Something I could never wear because I'd never stay in the top. It's like strings attached to a tiny bottom that goes up from your crotch to two tiny patches over your nipples and then behind your neck, then down to a string between your ass cheeks attacking to the tiny patch back between your legs."

"Oh I like that! And you stayed in it?" Harry asked.

"I was desperate to win something and seeing Gina and the other girl already naked, I took a deep breath and dropped it off my shoulders to the floor. My boyfriend and his buddies loved it, but I was a bit embarrassed."

Tina tells her, "Girl we saw that outfit at the elevator, you got nothing to be ashamed of!"

Laughing, "well thank you but I didn't even get second place, but I still won. Mr. John gave me his card after we chatted and Gina's winnings. In exchange John asked me to leave my shirt and bikini on the table and go back out and dance with Ms. Gina, who was still naked. I was a bit hesitant to call him after that, but I ended up meeting with him and the Director of the Marine Division and it's been heaven ever since."

Sherrie and Tina were sitting on bar stools, while Harry and I stood in front of them consuming their drinks with their backs to the people in the lounge. I am handed another drink by Sherrie as we chat until the couple next to Tina gets up to leave, the guy offering me his stool.

Not even thinking, after a had few drinks, I hopped up on it, then see everyone watching me realizing the front of the dress had fallen away giving them a view inside the dress from the sides. "Oops, sorry about that," pushing the front of the dress back against my chest.

Harry was quick to tell me, "You look fine, no need to apologize or cover up!"

Tina slapped his arm. "Harry she is young enough to be your daughter!"

"But she isn't, so I am going to enjoy the view!"

Holding my drink in the same hand I was using to hold my dress in place, I take another sip letting the dress fall forward a bit exposing myself again. I must admit It felt sexy as hell.

We chatted and had a few more drinks, I was really feeling the alcohol and a bit horny knowing people were ogling my small boobs. Tina said she needed to visit the ladies room asking if Sherrie or I needed to go too. I decided I would hang out with Harry while they went.

As soon as they stepped away, I turned, putting my almost empty glass on the bar behind me. In doing so I moved my knees apart enough so Harry could see there was nothing under the dress but me.

He sipped his drink then softly said, "you are something young lady!"

Keeping my knees apart for him to ogle me. "I looked around, wanta see more?" Giggling at him.

Then reached back getting my drink from the bar, only moving my left leg to turn. Leaning over a little I could feel the bottom of the dress slide higher up my thighs, knowing I would be a bit obscene now, especially if Sherri and Tina came back, but I didn't care, I get like that when I drink.

"Oh my," was all Harry could say, then he asked, "So what's the rest of the story with the elevator, where was you top, I am assuming it had something to do with a subway ride maybe, I know they can get interesting or sometimes dangerous?"

I just laughed, "ok, I'll be honest with you, I was letting some guys touch me and a lady actually took it off me on the subway ride, what the guys were doing made me not care that I was left topless. It turned out to be an incredible walk to the hotel, who knew you could be topless in NYC and not get in trouble."

Harry thought about that a bit, "so is that like your thing, allowing strangers to strip you or to feel you up?

"Well to touch me, but only if it is in public, the naked part is my boyfriend's thing but am enjoying it here in New York!" She giggled, "Can I get another drink? I am starting to embarrass myself again?"

He laughed, "sure, Sherri is paying, and I must say you and Sherrie are a pair, I have been out on the boat with Sherrie and her husband before, that lady has a body too!"

Harry placed a hand on my upper thigh, the bartender asked if they needed fresh drinks. "Yes, yes we do."

There were too many people around and to well lit, but I wanted Harry to touch me like I had been on the subway. Looking across the bar I saw the group of guys from the elevator staring at me. I knew if I went and chatted, I might end up without my dress on.

When the ladies returned, I closed my legs leaving the dress a bit higher on my thighs.

Sherrie had found a picture of Gina on her phone, she was standing on a boat in a sheer bikini wrap and bikini bottoms, her big boobs holding the wrap open down the center and nipples visible thru the wrap. "Here this is my friend Gina!" She glanced down at my thighs then gave me a wink. I guess the dress was a bit too short.

"Now those are some healthy boobs she's got!" Harry told her, Tina looking on, smiling, "I wish I was that brave!"

The bartender returned with four fresh drinks, he was eyeing my side boob before saying anything, the angle not good enough for him to see inside like most other people around her.

A bit later Tina excused herself to go back to her room to call home, saying her good nights.

Sherrie telling her, I'll go up with you, we got an early morning tomorrow before breakfast.

As soon as the ladies had left Harry placed his hand back on my thigh, "wanta go for a walk and find a coffee or a drink?"

"Coffee sounds good!" I giggled like a teenager.

Harry closed Sherri's bar tab, then catching up with me admiring my bare back and hint of tanned butt crack peeking from the top of the back of my dress. "Mercy that looks cute back there," he tells me as they walk out onto the busy evening sidewalk.

"What's that?" I asked.

He slides a finger down inside the back of my dress into my soft ass crack. "Careful, you keep doing that you're going to stretch it out even more like my boyfriend does!"

"So he likes showing that ass off?"

"He likes showing off my everything!"

Harry laughs, "I think I like this boyfriend of yours!"

He pulled his finger out then flipped his hand over placing it against my back and down the back of my dress, bringing the knitted material lower exposing more of the top of my ass cheeks, knowing people behind me could see what he was doing to me and the dress.

"Mr. Harry, I believe you are exposing my ass to the people behind me." I gave him a mischievous grin.

"Yeah, I think you are enjoying it too." I didn't respond to his comment feeling his hand groping my young ass cheeks.

"What do you say we slip into this club and get a drink instead?" I suggested, feeling his middle finger rubbing between my firm ass cheeks close to my anus.

The doorman calls out to them before Harry can answer. "Missy, you look like you are dressed to party, you need to come on in and join our party, you are old enough, aren't you?" I see him checking out my small side boobs peeking from under the sides of my knitted dress.

He tells Harry it is a twenty-dollar cover for him.

I run my hand up the side of my dress moving it aside flashing him one of my small breasts. "Does he have to pay the cover?" Knowing it's not an issue for him.

They both laugh at my quick flash. The big bouncer tells me, "Baby I got to see more that a little boob!"

"What you want to see more of?" Flirting back with him.

He smiles at me, "Now that you mention it, I need to check you for a weapon!"

Harry laughs knowing I was inviting trouble, and he is willing to watch.

The bouncer, having a slow night gets off his stool now towering over my petite stature and twice as wide, the noise on the street is almost deafening from vehicles, people passing and talking. "Put your hands on the stool young lady!"

I giggled playing along, thinking he was going to treat himself to a quick pat down of my petite body.

"Push that little ass out," he demands of me. I did as instructed arching my back a bit, grinning at Harry.

A few people are stopping to watch what's going on, when the bouncer reaches around sliding a hand up the inside of my thigh, his other hand resting on my bare hip, the dress sliding up a bit by this hand between my thighs, moving into my bare pussy, sliding a finger through my slit. "Nothing too dangerous here!" He laughs.

With so many people watching I starts to protest, being a bit more public than I preferred, but also, I find it a bit exciting. "Hay wait!"

"Hush missy, if you want to go in, I have to finish checking you!"

I hear a few comments about my cute ass, young body, lack of panties, those are some cute little tits, and I hope he checks her good says a girl to another. It's gives me a bit of a tingle.

Bringing his hands around, he brings the dress up over my ass to my hips, making the top of the dress hang away from my boobs. With my dress resting on my hips he slides his hands inside the top of my open dress groping both of my boobs.

"Do you do this shit to every woman trying to get in?" I giggled.

He laughs, "only the ones who let me!" He pulls me away from the chair pointing me at the door, "y'all good go on in. But I might have to check you out again when you leave, maybe a strip search next time!"

"Maybe you should have thought of that earlier!" I laughed at him.

Harry and the others watch as I walk thru the open doors and into the club with my dress slowly dropping from my hips eventually covering my ass.

Harry walks up behind me, "fuck Terri sorry about that, I should have stopped him, but I was hoping he was going to strip you out there, like he mentioned!"

I smile looking back, "I was hoping he was going too as well; I am so fucking wet right now!" Harry just laughed at me, the dress now drooping halfway down my ass cheeks.

We go to the bar, I am trying to get the bartender's attention at the crowded bar. So I stepped up on the foot rail to make myself taller when I leans forward, then I felt a hand going up the back of my dress again, looking back I see Harry.

He then slides up between my legs as two fingers find my wet opening, slipping deep inside me as I move my feet apart feeling the dress riding higher.

I smile back at Harry, "you're not lying, you're soaked, young lady." A few other people look toward us seeing his hand pushing the dress higher up my ass, his hand buried between my legs.

The bartender sees her, "what can I get you?"

"Two, hummm, Yuenglings, oh fuck, yeah, that's all, damnit Harry."

Harry feels the warm flush of juices dipping down his hand. He quickly slides the guy a $20 and he helps me step away from the bar, the back of my dress still stretched to below half of my ass crack.

We stepped away from the bar, "what you were doing felt good, but all those people watching was what put me over the edge so quick."

He laughs, "glad I could help."

"No, it felt really good! I am going to ladies' room to clean up a bit, be right back!"

I pushed my way to the back of the overcrowded club through a group of guys, "excuse me" trying to get through, "I got to pee."

"Whoa hang on, you were just at the bar getting your pussy finger fucked by that old guy's hand!" Says a guy handing out beers.

I laugh a bit, "you're crazy!" Looking up at all the guys towering over me.

"Look at the back of her dress, her ass is hanging out from where he had it pulled out and a hand between your fucking legs!"

"Yeah, that's a cute young fuckable little ass too!" Another guy says, standing behind me pulling the bottom away from my back exposing my ass to the others.

"You want some more of what you got at the bar?" One of them reaches between my legs finding my bare wet pussy, his finger probing for an opening.

"No wait guys, I don't want..." a hand covers my mouth.

The guy feeling my pussy grabs the front of my dress pulling it up to my waist leaving me in just my knee socks from my hips down. My eyes get big as a big thick finger forces inside me making me pause briefly from trying to tell them to stop.

Look at those little titties another says reaching to feel one exposed from the side of my bunched-up dress.

Unconsciously, I start to ride the finger in my pussy, lightly moaning fearing another orgasm was coming.

Then one of them says, "she is enjoying this shit, look at this little slutty thing, just get that fucking dress out the way so we can all play with her."

At first, I felt the fear of being stripped in public and raped in the bar, but the excitement is almost unbearable as the knit halter strap is easily pulled over my head, the rest that covered my ass and front of me dropped to the floor down my legs having been stretched out from their tugging on it.

Another finger begins probing my ass hole, what is with these NYC guys always going for my anus, then I can feel both holes filled with finger inside, they are being so ruff it is no longer fun.

Several hands groping my little boobs and pinching my hard nipples as the group laughs at me, squeezing them like toys making them hurt. I try to look for help but I can't see over them, nor can anyone else see me.

Then I hear Harry's voice, "gentlemen, that is my sixteen-year-old stepdaughter you are trying to rape, I suggest you release her immediately."

"What, sixteen," one says; "she wanted us to play with her," claims another. I am pushed from the circle of guys into Harry's arms. He reaches down picking up my dress, "here sweetie put your dress back on."

"Just get me the fuck away from them." I used the stretched-out dress to cover my chest with it hanging down to mid-thigh.

We return back to the bar, reaching out for my beer and drank it down. Harry standing behind me looking at my bare back and ass, me wearing only my knee socks and heels. "Holy fuck those guys were animals, thank you for stopping them!"

I heard him say, "oh I am just glad I was here, and I got to tell you the current view right now is astounding!"

I look back over my shoulder and see him and other smiling looking down at my bare back and ass. I grinned back at him, "yeah I need to get back in my dress sorry for ruining your view."

I dropped it down so I could step into the bottom of the dress then lifted the halter up over my head, I could feel the bottom of the dress at the back of my thighs barely even covering the bottom of my ass, realizing the guys who attacked me had really stretched out the knit material even more than Harry had, while they were pulling it off me.

I asked Harry, "how bad is it."

He laughed "well that's a matter of prospective, most of your ass is showing, but you have a really cute ass!"

I just rolled my eyes, "I guess we should head back to the hotel with my dress trashed like this, I mean my boobs are almost exposed too, they made the front narrower by stretching it."

"No, no I think it is quite sexy like that, just wish it was shorter though, I mean you have some sexy legs too! And the sides of those little boobs are hot as hell! Let's go show you off some more, I know you like to show off."

He already knows me too well. "Ok then, where are we going?"

He grins at me, "well with the looks of your outfit I think the Nupus Room Club would be perfect, it's a bit of a hike, or we can get a cab."

"Is it too far to hike it, as you said?"

"No not really, especially if we are wanting to show off that hot little body of yours!"

I just giggled knowing I was about to walk the streets of NYC bare assed and the rest of me barely covered.

Harry finished his beer, and we were out the door. It was still a bit warm out and the smell was a bit nasty, but wasn't that bad.

He followed just behind me on the right side, I knew he was just wanting to watch my ass and side boob, I just smiled looking back at him, "enjoying the view," I asked him.

"Those small boobs aren't staying very hidden either, peeking out the sides like that."

I laughed, "yeah my boyfriend likes that look too, he has never stretched it out like this before though."

I cut my eyes at him and hooked my thumb in the side of the dress pushing the top away from my boob to let him see me better.

I felt sexy, yet slutty but I was enjoying the looks I was getting and glad we didn't take a cab or go back to the hotel.

Harry stopped me at a street crossing, the corner office building had steps up to the front door, "mind if I get a couple picture of you here on the street?"

"Only if you share them with me!" I giggled, stepping up three steps to the large column in the doorway.

I stand facing him at first, then turn sideways moving the front away for him, and a few other who were watching and now snapping pictures as well.

I turn may ass to him, pulling it lower myself so he can see my entire ass. Another guy asks, "hay sweetie, would ya just loose the dress for us?"

I can't help but giggle as I look around real quick then at Harry who is smiling at me, giving me a nod of approval. That was all it took, I pulled the halter over my head and let it drop. The feeling was so incredible standing there in just my knee high socks and heels.

Harry stepped up grabbing the dress to get it out the pictures while I posed for him and the crowd.

I was really getting into it, even bending over a few times. Then a homeless guy comes up trying to touch me and Harry said we needed to go, taking my hand.

I was laughing as we hurried half way down the block before Harry stops, telling me I needed to put the dress back on. I was really enjoying my exhibition but I stepping back into my dress. I wasn't sure I really wanted too, it felt so erotic being naked.

We finally got to the club, the doorman was happy to see me walking up and rushes from his podium at the open door and inside we go, ogling my bare ass and hints of tits.

Harry was right, it was my kinda club, the thumping music, flashing lights, hordes of people, lots of other sexy ladies some barely dressed like me. Many of the guys were quite hot as well, felt like a Miami South Beach Bar, hoping they weren't all gay like in Miami.

We got drinks, stood in the crowded area off the dance floor and we did some people watching, while I myself standing in front of Harry was being watched and eating up the attention.

Harry had one hand on my shoulder, fiddling with the tie holding my dress in place, "you know I could easily untie this right now!"

I looked back at him, "you sound way too much like my boyfriend! I don't think me being naked in here would be safe."

He laughed at me, "for who?"

"If it weren't so stretched out, I'd let you loosen the halter, but then the bottom would be to my knees. Chris does that and it barely keeps my tits covered."

Trying to be discreet, I moved the front over again for him exposing my entire left tit, I felt so slutty doing it in the club.

One of the ladies next to me smiles, "sweetie you about out your little dress already." Hearing Harry's comment.

Harry started chatting up the lady and her friend, two cougars obviously there to pick up a few much younger guys. They were dressed for their assignments as well, short skirts, low cut tops, push up bras and lots of exposed cleavage.

They finally invited me to go dance with them, I am guessing to attract a few victims for themselves.

Right after we started dancing one of the ladies pulled me close to her and began telling me, "Just be warned, it is getting late and the way you are dressed, don't be surprised if you get groped out her dancing, by guys or girls, the more you show the bolder they get!" Then slips her hand inside the top of my dress squeezing my little right boob.

She shocked me at first then laughed I thought it was funny, as we move deeper into the crowded dance floor.

It wasn't long and I feel a guy dancing up close behind me, I knew it was a guy, feeling his hard cock against my back.

I couldn't help but push back, I am guessing he took that as an invite as his hands came around under my arms and I watched two black hands go inside the panels of my dress grabbing my little boobs as my friends looked on.

I opened my mouth looking at my friend smiling at me. The guy's big hands rolling my hard nipples between his fingers. She placed her hands on the bottom of my dress, slowly lifting it eventually to my waist, them pulling the bottom thru the gap in the center. "Your friend is right, you should lose that dress!"

I was tempted, but a quick look around I didn't see any other naked girls dancing.

After two songs we head back to Harry, I fixed my dress before getting out in the view of the bar. She tells Harry, "I tried but she wouldn't give it up!" Laughing at me. "She is adorable though!"

I do notice a few younger ladies my age are letting guys grope and expose them on the dance floor, most wearing the red wrist bands for under 21. I started pointing them out to Harry, but I think he had already noticed them. Especially the Hispanic girl dancing with two guy who had her panties down her thighs and dress to her waist. She almost looked drugged.

I think to myself, "all I need is alcohol!" Dancing in place to the thumping beat.

Harry and the lady started pointing out more girls, more out than in their outfits, one blonde girl in a lace bra, she was overflowing, and G-string panties grinding on a guy.

Harry leans in whispering to me, "ready to go show it all off?"

I just smiled at him, "I don't want to walk back naked so don't lose my dress!"

Harry asks his busty friend if she is game as well?

She giggled, "I'll watch for now."

I grabbed Harry's hand wanting what the other girls were doing, but more! He was behind me and before we got to the actual dance floor, I felt him pull the bow loose on my top.

I quickly put my arm across my belly letting the top fall away. I turned around laugh, "you couldn't wait?" He just stared at my little tanned boobs.

Once in the crowd I let my dress drop down and stepped out of it. Oh I felt so slutty handing my only clothing to Harry and started dancing. I saw a few people pointing at me, smiling at me, trying to undress other girls with them. Few having little luck.

No one came and messed with me, I am sure Harry dancing next to me holding my dress has something to do with it, but I still felt as excited as when I danced with Gina at Spanky's. I was wishing she was here with me, or Sherri even.

After dancing at least three songs, could of been more they just ran together, Harry told me he was done and needed a break. I just giggled and took his arm heading back to where our friends were, but they were gone.

I asked Harry if he was ready to head back after seeing the time on his phone, was after 2:00 am. We finished our watered-down drinks and told him let's get going.

Before Harry could offer, I headed towards the front door still in just my knee socks and heels.

I was stopped at the front door, "missy you look fucking awesome and all, but I can't let you leave my club like that. Let me get you a club tee shirt. You will get us all in trouble!"

I just giggled and turned to take my dress from Harry. He looked quite disappointed. I stepped into it and tied a bow in the halter.

He smiled and said, "have a good night." And we were out the door.

I knew my ass was showing and again a bit more side boobs with the halter tied looser, but the back of the dress was bouncing off my thighs. I asked Harry, "can we snag a cab back this dress was driving me crazy. And apparently, I can't just take it off."

He smiled a bit evil, "you can in a cab, I'm sure!" Then stepped off the curb catching one.

He opened the back door, and I climbed in, smiling at the driver who was looking inside the top of my dress. He smiled back with a big grin on his face.

Harry told him the hotel and he went several blocks before cutting over to head back.

I turned around straddling Harry and said loud enough for the driver to hear, "I have never fucked in a cab before," lifting my arms up.

Harry wasted no time stripping me of my dress, then I reached to open his slacks. I whispered to Harry, "is he watching?" He smiled and nodded yes.

Harry was already hard and I was quite wet so it was easy to slid him inside me and he scotched forward.

After several rides with Harry inside me, I stood and turned around to take him from behind to I could see the driver watching me fuck Harry, another first for me.

I was riding the cock inside me while he was thrusting back at

me. I smiled at the driver who was alternating looking in mirror and over his shoulder. When he got to a red light. "You like watching a 16 year old getting fucked by her daddy?"

His jaw dropped open, "ah no, I mean yes, I mean you are very sexy little girl!"

"I like fucking him in public with people watching us! My mommy likes to watch too! The lights green." That was all it took for Harry to explode inside me.

A few minutes later he was pulling up around the corner from the main entrance to the hotel. We laughed as we stepped out, standing on the sidewalk naked waited for Harry to pay the tab.

He finally stepped out handing me my dress as people stared at me. I slipped it back on reluctantly, pulling the halter back over my head.

Harry put his arm over my shoulder, and we walked around the corner and into the lobby of the hotel.

I felt a bit giddy as we walked to the elevators. We rode up together, but I didn't invite Harry to join me at my floor. I gave him a kiss on the cheek and told him good night.

He told me it was, as the doors closed.