**At The Bus Stop**

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I have developed a fascination about people who secretly get themselves off in public. A couple of years ago I began to experiment with various techniques like sitting daydreaming (fantasizing) while I crossed my legs and squeezed my thighs. After realizing that I could occasionally sneak an orgasm, I started to watch for others who might be doing the same thing. I began to look for signs that others might be as horny as I felt, like other women whose erect nipples might be showing and men who might have an erection. I began to observe people in a new way and imagine what they might be thinking or feeling.   
  
For example, I was at a crosswalk waiting for the light to change. I saw a woman dressed in the high power executive fashion-white blouse, dark suit jacket, close fitting dark skirt hemmed just above the knee, panty hose and dress shoes with 1-2 inch heels. She walked to the light quickly, looked at her watch and gave an impatient sigh. She looked preoccupied and impatient. The light changed and I watched her out of the corner of my eye as we passed each other. I could tell from the side-glance that her nipples were erect.   
  
I wondered to myself how many people appear preoccupied and impatient but are really covering for a sexual daydream fantasy. I imagined that she was probably turned on like me and was projecting a front. My curiosity aroused, I turned around and followed her into the public library. I saw her go into the restroom. I didn't have the time or courage to follow her in and eavesdrop from an adjacent stall, so I left and completed my work errand. All day long I was distracted by the mental image that the lady had masturbated in the restroom stall. Unfortunately I was unable to get any private time that evening and wasn't able to take care of business for myself.   
  
The next morning I went to work extremely tense sexually. After a busy day I sat at the bus stop waiting for my ride home. I was dressed for work in a blouse and skirt. The skirt was loose and was about ankle length. I also had on a rain coat (trench coat style). I tried to keep my mind on the newspaper I was reading but I couldn't get out of my mind the image from the previous day. I noticed a nice looking gentleman approach. He was dressed in khaki slacks, dress shirt, tie and sport jacket. He smiled and said hello and leaned against the bus shelter post reading the Wall Street Journal. I occasionally glanced up at him. I noticed that he seemed to be erect.   
  
He must have been wearing boxers because the bulge extended on the right side of his pants past the crotch seam. Through his pants I could actually see the outline of the tip of his penis head causing his slacks to tent out just above the shaft. I couldn't believe it! I just had to keep stealing looks. He seemed to be into his newspaper so I don't think he saw me look. I fantasized about gently tapping the head of his cock with my fingers. I shifted my seat on the bus stop bench so that my left side was toward him and my right side toward the corner of the shelter. I discretely pulled the right side of my skirt up so I could slip my right hand under it. I daydreamed about kneeling in front of him while he read the paper and blowing warm air through his pants onto the head of his cock while I cradled his balls   
  
in my hand.  
  
Using my index finger I gently tapped my panties over my clit area.   
  
I covered my lap with my newspaper and pretended to read. I slipped my index and middle fingers inside my panties and discovered that my outer lips had engorged and pulled apart making my clit accessible to my stealthy fingers. I tapped the hood of my clit with my index finger and reached toward my pussy with my middle finger. I was barely able to touch the entrance to my pussy and spread my moisture up to my clit with my middle finger.   
  
I was so horny I don't think I could have stopped even if I was caught. I clenched my teeth so I wouldn't make any noise and took deep breaths through my nose. I imagined wrapping my lips around the man's penis as I pressed on my clit with both fingers. I was so wet that my fingers slid off my clit (now sticking out from beneath its hood). Due to my position I couldn't move my fingers in my usual circular pattern. I basically rubbed back and forth from side to side putting pressure on my clit and sliding off. Before long I felt my entire body start to tense. I sat up a little straighter and arched my back while I stretched my legs and curled my toes tight. I took a deep breath, held it and came hard as I exhaled. I felt my whole body shake as the tension flowed away.   
  
I guess I must have sighed because the man looked at me and asked "Long day?" I was so out of breath and embarrassed that he might know what I just did that I said "yes", looked at the ground and quickly boarded my bus. I was so shaken I just rode home kind of in a state of shock. I have masturbated to the memory of this many times at home.