**Birth of an Exhibitionist**

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Tommy and I are headed to the Borders bookstore at the mall. I love to read, but that's not the purpose today. Tommy has been bugging me to let him film an up-skirt video in a public place. I've finally agreed. He thinks it's because he's so charming and persuasive. Boys. They'll never learn. He's not that charming.

This is for me. The thought is both scary and a titillating fantasy: acting trashy in a public place, especially a busy, upscale setting. It seems deliciously salacious. If the thought is arousing, the deed would be a smashing lark. If I have the courage to do it. And, especially if we don't get caught.

The palm-sized video recorder is in Tommy's pocket. We tested it in the parking lot to be sure it was charged and ready to go.

As we walk through the mall, it's crowded on this fall Saturday afternoon. I'm wearing a school girl skirt in blue, green and white plaid. It reaches several inches above my knees when I'm standing and swings easily with the sway of my hips. The many pleats give it easy mobility. Perfect for what I'm planning. The top is a demure white blouse. My socks come to just below my knees. Altogether, I'm the picture of innocence. Quite in line with my usual character.

If I go through with this, the outfit will be the perfect incongruous cover. Who would think such a sweet looking girl would be doing something so slutty. I hope the conservative clothes will be a disincentive for wandering eyes. They'll be much more enticing eye candy around to attract men who are ogling girls. Especially, in a mall full of females in tiny skirts and blouses so tight they highlight their nipples. At least, that's what I keep telling myself. Just because I'm filming an up-skirt video, doesn't mean I want some perv staring at my undies in the store. The whole idea is to get away with a public display of my panties and crotch, without anyone actually seeing them. I want to make a video, not a scene.

Tommy's already distracted. The thought of me doing something so different from my normal reticence has him in heat. He keeps glancing at me with lustful eyes. Maybe that kind of reaction is why I want to do this. Try something different from my goody-goody reputation. Convince my friends, and maybe myself, that I'm not as uptight as everybody thinks. Whatever. Just planning this and starting to play the part of a showy tease feels exciting. Liberating. Fun.

When we enter the first floor of the two story Borders, there are a lot of people shopping and browsing. All ages. Singles, couples, families and groups of friends. Like us, a number are in their early twenties.

Now that we're here, Tommy is actually more nervous than I am. He suggested making the video at a bench in an isolated part of the park with only a few people wandering around. He didn't think I was serious when I said it should be the bookstore. This is blowing his mind. He's torn between fear of the embarrassment of being caught, and the thrill of having a horny fantasy fulfilled.

And he's just the cameraman. I, or my panties, would be the star of the show. My stomach is starting to flutter from nerves and excitement. Looking around, he points and suggests a quiet corner in the stacks of the upstairs balcony.

Getting into my new brazen persona, I shake my head no. I'll have none of that. If we're going to do this naughty adventure, we're doing it right.

I lead him to the magazine racks near the cafe. It's one of the busiest parts of the store. People are swirling between the books, music and magazines. Others are sitting in the café lounge or standing in line for the registers. Perfect.

We find a couple of twelve inch high wooden stools at the magazine display. I take the first one and slide it with my foot to the front most rack where the fashion magazines are located. Tommy positions the other one about seven feet away. I sit next to the rack and scan the magazines while he prepares the video recorder.

Sitting on the low stool has brought my skirt up to mid-thigh. I smooth the material with my brightly painted fingernails and begin flicking through the most recent copy of Glamour. Looking at the latest fashions and pushing my long hair behind my ear, I appear the typical girl next door.

The crowd of people gives me pause about what the heck I'm thinking of doing. So many people. So many eyes. Maybe the park would have been a better place to start.

Tommy removes his jacket and sits on the floor with his back to the rack. Placing his coat on the stool, he slips the recorder underneath with the lens pointing toward my legs. He surreptitiously fiddles with it making certain it frames my entire body, but especially has a good angle upward toward my thighs. He signals with a nod that he's ready, and then picks up a car magazine that is his cover.

The corner is real busy. I shake my shoulders to relax my body and improve my posture. Trying hard to act natural and not look like a nervous criminal. Anxiously, I begin by casually crossing my legs at the knee. My skirt rides up and exposes even more skin. While appearing to be engrossed in the magazine, I rub my hand along the outside flesh of my leg and give my face an expression of spontaneous pleasure. Looking around furtively, I'm encouraged that no one seems to be watching. I relax a bit and determine to proceed.

There is a slight pause in the traffic and I swing my hips around to point toward the camera.

Uncrossing my legs, I keep my knees pressed tightly together. Just like Mom taught me that good girls do. With the short skirt, I suspect this position seems quite the tease to Tommy and the camera. So close to the goodies, but still out of sight.

One more look around for reassurance, then I ratchet up my courage. Keeping my eyes glued to the page, I quickly open and close my legs. It wasn't much, but judging from Tommy's reaction, it was more than he expected. The hardest thing is for me to keep a calm expression on my face while my heart is racing.

My eyes are darting in every direction. I expect to see some startled reaction. Or hear an audible gasp. Or, god forbid, security coming to haul me away for public indecency. But the seconds pass and nothing happens. The only evidence of my first flash is that Tommy is grinning like a masturbating ape. I swear, men must have the shortest fuse in the animal kingdom.

With the ice safely broken, I feel an exhilarating rush. Tommy and I are sharing a scandalous and sexy experience. And, it's recorded for later viewing pleasure. Even though no one else saw it, they could have. The possibility of being discovered and branded as a tramp adds to a surprising adrenalin high. I love tempting fate and dodging a bullet. I'm ready for more. The devil in me wants to emerge and shove Daddy's little angel aside.

I try to ignore Tommy's lascivious expression and barely concealed stare. He's supposed to be on the look-out to help me avoid trouble, but he's riveted. It's not enough for him to see it later; he doesn't want to miss any of the live action. He's no longer thinking with his head. I guess I shouldn't be surprised; men are constantly trying to get a peek at some girl's panties.

People are standing right next to us reaching for magazines and strolling in and out of the cafe. Feeling emboldened, I slide my skirt higher on my legs and slowly open my legs again. This time I keep them open longer. While the first move was a flash, this is a more blatant display. My skirt lifts up across my thighs and gives a panoramic view of my purple lace, "fuck me" panties. I picked them out special for this occasion because of their whorish appeal.

When someone gets too close, I slowly cross my legs in as natural a move as I can. My eyes meet Tommy's and we both giggle at the success of our risqué game.

My body is tingling. I'm really getting into it. I start vamping for the camera and flashing poses. Licking my lips and pouting like a bimbo. Tommy is clearly aroused and the front of his trousers is starting to tent from his hard-on. It encourages me to push the limit further.

I keep scanning the crowd. When the moment is right, I move beyond quick flashes. I point my toes straight toward the camera and spread them wide as if stretching to relieve my muscles. The video is getting a long and full shot all the way to my sex. A warm feeling sweeps through my groin. Even though it's only Tommy and the camera that are seeing my low class show, I feel as if I'm on stage doing a strip tease.

Tommy signals thumbs up now that he has the money shot. He's ready to leave before he bursts. Though he's clearly excited, he's had enough risk for one day. I'm sure he's eager to get back to my place and do something about that woody. If he can last that long.

He'll have to wait; I'm not ready to leave. This could be addictive. It's like I'm the star of my own private porno. All these people. So close, and they don't have a clue. Especially the guys. If they knew what was going on, they'd probably pop a nut, just like Tommy.

This is way hotter than I dreamed. My panties are actually getting damp and my nipples are stiff. I continue for a few more minutes with some promiscuous flashes that make Tommy's hungry eyes widen. His excited reactions are incredibly positive feedback. They make me feel erotic. I'm seduced to do a longer hip swaying salacious display. Biting my lower lip like a teasing whore, I slowly caress my hands down my spread legs. A frumpy mother towing a child almost catches me. She abruptly stops a few feet away and turns her head to stare. I pretend not to notice and feign intense interest in the magazine. Crossing my legs sedately at the ankles and with my hand absently playing with the cross on my necklace, I put on the picture of innocence. She walks away with a scowl and Tommy can barely contain his snorting laughs.

When the coast seems clear, I return to my slutty performance. I open another button on my blouse.

For the finale, I lean forward as if to show Tommy a picture in the magazine. In reality, it's to give the camera a close-up cleavage picture with plenty of breast and a flash of my sheer lace push-up. What was intended to be a short and clandestine romp has crossed the line. It has become an increasingly smutty spectacle. Tommy is practically salivating and I manage to avoid the drool from his wide open mouth.

Flushed from the sexual electricity surging through my body, I abandon caution. So far, it's been a private exhibition that could be explained away as unintentional panty flashes. But I want something on tape that is obvious and overt. With one last look around, I thrust out my excited breasts. Simultaneously, I plant my feet flat on the floor and spread my knees as wide as possible. This move is visible not only to the camera, but to anyone on this side of the store, if they were looking in this direction.

Tommy is swooning, sweaty and making guttural bedroom sounds. I'd be shocked if his boxers are not full of cum.

I am possessed and can't control myself. Before someone notices, I reach between my legs and inside my panties. I swipe my slit and aroused clit to coat my fingers. Bringing them to my lips, I make a scene of licking the luscious juice. Closing my legs for a last time, I am in an orgasmic haze.

I'm breathing heavily and my heart is pounding. Replacing the magazine on the rack, I stand while trying to maintain an expression that belies my randy state. I straighten the pleats on my skirt. It's time to find someplace to fuck Tommy's brains out and get some relief.

He is addled from hormones. Just as well. I stand close to him and take the camera. Before Tommy can protest, I remove the picture disc and drop it in my purse. This is for my personal collection. I don't want it to end up on You Tube.

Turning to leave, I give one last glance around my domain. My eye catches the face of a middle aged man at a table in the cafe. He is staring at me with a knowing smile. He raises his coffee cup in salute, nods his head and silently mouths, "Nice show".

For all my wantonness, I am mortified. My confidence that I was so cleverly discreet comes crashing down. I turn crimson and feel like everyone in the store is staring at me. Spinning my head, no one else seems to have noticed. Still in heat and even more eager to leave, I give one last look at my unexpected audience.

WTF. He already thinks I'm a slut. I flick my head to swirl my hair, brush my tit with my hand as if removing some dust, wink and blow him an air kiss. He laughs.

Tommy is baffled, but still not completely coherent. I take his hand and we head for the car. I'll be back.