**Dana's Diary: Cumming in Public**

**by [tinatart](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=421091&page=submissions)**

***Author's Note:*** *People frequently ask if* Dana's Diary *is autobiographical. Most are based on events that actually occurred, in which I played a starring role. Others are based on events that occurred, but in which I was at best a supporting actress. And the rest are products of my imagination. In any given case, you decide, because I won't tell.****Dana's Introductory Comments:*** *Like my author, I'm about 5-7, with great legs, a nice ass, and lustrous brunette hair. My breasts are small but firm, with dark nipples. My lips are full, my eyes dark, and if my nose is a bit prominent, well I prefer to think it gives me a noble, perhaps aristocratic look. Unlike my author, I'll be 27 years old forever, and crazy enough to try almost anything. After all, I won't get any STDs, I won't get caught (unless She wants me to get caught), and there won't be any permanent damage or harm. So, as they say in those commercials, "don't try this at home!" Just enjoy....*

**Dear Diary,**

The first time I came in public (as an adult, anyway) it was almost an accident. I was having lunch alone in one of those restaurants that have tables and waitresses but no tablecloths. I was horny, not just because of the book I was reading, but because... well, because I was horny. So before I left the house I decided I was going to show off a bit. I took off my underwear and put on a micro-mini, high heel sandals that showed my hot pink toes, and a camisole top. My nipples looked like shadows under my top. I checked. I've done this enough to know that if you're going to show off you need to know what you're showing.

Yes, I love to show off. Sometimes my Master takes me out and shows me off, sometimes he has me show myself off, and sometimes, well I just do it because when a girl gets horny.... The thing is, I've never actually had an orgasm in public before, unless you count when I was a teenager and... Oh, never mind. That's another story and they don't do child porn here.

Anyway, I was sitting in this restaurant, across from a really cute guy who was trying to see up my skirt. I could almost feel his eyes on my legs, and it always makes me feel sexy when guys stare at me. I was eating a chicken salad, drinking iced tea, and reading my book, a task made more difficult by the dark glasses I wore. The glasses were necessary so he couldn't see me looking at him.

I casually and "accidentally" let my knees come apart so the guy at the facing table could see that I wore no underwear and had that very morning shaved my pubes except for a narrow vee of brunette hair. He was reacting nicely, shaking salt on the table instead of on his French fries because he was staring at my crotch. My crotch responded by getting damp, and I couldn't help moving my hips a little. Ooooh, that felt good! I slouched down in my chair to give him a better look. He gulped, squeezed his legs together, and when he reached for his sandwich he missed and nearly knocked over his own glass of tea.

I could feel the blood suffusing my outer lips, and there was a twisting sensation in my abdomen. I teased him by closing my legs, then crossing them, then uncrossing them and after a while opening them again. His eyes never left my crotch, and by the time I finished my salad my clit was tingling and my nipples were making little points in the fabric of my top. The waitress took my salad plate away and left the check, and the guy at the facing table got up.

"W-w-would you like to go someplace and have a... a drink or something," he asked?

He was cute, but not *that* cute, and besides he was married. (I don't mess with married guys unless their wives agree.) I sat up straight and spoke in the coldest voice I could manage. "Buzz off before I call the manager!" His face got red and he scuttled over to the cashier to pay his check. My heart was beating fast —part excitement, part nervousness— as I went back to my book and my tea, with my legs now primly closed.

But closing my legs didn't relieve the tingling in my clit. In fact the tingling got more intense as I read. The protagonist, an innocent but beautiful young woman, was being "put to the prick" by a Victorian boarding school headmistress. The man involved was employed in the stables; his organ was very large, and he was enthusiastically applying it to the virgin girl's ass. The girl, who had screamed at the painful invasion, was beginning to enjoy it, and when the man came in her ass —she came too.

So did I. As I read, I began squeezing my legs together and clenching and unclenching my thigh muscles. My orgasm struck without warning, and I moaned aloud before I could control myself enough to stop the sounds. But I could not stop the shudders, or the blush that spread from my chest up, or the panting that started as the sensations of my orgasm started to wane.

I looked up, and saw the waitress regarding me with a little smile on her face. "You OK honey?"

I took a deep breath. "Yeah," I said. "I'm fine. See you next time."