**Exhibition in San Antonio**

by**[Sassy Susan](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=509044&page=submissions)**©

It started with a dare. I had been corresponding with a woman in London by email. We had hooked up when she sent me feedback about one of my stories on Literotica, and we began teasing and flirting. She described her sex life as vanilla, but when she learned of my exhibitionist tendencies she didn't hesitate to send me a dare:  
  
"Now I'd like you to grab a lipstick and do this...  
  
"Wear a white top that is transparent. I'm sure you have something like that. Go out somewhere public like that, but please, no bra. I want people to see your gorgeous breasts and be turned on by them. Sit down somewhere where there are at least three other people. Could be a cafe, could be a mall, wherever. Start caressing your breasts through your blouse and as you do, spare a thought for Vanilla's perky nipples and how I wish I could touch you. Keep fondling your breasts, for at least fifteen minutes, enjoying the firmness and softness, feeling your nipples get hard. I want the other people to notice. Feel their eyes on you.  
  
"Now Susan, take out your lipstick. I hope you remembered it? Bend forward a little, so everyone can see your breasts and put on the lipstick. Paint your lovely lips and put on a show for them. I dare you to bare your right breast, get it out for them to see and start sensually rubbing lipstick over your nipple. If you dare, do the same with your left nipple.  
  
"Then, and only then, can you get up and leave. Go home and masturbate for me." I thought about it for a while – maybe ten minutes in all. And then I accepted the dare.   
  
I wrote back, "Oh dear. Did I tell you that I am a sexual submissive? Or did you just guess? I cannot resist your order; it is right up my exhibitionist alley, which is where I may end up after I do what you told me to. I love being forced to show off my body in public. And today is a perfect day and place. I am visiting San Antonio, Texas, and know almost no one, just the friend I stopped here to visit. I think I know exactly where to carry out your orders: A nice, small restaurant in a medium sized mall near here. I ate there a couple of days ago with my friend.  
  
"It is not too brightly lit inside and has some wrought iron tables and chairs outside in the shade. Not sure yet where to sit, but know I can get a spot inside that will let me limit my exposure to just a few people. I want maybe two couples and at least one lone woman. If I am really, really lucky maybe I can get her to hit on me. And there is a Borders book store just across the street where I can walk around close to people of all ages and sexes to show off my nearly bare tits. It is filled with racks of books and magazines and places to sit and read, plus a small cafe for coffee and tea and such."  
  
Preparation was half the fun, along with the anticipation. I wore a very fine-mesh, thin, white, sleeveless top, one designed to be worn over a bra or camisole. It was snug enough to follow the shape of my unsupported breasts, and sheer enough for my nipples to be seen easily; their color supplemented their boldness to show off. They were hard as little nuts all the time and tented the material of my top.  
  
With it I wore a short, black, wraparound skirt. I like that one because the wrap doesn't overlap very far; it lets my thigh show when I sit and cross my legs, which I did with regularity. Since the only things on my body were the skirt and top, I felt quite exposed. And I drew a whole lot of looks. From some matrons, disapproval, from most everyone else surprise and pleasure. It is funny, but men seem almost too embarrassed to look directly at a half naked girl; they use quick side looks. Women are less circumspect, especially younger ones and teens. They seemed to enjoy my look a lot. Many of the youngest were not far off my own look, so I was able to do some pleasant ogling of my own, but I was the only one playing with myself.   
  
Overall, I felt almost naked. Oh, I also wore a white sun visor, dark sun glasses, and sexy sandals – the kind with straps that wrap around your ankle and hint at bondage. I was both embarrassed and excited. I don't know if anyone noticed, but my pussy leaked continuously. I decided to just let my juice flow and enjoy the feel of it running down my thighs or into the crack of my ass. Good that my skirt was black.  
  
I started out by roaming the book racks in Borders for about ten minutes, bought a paper, and then I walked across the street to the cafe. I stayed inside for about five minutes over a coffee, but then took it outside to a table on the open patio. There were six people scattered about me (I chose to sit with my back to the building), but there was an almost steady stream of mall walkers passing by on the sidewalk in front of the tables.  
  
I pretended to read my paper but used the sun glasses to look about surreptitiously. As though not aware of it, I began to caress my breast with my free hand, homing in on the nipple and making it even harder. I noticed one woman prod her seat mate, a man, and nod toward me. He looked and then looked away, and then looked some more. I chose then to tweak my nipple with thumb and forefinger. It felt good and I took a deep breath and arched my back in pleasure. The man whispered something to the woman and she laughed. I pretended to look up at the sound and stared at them for a moment. Then I glanced down obviously at my hand on my tit, looked back up to them, and smiled.  
  
The man looked startled and glanced away; the woman smiled back at me broadly. She, I think, had figured out what I was doing. They stayed in place until I left a while later.  
  
More people seemed to be noticing me and I got bolder with my caresses, massaging myself openly, lifting my breast up and letting it settle again. My fingers worked my nipple more openly. Then I switched to my other hand and other breast, no longer pretending to read. When I put the paper down both hands were free to touch myself and I put them to work. Several people had stopped walking and lingered just a bit away, trying to not be obvious.  
  
Finally, I put one hand under my top and brought it up to caress my bare flesh directly. I was so fucking excited I was having trouble breathing and my hands shook a bit. I crossed my legs again, this time slowly and openly, aimed at some standing onlookers. I know they could see all the way up to my bare twat, but I don't know if they could tell I was naked. With no hair, it could be that I was wearing flesh colored panties.  
  
I stopped playing with myself and took out a small mirror and lipstick. Leaning forward and placing my tits on the table, I arched my back a little and applied some soft red to my lips. I was trying to work up the courage to go the whole way and rouge my nipples, but I was getting cold feet.  
  
Just then three teenie boppers who had been watching from the side came over and sat at my table. They were dressed in shorts and halters, bedecked in cheap beads and bracelets, and had streaks of color in their hair: red, blue, and green. They were laughing and giggling and poking each other. Finally one said, "Hey, girl, we've been watching you and know what you're doing. It is way cool, and we would, like, just want to tell you that we, like, think you are hot."   
  
I laughed and said, "Thanks girls. Would you help me out and just sit here for a minute with me? I'm doing a Dare and have one more thing to do."  
  
They got the message and giggling some more, and clapping their hands, said, "Sure. And what is it?" I told them I would show them.  
  
Now somewhat screened from everyone's view, but still easily seen by most, I pulled up the hem of my top until it clung above my breasts, exposing them entirely. I cupped one and put lipstick on the whole areola and jutting nipple. Then I cupped the other and repeated the operation. By then I was reluctant to cover myself back up. I was so aroused I almost came.   
  
The girls just giggled a bit more and stared. Then the leader said, "Oh, boy, this is so way cool, far out. You have beautiful tits lady."  
  
I said, "Would you like to touch them?"  
  
They all shrieked, which drew the attention of anyone who had not yet noticed my act, but the leader reached over and put her fingers on my right breast. Then she tickled my nipple and gave it a little tweak.   
  
When I sighed with pleasure she smiled at me and said, "Lady, you are a real piece of work. Gotta go now, or people will think we're, like, lesbians." Then she laughed and led her friends away.   
  
I stood, pulled my top down demurely and walked away. I don't know if I was bright red, but I do know my legs were shaky and my thighs were running with pussy juice and maybe some sweat. I hurried to my parked truck, climbed in, and hit the door lock. Then I took a deep breath, pulled my top up to bare my breasts again, and yanked my skirt open and up. I attacked my cunt with vigor, my belly churning with the pent up need for release. I think it took less that a quarter minute for me to come, and my orgasm was almost painful it was so intense.  
  
It felt like I lost track of time, almost blacked out, but when I recovered I was startled to see the three girls staring in my passenger side window with goggle eyes. I began laughing hysterically and they joined in. They waved and left again. I caught my breath, straightened up, and drove slowly home.  
  
When I got there I jerked off again. And soon I had to massage my pussy a third time. I was still shaking, whether from the embarrassment or the excitement I don't know, but I could not stop trembling. It was like a delayed reaction. I think now that I might have been hyperventilating.  
  
When I got myself calmed down I sat at my computer and wrote an email to Vanilla, telling her in detail how the day had gone. I got excited all over again and had to abuse my poor pussy once more. I told her I didn't think I could have gone all the way without the help of those kids. They didn't really block much of the view of me, but it was a psychological veil. It gave me that little push to let me get over the hump.  
  
"Vanilla," I wrote, "You put me through a hell of a ride today, you vanilla bitch. What I want right now is to walk in on you, knock you to the floor, and sit on your face with my gooey cunt, fuck myself on your nose and mouth, and get off again. Thank you so much for doing this to me, love. It was a total hoot.  
  
"But now it's your turn, sexy. What is good for the Yank is good for the Brit. I want you to accept the same task you gave me. The whole nine yards: transparent blouse, no bra, open self-massage and nipple tweaking, lipstick on the lips, bared breasts, lipstick on the nipples. You could add a special extra by quietly masturbating at the table before you leave. Just reach up under your skirt and fuck yourself.  
  
"Hope to hear from you soon, Vanilla. Yours in lust, Susan."  
  
And she did do it, too -- in a different way in a different place: In an elegant gown, at an elegant party, in the "ladies," with a few other women for an audience. But that is her story to tell.  
  
P.S. It took forever to get the lipstick stains out of my white top.