**Experiment with Vibrator at Mall**

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My husband bought us a remote controlled vibrator. We have enjoyed it together several times in the bedroom. He keeps asking me to wear it out in public, but I had been too timid to give it a try. I was just not sure how I would react in front of other people when he turns it on.  
  
Today, I decided to give it a practice run myself. With the control safely in my own hands, I can see what it is like to get turned on in public without the risk of embarrassment. Just before leaving I grabbed the vibe, rubbed some lube over it, and pressed it inside me. Then I headed to the mall. I did not want to try the vibe while driving, but just thinking about having it in made me start getting wet.  
  
Upon arrival, I decided to go about the experiment from easy to hard tasks. Grabbing a coffee and sitting in a sparsely busy food court, I turn the vibe on low. The low pulse was enjoyable. I quietly moaned to myself. I tried to listen to check whether it was loud enough for others to hear, but it was thankfully almost silent. Essentially, I was pleasing myself right here in public and no one was the wiser.  
  
As I became more turned on, my mind started thinking about sex. I looked around to see if there were any hot guys. I found one across the seating area. I tried not to stare, but I kept glancing his way. I wondered whether if he knew I was here wet, would he get hard and want to do me.  
  
Before he noticed me, I decided it best for me to move on. I left the vibe on to see how it would feel walking. As I moved, I could feel the vibe shift and press on different areas inside me. It was pleasurable, very pleasurable, making me think of my hubby's finger pressing around inside. I walked the length of the mall several times. As I passed others, I was knowing none of them could possibly be having as much fun as me. The only downside was my panties were starting to get damp, making them a bit uncomfortable. But that was on a minor annoyance.  
  
Now that I was feeling a bit more comfortable with the whole idea, I reached for the remote and turned it up to medium. The initial jolt caught me a bit off guard. But it quickly became a good feeling. I noticed that I had started walking a bit faster. And my nipples hardened.  
  
The next test was to practice interacting with people. I decided to first try with a woman. I headed to the clothing store and strolled through. After a few minutes of trying to look nonchalant, one of the store workers came over asking if I needed help. The test was on. I took a breath to calm myself and said I was looking for a new outfit to wear out dancing. Might as well look for something sexy while I was in the mood.  
  
She helped me peruse several racks of tight shirt and short skirts. I found one I liked, and went into the dressing room to try it on. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I was thinking how my husband would think how hot I would look. Perhaps a good combo to go with the vibe out for a night.  
  
As I took off the new outfit to change back into my own clothes, I felt to check how wet my undies were feeling. They were quite damp. I slipped a finger inside to check and realized just how wet I had gotten. There were drips of liquid on my fingers when I pulled them out. My nipples were still hard. While I was at this whole experiment, I decided to go a bit more adventurous and take off my bra. Would anyone notice my nipples pointing through my shirt? Only fair to see if I could get other turned on too.   
  
I handed the clothes to the store worker to pay. As she started to ring up the new outfit, I noticed I had inadvertently handed her my bra as well. There was an awkward moment when she was trying to find the tag to scan.   
  
She looked at me to say something, then paused when she noticed my chest. She did not know what else to say other than, "Ok this must be yours."   
  
Glad I started with a woman. With being so turned on I was getting a bit distracted. I said, "Yes, thanks. Was getting a bit warm." I must have blushed realizing how stupid that sounded.  
  
The next test was worrying me a bit. I was ok with the vibe sensations, but how would I act with a guy being this turned on. My pussy was starting to ache with excitement. And my mind was getting more overtaken by sexual thoughts. I first decided to take it easy. I went back to the food court and decided to satisfy the cravings with ice cream.   
  
As I made it through the line a handsome young man asked, "Can I help you?"   
  
It was all I could do to resist saying, "Could you ever!"   
  
Then I caught him glancing at my chest. This was not unusual with guys, but it was a bit longer than normal. Then I remember how I was nipping through my shirt. I was a little embarrassed given he was somewhat young, but at the same time it made me even feel hot to think I could still catch his attention.  
  
After finishing the ice cream, it was finally time to step it up a notch. I scoped out a shoe store with a gentleman working the shelves. I walked around trying to find something to go with my new outfit. I found a pair of black high heels. I could have looked for my own size, but instead I carried one to the gentleman and asked whether he could help me find them. He politely obliged. I enjoyed the nice view of his behind while he was combing through the shelf. When he quickly turned around with the box in hand, I was suddenly caught staring at his crotch. He pointed me over to a nearby bench.  
  
Sitting down I suddenly felt just how wet I had gotten. There was a spot on my pants showing. I had forgotten to check or plan for this situation. As he knelt down, I realized he would be staring right at my crotch and pulled my knees together to hide it as best I could. As he lifted the first shoe out, putting a foot out was awkward. He slipped on the first one. Switching feet was particularly obnoxious. He had to be wondering what was wrong with me. I was shaking a little from the nervousness, but also tempted to just spread my legs and see his reaction.   
  
After getting both shoes on, I stood up to try and walk around. I am usually fine walking in heels, but between the arousal from the still buzzing vibrator inside and my already embarrassment I was stumbling around like a drunk buffoon. When I turned around to walk back, I could see he was laughing a bit. I am sure he was wondering if this was my first set of heels. But better to have him laugh at me for shoes than catching me in the act of self-pleasuring.  
  
I was feeling a bit more comfortable as I sat down. Forgetting my previous mistake, I again felt the wetness as I sat down and quickly snapped my knees together. This time he noticed it though. As I looked up at him I first saw a perplexed look, but looking down he must have noticed my hard nipples and it slowly turned to a smirk. Now I know I turned red. But nothing to do now. I could not go running away in a pair of high heel shoes I had not yet paid for. So he knelt back down to help me take them off. After positioned his thumbs to stroke my foot as he slid the first one off. Being so aroused, even a little stimulation felt great. Uncontrollable I gave a small moan as I exhaled. Now I knew he was playing with me.  
  
For the other shoe, he picked up my foot and stroked his fingers along the top. That made me shiver a little as the tingling ran up my body. I tried to give him a dirty look, but it was all I could do to hold composure. I had to close my eyes to stay still while he finished removing the shoe.   
  
As he was done, he asked, "Do you want to take these?"   
  
I was so tense I could not even talk, just nodded and let him walk away. I took a minute to compose myself.   
  
I went to the counter to pay, and he asked, "Anything else I can give you a hand with today." He blushed a little realizing what he said. I had to give a little laugh this time. I handed him payment and quickly scurried away.   
  
I found a bench in the middle of the walkway to sit down. I felt a little dirty having gotten stimulated by a random guy, but it was also a bit like a fantasy. I was now so horny after that experience, I could barely contain myself. As each guy walked by I could only think about taking him right there on the bench. I pulled the long neglected remote out. The only thing left to try was turning it on high.  
  
The increase in sensation was the change from feeling an ache to feeling pleasure. I could feel the warmth spread across my crotch. I squeezed my muscles to see if I could get more sensation. I was better, but still not enough to get me to climax. Being so high but yet so far was almost unbearable. I remembered how good walking with the vibe in felt. I was so swollen down there I could hardly walk normal. But I made lap around the mall. It was definitely helping. I began fantasizing that the rolling movement of the vibe was my hubby's penis inside. The thought of him pushing inside to make me feel full, combined with the power and movement of the vibe, was enough to push me over the edge.   
  
Almost by surprise, the feeling of climax hit. It was so intense, I had to grab on and lean over the backrest of a bench. I close my eyes, held my breath, and bit my lower lip try not to make a scene in public.  
  
The world had been shut out until another gentleman came up and asked if I was ok. It was all I could do to get out, "Yes, I just need to sit down for a minute." I walked around and sat on the bench, still working up to the peak of climax.   
  
He also came around and sat next to me. He asked, "Can I get you some water?"   
  
If I opened my mouth a loud release would have come out. I just shook my head. This was a tight spot I never imaged being in. I wish he would walk away, but he was obviously concerned I was about to pass out. The climax hit and I let out the breath I was holding followed by several quick deep breaths. Finally I opened my eyes hoping he had not figured out what happened next to him.  
  
I was now able to talk. I told him I was feeling better. He continued to ask if I needed anything. I so wanted him to leave so I could turn the vibe off. Now that I was coming down from climax, the stimulation of the vibe on high was becoming painful to my very sensitive pussy. I tried to stand up and walk away, but when I did I became dizzy and had to sit back down. That did not help convince him. So I told him that perhaps I could use some water. After he walked off, I pulled out the remote and turned it to off. Now I could relax and enjoy the feeling of post climax. Certainly not the way I expected the adventure to finish, but no doubt one of the most tense sexual experiences of my lifetime.  
  
With that I stood up to leave before my concerned gentleman returned. When I did, I noticed the damp spot left on the bench behind. Looking at my pants, the crotch was wet all through. There was no way I could make it out without people noticing. So I walked as quickly as I could without looking obnoxious. I finally escaped out the door and made it into my car.  
  
Being now in a safe environment from the public, I reflected on the experience. The day was both an embarrassment and a sexual high. The mix of feelings was spinning through my head. The question was would I do it again with my hubby controlling the remote. Right now, I was still so horny that I wanted to run home and give him any sexual pleasure he wanted. So I think the answer will be YES.