**Flashing Fantasy Backfires**

by[gentlepuppy](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=845771&page=submissions)©

"Damn," she thought. "What am I doing here? This is way too weird."  
  
It was not just a little bit weird - well that depends on your perspective and she did have some experience in differing points of view - but it was secretly exciting and she knew it. No, it was not that it was really weird; bizarre and confounding were better descriptions but in either case she mused how both loving and hating it made it even more enticing. Nonetheless, there she was, sitting on a park bench, exactly as he instructed, waiting for him. Not that there was anything unusual about meeting in a public place, this was the recommended way to meet a man from an on-line dating service. She did not worry about recognizing him. What she was dreading was what she would need to do next.  
  
They had met online and had immediately hit it off. Both were ripe for an encounter and both hopeful that this little tryst could lead to more. She knew what he looked like, they had been corresponding via email for several weeks now and he had sent over several pictures of himself. None of them were erotic in nature, they had not been photo shopped excessively other than a little cropping here and there so as separate himself from the group or to highlight more of a close-up. She, however, being overly shy and conservative had not posted any photos on the site. He had not asked her for one. As she wriggled across the weather beaten wood slats of the park bench, she wished that she had done so. Now, the burden of the recognizance rested in her hands, or more appropriately, her legs.  
  
"He must have had it all planned from the beginning," she thought to herself angrily. She was very specific about looking for a man who would take charge and be the lead and now she wondered how the roles had been reversed. He certainly seemed to fit the part; confident, articulate, funny and sugar coated with a taste of romantic eroticism. Since she knew what he looked like and he had never seen her, he proposed this little game in which he would recognize her. It sounded kind of fun and thrilling on paper, but here she was and she could feel her bottom twitching as she prepared to give the signal.  
  
On paper, he had become her knight in Shining Armor. He had been writing to her lengthy emails full of passion and creativity. With his words he would spin pirouettes of sunshine on even the coldest and drabbest of days. She found herself becoming obsessed with checking her email, first several times a day and then hourly. She wrote back, if only to exclaim her delight or to pass along what seemed to be the most mundane of occurrences, and he took her words and transformed them into a story or dug deep to find a nugget of goodness or truth in her words. The notes were almost always romantic in nature, but there was this undercurrent, this dynamic tension in his words and she felt herself bent and swayed. His words were written for her, she was his Dulcinea, without her his pen would dry and the passion would tumble aimlessly through the vast internet desert. This is what he had told her, or at least she thought. It was why he never asked for a photo, she surmised.  
  
In time, she became bolder in her writing. Erotic fantasies lain dormant under the snow, white as vanilla, now began to melt, and fanned by the warm breath of his words. Often she would just start a little story, give him just a few hints and he would take the cursor and run swiftly through the fields of imagination, her baton became his pen. She could almost feel his hot breath on her shoulders as she sat at her computer screen; the warmth would cascade down her body, coating her skin in perspiration, her wetness tugging at her loins.   
  
Here she was, at long last, on the park bench reliving the stories, ready for fantasy to meet reality and nervous as hell. She hoped he would like the outfit she had chosen. Although she requested of him to instruct her in the proper attire, he refused and told her simply to wear something appropriate. "He has no idea how hard it is to select the proper attire," she found herself complaining, "I have never met this man, I do not know what he likes." Under her breath she knew what the real problem was; she desperately wanted to please him, she desired his approval and wished to portray herself accordingly.  
  
She settled on a summer dress, not too proper or too revealing. It had a nice flow in the breezy spring air; its fabric was refined but the cut contained a touch more casual than an Easter dress. The front scooped across the top of her breasts with just a hint of provocative and the dress fell about two inches above her knees. Although tight fitting around the bodice, at the waist tiny pleats allowed the dress to flow across her hips and down her legs. This is where it would be really important, and she was pleased as to how roomy it felt as she walked from her car to the park bench.  
  
It was what she had selected to go underneath that really made her proud. For too long had her selection of underwear and lingerie been a private pleasure, one that even though was not shared with others, it was one that always reminded her of her feminine nature. Thongs and blue jeans, corsets and business suits; she loved harboring these little secrets, and now there was this man who had asked to peek in her secret closet.  
  
"Maybe I should practice before he arrives," she thought and was thankful she remembered her sunglasses. The park was not particularly crowded this afternoon, she started to squirm on the bench and began crossing and uncrossing her legs. When the coast was clear, she uncrossed her legs slowly; opening herself and feeling her dress hike up on her thighs. Wider now, she flayed her legs and felt the spring breeze rush up her thighs. It was so naughty and daring; she grimaced at the thought and felt the subtle thrilling sensations overtake her. This was the game he wished to play and she was playing it for him. The thought of exposing herself in public was wildly thrilling; she fantasized about exploits in far away and romantic places but had not the courage or the self confidence to tease and flirt in this way, until now. Sure, she had given sexy strip teases for lovers in the past, but only in security of a closed room.  
  
The breezes brushed across her stocking tops and she knew that her panties clearly exposed. She looked down and could see a spot of wetness developing in the middle of the sheer fabric. Looking up, she confirmed that the coast was still clear. Closing and crossing back her legs, she withdrew her vulnerability and waited.   
  
An adolescent boy walking his dog appeared down the path. He did not take much notice in her, his eyes followed the motions of his pet as it walked, stopped to sniff, and then bounce forward again. This was not him, she felt as if she could pick him out from a mile away, but perhaps she could stand to practice a little more she thought to herself. As he approached, she became emboldened and slowly crossed then recrossed her legs as her hand pressed the pleats of her skirt. Turning slightly towards his approach she slowly opened her legs just a little and feigned a stretching motion as she tried to unobtrusively allow her dress to hike up her thighs.  
  
This is hard work," she thought to herself and wondered how those brazen tarts could ever muster up the courage to perform in such a manner. The electricity of the thrill was building in her and becoming momentarily frighten she looked away and then in a sudden act of daring, twisted herself back around and opened her legs wide so that her thighs and panties were clearly visible.  
  
His quivered a little in his gait and tried not to be overly obvious in his stare but she could see that he had seen her. The dog paid no attention and the young man wished that his dog had at least the common decency to stop to sniff here but chose instead to scamper by.  
  
She closed her legs after he passed and felt a tremendous rush of victory. She was back in the "safe zone" and she knew that she had succeeded. It was a thrill like no other she had experienced, like jumping off the 3 meter diving board or leaping across a country stream. No, this was different; she was infused an entirely new sense of accomplishment, one that sent electricity rippling across her body, one that washed over her body with the erotic pleasure. He looked over his shoulder, from time to time as the distance increased and she could sense his agitation.  
  
"Yes" she whispered to herself, and for a moment had the foreboding that with this new sport, she would be hooked. Standing up to ease her nervousness, she walked back and forth in front of the bench to calm herself. A woman was now approaching and she sat back down, tried to relax and looked away as she passed.   
  
She checked her watch and realized that he would be here shortly. Then, almost as if to dare herself, she lifted both legs in the air and placed her heels and the edge of the bench. "How do you like this?" she called out to the empty path; safe with the knowledge that the coast was clear and closing her eyes momentarily and savored exposing herself so.   
  
The boy and the dog were now retracing their steps. She dropped her heels to the pavement, crossed her legs and stared at him for a moment and then ignored hime as he passed by. He was of no use to her now, she had won this little tete a tete and he sauntered away. "Will he tell his friends about seeing her panty covered crotch to his friends" she wondered and smiled as she thought about him returning home and furtively masturbating, thinking of her. She felt so wicked on one hand and sensual on the other. "This is going to be fun," she said and noticing the hour, looked up and saw that there were people coming her way. A couple passed had in hand, and then two women engaged in animated conversation. Their words seemed foreign; she had entered another world and intently awaited his arrival.  
  
And then, from a distance she caught a glimpse of him walking towards her . . . 

**Part Two**  
Yes it was him, there was no mistake. He was a long distance away, but she knew it. She had studied his photos prior to leaving, so there would be no accidents. She smiled and corrected herself, with the newly gained knowledge, that in this game, there could be no mistakes. He was not wearing his hat, the one she had seen a photo, the western styled fedora. "This would be too obvious," she murmured to herself, once again realizing the depth of his flirtation. "Two can play this game," she thought as she steeled herself, confident in her identification. Surges of contradictory emotions welled up inside of her; at one instant she was the primal huntress stalking her prey and the next she sought cover behind the nice girl mask that had become indelible and ubiquitously her life.  
  
Her breathing became rapid and she squeezed her legs tightly together, clenching this new self image from her mind, trying to stop the growing wetness in her loins. It would not go away, the thrill of her first flash had been too powerful, he was approaching and she would do this for him.  
  
Suddenly, she gasped and realized with a shocked horror what was about to befall her. The park had suddenly gotten busy; where previously there had only been a few walkers, now there were many. From behind her sunglasses, she kept her eye on him. His stride was casual yet purposeful. He too had noticed the dilemma and had tried varying his cadence so that the pack which had emerged around him would dissipate. He alternated speeding up and slowing down to gain some measure of freedom from this crowd but the long march towards her had already started and damn if he was to stop and call attention to himself.  
  
Without appearing too obvious, he paused on the path momentarily, appearing to study some interesting facet of a nearby tree. There were many benches along the path and although a woman sat on one ahead of him, he had no way of knowing whether this was really her. She was grateful that he paused for she needed to greet him when they were alone. In her mind's eye, they were always alone in the park. Never did she imagine that he might be walking among others, especially among other women who most assuredly would think of her as a slut.  
  
His pause gained freedom from the others; he allowed two groups of walkers pass him and he glanced behind him to notice he had a good lead. Now with a sizeable opening in the pack he started out on the path again. As she watched him, she felt a strange sort of power; only she knew he approached and the huntress once again flared within her. A slight rustle of the wind reminded her that her nipples were fully erect and she felt her legs uncrossing ever so slightly as she prepared for his arrival. She arched herself slightly and pushed her bottom a little closer to the edge of the bench. With a naughty smirk she looked at him and imagined him in blindfolds, waiting to enter her moist web, and she smiled at the thought, savoring the pleasure and knew that it would be only a matter of time before it would be her that would wear the blindfolds.   
  
All of a sudden he stopped, turned his head and gazed in her direction. He had spotted her and she knew it. His eyes were on her; he wore no sunglasses to hide his gaze. She could feel his eyes piercing her, engulfing her like the searing sun on a beach. He turned his head back and keeping her in the corner of his eye, resumed his approach. With each step it was obvious that he had seen her, a sense of confidence exuded from his stride; the primal instincts flared with him; in his simmering core, he was alive with the hunt.  
  
Sensing that she had been spotted, her blood began to pulse and each approaching footstep beat in her chest, pounding her heart. A slight breeze crested across the lake and the perspiration gathered on her neck and across her brow. Fighting back the nervousness she uncrossed and recrossed her legs, feeling the stickiness of her skin and the tingling of her inner thighs. She fought to regain her composure however, with each footstep her heart pounded and her mind raced.  
  
For an instant she felt like running. Would she chicken out? Desperately, she tried to coax those feelings of carefree sensuality which only moments before she savored. Conflicting emotions swept over her, like waves crashing against the shores. There was no where to run; he was the hunter and she was the prey. Her heart beat and he approached.   
  
"This is only a game between consenting adults," she told herself calmly, yet the fear fought her desire to submit this game, to give her up to him, to do all that it would require. For days now the arguments had teeter-tottered in her head. The duality of the nice girl / naughty girl had created a ruthless vortex in her head. She was a good girl, she knew that and certainly not a prude, however, there was this wild streak hiding inside her, a hint of the naughty that cried in her soul and begged to be let out. Ever since she began her communication with him, she felt safe to allow this side of her out, to test its wings and to allow her sexual freedom explore. It had felt good.   
  
Now, nearly at the moment of launch, the conventions of society unleashed their subtle and deadly arrows, piercing and deflating the fantasy she had hoped to escape on. "Yes, she was a modern educated woman," she reminded herself "and had read the feminist books and took responsibility for her own orgasms" yet there was this burning desire in her soul, and a kind of intuitive knowledge that what she would do today would not cheapen her but would rather enrich her as a woman.  
  
With these thoughts careening inside her head, she found herself sitting on the park bench clad in some of the skimpiest, laciest and feminine undergarments that she had ever worn.  
  
Straightening her back, she set her resolve. Which would it be? Would she flash this man or be a lady? The answer was simple; she knew why she had come. A hint of her charms she would offer. She did not give a damn what anyone would think. Too long had she repressed this desire. They were not wrong, she knew this, yet why was it so hard. Think of today, she felt more alive then she had felt in a long time. She was a woman and her femininity gave her this right and now she was choosing to be his prey. Was it really a game? The answer evaded her. There was no time to wonder; he approached.  
  
He must have been forty yards away when their eyes met. He stopped and she could feel the electricity in the air. She quivered; he resumed his steps, in a slow procession towards her. Leaning forward, she prepared herself. The beat of her heart echoed his footsteps.  
  
Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a group of people had converged on the path. She lost sight of him momentarily and realizing her predicament became mortified.   
  
"Where did all these people come from?" a voice shouted in her head. "They have no right to be here'" her mind screamed. This was not just a stray adolescent walking his dog with an erection in his dungarees, but this was a sizeable group of people promenading down the path. Some were old and out for a little exercise in the late morning air; others were younger and walked with the rapid intent of chasing down exercise. Mostly women they were on the path, soccer moms of all ages. She panicked.  
  
"How can I perform this naughty mating ritual with these women looking on?" she wondered. "This was not part of the game" she told herself over and over as tears welled in the corners of her eyes.  
  
Still he approached. He was visibly perturbed by the crowd and slowed his gait but now that the final procession started, he could not stop. Yes, he was the hunter but it was the prey that would signal the attack. "Hunters often hide in a pack" he rationalized and he took slow even strides, looked at her and waited. It was her game now. He had come to her.  
  
This woman sitting there looked so alluring. His eyes discreetly looked her over from head to foot. Her hair went almost to her shoulders, her skin was fair and she wore a delightful dress. Without seeming too obvious he wondered what she looked like underneath her dress. She was beautiful in repose. Then doubt set it. Was it really her? Was this the right bench or perhaps she waited for him further on the path. He was not so sure. She did not make any obvious motions; her eyes were masked by her dark glasses. Maybe this was not her, maybe she did not come, maybe the game was a cruel one; a game where he would return home the loser.  
  
He was so close now, if it was her, she should do something, give him some kind of sign. She had only a few more seconds to reveal herself. The sunglasses hid her eyes, and he knew that once they made eye contact he would know her. "Was it her?" he wondered. "Why does she hesitate?"  
  
The group of people had thinned somewhat, several of the soccer mom types had already passed but there was sufficient space behind him. "She could do a quick change of pose as he passed and hopefully the people behind would not notice," he told himself. Besides, this was not his problem.  
  
Scanning the oncoming people, she looked past him and towards a middle-aged woman directly behind. "My god!" she gasped. This person looked so familiar; she could not place her, but she knew her from somewhere. The wild roller coaster of emotions whipped her around a corner and over another precipice. "How did she know this person?" and she scrambled in vain to canvass her mind's file cabinet.   
  
"Was it church, or school?" she struggled to recall. "Maybe she was a checker from the grocery store," she hoped, someone that did not know her and would not care. Nevertheless, she could feel the guilt dripping like the hardener in an epoxy solution and her legs began to stiffen. Her inner voice began to wail and she wondered what this woman would think or say if she noticed her blatantly uncrossing her legs so that her panties were visible.

He was almost there; she knew what she had to do. "Yes," she told herself, "I will be a slut in public." She had expected the thrill of exhibitionism to be a private show, now he was forcing her humiliation in public. He was almost to her bench, only a few paces away. Now was the time, the signal must come, the moment was now; she must do what every mother taught their daughters never to do.  
  
He tried not to stare and looked askew towards her, hopeful for a flash of white in his peripheral vision. She looked directly at him and began to turn, holding one leg steady while the other leg slowly opened. The sense of thrill was exhilarating. She seemed to leave her body and view herself from the outside, gazing at brazen woman, this unknown person who inhabited her body, a woman she desired to become. "It will only be a second or two and then he will be in her arms," she reminded herself. The dress crept further up her thighs and he slowed slightly. Looking directly in his eyes, she readied herself to turn towards him and began to spread her legs.  
  
Then it happened.   
  
The middle-aged woman behind him had gained; while he was slowing down, she sped up. Her steps were curt and she walked with the intentness of hurrying to deliver an important message. All the while she was staring directly at the young woman on the bench with a disapproving grimace.  
  
"What does she want with me?" the young woman pleaded, and she felt herself ripped down the center of her body, as if she was a rag doll and hanging from each leg the limp and torn halves of her body. She froze. The familiarity of middle-aged woman with the inquisitional glare pinched in her face haunted the woman.  
  
She looked to the man, desperately beseeching his rescue. Her legs were just slightly open and her dress still covered her thighs. Seconds turned to hours and she had become immobile. It seemed like slow motion; she had frozen in time while the world kept moving. The man was there in front of her and she had only an instant to open her legs and show him her panties. This was the signal. She knew that she must act; he would have no other way of recognizing her.  
  
In the moment of her pause and indecision, he passed her and walked by. She could hardly believe what had just transpired. He was already two paces past her. The matronly hag approached and with a subtle snuff and twist of her head walked by as well. The great tug of war between the good girl and the bad girl ended. It was over. The good girl had won.   
  
He was gone.  
  
"Just another pretty woman on a park bench," he told and looked further down the path for the next bench. Maybe she was waiting for him there. "It was not her," he concluded. "Sure her legs were parted a little, just barely, and it was not that crowded." He stopped on the path to make sure and only a single middle-aged woman passed. "Maybe she never intended to meet me," he thought and fought back the idea that this would become another failed internet adventure.   
  
He considered turning around, wavered and continued walking looking for the next bench. "This was the right bench," he told himself "and if it was her," he reasoned, "maybe she did not like my looks." He felt the heat of rejection rise and he combated it my telling himself, "I am not going to throw myself on her. She had the opportunity if she liked what she saw," he stated. "Appearances" he muttered and squinted down the path, hopeful that she would be waiting over the next bend. "Tall, dark and handsome . . . right," he murmured and kept on walking.  
  
Time had stopped for her. Every muscle in her body was clenched and she strained to hear his footsteps until they grew fainter and fainter and then disappeared.  
  
"Why did he have to ask me to do this" she cried out in anguish. Fists of anger reached to strike out at the middle-aged woman or herself in blame. Yet, her body remained paralyzed; she was unable to move. When the anger subsided, a great sadness and loneliness toke hold of her. She had wanted to meet this man. Desperately, she had wanted to meet him. Her good girl upbringing had been such a prison for her and he offered her the chance to break out, to escape. She had never flashed her legs or panties to the boys at school, and now, that she was a little older and the shackles of convention and respectability tormented her even more. She needed some excitement in her life. He had seemed a godsend to her, an angle dangling a key to the forbidden mansion.  
  
But not even a "Hi" or a "Hey" was uttered. The steel bars of convention wrapped their cold reality around her. Her heart ached and her loneliness turned to despair. The history of her failed relationships taunted her and she knew that she would not be sitting all alone on a park bench if she had not spurned her past boyfriend's desires as being perverted or sick. Now, this man had come into her world and he was gone. She had failed again and felt utterly alone in the world.  
  
Tears came. She cried. "It was all so foolish," she lied consoling herself. She wished that she had the courage to break the bonds of convention; shackles which enslave us. Even now, she could feel her mother's hands clenched on her ankles. There was no strength to spread her legs.   
  
Looking down the path, she searched for him, and through the mist in her eyes, knew he was gone.  
  
Part three  
  
He passed a second empty park bench on the side of the lake and became surer that it was really her sitting back there. He was confused why she did not signal him, even if there were people around, she could have done a little something and make it appear as if an accident. She could have surely feigned picking up something from the ground, or adjusting her shoe. He had not expected her to do anything blatant. She hardly looked at him as he passed and was staring down the path.  
  
The man was not one to give up so early. The hunter in him perked up and he decided to double back and watch her. He would see what might happen. Hope springs eternal, this he learned after the many rises and falls in his life.  
  
He stepped off the path and walked back along the lake shore and worked his way behind where she was still sitting. He found a little knoll where he could watch her unnoticed and yet not appearing if he was stalking. As he observed her, he wondered, "What is she doing?" Her body was bouncing up and down in the little convulsions. It became clear. She was crying. "What was going on?" his brain screamed.  
  
He must take action -- now. He walked quietly behind her and could hear muffled sobs. He was now only a few steps away and he knew he must do something. Standing behind the park bench he placed his hands gently on her shoulders. His touch sent shudders through her flesh and she froze. Slowly, he brought his lips to her neck and softly nuzzled her.  
  
The roller coaster of emotions was incredible. The touch of his lips seemed to catch her from her emotional freefall and the warmth of his touch a safe landing pad. "Are you OK?" he asked tenderly and she stood and turned towards the man.  
  
"Yes, I think so," she uttered as she wiped the tears from her eyes.  
  
"I was supposed to meet a woman here," the man informed her. "I was looking for her when I saw you crying," the man explained, with genuine uncertainty in his voice, hopeful that he was not mistaken.  
  
She looked into his eyes and she saw that he was much more handsome in person than in his photos. Sexual tension flared and raced through her body sending chills down her spine. She could feel the tiny hairs on her arms rise in the wisps breeze from the lake and she felt herself becoming wet.  
  
She did not speak and he felt himself grow self-conscious. She had not shared a picture with him and he could not be sure it was her. He lifted his hand off her shoulder and turned to leave when she said, "She is here," in a bold voice.  
  
Her eyes were riveted to his and the force of her stare held him immobile. "Oh," was all that leaked from his mouth. Then, without looking down the path, she let her arms fall to her sides and she slowly grasped the hem of her dress.  
  
His heart leapt. "It was her after all!" his mind exclaimed and in a slow deliberative motion, she lifted her dress up. Her back was to the path and he could see the walkers over her shoulder, just paces away.  
  
Higher and higher she lifted her dress, not just lifting the front for his private viewing, but lifted her whole dress up her legs. This was too much for him to believe. He was expecting only a demure flash of panties, but now this woman seemed intent on lifting up her whole dress, exposing not only her panty clad pussy to him but her panty clad ass as well. Behind her people were watching. He wondered briefly what her ass looked like and wished that she was only teasing him, and would stop now, before they were both exposed.  
  
Sweat broke out over his skin and his throat constricted. Still, she lifted the material higher and higher until the tops of her stocking were exposed. He had become frozen to the spot as he watched this spectacle. In his peripheral vision, he noticed the walkers look in their direction. Some of them slowed down and others cast looks over their shoulders.  
  
"What was she doing?" he shouted to himself as her dress rose across her stocking tops to the tender flesh of her thighs. She could not see the on-lookers and paid them no attention. He wanted her to stop, he was becoming embarrassed, and people were looking not only at her but at him.  
  
This was public exposure and it was wrong. He hoped that the park police were not in the area. He had become an accessory to a crime. She would tell them that she was only following his directions. Still, he stood transfixed as the young woman stared deeply into his frightened eyes and lifted her dress higher. In one instant he wanted her to stop and in the next, wished that he could lift his frozen feet and tear the dress from her body.  
  
Sweat pored over his brow, as he watched. Her legs were long and the dress traveled up and over her thighs until the white of her panties were revealed. Regret filled his mind and he feared this woman. He was looking for a good girl that wanted to unleash the naughty girl inside but never in his wildest imagination did he think he would find a woman who would become such a public slut. Never did he realize it was he, not her that was feeling the shame and humiliation.  
  
His eyes continued to flit between the lace of her panties and the gawkers behind them and he felt the blood rush to his penis. "Surely they will see the bulge in my trousers," he feared and he now he became the criminal, the bad boy and could hear his mothers words wringing in his head. "I am going to jail," echoed in his confused mind.  
  
Her panties were french cut and the lacey edges rode up her legs almost to her waist. They fit tightly and he could make out the shape of her pussy as the material clenched her vulva. Her dress was now at her waist and she looked absolutely adorable, almost saint like in the sheer and lacy fabric. Fear mixed with passion in the man. He could hardly breathe. She stood with legs slightly apart with eyes boring into his soul. He felt naked standing before an angel of heaven and there was guilt in his heart. He could speak no words. He could not move. Redemption could only come from the woman who stood before him baring her legs and exposing her most private of privates.  
  
"She is here," the young woman restated with conviction and then let her hands drop the fabric of her dress so that she was covered and decent again. A small group of people had stopped on the path behind her, murmurs could be heard and they started dispersing and returned to their walk.  
  
His relief was enormous. In the brief instant in which her dress and fluttered down from her waist to her knees, he knew that he had reached safety. It was as if he was crossing a fiery bridge and was on the other side. His erection remained noticeably visible but he did not care. He had wanted to play with fire and had escaped unscathed.  
  
The woman looked at him and smiled. She had seen the emotions play out in his face. His fear had given her strength. Never in a million years would she have showed her lacy covered ass and panties to a crowd of gawkers but she focused on only one thing -- his eyes. She watched as he furtively glanced between her stocking clad legs and the crowd; she saw his fear, she sensed his desire and with each inch that she lifted her dress a sexual tension emanated from these conflicting emotions.  
  
The thrill was exhilarating. Not only had she broken through the iron door and been "naughty" for the first time in her life, she had been totally empowered by its effect on a man. Her nostrils flared as she breathed deeply of the lake breezes and fancied smelling the pungent odor of her womanhood. Her sense of power was overwhelming. She owned this man and in doing so had discovered her own sexuality.  
  
The young woman composed herself, smoothed the fabric of her skirt against her legs and reached out her hand to the man. He took her hand and after glancing up and down the path, said "Let's get out of here."  
  
"Hi, I'm Ellen," she said as she matched his fast gait towards the parking lot and thought to herself, "Men are really such simple and stupid creatures."