Flashing at the Hamburger Palace

by LaffWithMe

When I was in college I knew a girl who was an exhibitionist. At the

time, I didn't appreciate how much fun that type of play can be. How I

wish she were around now.

Thoughts of her come to mind because of a rare treat I received at a

Burger King. It was a lovely day in May about two in the afternoon. I

stopped to get a hamburger. The place was almost empty. As I placed my

order, a couple entered. There was a little maze that led to the

counter and I watched the couple as they snaked there way through to

take a place behind me. They appeared to be Hispanic, probably in their

late thirties or early forties. What caught my eye were the woman's

legs. She had slender ankles that tapered up to well-rounded calves.

She wore high heels which accentuated her calf muscles. Her calves

tapered in at the knee and above her knee, her thighs flared up to

rather full hips. She was wearing a light-blue cotton skirt that

stopped at mid-thigh, giving me ample leg flesh to ogle. I thought that

I was being discrete but she looked at me with a half-smile, which

seemed to say, "like what you see". This preamble was over quickly and

I hadn't paid much attention to her above the waist although I did

notice that the top she wore was as brief as her skirt. I don't know if

there is name for it but it was one of those tops that look like a

half-t-shirt.

This Burger King was laid out in an L shape. One leg of the L contained

the counter and some seating. The other leg of the L contained seating.

At the far end of this second leg there was a bench the length of the

wall with three tables in front. Each table had two chairs opposite the

bench. Another three tables parallel to these each had four chairs. Next

there was a planter box that separated this section from the remaining

tables. Thus this back section of six tables was somewhat shielded from

the view of the rest of the dining area.

As I said, there were only a few customers in the place and all were

near the front. I took my dinner to the far end and sat at one of the

tables by the planter box. Just as I began eating, the couple seated

themselves at the table across from me. The man sat at a chair with his

back to me, the woman sat on the bench so she now faced both him and me.

She at first was sitting almost directly opposite of the man so that I

could see about half of her. My voyeur bell rang softly. I could see

all of her right leg. Her short skirt allowed me to see almost all the

way to her panty.

They spoke a few words to each other then the man began studying some

papers, business I suppose. I was carefully avoiding staring directly

at her, making the most of sideways glances and brief looks as I turned

my head. She was sitting with her knees slightly spread, when to my

delight she spread her legs. I still could only see her right leg but

now I had this wonderful view of her inner thigh and just a peek of

blue panties. Of course, when she made this move my eyes just locked on

the scene. Then I looked up at her face and realized she was staring

directly at me. For the briefest moment I felt embarrassed at having

been caught. Then I noticed her smile ever so slightly.

Then to my amazement and delight, she slid to her right giving me an

unobstructed view of both legs. No more discretion on my part now, I

boldly stared at the meaty white flesh that flowed up to a V of blue

panty.

My cock was now getting hard. I was wearing shorts, the jersey type

that are sort of stretchy. I put my hand to my cock and pushed it into

a comfortable position along my left thigh. I also was thinking that

now she could see the bulge in my shorts if she cared to look. I wasn't

sure but I thought that she was looking. She kind of rocked her legs in

and out. Then she raised both her hands to her hair, running her

fingers through her hair, brushing her shiny black hair off of her

shoulders. This motion caused her top to rise up teasingly close to

exposing her breasts. As she did this she openly smiled at me. Her eyes

were black and sparkling, her teeth looked very white, surrounded by

dark red lipstick coated lips. I concentrated my attention on her

breasts, now barely covered by her shirt. I was certain that she wasn't

wearing a bra. Her breasts didn't seem to be very large; the top had

hung loosely over them, yet they definitely showed some shape beneath

the material.

I now rubbed my cock, still inside my shorts, with slow, deliberate,

obvious motions. She licked her lips; then, as if wiping a bit of food

from her lips, she touched her finger to her tongue. She dropped her

hand to her lap, very ordinary except that she casually rubbed her now

wet finger along her inner thigh. My cock was now aching.

Her husband looked at her and said something. She leaned toward him and

whispered in his ear. I felt a moment of uncertainty as I wondered if he

was about to swing around and berate me for staring at his wife. To my

relief, he merely resumed working on the papers in front of him. She

however looked around the restaurant to see if anyone was watching.

Satisfied that all was safe, she once again began brushing her hair

with her hands. This time the lifting of her arms was more exaggerated.

Her top rose up above her breasts. I stared and licked my lips as she

watched my delight in seeing her tits. They were a medium size. They

sagged a bit but in the wonderful way that allows you to cup them and

hold them in your hand. And how I wished that I could step over to her

and cup those lovely tits in my hand. She had olive skin, her areola

were the color of dark chocolate. Her nipples were small but obviously

erect and were surrounded by little bumps. As she pretended to be

brushing her hair with her fingers, her tits swayed from side to side.

She dropped her hands and gone from view were her tits.

She winked at me and licked her lips. I reached inside the waistband of

my shorts and pulled my jockey shorts to one side. I pushed my cock into

position along my left leg then pulled the pant leg up enough to expose

the head of my cock. She smiled a wicked smile and held up a finger as

if to say 'quiet' or wait'. Then she got up and walked to the nearby

restroom. A few seconds later she returned. She sat down with her knees

close together. She held out one finger and then stroked it with her

other hand. Not sure, I stroked my cock through my shorts, the head

still protruding. Precum had now formed a small wet spot on my leg. She

nodded, smiled, and continued to rub her finger.

Then she dropped a hand to her knee and slowly began to rub her leg. As

she rubbed she spread her legs apart, slowly, teasing. Her hand worked

its way up her inner thigh, her legs spread ever wider. Finally they

were open, and the blue panties were gone. I could see a V of black

hair neatly trimmed like an arrowhead pointing to her slit. She pointed

at me. I pulled my shorts aside and exposed my whole cock. I stroked my

cock as she ran her finger in the slit of her pussy.

I pointed to myself and then towards her hoping she would invite me to

join her but she shook her head 'no'. This show probably had lasted

only a few minutes but it seemed to go on for a long time. I was close

to cumming, when the spell was broken by the boisterous sound of young

voices. She quickly closed her legs and returned her hand to the task

of eating. As she did that she nodded towards the front of the

restaurant. I pulled my shorts over my cock and turned to see a small

crowd of teens heading to our secluded section.

It was fun while it lasted. I wished that I could have talked to her,

found a way to meet sometime but it was clear to me that she was only

interested in a bit of exhibitionism. They finished eating before me

and as they left she mouthed what I thought was 'thanks'.

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The End

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