**Freshly Shaved and Showing Off**

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I woke feeling a little naughty, so I decided to wear my cut-off blue jean shorts while running errands. The crotch is very narrow and ripped on one side, and if I don't wear panties, there's no hiding the mounds of my pussy. Sometimes I prefer this over a skirt or dress, because the seam of the shorts on my clit provides stimulation. Like today...

One of my favorite places to go is a local Mexican food restaurant. No security cameras and usually has lots of Mexican labor workers.

I chose a table facing a guy sitting alone who looked like a painter in his 30's. He was picking at his food and hadn't noticed me yet. Before sitting, I discreetly pulled up my shorts, which caused the thin crotch to bury its way into my pussy lips. I sat down with my legs casually parted and pretended to be interested in the menu. From this angle, he was the only person who could see between my legs. This was a personal show, everyone else was sitting behind or off to my sides.

It's this very moment that's the greatest thrill. Knowing there's a chance he will look over and see the display. Sometimes it's the fear also that's alluring...Will he be offended? What if he's gay? What if he likes it too much? I tend to make these instances an "accident", till I'm able to gauge a reaction. It just takes one second! Guys are such tools when it comes to seeing a pussy. Especially when they're not expecting it. Maybe it's the sheer delight on their face that gives me so much pleasure after the fact?

So, back to breakfast at this Mexican restaurant - I was already wet and nearly squirming at the feel of my shorts. The seam was right on my clit, and even the slightest flex or movement was arousing. I let my hips ever so slightly grind back and forth, slow enough no one should notice..but enough to create the desired stimulation between my legs.

What do you know? The menu slipped out of my hands onto the floor beside me. And just as perfectly planned, my painter guy decided to look over! I didn't make eye contact, but watched him indirectly as I leaned down to get the menu. My legs parted more and I could have cum right then and there. I was so close! The seam of my shorts had been swallowed up by my pussy and it was taking every bit of my will power to not reach down and let my clit really have it.

I sat the menu down on the table in front of me and put my knees together so I didn't look too obvious. I looked around for the waiter, and caught the eye of my painter. He gave me a sweet yet surprisingly confident smile. Seconds later the waiter arrived and I placed my to-go order. With distractions aside, I picked up my cell phone and turned on the camera. This allowed for me to see my painter guy without directly looking up. His hand was near his crotch and I couldn't help but wonder if his dick was hard.

I slid to the end of my chair, leaned back, and parted my legs. Glancing down, my pussy and ass cheeks were on display. Mr. Painter was staring right between my legs. His thumb moving up and down slowly on the crotch of his pants. He was discretely stroking the head of his now hard cock. I wished he would just take it out and stoke the length, but considering we were in public that may have presented a challenge (and possible jail time).

After a quick glance around the room, I reached down and traced the curves of my hairless mound. I pushed aside the thin material to expose my dripping wet pussy. I traced the opening, then slowly slipped two fingers deep inside, grinding down on them like a cock. I pulled out and used the wetness to massage my clit up and down before returning them back inside.

Mr. Painter had his hand gripped around his dick, rubbing quicker now.

His eyes were glued between my legs. I used my fingers to spread my pussy open wide. This extreme display made me cum so hard I felt faint.

Not wanting to linger awkwardly post orgasim, I stood to get my to-go order from the counter. I didn't look back to Mr. Painter, but at least we both have something to think about later.