**Her Public Transport**

by welshman

*A budding exhibitionist finds fulfillment on a bus.*

I have a job for the summer, it's just serving in a baker's shop but it'll do 'till I go back to uni. But it's the journey back home that I've found has made me want to do things I wouldn't have imagined I'd dare do for real before.

I regularly fantasise about my body being on display for others' enjoyment, like being inadequately dressed in various situations; my shirt having no buttons for unexplained reasons and my big boobs swaying as I'm carrying a bag in each hand, unable to hold my shirt closed as I waddle down the street with everyone looking at me, them. Likewise my skirt is too short and rides up as I walk carrying too many things to pull it down to cover my bared embarrassment, but I'm not really embarrassed I'm so aroused I hardly have to touch my clitoris to come. Many other enthralling scenarios fill my playtime. But they are fantasy. Today I have decided I want something real and a guy I saw will hopefully be a regular traveller on my bus back home after work.

When I made my decision of fulfilling my fantasies I realised that walking down a street with my breasts hanging out was not going to happen! I was going to be more subtle, at least to begin with and let's see where it goes, what might be possible.

I get a ride to work with the bread delivery van but to get home I have to use the bus. After a couple of days I noticed this rather dishy middle-aged guy was always there when I got on. I dropped myself on the seat opposite him at the front of the bus. All the other seats were forward-facing but the ones right at the front face each other across the bus. I had my earphones on and pretended to be absorbed in the music. He was constantly ogling me, smiling appreciatively, despite my ignoring him. His eyes' touch was giving me a warm tingly feeling which I denied by my passivity. But I have plans for you fella.

Next day at the shop I was thinking forward nervously to my bus ride home and hoping my inspiration would be there. I'd come prepared. At closing time I popped into the restroom and changed from my jeans to a short denim skirt. Small steps, I intended to make this tease develop gradually as the bus ride only took about ten minutes.

Sitting in exactly the same place, he was there, and with a surge of naughty pleasure I sat opposite him. My knees touched but most of my bare thighs were uncovered. I felt his leer. Keeping my knees touching I randomly swayed my legs left to right, right to left to tease him with the possibility they might open, all the while seeming engrossed in my music. He never took his eyes off me. I knew he was hoping for my knees to part, would they? Won't they? My stop arrived, my knees separated as if to enable me to balance to stand up, but rather wider than necessary. I had chosen a pair of thin white cotton panties which I knew clung to my mound's now moist form. I glanced at him, he didn't notice me do it as he was so enthralled. His mouth opened.

I was in a daze walking home from the bus stop. Someone might have shouted hello to me but I was in a haze with an impatient desire to relieve this novel thrill. I could barely wait to get to the sanctuary of my bedroom and culminate the bus trip.

Wow, reality is much better than fantasy!

Another day, another long wait for what I'm looking forward to all day. The worry that he might not be there today. That someone else sits in my seat, I'm in a bad mood to my customers!

During lunch I ponder my, my er, watcher, my voyeur! I'm an exhibitionist he's MY voyeur. I wonder what he thinks, what he thinks of me? Probably just grateful! An interdependence, one doesn't exist without the other. I'm in control, he gets to see what I show him. He has to be passive or he risks his good luck ending. He won't even say anything for the risk of annoying me.

I'm wearing the same as yesterday. Thankfully all is good on the bus and I sit down, knees apart but not too much, enough for him to see my inner thighs resting on the seat. My thin white panties are getting wetter by the second.

I can feel he's staring intently again. His gaze is like a touch, I can feel him on my thighs and I moisten some more. I part my thighs further so he can see what he does to me. I imagine my damp panties must be virtually transparent. He does not have to imagine, he can see clearly. Perhaps he can smell me now as well, I am so wet!

His trousers move distinctly at the crotch. There is an impressive curve right up to the belt. I assume he's gone commando perhaps in anticipation so as not to get an uncomfortable hard-on inside underpants. I smile to myself that I made him prepare for my display. I slide forward slightly on my seat leaving my skirt behind so he has a clearer view. For the rest of the way I stay pushed forward so he can enjoy my wet pussy pressed into the meagre cotton. What's he going to do about his erection I wonder as I disembark. These journeys seem to be getting shorter.

It's a joy walking home with sticky goo between my thighs. Once home my hand slithers to a treble in and out of the sticky white cotton, while I replay today's ride with a few added imaginings.

Something a bit different for tomorrow, I decide.

At closing time I do my now ritual clothes swap. Today I have brought a prop, a large ring binder, which I'll need to mask my braless breasts for the short walk to my bus-stop.

I clutch my binder all the way to my seat where I place it carefully beside me, next I fiddle my earphones from my bag allowing my breasts to shuffle their position as they please. My tight red woolly top has buttons from neck to waist, several are undone. One nicely positioned showing each breast's lower curve.

He's blushing! I think boobs are his thing! Knowledge is power!

My top isn't the only red item, had he noticed my scarlet silk panties? I think so, yes, he's looking. How would it feel, a finger tracing labia, then my clitoris. Were we both thinking that at the same instant? A darker shade of red must be spreading from the middle, I can feel it.

I lean forward to fiddle with my shoes causing my breasts to push upward and nearly out of my top. As I fiddle they roll around the top of my knees like the oversized baps which I have been selling all day. As I straighten up I'm aware that a further button has managed to escape its hole. This was unplanned. I aim my eyes down and most of both breasts are showing. Even, I think, an arc of areola. From my viewpoint I can see a very taut nipple but enough fabric was covering it from him. A bit of a shame. My breasts and chest are so flushed, almost as bright as my top. I'll need to re-do some buttons before my stop arrives.

I turn my attention away from my predicament to my voyeur. He is sitting cross-legged trying to cope with his erection. I assume he needs to deal with it in the same way I do, when and where I know not. My imagination forces on me an image of him wanking his huge cock furiously, right here on the bus in front of me and an inordinate amount of spunk gushes all over me. A ripple like a soft orgasm startles me and I realize I have closed my eyes, I open them and my legs too, wide. As he moves his attention from my exposed breasts to my pussy, I see my stop approaching, manage do up a couple of buttons, grab my binder and leave him with his chronic erection.

It's the weekend, I don't work again 'till Monday, what a week it has been. I'm planning for next week, I'm confident he'll be there.

Monday is here. I have decided to be brave, brazen. My passion has emboldened me to gratify my voyeur.

Work has ended, I strip naked in the restroom and just enjoy the moment, naked at my place of work. Two weeks ago I wouldn't have dreamed of this. I remove my prepared clothes from a bag and replace them with my demure working garb. Redressed, I head to the bus-stop fervently hoping he's on the bus. I have no bra, or binder-shield. My boobs sway somewhat but I don't mind, enjoying anyone who notices.

Wonderful! He's there.

I sit and remove my top layer, a loose black t-shirt, to reveal an equally loose white vest with scoop-sides down to the waist. I have to stand up to carefully fold the t-shirt and so must show how deep the scoop is on his side. All of one breast exposed to him with its nipple hard and bunched. Not happy with my first effort I refold the t-shirt while my breasts jiggle excitedly.

I deliberately look at him, I want to see his expression. I look away just as he tries to meet my gaze. He seems somewhat flummoxed at my lack of subtlety. Sitting down I must immediately adjust my shoe. The vest falls forward from my body as both boobs dangle and jig for as long as I do whatever is necessary.

Wasting no time, my thighs part to reveal I'd forgotten to put any sort of panties on. Just a line of juice covering my pussy. Do you like that? My voyeur.

The bus has stopped. There seemed to be a hold-up. I stand up briefly to look. A car had stopped in the middle of a one-way roadworks system. Nothing is moving. As I sit down I put a hand in my skirt's pocket. Except it has no pocket, just a hole. My hand is touching my bare pussy. My skirt is high on my thighs and he sees my hand there. He stands up, which surprises me. Is he leaving? No! Please not! Then he adjusts himself. His erection was pointing down a trouser leg and he shifts it more comfortably upward. I watch him position it to 12 o'clock. It seems enormous. He sits, I begin.

The bus is idling so there's some noise to cover mine. I can hear the squishes. There are two old ladies near the back of the bus and the driver who's in his own little compartment.

I'm on a bus masturbating being watched by a stranger. Immediately an orgasm devours me exquisitely. I have my eyes and mouth closed. Rigid with contained pleasure, my fingers repeatedly grasped by my pussy's throb. A satisfied sigh escapes before I can subdue it, but it would probably be mistaken for a cry of exasperation for the delay.

My muse is very agitated. He wants release from my stimulation. When the throbbing eases, I make my pussy squelch some more. He begins to move rhythmically. I assume to try to ejaculate his lust into his trousers.

My skirt's getting soiled and so to the bus seat. My watcher's doing all he can to splatter his trousers. I move my other hand to a nipple, squeeze outside the vest so he can see. That does it. He stops jerking and scrunches his face in acute relief as his thighs seem to pump all the liquid relief through his persistently hard cock. And I have to bend double to subdue an uttered reveal of a soothing orgasmic balm, just as the bus begins to move again.

The aroma is pungent. Male and female ejaculate collide in the senses. Unmistakable, unexplainable, no one except the guilty know. I replace my t-shirt and will soon get off. I'll have some more expressive orgasms at home.

My collaborator seems dazed still. Maybe he will have explaining to do, to someone, about the state of his trousers, maybe not. I don't want or need to know. Will you be here tomorrow? I want to ask but don't of course. Maybe soon I'll need to find another collaborator.