**I Can Control Myself.... Can't I ?**

**by [justwhatyouwant](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1054195&page=submissions)**

I am a 20 year old Indian girl and this is the story of how just one incident transformed me. Right from the age of 14 when my body really began to blossom, I have been aware of the stares men gave me. I had been brought up decently if not exactly conservatively, and even though my parents gave me a lot of freedoms, they always expected me to maintain my Indian values, and I always remembered this. I sometimes wore short skirts or dresses but was always taught that girls are supposed to behave modestly. Almost all Indian women are brought up quite modestly, and I guess that is the reason why Indian men are so lustful! I am 5'5'', have fair skin and also look stunningly good, with beautiful brown eyes and soft black hair which I love to keep long. I have always had a slim body and work out to keep it that way, well endowed with moderately large breasts and a cute ass. I like to leave my hair open most of the time, but sometimes tie it back leaving a few strands on my face which truly accentuate my looks. So to say I am just attractive would be an understatement, ergo whenever I went out, whatever I wore, I am constantly stared at.

Many a time, men openly stare at me like I was the last girl on earth. I always used to notice the lust in their eyes and it honestly used to make me feel sexy to be so wanted. I really don't know if its wrong, but from the beginning I used to really enjoy this attention. Even in college, guys used to always try to be near me, talk to me, and loads of times could not hide that look in their eyes when they stared at me. I used to also tease guys by sometimes 'accidentally' brushing my body past their, or 'accidentally' bumping into them which would make my breasts squeeze into their body. I know this used to give them a hard on, and somehow loved this feeling. but I never let it go beyond that. I always took care to see that these actions seemed unintentional. At the same time it made me feel so good to be so seductive.

Many guys have asked me out but I always refused realizing I was happy single. Often I loved to stare at my perfect body, with my resplendent flawless skin in the mirror wearing just my undergarments, and looking at my exquisite body in just my bra and panties made me fantasize what effect it would have on any guy who would see me this way. And then over that I used to wear tight t-shirts, some of which would clearly show the outline of my bra, and below it wear tight pants or jeans and imagine how men would die to have me. That is the reason I used to wear such body hugging clothes, and show off my great figure. Like I said men, all ages alike used to perversely stare at me, with only one desire, the craving to make love to me. I knew I was their fantasy and I loved it. I even occasionally finger myself and the orgasms I experience thinking about the lust men display when they look at me, which edges me on to dress up this way.

But as I grew up, it increased and no matter where I went, I always used to be the center of attraction. I can honestly say I have almost never met any guy who did not have that look like he 'wanted' me, and this included older men too. Even when I speak to any man, anywhere, like at a shop, or at my college office, or even my building watchman, I can see that they used to occasionally stare at my breasts or legs, and start imagining how it would be if they could get to touch me, or kiss me, feel my perfectly formed feminine body... or even more! I never paid attention to this, but it always used to turn me on and I realized I craved for even more. I began to wear more skirts and sleeveless tops that showed off skin. From then on, when I realize guys are staring at my breasts, I pretend to untie, then tie my hair so that my breast jut out even more. While wearing low cut tops, on certain occasion bend forward slightly at a shop or counter, and pretend not to realize it. This gives the person in front a clear view of my cleavage for a short while .When I occasionally wear skirts, whenever I sit down, I let the skirt ride up my legs before adjusting it, giving people around a good view of my slim and beautiful legs. I always pretend this happens accidentally. Men just cannot keep their eyes off me when these things happen and this always turns me on, but I never directly look at them and always ignore guys who come up to even talk. I even know how to look so seductive without showing any skin, by the way I walk, or even a single look at any man. Needless to say, I have always got the best treatment wherever I go. I always loved the feeling of having this power to make most men do whatever I want with nothing more than a smile and little sweet talk. My looks and attire do the rest. Yet, I always know when and where to do these things and I never let the situation get out of hand .

While traveling in buses, getting into crowded ones, I often feel the man behind me thrusting his groin into my ass on the pretext of trying to get into the bus. I have taught myself to ignore this, but the thought of a stranger doing this does make me feel aroused. In the bus, men often huddle next to me when i am standing or sitting just to look at me, and sometimes rub against me. I actually like these slight touches but always firmly ask them to stop if I feel it is getting out of hand. Occasionally when I am feeling especially naughty, I myself lean onto men while the bus turns or suddenly stops, pressing my body into theirs, mostly they don't know how to react as they think it is unintentional, but some men actually press back into me, enjoying the touch of my sensuous body. I then pretend like nothing happened. But I really feel quite horny when this happens.

What I am about to tell you still surprises me to this day. Once when I was 18, while traveling by an almost empty bus, and a filthy looking guy got in and sat next to me, the kind of guy you would not give a second look to. the fact that he could have sat anywhere but still came and sat next to me did not surprise me as I was used to this kind of unwanted attention. I was wearing a top with a low neckline which showed a decent amount of cleavage. I realized was constantly trying to look down my top but was apprehensive I would notice it. I saw that the bus was almost empty I felt really naughty and decided to let him have a good look. I pretended to go off to sleep, and tilted my head back, giving him a clear view of my beautiful breasts. I knew that he would now be lustfully staring at my cleavage without respite, and this thought turned me on. I don't know what came over me and I decided to go a step further to tease him, and slowly brought my head to rest on his shoulder .

I knew he would be ecstatic having such a gorgeous girl rest her head on his shoulder and it was a turn on for me too. Seeing me sleeping, and himself being in a state of arousal I guess he decided to push his luck and he began to slowly rub my right breast with this elbow. I don't know why, but the feeling of allowing such a guy to feel me really turned me on, and I let him keep doing this. After a while of continuously pressing my breast he must have realized I was not sleeping. This made him bolder, and I began to feel his fingers softly squeezing my right breast. I was a bit surprised and thought someone might notice this and partially opened my eyes. I saw that the bus was almost empty, he was looking straight ahead and that he had folded his arms and was touching me with his right hand from behind his left elbow so that nobody would actually see what he was doing. I have never let anyone touch me this way at the same time due to his continual motion felt surprisingly good, my nipples hardened and I was beginning to feel a bit moist between my legs. My mind was rushing with so many thoughts at the same time.

I could not believe I was letting this guy do this to me, a decent girl from a respectable family, really good looking ,whom so many guys have tried to get unsuccessfully, being fondled by this filthy stranger. I had been aroused before and I could always handle myself, but this truly felt electric, my body just didn't want him to stop and my mind told me to let it happen and didn't feel like arguing. I closed my eyes again. My breathing got a bit heavy because I was so aroused. He had by that time realized what I was feeling and started pressing my breast with his entire hand. The material of my bra, and also the top, was thin and he found my already hardened nipple and began to rub it between his fingers. Oh... it felt so unbelievably good! The movement of his fingers seemed so precise and got me so turned this quickly, that I am sure he was experienced at this. I could not believe this was actually happening! I felt his left hand rest on my left shoulder and slowly slide down a bit. I actually leaned a bit forward allowing him to slide his hand lower, which finally came to rest near my waist, and he pulled me closer. I was now in a sort of an erotic trance, and I knew I no longer had the will power to stop him from doing anything to me. I even involuntarily turned towards him slightly so that he got better access to my breast. His left hand then reached under my top and squeezed my waist as he came in contact with my smooth, bare skin for the first time. His touch felt good as he softly caressed my skin. He started pulling at my nipple with his right hand and it sent down shocks of pleasure down my body i had never felt before.

A part of me was telling me to stop and not allow myself to be treated this way, but my body was on fire and these thoughts just faded away.I felt like i just didn't care if anyone even saw me i was already feeling wet between my legs and pulled my legs tightly close. I am also sure by this time his member was quite hard doing such things to me. He then pinched my nipple for a last time and moved his hand to my right thigh. He started rubbing my thigh and put his hand between my closed legs, slowly trying to part my legs to move up to my pussy. I was so wet and horny that i just could not think straight, i would have let him do anything to me, and actually wanted him to touch my wet pussy, feel his fingers inside me.

It was at this moment that the bus jerked to a halt and i suddenly opened my eyes. He quickly retracted his hand as i slowly sat up straight. Looking around i realized that i had missed my stop. I took a moment to collect my breath looked around to see if anybody saw us. Luckily there was no one, and i got up to leave. He said nothing as i moved past him without even looking at him. I got off at the next stop and saw him get off behind me. He followed me as i cross the road, and all the way to a cab. I got into the cab and he stood outside hoping i would ask him to join me. A part of me still wanted him to touch me again make me feel good, but i felt that would go too far. As the cab pulled away, i finally looked at him, and smiled. I am not sure if i was smiling at him or at myself thinking about what had just happened.

I went home and first went into the bathroom, undressed and looked at my panties which were still damp from my little escapade. I looked at myself in the mirror stared at the beautiful reflection of my body. I began to think about the recent happenings, and thought about why i allowed it to happen, why i allowed him to touch me that way and and unconsciously rubbed my nipple. My nipple instantly hardened and i began to feel wet again. I began to feel weak in my knees and kept rubbing my breasts with intense pleasure passing through me. I kept doing so, thinking about the recent incident, I felt the same extraordinary feelings, with my body erupting with waves of pleasure I honestly didn't know i could experience. It finally ended with one of the most awesome orgasms I had ever felt. I then realized that a line had been crossed and that things would no longer be the same, i would no longer always have control of myself.

I realized that i was now addicted to lust and like it or not, this was gonna be the first of many such incidents.