**Julia, An Exploration**

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**Julia, An Exploration Ch. 01 Pt. 01**

**Innocence Exploring**  
  
Julia felt a little ashamed of herself. She didn't even know how to begin to understand where these feelings had begun to move her in to action. Or was it in reverse? Did her actions start and then the feelings followed? She wasn't sure at this point.  
  
Growing up a typical Southern girl in Nashville, she had always been the a-typical sweet girl next door. She went to church with her parents. She was conservative in her dating practices. She never kissed a boy on the first date. Heck, she had hardly kissed many boys until she finally left home for college. And, whew, what different world that was...is. The college life.  
  
Julia was an intelligent girl. She always made great grades in school and when she was ready to graduate high school, she made her applications to several different schools on the east coast and a few on the west coast. But when it came right down to it, when the offer came from the University of Southern California, the thought of being near Hollywood and all the excitement there was just way too appealing. She was going to be a lawyer one day. She knew that. But she wanted to have fun while she was young and, of course, get a good education at the same time.  
  
In her freshman year she lived in the dorm on campus. Most freshmen did. She joined a sorority and soon found herself falling deep in to the typical life of a USC girl. Going to football games in the fall and there were parties every weekend. The dress codes at most of these events was short skirts and tight tops. It seemed that the skirts kept getting shorter and the tops kept getting tighter. It was exciting and fun, but it was all pretty much in innocence. Of course the boys loved it, but things never really seemed to go overboard.  
  
She had, of course, met several boys, made out with a few and had only had sex with one...so far. She was after all, still a conservative southern girl.  
  
But this, this was coming from some other place in her psyche. A place she had had very little time or interest in exploring. Until now.  
  
It had happened once before, but only briefly. In this very same room under very similar circumstances, but more accidental than purposeful. That was a few days before. Now she had had time to think about it and actually came up with a plan.  
  
For her sophomore year, she had convinced her father to allow her to move in to an apartment a short drive from Campus. She had promised that she would be working and able to pay for part of the rent. She and her best friend Jeni had found a nice and quiet place that would be great for better study habits. Especially away from the distractions of campus life.  
  
Living in a secure building made her father feel more comfortable and living on the third floor gave Julia the view of down town LA she had desired. It also made her feel more comfortable to be able to leave windows open to enjoy the nice SoCal weather in the comfort of her own room. And that's where it happened, the first and the second time. Her exhibitionism.  
  
The first time it was unintentional. She had walked in to her room right around dusk. She was headed to yoga class and wanted to change. Without thinking she simply walked in her room, removed her pants and top she had worn all day and walked from her closet to her dresser. She hadn't noticed that the blinds were still open. She didn't think that with it getting darker outside, with the light on and the blinds open, that pretty much anyone on the adjoining building's third floor, could see right in to her room and to see her standing there with just a bra and thongs on.  
  
She reach down in to her drawer and grabbed Lulu Lemon yoga pants flapping them out of their fold and then putting them on. Right there in front of the open window. With her back to that window, she would have been bending over slightly, exposing her ass for a clear view of whoever might be out there. This thought, however, was not in her mind at that time. Not until after. She grabbed her top and started out of her room to finish getting ready in her bathroom. It was then that she looked back and with a bit of shock, noticed that the blinds were open and that she had possible just exposed her almost nude body to someone, anyone that had a good line of view in to her room.  
  
When she first noticed, she had audibly drawn in a breath and she began to blush. She quickly hit the switch to the light and walked in to her bathroom. She looked in the mirror taking in the shocked look on her face. She instinctively held her top up, covering her breast as thought through what someone may have just voyeur-ed. She through the top on and tried to shrug off the thought. Perhaps no one saw a thing. Mostly likely, no one saw. "Oh well," she thought and quickly grabbed her keys and left the apartment. She wanted to get out fast, just so that "if" someone did see, that they didn't have enough time to catch her leaving in the garage. She didn't want to chance an encounter with someone that may have just seen her near nude.  
  
Having made it to the car without seeing a single sole, she started up the engine of the Benz her father had bought her. Being a daddy's girl did have its perks. As she backed out of her parking spot, a man walked out of the stair well. He looked right at her and they made eye contact. Julia quickly looked away in fear that he might have been a beneficiary audience member of her accidental exhibition show. Once again she tried to shrug all of this off. Besides, when they made eye contact, there was nothing in the guys facial expression that was obvious to the notion of him having knowledge of what had just happened in her apartment. Nothing at all. She shrugged it off.  
  
Since that occurrence, since that time, she had played it through in her mind a few hundred times. And when she thought of it, she had very conflicting feelings. Of course she was embarrassed in the thought that someone may have seen her in a thong and bra, but then, and this is what concerned her, when she thought of it, it excited her just a bit. What if someone had seen her, looked in to her private moment, and liked it. It was then that she realized for the first time in her life, consciously at least, that she wanted to be desired. She wanted to be exposed, viewed, and looked on with lust. And it was this thought that was shocking her to her core.  
  
She had been to the beach and the pool many times, wearing bikinis that were every bit as exposing and flattering to her figure as the thong and bra she had had on that late afternoon. Yet, it had not given her thought in those settings. Of course there was the comparisons with the other girls and what they were wearing and of course the guys would be there too, looking at her, but not in her private space. In her room. No, this was different.  
  
The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to see what these feelings were about. Could she be? Surely not. But then a plot formulated in her mind. And that gave the answer that, yes, she just might be an exhibitionist. Wanting to expose herself to strangers. And this is where the plot thickened in her mind.  
  
On a day when she know her roommate would not be home, she arrived home from class about thirty minutes before the sun would be setting. She quickly made her way to her bedroom and turned on the switch, lighting the lights hanging over her bed. A cute and simple set of bulbs hanging down from the ceiling and almost centrally directed over the pillow set on her bed. She glanced up to confirm that the blinds to her window were still open. She quickly turned and went in to her bathroom, leaving the bedroom door open. She flicked the bathroom lights on and removed her street cloths. She wanted to take a quick shower before getting ready for yoga. She again, left the door open to the bathroom and now fully nude, put her hair up in a bun. No need to wash it now. Not before yoga. And besides, it would take too long to dry.  
  
Julia thought herself as being very naughty leaving the doors open, but there was no one home and there was no angle at which she could see her own bedroom window, meaning that there was no chance that anyone could see her in the bathroom; nude and showering.  
  
Looking down the hall and out the living room window, she could tell that it was quickly getting dark outside and sped up her actions. The water being sufficiently hot, she got in the shower, washed her body and face, rinsed and turned off the water. Grabbing her towel off the hook, she figured that the entire shower process took only about 5 minutes. The light should be just right outside.  
  
After drying off, she wrapped the gray towel around her body. It was large enough to completely cover her torso and trailed down past her ass. She took one last look in the mirror. She caught herself pursing her lips at herself as she turned to make her way to the bedroom. With no more thought, she crossed the hall to her bedroom and, at a slow pace, made her way to her dresser. She purposefully kept her face averted from the window. "If" in fact there was someone watching, she didn't want to give on that this situation was planned, when, in fact, it was. She turned to her dresser and faced it, meaning that her back was now to the open window.  
  
With the towel still covering her body, she opened a top drawer, pulled out her favorite thongs and placed them on the dresser top. This was it, the moment and she let the towel fall from around her right side and flung it off to her left. She was now completely nude in front of her wide open window. This thought made her instinctively start to exit the room. This was the good little girl side of her trying to stop her, but it didn't work. She stopped herself and went back to her dresser. Still with her back to the window and still fully naked. She was now not in a hurry, but she wasn't moving too slowly either. She was trying to act normal. She wanted to give the full impression to a possible voyeur, that this was completely accidental. She picked up her thong and put it on, lifting her right leg to pull them on, then her left. She reached down in the bottom drawer, knowing that that would give a full view of her ass to the window, grabbing her yoga pants. And the thought now overtook her, was there someone watching. Uncontrollably, she instinctively looked over her shoulder to the window. It was a very quick look and she didn't see anyone, but unfortunately she thought, that could let anyone looking to gain the understanding that this was a purposeful event. That she wanted to be seen. "Darn it," she thought as, with her body now facing sideways to the window, she put her yoga pants on. Even with her accidental lapse of control, she was undaunted in her current plan, she wanted to continue to be exposed.  
  
She stood motionless, still facing the dresser, trying to give the impression that she was considering which bra to wear. She looked down and saw that her nipples were fully erect at the excitement that she was feeling. Her right hand found its way to her left nipple and she gave it a little tweak. Her heart was pounding.  
  
Still taking her time, she picked up her top and paused. "Bra or no bra," she thought and dropped the top. She picked out a bra and made sure that it was unfolding correctly. She pulled the bra around her waist and reached back to buckle it. She then put her hands in the straps and pulled the bra completely up over her breast. She pulled the straps over her shoulders and made sure that they were sitting correctly in place. She grabbed her top and put it on. That, she thought, was plenty of time for whomever may have been so lucky to see her.  
  
She walked out of her bedroom flicking the light off as she passed by the door. She went in the bathroom and gave herself a good look in the mirror. A sly grin came across her face and she almost said to herself, "you little devil." She turned off the bathroom light and walked towards the living room and to the front door. It was at this point when she had another thought. How could she know if someone saw?  
  
She turned off the kitchen light and walked to the front door. She opened it, and then let it close in front of her. She was not going to yoga. Not right now at the least.  
  
She stood there at the door, frozen in thought and then turned back towards her bedroom. She slowly walked down the hall, trying to be invisible. At least to anyone in the opposite building. She thought for sure that devoid of natural light in the apartment and no electric lights glowing, that no one outside her apartment could see what she was doing. She reached her bedroom door and found herself peeking around the corner and at the open window. With her hands on the doorjamb, she looked out the window to the building across the way. It couldn't have been more than 40 or 50 feet away. She could now see inside some of the apartments. She slowly walked back in the bedroom, watching the window all the while. She couldn't see anyone. She made her way, ever so slowly back to the very spot in which she had stood when she had been fully nude just moments before. She stood motionless but facing the window this time and fully clothed as well. Her eyes went from window to window of the units facing her apartment. Some were lit, but most were not. She picked out the few that would have had a direct view of her fully naked body. There were on only four at best. She looked toward one just above her floor level. The lights were on and she could see movement inside, but there was no one looking in her direction. Perhaps only someone cooking their evening meal. Not a prospect for her voyeur. "Oh gosh," she thought. She wanted a voyeur. "What the heck is going on Julia," she said to herself out loud.  
  
Another lighted apartment had curtains that were drawn. Perhaps they looked and then closed them. "Maybe," she thought.  
  
There were three units with no lights on at all. She could hardly tell if there were someone inside any of them. Most likely not. But perhaps. And the thought of that made her excited and concerned at the same time. Usually the thought of someone, a man, watching her from the dark would make her cringe, but not this time. This time she imagined that there had been someone standing right in one of those windows, in the dark, watching her. This time it made her heart beat wildly with exhilaration. She stepped back a bit and felt the dresser behind her. She leaned on he just a bit as she continued to gaze out through the window and at a completely darkened apartment across from hers. Both of her hands were now on the dresser and she imagined someone, him or her, watching her while she had dropped the towel on the floor. They had seen her bare ass and back side. They had seen her touch her nipple. Although, she was certain that they could not tell that that is what she had done.  
  
Instinctively her right hand moved towards her stomach. Still staring straight ahead she couldn't control the thoughts running through her mind. "Did they like what they saw? Did they watch for long? Did it turn them on?" Her fingers pushed her yoga pants away from her stomach so that they could get in between. With her left arm still on the dresser, her right hand pushed its way down between her pants, then her thong, and then to her mound. She pushed on her clitoris with her index and middle finger and her eyes closed but for a second. The thoughts continued to run through her mind and her finger found their way to her pussy lips. Knowing, hoping that no would could see in her window now, her fingers spread her open now swollen lips enough to enter her. She was wet. Very wet. She was extremely excited by the thought that, perhaps he or she was now in their darkened apartment, doing something very similar as she at this very moment and thinking about what they had just seen.  
  
With her fingers still inside her, she pushed on her clit with the palm of her hand. Still staring straight ahead she felt the familiar signs of an impending orgasm, but this would be more. The dresser shook a bit as she felt her legs begin to start to go out from under her. She had to put more weight on the dresser and the items on to it clinked together. Not wanted to knock over anything on the dresser or perhaps the furniture itself, she regaining enough composure to control her legs, but she bent slightly at the waste and gasps as the explosion from inside her let loose. She was gone. Lost in the orgasm, but still transfixed on the darkened windows across the way. The orgasm lasted for almost half a minute and her body convulsed forward at the waste, yet she never changed her gaze.  
  
A few more seconds past and so did the convulsion of the orgasm. With her hand still down her pants and still bent at the waste, she made her way out of the bedroom and in to the bathroom. She placed her left hand on the counter and the sturdy support of it was comforting. She slowly pulled her right hand out of her thong and pants. She could feel that her fingers were very wet with her juices.  
  
In the dark, she looked straight at her reflection in the mirror and began to wonder what all of this meant.

**Julia, An Exploration Ch. 01 Pt. 02**

Julia was lost in thought as she continued to look at herself in the mirror. She was finding it hard to believe that she had such a strong, yet hidden desire, perhaps a fetish even. She was, is, a conservative girl. A good girl. But not now. Now she was being a bad girl.  
  
She was losing control of her thoughts right now. It seemed as though her mind was rushing, yet empty at the same time. How could this be? But even as she thought this question to herself, she thought that perhaps she did know. That she had had these thoughts before, but just on a different level. Not such a hyper sexual manner. Titillating, but just on a minor way. And most likely, she had shut down the thought pattern as soon as it came up. That was then, this is now.  
  
Without realizing it, she found her body moving against the counter top in the bathroom. Still looking at herself in the mirror with her hands steadying her on the counter. She closed her eyes and an image appeared. This was not a conscious thought, this was coming from somewhere else. She saw in her minds eye, a man standing at his window and looking out towards her window. His face was not in view to her imagination, but she knew he was looking at her from before. From her exhibition.  
  
Then, she saw that his member was out. And it was hard. And that he was rubbing it. She leaned harder in to the counter to the thought. She pushed up on her toes so that her clit was grinding in to the counter top. Still with her eyes shut, she imagined the man watching her move about her bedroom, nude. She imagined that he was completely enthralled with her and that he couldn't help but to masturbate himself.  
  
She leaned harder in to the counter and moved up and down. She imagined that she was moving her pussy against the counter in the same pace that her voyeur was stroking his cock. She wanted to think that he wanted her badly. So much so that he had the strong desire to put his cock inside her. She was wanted and needed, sexually.  
  
The pace of her rubbing against the counter increased as she thought of the man speeding his stroking in anticipation of an orgasm. She felt a tingling in her toes as she thought about his cock head growing and turning purple as it started to spurt out cum. She moaned softly aloud as she thought about the cum running down over the man's cock stroking hand. Her legs quivered with her orgasm. It was a quick cum, she realized that. She realized that she had been so turned on by the event, that her sexual desire at this moment in time could only be satisfied by one thing, by rubbing herself. She couldn't recall the last time that she had had orgasms that close together before.  
  
All of this made her want to expose herself again. This troubled her. It scared her to think that she was considering doing that again. Such risky behavior. Such naughty behavior. Inviting others to look at her. If caught by the wrong person, she could even be labeled as a naughty girl in her own living community. How could this even be in her mind, her way of thinking?  
  
She backed away from the counter and tried, once again, to collect her thoughts in a normal, non-sexual manner. She still had things to get done this day. After all, she wanted to try to be as good as possible; normal.  
  
It was too late to make it to yoga class, so she decided to go to the gym in her building. She would workout and then still have time to study after. She put her show in the back of her mind and all but had let go of the idea that someone had actually seen her nude. Most likely not. It was just a fantasy. Now back to reality.  
  
She took the stairs to the gym and used her fob key to go in. There was no one inside when she went it. "That's good," she thought. She didn't like working out where others could see her, she felt it a little embarrassing, but she needed to get this done.  
  
The exterior walls of the gym were open windows and anyone could see in. There was a separate yoga room in the gym. The walls of this smaller room were glass, but it did give some restricted view from the outside of the gym, but anyone in the gym could see in clearly.  
  
She spread out a yoga mat and started to do as much as she could remember. Downward dog and what ever else. She couldn't remember the names, but she remembered the positions. She was getting close to the end of what she could remember and she crouched down to stretch out her back. She was on her knees and completely bent at the waste, head almost to the floor and reaching her arms over her head. In this position her ass was completely exposed to the space behind her. Even her crotch was exposed. Not fully, she still had her yoga pants on. She had seen it with other girls at the class. In this position the fabric of the yoga pants were stretched to their maximum and skin could usually be seen underneath. Most of the times if the girl was wearing a thong or panties, those could be seen through the stretched clothing. It was like being exposed without being exposed.  
  
Julia thought of this and wondered if any guys had seen her in this position and seen her quasi bare ass. She imagined then that there was someone behind her at that moment. A guy watching her crouch down and expose her ass and crotch. She thought of a man, perhaps her imagined man, staring straight at the tight fabric around her ass and clenching her thongs around her pussy, making her mound more prominent.  
  
She slowly raised herself up so that she was on her hands and knees. Still thinking of being watched, she arched her back and extended her head upward. She at least wanted to make it look as though she was still working out while she carried these naughty girl thoughts.  
  
She slowly got to her feet, feeling satisfied with her workout and her dirty thoughts. She rolled up the yoga mat, placing it back on the rack. She climbed on a stationary bike in the same room and started to peddle. Still thinking that on the bike that she was bent over slightly. In this position, as with the yoga position, perhaps her pants would still give a bit of the exposed skin look as before. She sat on the seat and tried to get into the rhythm of the Sia song playing through her headphones. "I'm aliiiiiive," this song always motivated her to push harder in the gym.  
  
Singing in her head to the song and pushing hard on the bike peddles, her hips were moving side to side of the bike seat. This motion caused her crotch to move back and forth across the seat. Not for the first time, she started to enjoy the rhythmic motion of her pussy on a bike seat as she rode. But for the first time, she had the thought of a man sitting behind her and watching her ass as she moved. She imagined him starring, fixated on her behind. Perhaps feeling a bit of a twitch in his crotch to this fortuitous sight.  
  
This was all beginning to be too much for her. She started pushing down harder on the peddles and moving her hips harder from side to side. She sat down a bit harder on the seat to increase the pressure on her pussy. She hoped that no one was watching, half wishing that they were. And, she thought, if they were watching, hopefully they couldn't tell that she was masturbating herself on a stationary bike in the gym. But she was.  
  
She felt her face go flush as she had a muted orgasm. Muted because she was focused on the workout, but also muted because she couldn't let herself release the total energy of moment. She was sure that if someone was watching and she let lose, "oh gosh," they would have known for sure. She couldn't allow that to happen. Too risky.  
  
She slowed the pace on the bike, almost to a stop. She sat up on the seat and moved slightly back and forth on the seat to allow for the one last feeling of the orgasm she had just experienced, in public.  
  
She climbed off the bike, grabbed a gym towel and dabbed the moisture from her head, face and neck. It was then that she noticed that there was a man in the gym. He was working out, but when she saw him, his was sitting on a chest machine facing away from her. She froze. "Oh oh oh, did he see her before?" she thought to herself. And now she was in a hurry to exit the gym. She walked back over the bike and grabbed her water bottle. She turned and made her way to the yoga room door and just as she was walking that way the man climbed off the machine and turned to lean on it, presumably to catch is breath.  
  
She didn't think she had seen him before. He was average in height, a bit stocky, and bald. He looked to be in his 40s. But, she thought, pretty cute for an older guy.  
  
She tried hard not to make eye contact with him as she opened the inner door and made her way to exit the gym. She kept her pace and just as she past where he was standing she thought she heard the guy say, "being naughty?" She didn't know what to think. She felt shocked, embarrassed and a bit put out all at the same time. What was it he was saying?  
  
She kept walking but turned and looked at him with an embarrassed grin said, "excuse me?"  
  
"Working it hard," he said.  
  
"Oh, yeah," she sheepishly replied and grinned at him. She must have heard him wrong.  
  
"God," she thought, "this thing is starting to affect what I hear now."  
  
She walked out the gym door with no further interaction with the man and quickly made her way back to her apartment. She took a left out the gym door instead of the a right, which would have been the most direct route to her place. No reason go give obvious clues to where her apartment might be to this guy.  
  
"I am so bad," she thought and almost broke in to a trot when she knew she was clear of his sight.  
  
When she reached her apartment she closed the door and leaned up against it. "Oh my God. What am I doing?" she said out loud.

**Julia, An Exploration Ch. 02 Pt. 01**

It had been a few days since Julia had been so indiscriminate with her actions. She had thought about the interesting times that she had had, but when she thought of it now, she had deeply mixed feelings. On the one hand it had been tantalizing and energizing to play in with such naughtiness. On the other hand it was disturbing that she would allow herself to give in to the temptations and even worse, to possibly expose herself to someone. Even worse, to someone in her building, her community.  
  
She felt it to be risky and a bit dangerous to put herself out there like that, but at the same time it felt empowering and an extreme turn on.  
  
But she had put that thought process towards the back of her mind. She didn't want that thought process to invade her mind and possibly take over her life. Who knows where it would end up. So just best to put an end to it.  
  
This day started out like many of her normal days. She attended her 10 am legal research class with her research partner, Sarah. Legal research was not Julia's strong suit. She was okay with this portion of law work, but it was not a great joy to dig deep in the weeds on legal presidents. Julia was more of a big picture thinker and it helped to have a partner that was stronger suited in researching the fine details. While there were better researchers that Sarah, she couldn't think of one that she would want to work with on a consistent basis.  
  
While it started out to be a normal day, it wouldn't be in the long run. After class, Julia had a job interview at an American Apparel. She didn't really much care for the store and she really didn't want the job. Well, any job for that matter. But she had promised her father that if he covered her rent so she could live off campus, she would look for work. And she did. She just didn't put much effort in to the process, nor the interviews.  
  
She been offered jobs with a couple other clothing sales stores, she had turned them down with a vain excuse that she had already accepted an offer with a different firm. She assumed that with the interviewed she had had this day, she would be made another offer and then refuse it as well. She would tell her father that the managers were concerned that her school work would be a big distraction for her, or whatever it took to keep him off her back.  
  
The interview was also the reason that she was dressed less casually than usual. Most of the time she was in shorts, jeans or even sweats. But today she was wearing a denim skirt and a colorful plaid blouse. She felt that the outfit would work well for the interview. And, as usual, it drew a bit more attention for her out and about.  
  
After the interview Julia met back up with Sarah at a coffee bar not too far from her interview. They picked the meeting spot because it was closer to where Sarah lived and there was a parking garage right behind it which eased the strain of trying to park. And just like most coffee bars, it also had free wifi.  
  
The two picked a place to set on a bar height counter with cushion bar stools. They could sit side by side and compare notes. The hour went by relatively quickly as they sipped their lattes and reviewed each others work. Julia knew that Sarah had an afternoon class and would need to leave in a short while. She had not been paying too much attention to the other patrons in the store. She looked up at one point and noticed a nice looking older gentleman sitting nearly directly in front of her. He was sitting in a relaxed way in one of the leather chairs positioned throughout the bar. And since she was sitting on a stool, he gaze would be directly at her waist. That is if he were looking in her direction, which at this point did not seem to be the case. He appeared to be reading something on his tablet which was in his lap. She instinctively adjusted her hips so that her knees would be point a bit more away from the man's view site. Julia changed her gaze back to her computer on the counter top, but she could still see him in her peripheral view. She thought that he was nice looking for his age, which she put at somewhere in the early 50s. He had that cool gray hair that some older men get. Sort of like Sam Elliot. He was thin, but not too thin. And even though he was sitting, she could tell that he was tall. He had a tan complexion which she could not tell if it was his natural color or that he actually tans himself. Perhaps he just play a good deal of golf and that's where the tan comes from.  
  
She did her dead level best of keeping her eyes and mind on her work, but she was very curious about this handsome guy. She even wondered if he had noticed her. "Most likely not" she thought. "He probably wasn't even paying attention." But when she looked up, she caught a quick glimpse of the man as his eyes darted from his tablet to her legs and back again. "Oh he had noticed and was paying attention" she thought. This immediately gave her little twinge of excitement. She was getting a little aroused at the thought that he was getting aroused at her. She kept her face positioned to look at her laptop and pretended that she was actually concentrating.  
  
"Julia?" Sarah said. "Yeah, what?" she replied. "Did you find the precedence for the inclusion of easements on the commercial property?" Sarah asked as though she was a bit frustrated by having to ask Julia that same question twice. "Oh, uh..." she paused and looked at her notes. "Not yet." she responded. "Okay, well if you could spend some time on that I will concentrate on the infrastructure overuse issue. Is that okay?" Sarah asked with a bit more patients this time. "Of course" Julia responded.  
  
"Good good." Sarah said as she started to pack up her notebook and tablet.  
  
"Yeah, right. Look, I will get that portion done by the time we meet Thursday. Okay?" Julia tried to reassure Sarah. She didn't want word to get out that she wasn't putting in her share of the work load. Julia was a bit embarrassed that she had let herself get distracted and then she wondered if the gentleman had heard their conversation.  
  
Just at that moment, a thought popped in Julia's head. "Hey," she said to Sarah. "Can you watch my stuff before you leave? I need to use the restroom." "Sure" Sarah responded. "I have a couple minutes."  
  
Julia turned away from the gaze of the gentleman and walked to the restroom, which was off to the right of were he was sitting. She checked the door and found that it was unoccupied. She went in and locked the door. She looked in the mirror and whispered to herself "what are you about to do?" and then winked at herself. She reached down and pulled her skirt up so that she could reach her panties. She grabbed them by the waistband and pulled them down past her hips and lowered them by her thighs, knees and slipped them past her feet and off. She pushed the panties in her back pocket and looked at herself in the mirror again. This time she just shook her head a bit, but smiled at the same time. "Little devil," she thought.  
  
She opened the door and consciously diverted her gaze from the man, but noticed that he was still sitting in the same spot. She walked back to her seat and said to Sarah, "right, precedence, I'm on it."  
  
"Good" Sarah responded. "Toddles" and with that she turned and was out the door.  
  
Julia took her perch back up on the stool. Mindful to keep her knees together and pointed away from the gentleman. She went back to work at pretending that she was working. She could still see the man in the corner of her eye and noticed that he, once again, took a quick dart with his eyes to her legs. She could feel that he was hopeful and she wanted to give him what he was hoping for.  
  
As she continued to pretend to be concentrating on her computer, she started to swivel her hips from side to side. She kept her knees together for the moment, but each time she swiveled she pushed her legs more and more in the line of sight for the gentleman. Without looking over at him, she could tell that her movements were having their intended effect. She could feel his gaze move on her from time to time. She could also tell that he shifted his position, if only slightly. She was smiling inside, but not wanting to give any outward sign that this flirtation was on purpose. She could hardly contain her excitement and her heart was beating wildly.  
  
She found it difficult to stop herself from giggling. She also wanted badly to look over at the man, but she didn't. What she did do was to swing her hips completely in the direction of his gaze and slightly spread her legs apart. She actually heard the sound of the man shifting in his seat as she teased him with the small view.  
  
Julia thought that she had teased the man enough and started to put her things together to leave. She leaned over to pick up her computer bag and as she did she spread her legs further apart, with that the man would be able completely up to her vagina she thought. She pulled her legs back together and placed her computer in the bag. She then spread her legs completely apart as she turned in his direction and she dismounted the stool. Her face went completely flush as she started toward the door. She only looked back at the man as she approached the door to leave. That was the first time that the two made eye contact. His head was tilted slightly toward her and he had a devilish grin on his face. It was in that flash that she noticed how attractive his eyes were. Especially with that look of approval of her on his face.  
  
Julia had been so flustered to leave that she didn't pick up her notepad off the counter. What she also didn't notice was that as she had been moving back and forth to tease the man, the panties she had put in her back pocket had worked their way out of her pocket and had fallen to the ground behind her.  
  
She was several doors down from the coffee store when she heard someone say from behind her, "excuse me miss." She almost didn't turn around, but again the man called to her, "excuse me." She turned around and found the man that she had just flashed coming up behind her. She was mortified. "I believe you forgot something," he said and he held up her notebook. "You left this on the counter," he continued.  
  
"Oh gosh," Julia responded. "How silly of me. Thank you!"  
  
"I wouldn't want to see you miss your studies," he said.  
  
"Completely. I would have had to do a lot of work over again if I had lost that," she said. "Thank you again."  
  
He had been paying attention the entire time, she through.  
  
"You also dropped this," he said and opened his other hand to expose the panties. The red and black panties she had tucked in her back pocket.  
  
She instinctively reached around to her now empty back pocket. She was frozen and completely embarrassed. She couldn't think of what...  
  
"Oh, those aren't mine," she said with a shaky voice.  
  
"Are you sure?" he asked. "I believe they fell out of your pocket just now. When you put on that little show." She was in shock now. He was actually verbalizing what had just happened. "I, I, uh," she muttered. "I don't know what..." He stopped her mid sentence.  
  
"This is a dangerous game your playing. You know?" He asked.  
  
"What, what," she tried to talk.  
  
"Its just that if you played the game with the wrong person, it could get you in trouble," he said and a knowing grin came back across his face. "I am harmless, but that is risky," he continued. "Listen, my name is Raymond. Folks call me Ray. Do you want your panties back?" he asked and extended his hand toward her. The panties in the palm of his hand glared at her. She was still frozen, but managed to shake her head side to side slightly.  
  
"I can help you," he said. "If you want to continue having fun and be safe too. Like I said, I am completely harmless, but I would like to help you have fun, if you want."  
  
Julia was still unable to speak. There was so much running through her head. "What have I done?" she thought. She had gone from being turned on at teasing a man, this man, to complete embarrassment.  
  
"You don't have to be embarrassed," Ray said as if he was reading her mind. "I liked what you did. It was fun. If you want to do something like that again, I would like to be involved. That's all I am saying. Do you want to sit and talk about it?" he asked as he pointed to a bench sitting near by.  
  
"I don't know," she replied. "What do you want to talk about?"  
  
"Teasing. Showing things. Exhibitionism, that's the formal definition." he said as he put the panties in his pocket and took a step towards the bench. He motioned an invitation for her to join him.  
  
Julia figured that she was safe in the public area and was starting to feel curious about what he may have to say. She followed him to the bench and took a seat, but not too close to Ray. She instinctively held her computer bag in her arms in front of her, almost as a protective shield.  
  
"I've helped other women explore their inner desires. I am what you might call an intuitive person when it comes to sexuality." Ray explained. "I have never really set out to find women that enjoy teasing. It just seems to happen. Maybe its my aura."  
  
"I had no idea that I would be attracted to an older man. A much older man." she managed to say.  
  
"Much older," Ray laughed. "How old do you think I am?"  
  
"I really don't know. Maybe 45 or 50" she responded.  
  
"Huh," he said in wonder. "Your close, but I am actually a little older than that. Does age really matter to you?"  
  
"Well, I used to think it did. Until just now I guess" she said.  
  
"I believe that age shouldn't matter. Not when your attractive and connect with someone. Do you feel that we connected? Just then?" He asked.  
  
"I suppose," she said. "But your old enough to be my father and I am just not sure how I feel about that."  
  
"Well, I guess that is up to you to figure out. I am not saying that we will hook up. I just want to help you figure out what you want to do. And in a safe manner. Some guys would take advantage. I'm not like that." he explained.  
  
"Are you still turned on by what happened back there? Do you still have that tingly feeling?" he asked.  
  
Julia was looking at the ground now, but shook her head yes. "I suppose. A little. It's just that I had no idea that we would end up talking. I was just going to have a little fun and then never see you again."  
  
"I understand" Ray said. "But here we are."  
  
They sat in silence for several seconds. Ray wanted to give her a chance to think it through.  
  
"Okay. Well here is the offer. I am parked in the garage over there. Is your car near by?" He asked.  
  
"Yes. Its near" she responded. She didn't want to tell him that she was parked in the same garage he had indicated. "Why do you ask?" she said.  
  
"If you feel so inclined, you could continue to tease me. No touching or anything. Just you in your car and me in mine. You can drive away any time you want." he said with an assuring grin. "Or you could just walk away now and probably never see me again."  
  
Julia didn't move. She sat on the bench and rocked a little back and forth as she continued thinking.  
  
After a few more seconds Ray said "well, your still here." And neither moved from their seat.  
  
"I'll tell you what" he started. "I'm going to go to my car. Its a white four door Jeep Rubicon. My license plat says "RAY." I'll wait there for 10 minutes or so. If you I see you drive up near me, then good. I'll offer what to do next. If you don't show, then I will assume that you are not interested. Sound like a deal?"  
  
Again, Julia didn't move.  
  
"Okay," he said. "I don't know what kind of car you drive, so you'll need wave at me or something to let me know. I'm parked on the fourth level."  
  
"A white Mercedes," she said, almost under her breath.  
  
"Whats that?" he asked.  
  
"I have a white Mercedes," she said without looking up.  
  
"Okay" he said and smiled. "I'll be looking for you." And with that he stood and looked at her. "Well, I hope to see you" he said and started to walk toward the garage.  
  
It was only after he had taken about 5 or 6 steps that Julia was able to look over at him and watched him walk away.  
  
"What am I doing?" she asked herself. But she still didn't move.  
  
Ray made it to his Jeep in a few minutes. He turned on the engine and lowered the window on the drivers side. "She will show" he thought to himself.