**Knickers Off!**

by Naughty Annie

Knickers are, in my view, very much an optional extra

Another filthy adventure that took place while I was staying with my South African friend, Janet, in her uncle’s beachside apartment, in the Cape Town suburb of Kalk Bay.

“I think he’s looking at you, Annie.”

“What, him over there?”

“Yes, can’t you see? He’s pretending to drink his milk-shake, but he keeps looking across at you.”

“I dunno, maybe you’re right. He might just be waiting for his girlfriend or something.”

“In that case, he’d better stop staring at your legs. I told you that skirt was too short.”

“Bollocks. It’s fine. Anyway, I’ve got clean knickers on.”

Janet sniggers.

We’re sitting in the Victoria Wharf shopping centre, having a coffee. We’ve spent the morning looking round the Victoria and Alfred Waterfront, which is the modern shopping and eating development in Cape Town, down by the old harbour. It’s pretty smart, with lots of posh shops and eating places; a bit like London’s West End, but with much better views (Table Mountain, anyone?)

Outside, the Cape Town weather is hot and humid, so it’s refreshing to sit in the air-conditioned building watching the world go by. Like shopping centres the world over, Victoria Wharf has more coffee shops than strictly necessary, and there’s another one directly opposite ours. Each has a couple of tables outside the shop; we’re at one and the young guy in question is at the other. He’s alone, sipping a creamy shake. He is a bit of a hunk, I have to admit.

“Go on, give him a treat. Take them off.”

“What?”

“You heard. Take them off.”

I look at Janet. How can I have forgotten her obsession with flashing? It was always one of the things I liked best about her.

I smile. “Okay, I’ll be back in a minute.”

“No, not in the kakhuis. Just take them off here.”

“Come off it, Janet, I can’t just slip them off in public.”

“Don’t be silly, of course you can. Just do it. Quickly, before he loses interest.”

“Oh hell, go on then. He probably won’t even notice.”

I lift one bum-cheek, put my hand up my skirt and pull down one side of my skimpy thong. Then I repeat on the other side, until the slip of black material is around the top of my thighs. I’m about to pull them right off, when the waitress comes over to take my empty cup. I blush like a beetroot, thinking she must realise I’m sitting here with my knickers half down.

But all she does is say “Is everything all right, mizz?”

I gabble a reply; “Yes, it’s lovely, could I have another one please?”

“Of course, mizz.”

Janet is trying not to giggle.

“Could I have another too? And a piece of that strawberry gateau?”

“Yes, mizz.”

The guy’s still sitting there. And he clearly has noticed what’s going on opposite him. It’s hard to do this discreetly, but I bend over, put my hand under the table, grab my thong, and quickly pull it right down and off over my feet. For a moment, the elastic snags on my shoe and I curse under my breath, before managing to pull it free. I quickly stuff the flimsy slip of material into my bag, out of sight.

Then I sit back. Even with my legs together I can feel the air on my bare pussy. It’s nice. I glance at Janet.

“Show him,” she whispers.

I pick up the menu card, as if deciding what to have next, and casually let my legs move apart. I can feel my skirt sliding further up my thighs. He must be able to see the whole thing; my plump mound; my labia; my slit.

I peer around the side of the menu. He’s got his hand under the table, rubbing his crotch. I can see the bulge in his trousers. It looks big.

I put my hand under the table too and pull my skirt right up. I stroke the warm flesh of my inner thigh. Then I feel another hand on mine; Janet’s. She pushes mine out of the way, and begins to rub her fingers up and down my slit, letting them slide between my labia. I feel a finger slip inside, right into my vagina.

She’s fingering me, here in this shopping centre, while some random guy is watching.

I’m so turned on.

I look at the guy, wondering what he’s thinking. He sees I’m watching. He eases forward so his lower body is right under his table, then pulls down the zip on his trousers and fishes out his knob. It’s rock hard and very large. He starts to rub it under the table.

“Fuck it, Annie, look at that, he’s got his piel out; he’s actually having a wank. I bet you’d rather have that up your fanny than my fingers.”

“You’d like it too, Janet. Or would you rather suck it? D’you think you could swallow it all.”

“I bet you could, you filthy slut. You’d love him to shoot his cum down your throat.”

Squish, squish, squish go Janet’s fingers in my vagina. All this filthy talk is turning us both on.

Suddenly the guy covers his knob and sits back. He’s seen something. Janet stops fingering me. It’s the waitress, back with our drinks and Janet’s cake.

Janet reaches up to take the proffered plate. I can see my vaginal juices glistening on her hand, a drip of sticky goo actually dangling from one finger. Jesus Christ, what if the waitress notices? What will she think?

“Thank you,” says Janet with a sweet smile. “That looks delicious.”

As she leaves, the guy uncovers his knob again and starts to stroke it. Janet licks her fingers.

“Mm, you do taste nice,” she says. “Good enough to eat.”

“You can eat me later. Finger me some more now. Let’s make him come.”

I spread my legs even more, giving him a good view of my glistening wet cunt. Janet puts her hand between my legs again and pushes two of her fingers straight back into my hole.

I look him in the eye and bite my lip. I’m trying not to make any noises as Janet fingers me, but it’s hard. He’s rubbing his knob harder and harder under the table. Fap, fap, fap he goes. And squish, squish, squish go Janet’s fingers.

This is crazy. People are walking past between us all the time; laden with shopping bags; texting and chatting on their phones; going about their daily business. Why don’t they notice this masturbatory frenzy going on just below eye level?

Janet’s really getting going now. She wriggles her fingers around inside me, then curls them up, feeling for my special soft spot. Oh fuck, she finds it. She’s rubbing me there. I feel my juices dribbling out of me. I’m tingling.

“Ah shit, Janet, I’m going to come,” I murmur urgently.

“Good.” Her thumb finds my clitoris, and begins to strum it. That’s all it takes to push me over. I start to tremble as my orgasm breaks, fizzing through my body. I grip the table to stop myself shaking, but can’t prevent my legs from kicking out uncontrollably.

Timing it perfectly, Mr Masturbator ejaculates simultaneously. A great rope of thick white spunk shoots out of his cock and splashes down his shorts and onto his bare leg. The next one is even more powerful, and loops right out from under the table and splashes onto the floor in front of the café. I don’t think he was expecting that, as he puts his hand over the end of his cock and catches the rest of it in his palm.

I put my hands over my mouth in delight and amazement.

“Oh my God, slip hazard in aisle nine,” squeals Janet. “Look, that woman’s gonna step in it!”

Sure, enough, a young woman walking past puts her foot right on the sticky rope of semen. Luckily, she doesn’t slip. The young guy shoves his cock back in his shorts, and grabs a wad of paper napkins. He jumps up and quickly wipes up the mess, probably hoping people will think he’s just spilled some of his creamy milk-shake.

Just as he’s wiping the rest of the semen off his leg, and to our utter delight and shock, a young woman carrying shopping bags walks up to him and they kiss and exchange greetings.

“Oh my God,” squeals Janet again. “It’s his girlfriend! He just jerked off over you while he was waiting for her! The filthy beast!”

“Well, we did lead him on a bit,” I admit. “You started it by making me take my knickers off.”

“Only because I saw him looking at you first,” harrumphed Janet in self-righteous indignation. “If he’d stuck to reading his paper, none of this would have happened.”

“It was fun though,” I admitted, “I haven’t come in public for ages.”

“It’s my turn next, sweetie.”

“Later, babes, later. First I have to go and look at shoes. That’s what we came for, remember.”

“I warned you about looking at shoes in that skirt. And now you’ve no knickers on either. Jesus Annie, what are you thinking?”

“Thinking we might have some more fun.”