**Lelea: The Story of an Exhibitionist**

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She had fantasized about it for a long time. Late at night, when Lelea was alone, she would slowly caress her body and imagine that she was being watched. The thought of a stranger seeing her most intimate parts was almost enough to send her over the edge. Her ritual was always the same. She would start by tying back her long blonde hair and slowly undressing in front of the mirror before slipping herself into the warm tub. She took time to gently wash herself, examining each part to see if she was worthy of such adoration. Always she would start with her breasts, lathering the soft globes of flesh and gently stimulating each nipple till they stood completely erect. She enjoyed the feel of the water as it trickled down her stomach. It reminded her of her lover's tongue - warm and wet. Instinctively at this point her legs would start to open, inviting the water to rub itself against her mound. Before long her hands would follow. In her mind, she could see him watching her, wanting to touch her like she was touching herself. When she knew that she was close to her climax she would exit the tub, dripping wet, and walk to the bedroom.

Once on the bed, she was like an animal in heat. On all fours, arching her back, sticking her ass into the air, Lelea wondered if he enjoyed the view from behind. Would he like the curves of her ass and seeing just a hint of her pussy underneath? At this point in her fantasy, Lelea would always look back to meet the man's eyes to see if the desire was there. When she was sure that her admirer was completely aroused, Lelea would begin to touch herself again. She knew just how to make herself cum.

When Lelea awoke the next morning, she knew what she must do. She got ready for work at the coffee shop, putting on the mundane uniform and placing her loosely curled hair into a ponytail. Usually she would be on her way to the subway by now, but today she was planning. She carefully selected a button up top and a skirt that would be perfect for the occasion. She grabbed the clothes and a bottle of her favorite perfume and placed them into her bag. With one last quick look at herself in the mirror, she was off.

When she boarded the subway she quickly made her way to the very back. She sat down and began scanning the crowd, looking for her possible prey. She was disappointed to see that not many men had boarded that morning, and she was hoping the night would bring some new prospects.

The work day seemed to drag with unrelenting slowness. Her thoughts were obviously not on her job but on the adventure that lie ahead. All day Lelea found herself growling back at complaining customers. Ordinarily, she would be concerned with making sure they were satisfied, but today was about her satisfaction. When her shift was over she quickly went in to the bathroom to change into her outfit. She was already wearing a shear black bra that pushed her tits up nicely. She buttoned her shirt up to where just the peak of her cleavage was showing. She never wore panties, so she lightly sprayed the perfume down her stomach and slid the small black skirt up her hips. She enjoyed the coolness of the air on her already hot flesh. She took her hair from the pony tail and let the loose curls fall wildly around her face. It was a pretty face and she didn't need much make-up, but she applied some eyeliner and just a hint of lip gloss to accentuate the plumpness of her mouth.

When she exited the bathroom, all eyes were on her. Her co-workers had never seen Lelea look this way. She was on the prowl, and she exuded a new confidence. Her friend Lilly asked her who she had a hot date with, but she only smiled back at her. Lelea had no idea who the man would be, and she wouldn't have it any other way.

The night air was refreshing to her, and she noticed several men taking a second glance at her as she walked by. She was careful to make sure the wind didn't expose her secret and kept her hands to her side. She wanted to be seen, but she wanted to be in control of when and how it happened. She boarded the subway and made her way to the back. Sitting across from her was a man. She shyly glanced at him and noticed how attractive he was. He was quite a few years older than her with salt and pepper hair. His jaw was strong and his features were dark. He was wearing a business suit, but Lelea could see his masculine form and she was immediately attracted to him. Tonight was going to be the night. She hoped a man like this would be attracted to her. She hoped she would be able to turn him on.

Lelea glanced at the man again and this time she smiled innocently. He kindly smiled back at her and resumed looking at his phone. Already Lelea was beginning to doubt herself, but she decided that she was going to take a chance. She knowingly dropped the keys she had been holding in her hand. The sound made the man look up which is just what she wanted. She slowly bent herself over to pick up the keys, and she could feel the weight of her slightly exposed breasts. If he was looking he would be able to see down her shirt. When she came back up the man quickly looked away. He had seen her and the thought of it really turned her on. Pulsing sensations began between her legs and she slowly started to sway them back and forth. All the while, her eyes were fixated on this man watching him to see if he was watching her.

Lelea slowly started to raise her skirt higher up her thighs. She didn't know if anyone else knew what she was doing, and she didn't care. He was her only focus. She stopped swaying her legs and instead moved them apart from each other. She knew that they were open enough to show her already wet pussy. The man looked at Lelea's legs before his eyes slowly moved up her thighs. He saw the sweet spot between her legs, and his face became flushed. His eyes met Lelea's and she let him know without saying a word that she intended for him to see. Slowly she unbuttoned two more buttons on her shirt, revealing to the man the shear black bra. She squeezed her breast and encircled her nipple with her fingers. The man was staring at Lelea, and she couldn't be more pleased. She raised one leg up to her chest fully exposing her continuously pulsing pussy to the man. He looked down, and his breathing began to quicken.

Lelea carefully removed one of her breasts from her bra. Her nipple was hard and she lifted it to her mouth and began to tease it with her tongue. Her other hand began to explore the folds of her mound. She was wet, and it was easy to slide her finger in and out of her hole. The man began to squirm in his seat, but the two of them didn't say a word. In and out, Lelea worked her pussy with one finger and then two. She had never felt this good ever, and she knew she could cum at any moment. Suddenly, she began to wonder what was under the man's suit. She could see the bulge in his pants growing by the minute. She let her eyes settle on the man's crotch before giving him a nod with her head. The man knew what Lelea wanted. He slowly unzipped his pants and removed his fully erect cock. Lelea marveled at the man's dick as he slid his hand across his shaft. She wondered if he could smell her scent, and if he could see how much wetter she got after he exposed his member.

Oh how she longed to take his dick in her mouth; slowly licking from top to bottom then making it disappear into the warmness inside her. It was all she could do to keep from going to him and kneeling before him. She was breathing hard and fast now and she knew she was close to cumming. The man seemed to encourage her with his eyes, so Lelea plunged another finger into her dripping pussy and began to pound feverishly. The man loosened his tie and held his dick tightly in his hand. Lelea wanted to scream, but she remained quiet except for the sound of her heavy panting that could not be repressed. She had never had an orgasm like this before; it was as if bolts of electricity were surging through her, and she continued to have tiny convulsions for a while after she had stopped cumming.

When she placed her breast back in her shirt, she noticed it was almost time for her stop. She carefully got up and stood at the back of the subway. The man stood up and moved closely behind her. Lelea was a little frightened by this, as she didn't anticipate having the man touch her or she touch him. She could feel his hand slip up the back of her skirt. He was gently caressing the cheeks of her ass. His dick was poking at her soft skin, and she could feel just how hard he was. The man took Lelea's hand, being careful to take the fingers that were just in her pussy, and place them in his mouth. He began to suck the juices from her fingers, and she let out a small growl of hunger for more. His hot breath on her neck and the feel of his dick sliding around on her skin made Lelea's pussy get wet all over again.

Without saying anything the man slid one hand up Lelea's shirt. He squeezed her tit hard, and then moved to her nipple. He pinched her nipple until it was hot, and Lelea let out a moan of satisfaction. Still with her back to him, she could see the others watching and her excitement heightened. The man took his other hand and placed it up LeLea's skirt. He wiped her juices from front to back. She quivered at the touch of his big hand on her small pussy. He took two fingers and inserted them into her. Again she moaned and her knees began to buckle. His fingers filled her up much more than her own did, and she couldn't help but to begin to grind on them. His dick was still teasing her, going over the soft skin of her ass. All Lelea wanted right now was to take his dick in her mouth. She wanted to worship it with her tongue until she felt his cum throbbing down her throat. She made a move to turn around to him but he quickly pushed her back.

The man stuck his fingers farther up her pussy and said just one word to her, "FUCK." Lelea, sighing in pleasure, managed to respond, "YES FUCK." Lelea naturally took to her animal like stance and pushed her ass out at him. With his dick in his hand, the man began to slide himself up and down the crack of Lelea's ass. Lelea had never had a dick in her ass, and she wondered what it would feel like and if this was his intention. He took the head of his cock and placed it against Lelea's hole. The sensation was making her moan for more. She wondered if he was teasing her the way she had teased him earlier. Luckily, he didn't make her wait too long. Easily, his dick slid into her soaking wet pussy. Lelea felt so full and stretched that she thought she would instantly cum. The man began thrusting into Lelea, pounding her deeper and deeper. She quickly grabbed her breast and pulled her nipple to her mouth, sucking it and imagining it was his cock. Panting and grunting, they moved closer to climax. Lelea started to wail and right when she was about to cum, the man placed his wet finger in her ass. She could feel his cum pulsing into her, and Lelea trembled as her climax overtook her small frame.

Lelea exited the subway at the next stop, and she left the man without saying a word. She enjoyed her time with him and appreciated the validation that he had given her, but she wasn't looking for anything more. Trickles of his cum releasing from her pussy and a small bite mark on her neck were the only reminders of the man. The first would be completely removed during her night time ritual, and the mark would fade soon enough. Lelea knew the thrill of the night would not sustain her for long, and her mind and body were ablaze with thoughts of what was yet to come.