**Lissy**

by[falteringtale](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5386393&page=submissions)©

In spite of what her friends would tell you, Prissy Lissy wasn't a prude. In college, she had gone streaking down a quiet suburb boulevard. It was a drunken dare and a "mistake" that she would secretly regret. But when teased, she retained it as proof that she was a free spirit.

Did it really matter that she'd only been with a few men in her life? She wasn't prissy, she was uncompromising. She knew what she wanted and what she wanted was for people to stop calling her Lissy. But the nickname stuck like an inescapable alter ego. If Laurel Lis was Dr. Jekyll, then Prissy Lissy was her prudish version of the monster Hide.

Lissy protested, of course. She was just a shy girl. She was just a little more self aware than others. Unfortunate for her, everyone knew just how self aware she really was.

Her best friend Holly was the most adept at exploiting this "awareness" and relished making Lissy blush. She would talk about embarrassing secrets in public, make a scene in front of strangers, and put them both in the middle of awkward situations, regularly.

Holly was the author of Laurel's not so public college streaking episode. She was an old friend and shared many of Lissy's interests. So Laurel endured the awkward and the embarrassing as a best friend should.

The two of them jogged religiously from Lissy's apartment, in the heart of town, to the old lighthouse at the park trail's end. They had done this three times a week ever since Laurel had begun living there, nearly a year and a half ago. Holly would run in the sheerest athletic wear. Laurel, in turn, would dress as baggy as possible.

"I'm comfortable", Lissy would maintain. But Holly was relentless and teased her weekly.

"Prissy Lissy, please wear anything... anything else. Don't be Such a prude. For me, please? ."

So when Holly surprised her one morning with a brand new pair of light grey athletic leggings, Laurel broke down and relented to putting them on.

Actually, she put them on twice.

"Oh... Umm... Without the panties. All you can see is the outline," Holy interjected.

"Better?" Lissy retorted after putting them on for the second time..

"Yes! You look amazing. This is going to be so much fun! Let's go!"

But Lissy stood awkwardly still, pondering her reflection in the hallway mirror. The leggings clung to her so tightly. No matter how she turned or twisted, she was unable to hide her slim physique. It was revealing and made her posture visibly self aware, even timid.

"Please let the trail be quiet today", she pleaded before chasing Holly out the front door.

"Please don't let anyone see me."

Lissy's nervous wish was not granted. It was the first day of sunshine after a long rainstorm had swept through town. The trail was full of people.

Prissy Lissy ran awkwardly beside her friend. She watched the lines in the pavement pass under her, fearful that if she looked up everyone in the crowd would see her bright red complexion.

She could feel the eyes of passers by like a sixth sense. She knew they were looking at her, staring, analyzing, studying, her body. It was all she could think about. It made her feel awkward, objectified... warm.

That curious warmth had come on slowly but it intensified with every step. She hadn't noticed it until it had become a subtle but desperate inferno. A burning desire that radiated from under the light grey leggings.

"Shit, am I turned on? I can't be. Why would I be? Oh no, no, no. I am! I really am! I am really turned on! Why? Why now? Why am I so turned on now?!"

She struggled internally for the answers but every step only made her lust stronger.

"You okay Lissy," Holly asked as she glanced back at her jogging partner.

"You're looking a little... flush," she said with a slight grin.

"Yes! I'm good. I'm good! Thanks," Laurel lied.

But her mind had begun to center in and focus on the pleasure. The ill timed desire. As she ran, she struggled to remember that she was in public. She fought to focus on the world outside of her mind.

It was a losing battle.

Her attention had become foggy and unclear but she had found the cause of her... discomfort. Something was terribly wrong with her brand new leggings.

A poorly placed knot or an untailored seam had been left on the inside. It had been left in the perfect place to rub against her now swollen clit. If she had left her panties on, it may not have been so bad. But Holly had made her take those off. So she was left helpless to this curious bump which rubbed continuously against her most sensitive bare skin. Every step she took made it move against her. Every step made her pleasure build.

"Ohhh," she accidentally moaned out loud.

"What?" asked Holly.

"Oh, uhh...", Laurel snapped back to reality. "Do you think we could stop for a minute? Maybe take a little break?"

"No way Lissy! We have to stay motivated! We're almost there! No pain, no gain!"

Laurel shuddered with fear. She wasn't going to be able to make it. She wasn't going to be able to take much more of this. And this was such a public place. She had to stop and cool down. She had to relieve this desire.

Relief was closer than she realized.

"Oh no, no, no. This cannot be happening. I cannot be about to cum. I cannot cum here with everyone watching me. No. Please God. No. I've got to stop."

But it was too late.

"Oh God, I'm going to do it. No! I'm going to cum. I'm going to cum in public in front of all these people. No!"

She had lost pace in the last couple of steps and begun to slow down. Her eyes rolled and her muscles clenched as she slowly collapsed in on herself. She struggled not to moan out loud but was certain that she had let at least one long "oh god" slip.

Holly had slowed with her and was standing at her side watching.

"Oh Lissy. Here? Really? We haven't even made it to the lighthouse yet."

Lissy tried not look up as the pleasure washed over her and she finally climaxed sitting on the trail in front of everyone.

"Oh God, I'm cumming", she screamed in her mind. Trying to keep her release a secret to passers by.

Her mind whirled and her body spasmed, hard.

When she again realized where she was, Holly was looking down at her smiling.

"Hehe... We'll that was embarrassing. Wasn't it?"

Laurel, still flush, went as still as stone. What did Holly mean by that? Did she know?

Laurel could still feel the echoes of her muscles contracting as she knelt on the trail. Holly knew. She must have known.

Wait... did she...

Looking up, Prissy Lissy struggled to muster a small, somewhat delirious, smile.

"Sorry, must have just been a leg cramp."