**More Public Sex**

by[SecretHowl](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3023064&page=submissions)©

As I turned around checking my nude body out in the floor length mirror, I had to smile. My time in the gym was paying off with visible results. My legs and arms were toned, my belly was flat, my ass nice and tight, my tits firm. I ran my hands over my hips and up my sides to cup my tits as I faced the mirror. I grinned. Nice. I ruffled my hair, loving the new hairstyle. My reddish hair was cut a bit shorter. Not quite shoulder length anymore, but very sassy.  
  
Shopping bags were scattered across the bed. I had spent the day indulging in a new wardrobe to compliment my improved physique. Nothing too sexy or over the top, but items that were clearly more flattering than previous clothing.   
  
I sat back on the edge of the bed facing the mirror while I dug into the only bag that did not contain shoes or clothes. I pulled out the box for my new toy - a Rabbit Vibrator. The actual toy was sitting on my bedside table getting charged, and I was eager to try it out. I glanced quickly over the instructions and determined that it probably carried enough of a charge for a short session.   
  
Unplugging the device, I propped my heels up on the bed, spreading my legs apart as I watched myself in the mirror. I switched on the Rabbit appreciating the hum and vibration of the shaft. Running my left hand along my slit, I dipping into the moisture that was already there and rubbed it slowly around my clit. I sighed as a warm, tingling feeling ran through my body. I traced the vibrator in slow, gentle circles around my clit, groaning as the erotic feelings intensified. Slipping a couple fingers into my pussy, it was clear that I was more than ready for my new toy.   
  
I slowly inserted the vibrator inch by inch into my pussy until the pink "rabbit ears" were snuggled on each side of my clit.   
  
"...Ah fuck..." I moaned as the movement of the soft ears vibrated against my clit. The main shaft of the toy pulsated and rotated slightly inside me. I increased the vibrator's speed, and I gasped as my climax started to build.   
  
The physical sensations the Rabbit created were incredible, but it was the soft vibrating rabbit ears on either side of my clit that were driving me insane.  
  
"...oh god...fuck...god..." I let my head fall head back as my hips bucked against the toy. I increased the speed up another notch. That was enough. An incredibly intense orgasm slammed through my body without mercy.   
  
"AHHHHHH!! FUCK!! OH GOD!!" I howled out my pleasure as the Rabbit continued it's unrelenting assault.   
  
"FUCKKKKKKKK!!" I screamed out again as another orgasmic wave tore through me. My whole body was shuddering and shaking as I ripped the toy out of my pussy and tossed it to the side.   
  
I lay flat on my back with my chest heaving as I struggled to catch my breath. Finally, after all the little aftershocks of my orgasm rippled away, I managed to sit up. I looked at myself in the mirror and laughed. My face was flushed and bright red, and I had that "oh my god" look still on my face. My bodying continued to twitch periodically from little random jots of pleasure.  
  
"Damn" I muttered to myself as I reached over to turn off the still vibrating toy. "Where have YOU been all my life!"  
  
I guess I should break here just for a minute. For anyone not keeping track, I'm Kirsten. I am 25 years old, a true redhead. When I'm not shaved smooth, the carpet does match the drapes - or however the saying goes. My build is somewhat athletic; a respectable 32C up top. I'm about 5'3" and I carry my 133-135 pounds fairly well. I've been told I'm "girl next door attractive" which I guess is good. I've also been told that I'm critically cute which sounds better! Since breaking up a long term relationship, I have been on a journey to explore my sexuality.   
  
I flopped back again on the bed, my breathing less ragged. Turning my head to the side, I jumped straight up realizing that the curtains to my bedroom were wide open. My apartment was on the third floor, so no worry about ground level peeping toms. However, across the parking lot, several of the forth floor balconies had a good view into my room. I know. I can see into the second floor bedrooms from my balcony when the curtains are open. I've never seen anything good, but I would be able to if it something ever did occur.   
  
I could see a man on the balcony of one of the apartments that had a great view of my room. I didn't know if he had seen anything, but if he was paying attention. Well.   
  
I was just startled. Not embarrassed. If you have been following my adventures, you know that showing off is one of my new fetishes along with a growing interest in public sex. Still, I didn't really want to get a reputation in my own apartment complex. I walked over the window and discreetly closed the blinds.   
  
The whole situation made me think about my emerging fetishes. I was still learning, so things didn't always go as planned. Just one example: I had ordered pizza to my hotel room a couple weeks ago with the intention of answering the door naked to give the guy a thrill. I had no intention of seducing him, I was just going to bare my body for a cheap rush. When the knock came on the door, I threw my robe on the bed, took a deep breath, and opened the door to find myself face to face with a startled young woman who really did not know what to say. It was an awkward moment. I just handed her a $20 bill and muttered keep the change as I took the pizza and closed the door. Not that I mind women at all. It was just. Awkward.  
  
Anyway. I had done anything since that time to show off, and I had not had any other public adventures since my time with Peter a few months back. So, while I was was ready to continue exploring, I just didn't really know quite how to more forward.   
  
It was late Saturday afternoon, and I really had no plans other than to take care of some things around the apartment so I pushed my perverted thoughts aside. Sighing, I pulled on a pair of running shorts and a wife beater so I could go do some laundry. My building in the complex didn't have laundry facilities, so I had to go a few buildings over to wash clothes. I hated it, but I kept finding other things to spend money on besides a washer/dryer for the hook-ups provided in my unit. Like my new Rabbit. I shivered and smiled. A good purchase.   
  
It was warm, so I slipped on a pair of sandals, picked up a couple bags of laundry, grabbed my iPad mini, and headed out the door.   
  
As I suspected, the small laundry room was empty, everyone else having better things to do on a beautiful Saturday. I loaded up a couple machines, and sat back in one of the awful plastic chairs while firing up the mini.  
  
I was deep into the weird reaches of the internet (a Google search for "dogging" results in some very interesting results) when the door opened. A guy walked in carrying a couple of overflowing laundry baskets. I looked up and brushed my hair back checking him out.  
  
He smiled as he dropped his baskets to the floor. "Hi."  
  
"Hi." I tore my eyes away and glanced back at my iPad blushing slightly at the thoughts already creeping into my mind.   
  
He began to feed his cloths into a couple machines as I watched him from behind. My earlier session with the Rabbit along with my internet search of sites related to public sex had me more than a little turned on. I looked over my shoulder to peek out the window into the parking lot. As I suspected, not much was happening.   
  
"This could get interesting." I thought to myself. I checked him out in more detail. No ring that I could see. Maybe about my age, but I'm a very poor judge of age. Nice fitting jeans, tee shirt at least not ragged. Seemed to be in decent shape. Nice smile. Ok then. I glanced out the window again. Game on.   
  
He fed quarters into the washers and started the machines. Picking up his baskets, he set them on top of one of the folding tables, and then turned toward the door.   
  
I spoke up before I missed my opportunity. "I thought I was the only one with nothing else to do a Saturday afternoon." I teased.   
  
Turning back to me, he smiled again. "Guess not. I'm just getting settled in, so not a lot going on yet." He extended his hand, "I'm Kevin."  
  
I turned slightly as I took his hand knowing that my tee shirt was loose enough to show off the side of my tit. "I'm Kirsten. Just move in?"  
  
His hand lingered in mine. "A couple days ago. Start a new job Monday, so just taking care of some things."  
  
"Well then welcome!" I gave him my best friendly, girl next door, sweet, innocent smile.  
  
One of my washers had stopped, so I stood up, and bent over to reach into the machine. My shorts were loose enough to ride up to reveal that I had nothing else on .  
  
I heard a small sharp intake of air, and I looked over my shoulder at a clearly embarrassed Kevin.  
  
"..um...sorry..." His cheeks flamed red.  
  
I bit my lip and turned back around to finish unloading the washing machine.   
  
Guys will say they got lucky. Women, among my friends anyway, say they got laid, or that they hooked up, or that they had sex, Women don't get lucky. We make the luck. We have what the guys want, and if a certain guy happens to "get lucky", its because we decided we were going to LET him get lucky. I grinned to myself as I was sure that Kevin had his eyes glued to my ass. He was going to "get lucky" as I had decided that I needed to get fucked.  
  
My wet clothes were transferred to dryers. I made sure to keep in profile so Kevin would have a better chance to catch glimpses of my tits. By the time I started the dryers, I could tell by the bulge in his jeans that Kevin had seen enough and that he was turned on.   
  
Kevin was flush, but clearly somewhat embarrassed, as he turned toward the door.  
  
While I am usually fairly passive and submissive in my sexual adventures, I had enjoyed being more assertive when I met Peter at the roof top bar. I was very new to the assertive role, but I was too aroused now to let an opportunity slip away.  
  
"...Kevin?..." I stood next to the dryers, biting my lower lip. My face was flushed, and my voice was weak.   
  
As he turned away from the door, I pulled my shirt over my head, and held it in front of my tits. He stared wide eyed as I let the top drop to the floor. I raised my eyebrows as if to say, "Interested?"  
  
Nervousness turned to lust as he took a step toward me. His eye flickered around at the windows in the room.  
  
I smiled shyly as his gaze returned to my half nude body.  
  
"...right here?..." His voice was barely audible.  
  
I bit my lip and whispered, "...yeah...right here..."   
  
My nipples were hard as small pebbles, and my pussy was dripping wet. Sunlight streamed in through the ground floor windows spotlighting the room for anyone who happened to look in. I trembled as Kevin moved closer. He reached out to cup my breast, never moving his eyes from mine. His other hand slipped down the front of my shorts as I closed my eyes and groaned.   
  
His ran fingers up and down my wet slit as I ground my pussy slowly against his hand. I held onto his shoulders as he slid a couple fingers into my cunt,."...yes...god..." I sighed.   
  
I needed to be fucked. I was so horny I couldn't stand myself. I heard a car door slam, and I looked out the window. The possibility of someone walking in on us just made me hotter, and I humped harder against the fingers stroking in and out of my pussy.   
  
"...Ahhh..." I felt the familiar beginnings of an orgasm when Kevin suddenly stopped, his fingers withdrawing from my sopping hole. "Hey...!"  
  
Kevin just grinned, "...the shorts..."  
  
I blushed as I slipped the shorts off my hips and let them fall to the floor by my shirt. Giving him a "Ta Da!" look, I spun around to let him take in my naked body. Kevin grabbed me by the arm, spinning me around to face the folding table.   
  
He pushed me forward as he pulled my right arm up behind my back for leverage. I was bent over the table as he nudged my legs apart. My tits were pressed against the cold table top as I heard Kevin unzip his pants. I turned my head to look out the window into the parking lot. A couple walked across the asphalt and got into a red SUV. Once glance in our direction, and they would be getting a free show. I moaned and humped my groin against the table.  
  
The head of Kevin's cock slid along my slit as I moaned again. I arched my back and pressed my pussy back against his cock.   
  
"...fuck me..." I hissed.  
  
He laughed as he continued to tease me with his rigid cock. I squirmed as his shaft slid along my wet pussy lips and across my clit.  
  
"...God...please... Kevin...fuck me...please..." I was actually whimpering now. I need to be fucked so bad I could hardly stand it.  
  
I tried to push back harder, but he held me in place with his grip on my arm.   
  
I shuddered and twitched as I felt an orgasm start to build. I was breathing in and out in short, rapid breaths as I started to reach the point of no return.   
  
"...Kevin..." I whined. "...Please...please...oh god...fuck me...please..."  
  
At all once, the cock rubbing against my pussy was gone! I gasped as I kept grinding and rotating my hips trying to keep the sensations going.   
  
"...god..." I moaned. "...Oh god...no...no"  
  
The sensations faded as the beginnings of incredible orgasm receded. I struggled against the arm holding me down, but I couldn't get any leverage. I tried to reach underneath my belly with my other hand to rub my clit. Before I could get reach my pussy, Kevin caught my hand and stopped me. I groaned in frustration, as he moved my other arm behind my back, gripping both of my wrists in his fist, I was helpless.  
  
"...Fuck...come on...please...Kevin...oh god...please." I whined again as I tried to turn my head to look back at him.  
  
His cock pressed once again against the opening of my pussy as I sighed in relief. I was so wet, so turned on, that the feeling of his cock hovering just outside my cunt almost sent me reeling into my climax. I wriggled my hips to try to get his cock get seated in my pussy.  
  
As feelings of frustration and anticipation washed over me, Kevin slammed his cock balls deep into my pussy. I howled as he hit bottom, and I involuntarily struggled to get away from the deep assault, but my hands were held tight. I bit my lip as he slammed into me again.   
  
By the forth stroke I was cumming. I tried not to scream as I tipped over the edge, but I could not help the moans and whimpers that burst forth with every thrust of his rigid cock into my soaking cunt. Kevin finally let go of my hands, and I reached out to grip the edge of the table in front of me as he grabbed my hips. He pounded me over and over with his rock hard member as I grunted and groaned my way through another orgasm.  
  
After what seemed like forever, I felt his cock swell. Suddenly my pussy was gaping open, empty. Before I could react, Kevin had grabbed me by the arm and spun me around while pressing on my shoulders. I dropped to my knees just as he sprayed a massive load all over my tits. He was still stroking his cock as I took him in my mouth just in time to catch a second load.   
  
Now it was his turn to moan and shudder as I sucked on his cock. I sucked him deep and slow until his cock deflated, then I looked up at him with my best puppy dog eyes and grinned.   
  
"Damn Kirsten. " Was all he managed to get out between ragged breaths.   
  
We heard voices outside, and I rushed to pull on my shorts. I grabbed my top, and I was just pulling it over my head when the door opened. A couple women about our age walked in. They stopped as if they were not sure whether or not they were interrupting something, and I gave them an embarrassed grin.  
  
Kevin and I pretended to check out laundry as the women loaded their machines and left. As soon as the door shut behind them, we both burst into laughter.  
  
I brushed my hair back behind my ear, "Welcome to the neighborhood."  
  
Kevin was grinning like a fool as we exchanged phone numbers, and then he left as I sat down waiting for the dryers to finish with my laundry.