**Showing Off at the Mall**

by[ShowOffSlut](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=425431&page=submissions)©

Ok, I admit it, I'm an exhibitionist - I love to show my body off, especially my legs, my butt, and my pussy. It gets me excited to get dressed up in slutty, revealing clothes and flaunt my assets in public. I guess it all started with teasing boys when I was in high school. I often wore short skirts and whenever I did, I noticed that lots of guys would try to look up my skirt whenever they got the chance. Some of my friends thought that guys who did this were perverts, and it weirded them out, but I found that it actually turned me on when I realized that a guy was looking up my skirt trying to see my panties. It made me feel sexy, and as a result, I started letting guys see my panties on purpose, although at first I tried to make it seem like an accident.

Sometimes I'd purposely drop one of my books while I was walking up the stairs in front of an unsuspecting guy. I'd wait until he was right behind me and then I'd bent down to pick up the book giving him a perfect view of my panties from just a foot or two away. It made me feel very naughty inside, but I'd just pick up the book innocently, and continue walking up the stairs like I had no idea what a show I'd just given him. Every time I did something like this I got a tingling sensation in my pussy and the more I did it, the more I realized how hot it made me.

By the time I got to college I was hooked on showing off my body and I couldn't have stopped myself if I wanted to ... which I didn't. It didn't take long to figure out that most guys are voyeurs at heart and it excited me to be able to stimulate their fantasies. It wasn't hard to tell that they liked looking at me, and the more they enjoyed my shows, the more excited I got by letting them look at my panties.

Because I was enjoying myself so much I was constantly looking for new ways to turn guys on even more. I learned a LOT about guys fantasies and fetishes by spending many hours on-line visiting sites that catered to people who were into voyeurism, exhibitionism, and other fetishes. This site, Literotica, quickly became my favorite.

Guys, I soon came to realize, have fantasies and fetishes about just about everything, and although many of their most common fetishes had little in common with mine, lots of others did. I spent a lot of time reading some of the thousands of stories from the "V&E" and "Fetish" story areas of Literotica and one of the most common guy-fetishes that I found was a fetish for women's panties. I knew from my own experiences that guys like to look at a girl's panties, but the literotica fetish stories showed me that their fantasies went WAY beyond just looking at them. Because I was looking for new and even better ways to turn guys on, much of what I learned here turned out to be very useful information for me.

Literotica is full of panty fetish stories and reading them showed me what a powerful sexual stimulant a pair of my panties could be to the right guy. A lot of girls would probably be weirded out by a guy with a fetish for her panties, but for whatever reason, the whole idea really turned me on. Just the thought of a guy rubbing my panties all over his face, inhaling the scent of my pussy, licking my juices off the crotch, and then rubbing my panties all over his dick until he shoots his cum all over them excited me in ways that I can't even begin to describe in words. I couldn't wait to find a guy with a panty fetish and be his panty slut!

I'd been flashing my panties to unsuspecting guys for several years now, and if I do say so myself, I'd become pretty good at it, so it didn't take me long to figure out how to identify a guy with a panty fetish. I could see it in their eyes. Most guys who were lucky enough to get a long, lingering view under one of my short skirts got a look in their eyes that appeared to be a combination of surprise, followed by apprehension. Although these guys generally took the opportunity to enjoy the view, they often appeared shy or embarrassed when they looked up and saw me looking right into their eyes, and at that point, most of them would look away. However, about one out of every five guys reacted very differently. The look in their eyes can only be described as one of total LUST - the same look you might expect if you slowly waved a big glass of cold water in the face of a man who had just spent three days in the desert. These men didn't just want to look at my panties, their eyes told me that they wanted to devour them. These were the men that I was looking for because I knew that I could make their wildest sexual fantasies, and mine too, come true.

In college, with no inhibiting parents around, I had total freedom, so in an effort to help identify likely panty fetish candidates I got bolder with the things that I did to show off my body and turn guys on. I shortened the hems of many of my already very short skirts. Whenever possible I wore thigh high stockings instead of pantyhose. I began buying special panties, specifically for showing off. I bought several pairs of sheer white panties that were almost totally see-thru so when a guy got a good look up my skirt, he could not only see my panties, but he could actually see my pussy underneath. Somehow wearing see-thru panties seemed sexier, or maybe naughtier, than not wearing any panties at all.

One day while I was alone in my apartment I put a large mirror on the floor in my bedroom and stood over it so that I could get a better idea of the view that I was giving the guys. My thought was that if I knew exactly what they were seeing, I could do a better job showing my panties and my pussy to them. I was wearing one of my "showoff outfits" as I called them. A very short light blue plaid "schoolgirl skirt", a pair of sheer white panties, and a pair of strappy sandals with four inch heels. I leaned the mirror at an angle against a chair and stood in front of it with my back to the mirror. I placed my feet about a foot apart, bent over at the waist, and looked back over my shoulder to see what I looked like. I had to admit that the view of my ass, only partially hidden by my nearly transparent panties, was awesome. With my feet that far apart anyone behind me would have a great view, not only of my tight butt, but of much of my pussy as well. I could clearly see my pussy lips pressed against the silky sheer fabric, and as I stood there staring at myself, I realized that I could see a wet spot forming on my panties.

"Wow, that looks pretty hot!" I thought to myself as I stood over the mirror looking back at my pussy.

"Now I know why guys like to look up my skirt!"

But as I stood there and continued to check myself out, I realized that something I couldn't put my finger on wasn't quite right. I turned around so that I was facing the mirror, and spread my legs a little wider. I put the mirror flat on the floor and stood directly over it. For several minutes I looked at myself from every conceivable angle until I finally I realized what was wrong - my blonde pubic hair was partially concealing my pussy lips, hiding them from view. It only took about ten seconds of searching for solutions to my dilemma before I came to the obvious conclusion: "I know, I'll shave my pussy" I said right out loud as I stood over the mirror staring at my pussy through one layer of extremely transparent silk fabric and a second layer of silky, blonde hair.

As soon as I said it, I felt my pussy start to tingle, and I knew that I'd just figured out how to take my exhibitionism to an even higher, more exciting level. I couldn't wait to shave myself! I went immediately to the bathroom, turned on the hot water to fill the tub, and got my razor and shaving gel ready. As I stood in the bathroom waiting for the tub to fill I began to wonder exactly how I should go about the task of shaving. I'd never shaved my entire pussy before, and quite frankly I didn't quite know where or how to begin, and I sure didn't want to make any mistakes! The most shaving I'd ever done down there was shaving my bikini line in preparation for a summer at the beach wearing my skimpy bikinis, but this was a whole different thing.

I knew from shaving my legs that it's easier to get a close shave, and you're less likely to get razor burn if you soak in the tub for a while and let the hot water soften the hair, so that's how I decided to begin. After removing my showoff outfit I set my razor and the can of shaving gel on the rim of the tub and climbed into the warm water. I was so excited at the prospect of shaving my pussy bare that I had to exercise considerable willpower to overcome the urge to begin shaving immediately.

I soaked in the warm water for about 10 minutes, and then I just couldn't wait any longer. I didn't really know where to begin, but starting at the top sounded reasonable so that's what I did. First I got out of the tub and sat on the edge so that my pussy was out of the water, then I squirted a good size glob of shaving gel into my left hand and rubbed it into the triangle of hair above my slit. I figured if I was going to make a mistake, it was better to have it happen here than in the area around my clit and my pussy lips.

Once I was all lathered up I began shaving, or should I say, I attempted to begin shaving. I say attempted because the razor immediately got clogged with hair even though it appeared that I hadn't removed a thing. I dunked the razor in the water to rinse the hair out and tried again with the same result - another instant clog. Even worse than the clog was the fact that I could tell that I was getting razor burn, and I'd hardly even started the job.

Quickly it dawned on me that I was using the same razor that I had already used to shave my legs several times and, being the delicate operation that it was, the task at hand probably warranted a brand new, very sharp razor. Fortunately I had plenty of new razors so I grabbed several from the cabinet and picked up the job where I left off.

The sharp razor solved the problem of razor burn, but it did nothing for the problem of instant clogging, so after 10 minutes of work I still had about 95% of my pussy hair and I concluded that this just wasn't going to work. I thought about it for a while, and then I realized that the razor was getting clogged because my hair was so long that it was getting trapped in the small space between the blades.

"Maybe I should cut most of it off with scissors first?" I thought to myself.

So I got out of the tub and hunted around the apartment until I found a small pair of sewing scissors which, luckily enough, were actually pretty sharp. I sat back down on the edge of the tub and started snipping away, cutting my hair as short as possible without risking cutting my skin, or worse yet, my lips! If you've never done this before, believe me, it is a very painstaking process, but I took my time and slowly but surely I trimmed everything down until it was only about an eighth of an inch long. Once I had trimmed everything above my slit, I got back in the tub and soaked for a few more minutes. Then I sat back on the rim, lathered myself up again with shaving gel, and started over.

What a difference! I tentatively took the first stroke on the left side starting at the top of my triangle and the razor glided almost effortlessly through the lather all the way to the top of my slit without clogging.

"Ahhh, finally!" I sighed.

I looked at the exposed skin where the lather had been removed and virtually every hair was gone. I rubbed my finger up and down the newly bare strip, and although it wasn't totally smooth, it was very close.

I repeated the process until my entire triangle was bare, then rinsed off the remaining lather and inspected my handiwork. A little rough in a couple of spots, but no razor burn, and no nicks or cuts. Now that I was making progress I was getting excited and I wanted to do a perfect job so I squirted another ribbon of gel onto my nearly smooth mound, lathered up, and went over the entire area again, this time going "against the grain" very slowly and carefully. The result was amazing! My pussy was so smooth that I couldn't stop running my fingers over it. It felt so different, so sensuous, so naughty! I loved it, and I knew that I'd made the right decision! But still, I was only half way done, and I knew that the harder part was still to come.

Now that it was time to attack the lower half, I realized that I was faced with a new problem - I couldn't see what I was doing. I knew that the first thing that I had to do was trim all the remaining hair with the scissors, but since I have rather large, protruding pussy lips, I wasn't about to just start snipping away down there unless I could see exactly what I was snipping! Looking at myself in the mirror on the floor was what had started this whole erotic process to begin with, and it turned out to be the solution to this problem as well. I took the vanity mirror from above the sink and placed it on the floor beside the tub. Then I stood over the mirror and put my right foot on the rim of the tub. I could see perfectly, and although I still had to work slowly and be careful, I had no trouble trimming the remaining hair from around my lips and all the way back to my little pink asshole.

Once the second trimming process was complete I spread more shaving gel and rubbed it all around my pussy lips and back to my asshole until the entire area was covered in creamy white lather. As soon as I started shaving this area I realized that a somewhat different technique was going to be required here because the skin is looser than it is in the upper triangle area. I had to spread my legs wide and pull my pussy lips to one side with one hand to keep the skin tight while I shaved the opposite side. Once I got the hang of it, it really wasn't difficult though. In fact, it was actually very erotic and I could feel myself beginning to get wet again.

First I shaved the entire area on the right side of my pussy using long, slow strokes as I held my lips to the left side. Each pass of the razor exposed another small expanse of smooth, hairless skin and in a couple of minutes I was done with the right side. I repeated the process on the other side, quickly removing all the fine, blonde hair to the left of my pussy lips. Then I washed off the small amount of lather that remained and inspected my handiwork in the mirror.

It looked great! Not a nick or a cut anywhere.

Now all I had to do was finish the area around my asshole. For a moment, as I stood there looking at myself in the mirror, I considered leaving well enough alone. I have almost no hair there anyway, and what little there is so light and fine that it really wouldn't be very noticeable. But I was having such a good time and I wanted the job to be perfect, so I squirted another glob of shaving gel into my hand, spread my legs a little wider and lathered up the area around my asshole.

I must have looked somewhat ridiculous bent over at the waist with one foot up on the rim of the tub, looking down at a mirror between my legs, spreading my cheeks apart with one hand while I ran the razor very carefully all around my little pink anus, but ridiculous or not, it worked and soon the entire job was complete.

Although my entire pussy was now totally smooth, and there was no hint of razor burn, I decided to apply some baby oil, just to be safe. I found a bottle in the bathroom cabinet, squirted about a tablespoon into my left hand and began massaging it into my bald mound. The sensation was incredible! My skin was so soft and smooth that I couldn't keep my hands off my pussy. And it looked amazing! The baby oil made my skin glisten in a very erotic way that provided the perfect finishing touch. As I stood over the mirror staring at my glistening, bald pussy, rubbing baby oil all over myself, it took all my willpower to keep from masturbating. I loved how my pussy looked and I had never felt so completely exposed in all my life.

Now that I was done with what turned out to be a surprisingly enjoyable and erotic task, I couldn't wait to get out of my apartment and show my smooth pussy to some unsuspecting guy. After giving the matter a little thought I decided that the mall in a large town about 15 miles from the University would be an ideal location since it would likely be filled with early evening shoppers on their way home from work.

I had about an hour to get ready so I took my time choosing the appropriate outfit, putting on a little makeup, and doing my hair. First of all I decided that the short plaid skirt and sheer white panties that I had been wearing earlier would be perfect for the occasion so I stepped into the skirt, zipped it up, stepped into the panties and slid them up over my hips. With my skirt and panties back on I couldn't resist the temptation to bend over and take another look at myself in the mirror that I had left on the floor.

"Perfect" was the only word that came to mind. It was almost like I was naked under my skirt but somehow the veil of nearly transparent white fabric made the view of my hairless pussy seem even more naughty than if I hadn't been wearing any panties at all. With no hair left to hide them, my pussy lips were clearly visible, and if I looked very closely, I could even see my pink little asshole. A surge of sexual excitement washed over me and I couldn't wait to get to the mall and show off my see-thru panties and my bald pussy!

To go with my "schoolgirl" skirt I chose a thin white top that leaves most of my midriff exposed, showing off my bellybutton ring in the front, and the very elegant geometric tattoo on my lower back. My breasts aren't very big, but they're perfectly shaped, so I almost never wear a bra and the tight white top clung to my breasts and highlighted my nipples perfectly.

Now, what to do with my hair? I stood in front of the mirror for several minutes looking at my hair from several angles and finally decided that a ponytail would be an appropriate way to complete the schoolgirl look. I gathered my long, straight, blonde hair up in the back with my left hand, wrapped an elastic hair band around it to hold it in place, and finally tied it up with a small white bow. I had to admit that the whole outfit looked very sexy.

The drive to the mall took about half an hour and with each passing minute, I got more and more excited. By the time I arrived I could tell that there was a large wet spot on my panties. "I think the guys will like that!" I thought as I smiled mischievously.

My ponytail is bouncing up and down as I enter the mall. My skirt is so short that it almost allows the very bottom of the cheeks of my ass to be seen when it hangs straight down, and I'm quite sure that it's even more revealing when it flips up and down as I walk. I look down at my breasts and confirm that my nipples are clearly outlined by the thin, white cotton of my tight halter top.

Numerous people glance at me and I can tell I am making an impression. A group of teenage boys at the video arcade stops to watch me as I walk by. I'm so excited and feeling especially naughty so I stop and smile at them. Then I turn so that my back is facing them and I bend over to fix the strap on my sandal. My skirt hardly covers my cheeks when I'm standing, but when I bend over, I know that I'm giving them a completely unobstructed view of my nearly bare ass, although they're probably a little too far away to see the wet spot on my panties. I look back at them between my legs. As I expected, they're staring at my cute butt under my thin white panties but I just slowly fix my strap and pretend that I have no clue of the show that I'm giving them. Finally, after I've given them a long, lingering view up my skirt, I stand up, and continue walking away from them. I suspect that they're still staring at me and this makes me even more excited so I turn my head, look over my shoulder, and smile at them again, leaving them to wonder if I did it on purpose or not.

A little old lady and her husband also caught my little accidental exhibition. She looks shocked, but he looks like he's about to have a heart attack, although the smile on his face tells me that he would die a happy man if he did.

I walk around the mall for five or ten minutes until I come to the Victoria's Secret store next to the food court. I love Victoria's Secret lingerie and I already have quite a collection, but a girl can never have too much sexy lingerie. I walk into the store and begin looking for something sexy to incorporate in my erotic excursion this evening. I pick out a sexy lace garter belt and a pair of white stockings with seams in the back. I find some very sheer white string bikini panties, much like the ones I have on, and another identical pair in baby pink. I chat for a few minutes with the sales girl who tries, unsuccessfully, to talk me into applying for an "Angels" charge card, pay for my purchases, and head back into the mall.

Just across the courtyard I see a Fredericks of Hollywood shop, and since I'm still looking for something naughty, I quickly head over there to see what I can find. To be perfectly honest, I know exactly what I'm looking for - crotchless panties! I've never seen crotchless panties at Victoria's Secret, but Fredericks has a great selection of these naughty underthings, and the store often has a styles that aren't available through the mail order catalog. I walk into the store and sure enough there's a whole rack of crotchless panties right in the front of the store.

I take my time and check them all out, one by one, finally selecting a lacy white pair with little pink bows and a sheer black nylon pair with "Please kiss my kitty" embroidered on the front just above an embroidered picture of a cat. I think that qualifies as naughty!

Now I have everything that I need to continue my search for a gentleman with an appropriate appreciation for my naughty undergarments.

The first thing that I need to do now is find a ladies room so that I can put on some of my naughty new things. There's a restroom right behind the food court so I head off in that direction. Although I'm excited to show off my freshly shaved pussy and new panties as quickly as possible, I can't resist the temptation to tease a few of the guys in the food court first. Since it's early evening there are quite a few people in the food court - perfect for what I have in mind.

In the back of the food court, near the rest rooms is a booth with two young couples about my age. I head toward the ladies room and as I get close to the their booth I begin fumbling through my purse as though I'm looking for something. When I'm right next to them my purse suddenly slips from my hand and falls on the floor, spilling the contents everywhere. This all appears quite accidental in spite of the fact that I dropped it on purpose. As I bend down to pick up the scattered contents of my purse I smile an embarrassed smile at the two couples in the booth. I get on my hands and knees and position myself so that my butt is facing directly at the two guys who are sitting on the outside seats of the booth while I pick up the scattered contents of my purse. I wish I could see their reactions but unfortunately I'm facing the wrong way. I'm no more than two feet from the edge of the booth though, so I'm close enough to hear one of them gasp as I bend over and I know that my sheer white panties are staring him in the face. I smile to myself as I consider the thoughts that must be going through his mind at that moment. There's no doubt that the cheeks of my ass are completely visible and I'm sure that the tan lines from my G-string bikini are visible under the fuller cut of my nearly transparent panties. I can feel the wetness between my legs and I hope that they can see the wet spot on my panties.

There are still lots of items scattered on the floor, and I take my time gathering them up and putting them back in my purse. My lipstick has rolled quite a distance away and I have to stretch to retrieve it. As I do I purposely spread my legs so that my newly shaved pussy comes into full view covered only by the thin veil of sheer white fabric. Because I'm so close to them, there's no doubt in my mind that they can also see the wet spot on my panties, which had grown considerably larger since my arrival at the mall.

At that point, I could no longer resist the temptation to observe the reactions from my audience, so I looked back over my shoulder, and as I expected, I found all four staring at me with open mouths. It took another minute or so to pick everything up and put it back in my purse and as far as I could tell, they continued to stare at me the whole time - even the two girls. When everything was safely back in my purse, I stood up, looked over at them and smiled another sheepish grin. The two guys looked like little boys who had just been caught with their hands in the cookie jar. Clearly they had enjoyed my show, although I couldn't detect the telltale look of pure lust in the eyes of either of them that would mark him as a true panty fetishist.

I was so excited by the apparent success of my exhibition that for a moment I forgot that I was heading for the ladies room to change. As a result I just stood there smiling back at the two guys who continued to stare at me with dumbfounded grins on their faces. Apparently their interest in me was not sitting well with their girlfriends however, who were staring at them with testicle crushing maliciousness. "Get over it!" I thought to myself.

Five minutes later I emerge from the ladies room. I'm still wearing the same top, skirt and sandals, but now I'm also wearing the garter belt and the white, seamed stockings from Victoria's Secret. I've also put on the white crotchless panties from Fredericks. I've pulled the stockings up as high as I can, but even so, my skirt just barely covers the tops and if I bend over even slightly, anyone who's looking can see the creamy skin of my tanned thighs above the lacy bands at the top. For some reason that I can't explain, wearing stockings always makes me feel soooo sexy and I can't wait to continue my quest for a man to worship my panties.

As I walk by my new friends in the Food Court booth, I smile, and they all turn their heads to watch me. Then, just as I've passed them I look back over my shoulder, and smile again as I bend over slightly and flip up the back of my skirt with both hands so that they get a quick flash of my stockings, garter belt, and most of all, my white crotchless panties. I straighten up, let my skirt down and continue to walk away from them swaying my hips in my best supermodel runway walk imitation. The smiles on the guys' faces tells me that I've made their day, but it's obvious that their girlfriends don't feel the same way.

I head out of the food court looking for my next candidate. Soon I find a relatively secluded area at the far end of the mall where there are two benches facing each other. There's a man, probably in his mid 30's, and not bad looking at all, sitting on one bench reading a newspaper. I stop a short distance away and take a couple of minutes to formulate plan for something even more outrageous.

I like these one-on-one situations best because they allow me to focus all my attention on a single individual. Flashing groups is also a huge turn-on, but it's much less personal, and because of the presence of their companions, the members of my "audience" are usually more inhibited in their reactions. When I'm showing off for just one guy at a time, the range of options, both my actions and his reactions, is much broader. It's much easier to gauge his reactions, see what he likes best, make eye contact, and somehow communicate with him even if no words are ever exchanged. During these experiences I've learned that I'm much more likely to be rewarded with a multitude of enthusiastic and appreciative reactions, which is, after all, the whole reason that I choose to show off my body in the first place. Sometimes I almost feel selfish because, although I'm obviously giving them something that they enjoy tremendously, I'm really doing it for my own satisfaction. Luckily, my satisfaction is a direct consequence of theirs and that greatly enhances the experience for both of us.

I'm still standing some distance from the man on the bench. Slowly an idea develops and when I have the basics worked out I take a seat on the bench across from him.

In addition to my purse, I'm also carrying bags from Victoria's Secret and Fredericks The first thing I do after sitting down and placing my things on the bench beside me is to accidentally knock all my packages off the bench, spilling my purchases on the floor. The guy looks up and sees me and I can tell instantly he is very interested in the provocatively dressed girl sitting across from him. He gets up off his bench and comes over to help me pick up the items that I've spilled and without paying much attention to what he's doing, he picks up the pair of sheer pink Victoria's Secret panties. When he realizes what he's holding, he blushes as he hands them back to me. As I take my panties from his hand I purposely swirl the silky fabric against his palm with my middle finger for a fleeting second before I start to withdraw them from his gentle grip. As I do this, I can feel his grip tighten almost imperceptibly although it's quite likely that he isn't consciously aware of what he has done. As my panties slip through his fingers I look right into his eyes and give him a cute, but embarrassed smile as I thank him.

"You're welcome" he says, and as he smiles back at me, and I see it in his eyes immediately - that special look of lust that says there's something very special about my panties and he really doesn't want to give them back to me. At that moment I know I've found one of the men that I'm looking for - one of the men whose fantasies I can turn into reality. And I'm about to do exactly that.

After watching my panties slowly slip through his fingers he turns and quickly returns to his seat and begins reading his newspaper. Or at least he's pretending to read the newspaper. Every time I look in his direction he's actually looking over the top of the newspaper obviously trying to look up my skirt. If only he knew what he was missing! He's trying to be discrete about it, but every time I look up I catch him looking at my legs before he can divert his eyes back to his paper. I smile somewhat mischievously because I know that he won't be able to keep up this charade much longer. If he can, then I totally misread the look in his eyes a few moments ago.

I take everything out of my shopping bags so that I can rearrange it all after the spill. I glance at him out of the corner of my eye and find him staring at all the naughty items I've purchased. I look closer and I think I can see a bulge forming in his pants. We're off to a good start and I find myself smiling again as I think about how mercilessly I'm going to tease him.

Slowly I hold up each item, visually inspecting them to make sure they haven't gotten dirty before putting them back in the shopping bags.

First up is the pair of sheer white string bikini panties from Victoria's Secret. Using both hands, I hold them by the strings so that as they hang there in front of my face there's no mistaking the shape for anything other than a pair of sexy women's panties. First I inspect the front for signs of mall dirt, then I turn them around and check the back. I'm holding them right in front of my face and because of the sheer fabric, I can see my newspaper man right through them. As I suspected, he's now watching me with great interest and I decide that it's time to give him a little more to look at. I casually look around the area to make sure that there are no other people nearby and finding no one to disturb us I cross my legs. As I do I see his eyes widen and they are now glued to my legs. I turn sideways ever so slightly until I'm sure that he can see the lacy band at top of my stocking, the garter holding it up, and the deeply tanned skin of my upper thigh. A perfect view, for the moment at least.

I continue with my inspection by holding the crotch of the panties in my left hand while I hold them up close to my face, still searching for dust or dirt. With my right hand I brush away some imaginary dust and place them back in the Victoria's Secret bag.

Next I perform the same ritual with the light pink panties. Newspaperman's eyes haven't moved, but he now appears to be having trouble deciding whether to look at my stocking-clad leg or the pink panties that I'm holding only a foot in front of my face. Inwardly I grin as I decide to make his decision even more difficult.

Finding no imaginary dirt on my pink panties I put them back in the Victoria's Secret bag and pick up the sheer black crotchless panties with "Please kiss my kitty" embroidered on the front. As I pick them up I uncross my legs and shift my position on the bench. I move forward so that I'm sitting on the edge of the bench and as I do I spread my knees so that they're several inches apart. Now he can to see directly up my skirt to the tops of my stockings and tanned inner thighs. He should also be able to see my new white crotchless panties, but my legs are still close enough together that he probably can't tell that they're crotchless ... yet. Feeling very naughty, I hold up the black crotchless panties so that the "kiss my kitty" lettering is facing him as I inspect them for signs of dirt. Again I hold the panties by the side straps so that they hang down directly in front of my face. The combination of the suggestive embroidery and the missing crotch makes it very obvious that these are not ordinary panties and I wonder if Newspaper Man has ever seen such naughty panties before. When my inspection is complete I slip the panties into the Fredericks bag.

At first I appear very intent on reorganizing my shopping bags and I appear to be paying no attention to him. This makes him bolder and I can feel his eyes staring at my legs. Then suddenly I look up at him and catch him completely off guard, staring at me. He is totally embarrassed at being caught and he's so nervous that he actually drops his paper. I give him a sexy smile and go back to rearranging my shopping bags and drinking my soda.

When all the items are back in the shopping bags I take my drink, lean back on the bench and sigh as I put the straw in my mouth. I look over at him and he's smiling at me, no longer making any effort to hide the fact that he's watching me. I smile back at him and begin sucking and licking on the straw. I run my tongue all around the straw very suggestively and then put it in my mouth and suck on it.

By now the bulge of Newspaper Man's cock is easily visible in his pants and he looks around to see if anyone is watching him. He puts his newspaper in his lap and begins touching himself very discretely, but I can tell exactly what he's doing. My smile tells him that I approve of his behavior. I spread my legs a little further apart and watch his eyes bulge as he sees my bald pussy peeking out of the crotchless panties.

I decide to really torment him and I pick up my packages, acting as if I'm about to leave and causing his face to go pale. But at the last minute I stop as if something has suddenly come to mind. I walk over to him and ask him if he would watch my packages for a minute while I go to the restroom. Obviously he says yes - anything to keep me from leaving for good. I bend over right in front of him to put my packages on the floor and as I do, my cute little ass is no more than a foot from his face. I wiggle my butt back and forth a little bit and I can feel him staring at my shaved pussy. If his eyes are good he can probably see that it's dripping with excitement I'm so turned on. I smile at him again and walk off to the rest room.

When I return I have the white crotchless panties in my purse with just a bit of them hanging out to ensure he knows I've taken them off. I sit down, thank him for watching my packages and begin to suck on the straw again. I look around and no one is watching us so I slowly open my legs and put one foot up on the edge of the bench so that I'm is totally exposed to him - nothing but smooth shaved pussy and no panties to impede his view. I'm so excited and wet and I know that my entire pussy is glistening because I rubbed my wetness all over my pussy while I was in the restroom just to make sure he would be able to see how wet it was.

Newspaper Man has given up pretending that he's reading the paper and even though no one else can see him, I can see that he's rubbing his dick under the newspaper while he stares at my pussy. I look right into his eyes and smile at him again as his hand continues to stroke himself. I continue to suck on the straw wrapping my lips around it and lowering my mouth on it as if I were sucking his cock. My nipples are hard and easily visible through the tight halter top, but his eyes seem fixated on my pussy. I allow a small amount of my drink to dribble out of my mouth and drop on my top just above one of my nipples and then take my finger and try to rub it off. Now he's looking at my nipples and instead of trying to rub off the spilled liquid, I begin pinching my nipple while I smile at him again. My head rolls back slightly, my eyes close and a slight moan escapes my lips. I open my eyes, look right at him again, and ask him if he would mind helping me. He hesitates at first, but quickly gives in to temptation.

He takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and with his hands shaking in anticipation he walks over to help me. His erection is clearly visible in his pants and he makes no effort to conceal it. He approaches me cautiously and he's obviously not quite sure what to do. I look into his eyes and smile while licking my lips seductively. I look down to watch what he's doing and my pony tail falls forward and touches his hand. He gasps in surprise but wastes no time taking the cloth and gently rubbing my nipple in a futile attempt to remove the wet spot. My nipple hardens even more under the touch of his fingers and I whisper to him that I like what he's doing. He's standing in front of me and without the newspaper to cover him I can see a big wet spot in the front of his pants. It turns me on to know that watching me has excited him so much. I look at the spot on his pants, then I look right into his eyes and he blushes. I thank him for helping me clean up and he sits back down, shaking rather dramatically.

I look around again to make sure that we're still alone and I put my foot back up on the bench and open my legs even wider than before. He puts the newspaper back in his lap and starts rubbing his hard cock even more intently than before as he continues to stare at my glistening shaved pussy. By now I'm watching him just as intently as he's watching me. I reach down between my legs and slide two fingers into my dripping pussy, then when they're coated with my cream I bring them to my mouth and lick and suck them while I stare into his eyes.

My admirer is going crazy rubbing his hard cock through his pants and I can tell that he's probably going to cum soon, but I have one last surprise for him. I take the crotchless panties out of my purse, slide them under my skirt and begin rubbing them on my pussy, getting them all wet with my juice. I can't believe how naughty I'm being ... and then I have an even better idea. Slowly I begin poking my panties into my pussy with the tip of my finger. My friend's eyes go wide and he begins stroking his cock harder under the newspaper. I continue pushing my panties into my bald pussy until they're completely hidden from view and then I look right in his eyes and give him a huge smile. He can't believe what I'm doing, but I've got one last surprise for him. Ever so slowly I slide the panties out of my pussy. Inch by inch. They're dripping wet and I bring them to my face and inhale deeply, smiling at him as I do.

He's going crazy rubbing his cock with one hand while trying to hold the newspaper with the other hand. Suddenly, to his complete surprise, I toss my wet panties into his lap. He's startled at first and has to stop stroking himself while he grabs my panties, but he hardly misses a beat as he quickly brings them to his face and inhales the sweet scent of my pussy. My hands go back under my skirt and I begin stroking my clit with one hand and fingering my pussy with the other. I can tell that we're both about to cum.

I look around to insure that we're still the only people in the immediate area. He never takes his eyes off my hairless pussy and my dancing fingers.

By now he's so horny that discretion is a thought from the past and I see him unzip his pants under the newspaper and now I can see his cock . With his other hand he slips my panties under the paper and wraps them around his cock and continues stroking it harder and faster. We're staring into each other's eyes now, both on the verge of cumming.

His eyes alternate between my staring into mine, and staring at my shaved, wet pussy as my fingers perform their magic.

My eyes are glued to my wet panties wrapped around his hard cock while his hand pumps furiously. I'm so excited and I can't wait to see his cum shoot all over my panties.

Suddenly I see his legs become very rigid and his eyes seem to glaze over. His face contorts and I can the head of his cock visibly growing in size. I know he's about to cum and I want to watch. I tickle my clit with my left hand while I plunge two fingers of my right hand deeper into my pussy. I'm so wet that I can hear my fingers making slurping sounds as I pump them in and out of my totally exposed shaved pussy.

As soon as the head of his cock begins to bulge, signaling his impending orgasm, he unwraps my panties from his cock and holds them in his left hand. Without missing a stroke he continues pumping with his right hand but now he's holding my panties right in front of his cock, about two inches away. I realize that he's doing this so that he can shoot all his hot cum right onto my panties and not miss a drop. This excites me even more and I can't take my eyes off my panties and his cock.

The speed of his strokes slows now, but the intensity increases and I know he's going to cum. I can see the precum dripping from the tip of his cock and with each stroke his hand smears it all the way from the head to his balls, lubricating the shaft. His strokes are slow and deep. His thumb and index finger are wrapped tightly around his shaft, stroking slowly from the base, up his thick shaft, stopping just under the head where they seem to linger momentarily before reversing direction. With every stroke the head of his cock swells even more.

I know I'm going to cum when I see his cum shoot all over my panties. My fingers plunge even more furiously in and out of my dripping pussy, and I adjust the rhythm of my fingers to match his strokes.

This is the most erotic thing I've ever seen.

This is the wildest thing I've ever done. I'm sitting on a bench in a semi-secluded corner of a major shopping mall masturbating my freshly shaved pussy in front of a man I've never met. He's about to cum on my panties. I should look around to make sure that no one is watching us.

But I don't.

I can't take my eyes off his hands.

He can't take his eyes off mine.

His eyes start to close, but he fights the urge and forces them open as he starts to cum. I see it almost as though it were in slow motion. The noose created by his thumb and index finger tightens and strokes up under the head, and just as his fingers start back down, the first shot of cum explodes from the head of his cock.

It lands right on my panties and I start to cum with him.

Instantly, the tingling sensation in my pussy turns into the first wave of a massive orgasm and I likewise have to fight the urge to close my eyes. But I want to watch him shoot his hot cum all over my panties.

Another slow, powerful stroke of his fingers and he shoots another huge shot of thick white cum. Again I watch it land right on my panties and my pussy throbs as a second wave of orgasm washes over me.

It's all I can do not to scream out loud, but somehow I manage to control myself and hardly any sound escapes my lips. My fingers are drenched with my pussy juice and I can feel a small stream running down over my asshole onto my skirt. Slowly I remove my dripping fingers from my pussy and I smear my juices all around my lips and my hairless mound, until my entire crotch is wet and glistening.

My eyes are still glued to his beautiful cock as another blast of cum drenches my panties for a third time and I plunge my fingers back into my pussy as my orgasm continues.

His aim is perfect. With every up and down stroke of his hand, another shot of cum lands on my panties. My eyes never leave his cock and as each shot of his cum soaks my panties, I feel another shudder of orgasm surge through my pussy.

Our mutual orgasm seemed to go on forever, but slowly the intense waves of orgasm subsided and were gradually replaced by a warm, glowing, tingling sensation between my legs, followed by a slow return to reality.

We are now conscious of our surroundings again and we quickly attempt to straighten ourselves up. I smooth my hair, straighten my skirt, and pull up my stockings and I look relatively normal again. It's lucky that my new friend came all over my panties or he'd have quite an embarrassing mess on the front of his pants. He discretely pushes his cock back into his pants and zips them up and if it weren't for the fact that he's holding a pair of crotchless panties, covered in cum in one hand, he'd actually look pretty normal too. He looks at me very appreciatively but not knowing quite what to do with my panties, he tentatively hands them back to me.

I smile wickedly as I take my panties from his hand. They're soaked with his cum and I look right into his eyes as I raise them to my face and start licking his cum off them. It's still warm and I tell him how good it tastes. I reach under my skirt and slide two fingers back into my drenched pussy and get them thoroughly coated with my cum. They're dripping wet when I raise them to his lips. His lips part and I slide my fingers into his mouth. He sucks my fingers sensuously until he's savored every drop of my juice. Then I slowly withdraw my fingers from between his lips. We're only inches apart and I raise myself up on my tiptoes and kiss him hungrily on the lips. Our mouths open and we exchange our juices with our tongues. Judging from the look on his face, he finds this kiss as erotic as I do. It seems to me a fitting ending to what has obviously been a mutually satisfying encounter. I'm still holding my panties in my hand and I reach over and slip them into his pocket as I whisper in his ear "I want you to keep my panties so that you'll never forget this day. I know I never will!" And with that, I turned and walked away looking for my next victim ;)