**Showmanship**

**by [WillingSlutPartner](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=682409&page=submissions)**

You enjoy the way you are turning men on. You know the reaction they have to you, their cocks slowly hardening as you tease them with your body. In the middle of the park, you are turning heads and causing hard-ons. You can feel your upper thighs rubbing against each other as you stroll sexily down the concrete walkway toward the bench that will give the most people the best view of your private area.

You prepared yourself all day for this moment picking out the perfect short chiffon skirt, the right colored nylons, the perfect thin shirt that would wrap itself around the sides of your tits while allowing them to sway back and forth unfettered. Your heels are 4 inches high, causing pain to your feet but also lifting your ass cheeks to a perfect moon shape. Your hair is down, blowing in the wind, whipping around your neck and face. The make-up you applied is meticulous. The lipstick is a bright gloss red that frames your mouth. Your eye shadow is not too dark, not too light. The rouge adds just the right amount of color to your cheeks.

Before the make-up you had taken a shower and prepared your mons just right. The razor had removed all traces of hair from around your luscious cunt lips and trimmed the excess from your lower belly. When you tried on the skirt you could see the outline of your patch through the thin cloth. Your legs were silky smooth and oiled just enough to allow your nylons to slide up and down.

As you approach the bench you notice three men sitting on the benches that face it. One man has been there before. He knows your routine, knows your show, and he smiles and waves as you pass. He was here last Thursday as well. Did he return hoping you'd be there, or is he someone who has read your blog on the Internet? You hope he is a reader.

When you reach the bench you bend slightly at the waist, your skirt sliding dangerously close to the bottom of your asscheeks, and clean the dust from the wooden slats. You turn around and straighten your skirt as you sit. The slats of the bench are cold against your upper thighs above the nylons. You cross your legs very lady-like even though the length of the skirt clearly reveals the top of the stockings on the sides of your thighs.

Reaching into your bag you extract the sunglasses and printed erotic stories that you brought along. The glasses are a clever way of watching your audience without their knowledge, the stories are to turn you on and heighten the excitement of exhibiting yourself to these strangers.

The first story is one of Bondage and domination. The woman is tied and exhibited against her will. You can feel your juices begin to flow as you read the sexually explicit words describing how she is humiliated. Your hips move slightly and a tingle begins between your legs. Your thighs have a mind of their own and begin to rub against one another to stimulate your clit.

You look up, now five men are seated around you and another is leaning against a tree with a view of your position.

The second story is a lesbian account, something you have enjoyed many times over. You can feel the woman's lips and tongue inside you exactly as the author is describing in their account. Your hand moves to your lap and a little pressure is applied to your lower abdomen as the scenes unfold. Your imagination puts you between the woman's spread thighs, your tongue lapping thirstily at the woman's orgasmic fluids. You press harder against your mons and the tingling between your legs grows in intensity. Without looking up you know that the men can tell you are sexually excited, you imagine how they would like to help you relieve the pressure in your cunt.

Glancing up you see two men openly staring at you, wondering when you will open your legs and stroke yourself to release.

The next story is of a couple in Dallas, a place you know well and one that you now want to visit. She is an exhibitionist, just like you, and she shows herself all around the city. Your hand moves deeper forcing your thighs apart slightly and causing your skirt to ride higher on your thighs. The stockings are now exposed all the way around. You return to the story and allow your finger to slide under the skirt and press between your swollen lips, slowly stroke your blood-engorged clit. The familiar tingle is growing into a slight humming with the soft strokes of your fingertips.

Now the men are engrossed watching you. None turn away as you raise your head and remove your glasses. Your eyes scan the audience like a performer on a stage, your eyes briefly meet each of those of the eight men gathered around.

You uncross your legs and spread your knees slightly to maintain pressure of your fingertips on your clit. No more stories are needed as you begin to entertain your audience. Your skirt still hides most of the v between your legs but you are sure that they can see into the shadow cast by the material. Slowly your knees begin to fall apart and your hand goes lower, seeking the opening to your moist cavern, drawing the spilling juices up to coat the red lips surrounding your clit. You stroke yourself openly while glancing back and forth to the men around you, wondering which one you want to focus in on when you come.

Your knees fall further apart and your head lolls back, your eyes close and your fingers invade your pussy. You can feel the intrusion, the scraping of your long red fingernails into the sensitive inner regions of your cunt. You reach into yourself and stroke the rough skin over your g-spot while your other hand gathers your skirt and pulls it onto your belly. You sit there with your legs spread, your fingers buried in your pussy and your crotch exposed to these eight strange men. You can feel your excitement growing and the familiar tension that announces the arrival of release begins in your thighs.

You pick up your head and stare at the man against the tree. Your fingers and palm work furiously against your sex, rubbing and stroking and pressing against the sensitive areas of your cunt. You can imagine this man's cock penetrating you, pushing into your womb and stretching you as you have never been stretched. You know he would press himself onto you, put all his weight onto your chest, mash your tits against his broad chest. You imagine his lips on yours, around your neck, sucking on your earlobe. You open your mouth and stroke yourself deeper adding another finger into your hole.

Now your legs are spread as far as they can but you need more. You lift one heel onto the bench and further expose yourself. They can see deep inside you now, they can see the glands that you are stroking and coaxing your orgasm from. The juices escaping your hole are running down your ass and lubricating your anus for your other hand which you move to position. Pushing gently three fingers invade your backside and begin to pump against your sphincter. You stare blatantly toward the tall man against the tree and begin to moan out loud. Fuck, Oh yes, Push it into me all escape your lips as whispers.

Then it happens, your thighs quiver, your belly quakes, your cunt contracts around your fingers and your asshole clenches the invading digits. You allow yourself to cry out and pant openly as your body relieves itself of the sexual tensions built up over the past week. You can feel your juices shooting out from your hole, coating your hand and wrist and running down your thighs and ass into your sphincter. You can see the little squirts of come and again you scream out.

Your breathing is shallow and fast throughout your orgasm. Then it slowly subsides and your arms feel tired, your fingers and hands feel cramped. You pull your fingers from your asshole and rub your cuntlips. Your head is now hanging down and you see how exposed you really are. Your skirt is up near your boobs and your legs are spread out wide with one foot on the ground and one on the bench. Slowly you lay back and gather your things in your bag, leaving yourself exposed to the men around you. You then put your foot down and slowly stand up. The men begin to applaud and you thank them with your nod and your smile. Your skirt needs a little help to fall back down to cover yourself.

As you begin to walk away you can feel the trembling in your thighs still and you think how much better this is than a camera on the internet.