# Susan's Little Problem

### From Storieswiki.org

*What is wrong with me?* Susan thought for the umpteenth time that month.

For three weeks now anytime she was out in public if she saw someone she found attractive she had an uncontrollable urge to flash them. It didn't matter what she showed. It just has to be something she would not normally show in public.

When this first started happening to her she was riding home on the bus. Without warning she just *had* to spread her legs enough to show her panties to the good looking guy she noticed checking her out. She could feel herself go beet red but try as much as she could she could not make herself close her legs again.

To make matters worse the man's eyes never left looking at her nether regions. Finally she reached her bus stop and was able to stand up and leave. She lived on a quiet street so she didn't meet anyone else on her way back to her house.

Her mind went over the incident again and again but she could not figure out why she had done such a thing. She went to bed that night and had strangely erotic dreams about displaying her body. She woke from a particularly intense image to find her fingers buried deep inside her soaking pussy.

The next morning Susan slept through her alarm and had to rush to get ready for work. She ran to the bus stop and reached it just in time for the bus to arrive. Despite it still being early in the morning the summer heat was already getting intense. She sat on down out of breath and started to fan herself with her own blouse to help cool off.

She heard a woman gasp. Only then did she realize she had just unbuttoned her top and was flapping the blouse open and closed displaying her full bra clad breasts to everyone looking. She again started to blush but could not make herself close up her top.

Susan pulled the stop cord and walked with her blouse still open to the back door and got off as soon as they opened. Thankful she wore comfortable runners until she got to work Susan ran to two bus stops back to her house. Her breasts on full display when the wind from her running pushed her blouse off her shoulders.

She finally made it back to her house. Slamming the door closed behind her she decided to call in sick to work that day. Once she was alone she was able to properly close her top again. She thought about calling her doctor, but she had no idea what she could tell her.

Susan closed all the curtains in her house and wouldn't go outside the rest of the day. The next morning Susan decided to call in sick again. She didn't trust herself in public anymore. She made it until lunch time. At first it was subtle and she could fight the urge but slowly the urge to go outside grew stronger and stronger. Finally she couldn't fight it any longer and let herself move towards the door.

Susan was horrified when she realized that she was pulling her t-shirt up over her head. She stepped outside into the hot sun, grabbing a bottle of sun block before she closed the door.

There was a park behind her house. Susan found herself walking towards the people she saw there. There were several women sun bathing in skimpy bikinis the men around them giving them covert looks. Susan was mortified to realize that she couldn't even pretend to be wearing a bikini top herself. Her bra was a black lacy thing, semi-transparent. She was sure anyone that looked could see her nipples through the material.

She noticed both men and women looking as she lathered on sun block to protect her exposed skin. Each time she saw someone looking her hands twitched towards to clasp holding her bra closed. This time however she found that she was able to fight the urge to actually open in. At first it was easy but each time it got harder and harder to fight the impulse to expose herself.

Without warning Susan saw another woman looking at her and her hands in their haste to open her bra actually ripped the material making it impossible to close it again. She desperately wanted to cover her breasts, instead her hands opened her shorts and moved inside. She sat down on a bench with her legs spread. One of her fingers slid inside her pussy. She pulled it back out glistening wet with her juices.

The woman was still watching her when Susan put her pussy juice covered finger into her mouth and cleaned it off. After that she was able to do up the fly and button on her shorts and run back home into her private sanctuary.