**The Day My Shame Turned into Lust**

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I was a shy eighteen years old girl who'd been living in an apartment complex with her family for most of her life. It was a rather large place in the middle of a big city, made of twelve buildings, each with dozens of apartments. A huge swimming pool, sports courts were there also.  
  
It wasn't a place I enjoyed living in though. All the other people of my age seemed to hang out with their friends and I was the only one left out. Even though it was summer, I was afraid to go swimming alone and end up looking like a loser.  
  
One day when I was arriving home, I saw a group of six guys who looked to be about my age were hanging out near my building. I had a skinny build, brown hair and beautiful pair of B sized boobs. To complete the view, I was wearing a very tight pair of blue shorts that let the bottom of my ass cheeks on show. I wore my clothes innocently, not aware of the effect it had on men. When I noticed they were looking at me, I smiled shyly.  
  
"It could be my chance to make some acquaintances", I thought.  
  
So, I might as well be friendly. A few of them waved, smiling excitedly. After I passed them, I heard part of their comments, between laughs, containing words like "hot", "cute" and surprisingly, "cameltoe".  
  
I was shocked at the last word. I picked up the pace, rushing home and going straight to my bedroom. Staring at the mirror, I realized I was, in fact, displaying a cameltoe, result of my tight shorts and my soft puffy pussy. It wasn't at all my intention to let it show and I suddenly felt ashamed of going out like that. My face felt warm and I just wanted to disappear.  
  
"Passing those guys like this?" I thought. "What a disaster!"  
  
"They were just making fun of me. Yeah that's probably it. But on the other hand, what if they were being honest? No, nobody finds me hot. That can't be it."  
  
I tried my best to forget what had happened but I couldn't. Deep inside my mind there was a glimpse of hope that those guys actually found me attractive. I stared at myself at the mirror again, this time with different eyes. My slim body, my shorts and my exposed legs could actually attract a man's attention. My shame and anxiety were slowly turning into lust.  
  
"Were all those guys really think of me like that?" I thought again.  
  
The mere thought made me wet. A group of guys attracted to me, checking me out.  
  
The next day, I had a plan. I had never come so hard as I did when I masturbated the previous day. I needed more of that attention. Maybe, I thought, I could get even more than just few friends.  
  
I dressed up for another hot summer day: a loose shirt and a new tight pair of pink shorts. I made sure to not wear any panties, so nothing would be in the way of my shorts and the shape of my pussy and ass. Before leaving, I looked at myself in the mirror to make sure my cameltoe was showing. My heart was pounding at the thought of what I was doing it on purpose.  
  
As I left my apartment, I started walking around the property. The place was quite large with lots of areas under the sun, sports courts, the pool and a huge area in the woods. To my surprise, I didn't have to walk much to find the same group of guys again.  
  
"They also seemed to be on vacation," I thought, as it was early afternoon and they were all hanging out there.  
  
I took a deep breath and started walking in their direction, feeling a bit nervous.  
  
As soon as they noticed me, they stopped talking, almost too suddenly. I approached the group, waved and said "hi," my voice failing a bit. They replied in a friendly way, introduced each other and soon they were making small talk.  
  
I had a mission though, to make sure they were noticing the outline of my pussy on my shorts. I made sure to look at them in the eyes to catch them looking. From time to time, I would see one of them staring for quite a few seconds. I wondered if they were trying to guess, in their minds, what my pussy looked like. The thought of having all these guys thinking of me, curious to find out about it was slowly making me wet.  
  
After a while, some of them had to leave. They all exchanged numbers with me and I said goodbye. As I walked away, I purposely looked back to see if they were looking at me and of course they were. They waved awkwardly and I smiled at them. I was already horny from the thrill of showing off my body, and now I could feel my pussy soaking as I walked.  
  
The next day, I started getting dressed to hang out with the guys again. I would have to be more daring this time around them. I tried on a very loose white mini skirt that was barely covering my ass. My heart started pumping again and my whole body felt warm. I took a deep breath and pulled down my panties, throwing them on my bed. I was now wearing nothing but a shirt and a loose mini skirt. Even the lightest breeze would be enough to lift it up and show my ass to whoever would be looking. I raised my skirt a little and took a good look at my soft puffy pussy I always kept shaved. One of those guys will get to see it for real today, I thought.  
  
I left my apartment on another warm, sunny afternoon. As I walked outside, I could feel the air passing by my thighs. The thought that my pussy was just barely hidden by that skirt was almost too much to bear.  
  
When I met the guys, they almost couldn't say "hi". The older one, Adam who was usually flirtier towards me, seemed to be in heaven now. He got up from the bench they were sitting and told me to sit there. I sat between two guys on the bench, while the other four were standing in front of me. As I sat on the bench, I realized that my skirt went up quite up a bit. That was not planned, and I suddenly got nervous. I could feel how my skirt left my ass almost completely naked on the bench and, on the front, I had to keep my legs close together not to show off too much. My skirt could barely make a small cover for my pussy.  
  
Making small talk, they all agreed that I looked particularly gorgeous today. When hearing the compliments, I knew what they meant, and I knew my choice of clothing was a success. I still felt nervous about being almost naked and surrounded by six guys, At the same time, I was hornier than ever. I kept it under control, talking as if my outfit was nothing out of the ordinary. As they started to become more focused on their conversation, I decided to open my legs slightly for a few moments in order to make the move to cross them.  
  
As I made the motion to separate my legs, I could see from the corner of my eye, the four guys in front of me were looking directly at my pussy. I purposely took forever, and then finally placed one leg on top of the other. I continued to talk, pretending I did nothing exceptional. I could feel my pussy getting wet as I moved my legs.  
  
After crossing my legs for the second time, I noticed that my skirt had moved up a little bit more. It was now very hard to keep it from showing my upper thighs and ass. Talking and laughing, pretending to not notice what was going on, I let the guys enjoy the view for several minutes. They were all fighting back their instincts, trying not to stare at my legs for too long. When I just couldn't hold it anymore, I announced that I had to go home. More than ever, I needed to touch myself badly.  
  
As I got up from the bench, my skirt had lifted so much. I was displaying half of my ass to the two guys sitting down and my pussy was on view to the four guys in front of me. I didn't even mind pulling my skirt back down. If they all grabbed me and started groping me right now, I wouldn't fight back. In fact, that was all I wanted. But in public view, nobody dared to make the move.  
  
I said them goodbyes and left, leaving all six guys without a reaction. I walked back to my apartment still with my pussy and ass on show. A guy passed by me and discreetly looked down at my pussy. After he passed me, I looked back, just to confirm he was catching a glimpse of my nicely shaped ass. I simply smiled, letting the man enjoy the view of my exposed body.  
  
After reaching home, I masturbated like never before.  
  
Over time I became obsessed with my new hobby. Not only the attention I got from men was amazing, I realized that I also exerted power over them. I discovered a whole new way to explore my sexuality and started planning my next adventures.