**The Girl in Red Panties**

by[**Inspirinious**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1435298&page=submissions)©

I reached the wise old age of 22 before realizing that I hated my life. I was living the life I had planned. But it was very boring, very few risks, and very few rewards.

Dating Josh was going to change all that. I just knew it.

Josh was a bit older. He was good looking and had a good job. He was confident, funny, smart, and worldly. He knew how to have fun and enjoy life. I was sure that Josh was what I wanted.

We met through some common friends. All of us were out one Friday night clubbing and having a good time. A week earlier I had dumped my previous boyfriend and I was on the prowl. I knew I had a sexy body, a pretty face, fabulous eyes, and a dazzling smile. I could catch any man's attention, and keep it. That night I set my sights on Josh.

Josh and I chatted a bit. He bought me a drink and asked me to dance. My moves on the dance floor appeared to impress him. I could see the expression on his face and the lust in his eyes. He wanted me. I sensed he wanted to take me home. But, alias, he had driven to the club with friends, as I had also done, and neither of us could go off and leave our friends. Josh asked for my number, but I wasn't going to appear to be too easy. I played the game and delayed, which had the intended effect of making him try harder to get my number. After some extended teasing, I gave in. I knew that I would as I wanted him to call me.

Sure enough Josh called me the next morning to ask me out on a date that night. I was impressed with his choice of a popular new restaurant. Of course I said yes. After dinner and clubbing, we went back to his place. I never intend on having sex on a first date, but for Josh it was easy to make an exception. I stayed all night. By sunrise the next morning both of us had enjoyed multiple orgasms. He was especially gifted and very talented with his fingers, his mouth, and his above average sized cock. I felt for sure I had met the man of my dreams.

Josh was equally smitten with me. He called me regularly for dates. He took me out in style to some of the better restaurants and clubs. And we always ended up in his bed. Never before have I had so much great sex on a regular basis.

However, as we got to know each other better, I began to see a different side of who Josh was, and what he wanted. He became more adventuresome in bed, wanting to try different sexual positions, some I had never heard of before. He wanted to role play with light bondage, using handcuffs and a blindfold on me. One time I agreed to the role play, but I was startled by how he then took advantage and dominated me. It scared me and I said never again. He even asked if I was interested in a threesome, either with another woman, or with another male. I was shocked and told him 'Absolutely not'.

These refusals didn't stop Josh from suggesting other outrageous activities. He enjoyed showing me off to his friends and co-workers. He asked that I wear more revealing dresses, and shorter skirts. He suggested that it would be fun, for both of us, if I would flash my tits or my panties, at his friends and at strangers in public. One time while driving on the highway to a weekend getaway at the beach, Josh suggested I flash my tits at a truck driver as we passed his rig.

"No! I'm not going to flash my private parts at your friends, and not at strangers." I told Josh bluntly.

"But Nikki, you wanted more excitement. I know if you try this, you'll love it." Josh pleaded with me.

My life with Josh became an emotionally trying time. I loved our dates, the restaurants, the movies, the clubs, and the occasional weekend trip to the beach. I really loved the sex, or at least most of it. But I was troubled by his efforts to make me do things I was uncomfortable doing.

And I was becoming unsettled by a new set of feelings. The more Josh talked about me exposing myself to others, I began to feel a different sort of tingle, a good sort of tingle deep inside. I sensed that maybe there was an exhibitionist inside me that wanted to be released. These thoughts scared me, and also excited me. I knew I couldn't let Josh know about these new feelings.

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A turning point in my life occurred one day without my planning. Or at least I didn't conscientiously plan it.

My job was located close to a large shopping mall. Once a week or so I visited the mall during my lunch hour. Sometimes I had shopping to do. And sometimes, like this day, I just hit the food court for a bite to eat. I was having a late lunch, so I was there after 1:30 and there were relatively few people in the mall.

That day I was wearing a cotton T-top and a pleated print skirt that fell to a couple of inches above my knee. This skirt had been purchased at Josh's request, even though it wasn't as short as he really wanted me to be wearing. Underneath I wore a plain white bra and a pair of pink panties with cute little hearts on them. I like cute panties even if I never intend for anyone else to see them. If Josh had his way, I would only wear a G-string, or no panties at all.

I bought a light salad and took a seat at a small bistro table on the outside edge of the dining area, right by where the mall traffic walked by. I enjoyed watching the people as they passed by. Occasionally I caught some man staring at me, as men do with pretty young girls. I enjoyed the attention and considered it flattering.

Something stirred inside me and I felt a new desire to try something I'd never considered before. Turning in my seat, I pointed my knees out toward the walkway. As nonchalantly as I could, my hands pulled my skirt higher as I slowly spread my legs a bit. I wasn't completely sure if anyone could actually see my panties. But the thought that I was exposing myself, and that someone might see my panties, had my body tingling.

Initially none of the people walking past appeared to take notice. I waited for a young man to approach and I shifted again in my seat, spreading my legs a bit more, and pulling my skirt a bit higher. The moment I saw him stare at me, an electric jolt raced out of my pussy and up my spine. I quickly closed my legs and pulled down my skirt. He smiled and nodded his head towards me as he continued to walk on by.

I was embarrassed by what I had done. And at the same moment it felt exhilarating. My heart was beating fast and my pussy was throbbing. 'What an incredible rush!' I thought to myself. 'Maybe Josh was right.'

Over the next fifteen minutes I practiced my new exposure methods. I tried to shift in my seat in a natural manner so as to not call attention to myself by the other diners at the other tables. I nonchalantly moved my skirt different ways. I moved my legs, open and closed as I targeted different men walking towards where I sat.

I had some failures, people who didn't see anything, or if they did, they never let on that they had seen anything. And I had some successes. Some men clearly took notice, even stared up my skirt and smiled. I wondered what they were thinking. Did they think I had mistakenly exposed myself to them? Did they think I was deliberately playing with them? Did any have naughty sexual thoughts of what they wanted to do to me?

Every time a man reacted, with a smile or a nod of his head, I felt another jolt of excitement. With each failure to illicit a reaction, I felt disappointment. And I was determined to try harder, to have more successes and fewer failures. I was becoming obsessed with men looking up my skirt and enjoying it. This was all so new to me. It happened suddenly and totally unplanned by me. I wondered why I so quickly felt addicted to my actions. Why had I become an exhibitionist?

But I really wasn't prepared for what happened next.

I had been totally focused on the men walking by, not the women, and none of the people seated around me. My attention was caught by another young woman, about my age, sitting alone at a table facing me. She placed her hands on her thighs, spreading the fabric of her skirt smooth across her legs as she slightly pulled the hem of her skirt higher. She began to spread her legs towards me.

I quickly looked about. I was certain she was flashing someone and I didn't know who. As I looked over one shoulder and then my other, I was aware that she had closed her legs and pulled her skirt hem back down. There was no one behind me, either at another table or walking along the walkway.

It dawned on me. She had been flashing me. I felt embarrassed and excited all at the same time.

I turned back to the mystery girl and she again pulled her skirt tightly over her hips, pulled it up some as she opened her legs again for me. I quickly could see the shiny red fabric of her panties. I couldn't stop staring. 'What am I doing?' I asked myself.

Just as quickly as she flashed her red panties at me, she closed her legs. I looked up at her face and she was staring at me, with the most precious smile on her face. I watched as she took a card out of her purse and wrote something on it. Then she stood and walked over to me, dropping the card on my table as she continued to walk on by.

I was stunned. I had been intentionally flashed by another woman. And I had watched. I couldn't understand my own reaction.

I picked up the card. The front was printed with the name and logo of Tabu, a lingerie store in the mall. On the back was a hand written message. "I can give you some tips." And she signed it "Ashley".

I knew of the store. I had shopped there for some of the bras and panties I wore. It was in the direction that Ashley had walked. I assumed she worked there and want me to come find her.

The message on the card appeared obvious. She had some tips about flashing. She had watched me, and my clumsy flashing attempts flashing the men that walked by. And she appeared to want to help me.

On one hand, I desired to be a better exhibitionist. I was completely hooked. On the other hand, if I went to Ashley, I was admitting to a stranger that I was an exhibitionist who enjoyed showing my panties to strangers.

My lunch hour was over. Indeed I was going to be late getting back to work. If I was to see Ashley, it would have to be tomorrow, which would give me time to think about all that had happened in the past hour.

I stood and headed back to my office.

The rest of the afternoon I thought about my lunchtime experience, and specifically about Ashley. What was with her? Why did she flash me? And what tips might she have to offer me? And did I really want to be an exhibitionist, flashing my panties at strangers?

I knew the answer to that last question. I felt addicted to the thrill. I knew I had to do that again, and I had to get better at my game. Maybe I did need to see Ashley. She might help, and I figured it couldn't hurt.

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That evening Josh came over, primarily for some sex. However, he was sensitive enough to see that I was distracted.

"What's up, Nikki? Something happen at the office?" Josh asked.

"Something very strange happened at lunch. I was eating a salad at the food court in the mall. This young girl, about my age, flashed her panties at me. A GIRL! FLASHED ME!" I told him.

"Really? That's hot!" Josh replied, eager to know more. "So what did you do? Flash her back?"

Suddenly I realized I couldn't tell him my part in the encounter, so I lied.

"I didn't do anything. I was just sitting there eating my salad." I gave a different version of what happened.

"Why would a girl flash me? I'm not into girls." I added. This part was true. I was still bewildered why a cute young girl would flash me, even if she had seen me flashing some men.

"I've been saying that you should try that." Josh encouraged me. "I understand it is really exhilarating, for both the flashee and the flasher."

"I'm not going to do that." I replied. However, I knew that I was seriously thinking about doing exactly that.

We had sex which was very satisfying to Josh. I didn't had an orgasm as I was still distracted, thinking about Ashley, the girl in the red panties.

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The next morning I knew I had to go back to the mall and find Ashley. I arranged for an early lunch hour and by 11:30 I was making the walk from the office to the mall. I went directly to Tabu, the lingerie shop where I was certain Ashley worked.

Walking into Tabu, I looked around for Ashley. The only person I could see was a gorgeous woman, in her mid thirties, standing behind the counter located near the front of the store.

"May I help you?" the woman asked. Her name badge said 'Maggie' and indicated she was the manager.

"Is Ashley here?" I asked, hoping that this was the place I could find her.

Maggie smiled at me.

"Ashley is in the back, preparing to restock the display shelves." Maggie said while waiving her hand at the doorway at the back of the store. "Feel free to go on back and see her. We're not real busy right now."

I walked to the back, past the dressing closets, and into the storage room. Ashley was there, her back to me as she was busy with inventory.

"Hello." I said, trying to not startle her.

"Oh. Hello. It's you." Ashley said as she turned to face me. "I wasn't sure I would see you again. I thought you might follow me back to the store yesterday."

"I had to get back to work myself." I replied.

"Yeah. Work happens." Ashley said as she held up her arms to indicate all the boxes in the storage area.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Ashley." She began. "What's your name?"

"Pleased to meet you Ashley. I'm Nikki." I replied. "I work in the office building across the street."

"That's cool." Ashley said. "Are you here to buy some lingerie? Or here because I watched you yesterday?"

"How much did you see?" I asked a bit nervously.

"I saw you sit down with the salad. Did you enjoy that? They make great salads." Ashley answered, taking the discussion in a different direction.

"Uh, yeah. I come by about once a week. I like their salads." I replied before adding, "And the people watching."

"You were doing more that watching the people." Ashley said with a smirk.

"You were there the whole time? I didn't see you." I replied, a bit surprised.

"You didn't see me because you weren't looking at me, or anyone sitting down, or any females. You were concentrating on the men, weren't you?" Ashley asked, hitting the nail on the head.

"Guilty." I said as I shrugged my shoulders.

"Tip number one, be aware of everyone around you at all times." Ashley answered. "Mall security frowns upon what we were doing. They won't arrest you, but they will escort you out of the mall."

Ashley's note on the card said she had some tips for me.

"May I ask if that was your first time?" Ashley asked. Apparently she knew me very well.

"How did you know?" I responded with a question.

"Actually I wasn't sure." She answered. "Initially you acted very much like a newbie. But I could tell that you were judging the feedback you were, or weren't getting from the men. You changed your tactics and were getting better."

"You could see all that?" I was surprised how well she could understand what I was experiencing. "How do you know so much?"

"I've been an exhibitionist for almost two years" Ashley explained. "That seating area in the food court is a great place to flash people. And I've seen a lot of other young girls like you."

"Really? Others?" I replied. Ashley was opening my eyes to things I never expected.

"Yeah, I see one or two newbies a month." Ashley explained. "Some I help, and the others I likely frighten away. When you didn't follow me back, I assumed that I frightened you away." Ashley chuckled as she said this.

"You certainly startled me." I told her. "No way I expected a girl to flash me."

"You were certainly staring at my panties. Did you like what you saw? Or just curious?" Ashley was asking some pointed questions. "Please be honest, with me and yourself. Being an exhibitionist is a big change. And to fully enjoy it, to be really good at it, you have to be honest with yourself."

"Is that Tip number two?" I asked, avoiding the questions.

"It's one of my tips." Ashley confirmed. "But please answer the questions. Did you like what you saw?"

"I was mesmerized. I couldn't turn away and I didn't understand why I couldn't." I stammered out the words. "It startled me, almost scaring me."

"Good. Good." Ashley replied. "Remember that feeling. One way to be an effective exhibitionist is to capture your subject in a way that they cannot look away. I guess that is Tip number three. For me there are several pieces of this. First is the art of the tease. You don't just open your legs and fully expose yourself. You do it slowly, you show a bit, then hide it all, only to show a bit more. Keep them guessing, and hoping to see more. I also find that red panties work best. Just like a bull fighter uses a red cape, the color red has a certain property that attracts the most attention. We sell these red satin thongs here in the store. I always wear these. I own a dozen pair."

As Ashley said this about the red panties, she raised her skirt to reveal that indeed she was wearing what appeared to be the same panties as yesterday. I had to admit they looked comfortable and were quite appealing.

"Do you often flash other girls?" I asked, very curious about this.

"All the time." Ashley continued. "Exposing my panties works on men and women. Part of the thrill is just doing something so naughty. That doesn't matter if viewer is male or female. Another part is watching their reaction. Again, doesn't matter if it is male or female. They may respond differently, but they do respond to a properly done flash. And part of the thrill is not knowing what the viewer is thinking. Do they like what they see? Do they want to see more? What other things might they want to do with you? How naughty are their thoughts? Again, be open to what the women are thinking, as well as the men."

"Oh my gosh! I haven't thought of any of that." I remarked. "When I sat down yesterday in the food court, I never intended to expose myself. I still don't know exactly why I did it. But once I started and got some reactions, I couldn't stop."

"It is an addiction. Harness the addiction." Ashley replied.

"Is there more?" I asked, already having learned so much.

"Know where the restroom is." Ashley advised.

I looked at her with a quizzical look on my face. "Why?" I asked.

Ashley looked at me with a serious look on her face. "If you've done things right, you will need some private space to . . ." She paused abruptly, not sure how to finish her thought. "You'll want to take care of your needs."

I was still puzzled. I continued to stare at Ashley with my quizzical expression.

"Girl, I get so horny that I have to Jill-off." she blurted out.

"Oh my god! Really?" I asked.

Ashley appeared a bit embarrassed. She smiled and nodded at me. At that point Ashley picked up a box and lead me out to the showroom.

"Do you want to buy some panties? You look like my size. Do you wear a small? We have these red thongs, three for twenty dollars, but I can give you the employee discount, half off. Three pairs for ten dollars."

"I'll take six pairs." I responded as I pulled out my wallet.

Before I left the store with my purchase, Ashley and I exchanged phone numbers. I felt I was developing a new friend.

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The next day I wore a pair of my new red panties under a short pleated skirt. Just putting the panties on that morning, knowing why I was wearing them, made me tingle. I couldn't believe I was getting so excited by the thoughts about flashing my red panties at other people.

All morning long I sat at my desk thinking about being an exhibitionist. Why was this activity so addicting? Was it just my being naughty? Was it a sense of control over others? Was it the wondering what the men were thinking, what their sexual desires were for me?

As my cubicle was at the back of the office, I had some amount of privacy while at my desk. All morning I practiced my movements, exposing a little, closing my legs, then exposing more. And I practiced moving my eyes about, so as to not appear that I was staring at my audience, but still aware of whether they were watching my show or not.

The tingle inside my pussy kept building. I knew I was damp, and possibly making a visible wet spot. But maybe that was all the better to display.

When lunchtime arrived, I rushed over to the food court at the mall. With a salad and drink in hand, I selected just the right table and chair. As I ate my meal, I looked about at the other dinners, and the people walking along the promenade. I continued to practice how I shifted in my seat and moved my legs so as to be accidentally exposing myself. I knew I captured the attention of a few passersby.

About the time I finished my salad, a thirty-something year old man sat down on the metal bench across the walkway from my table. I turned in my seat towards him, while I was still looking at people sitting at other tables. While appearing to fidget randomly, I was slowly opening my legs more and more, and raising my skirt higher and higher. Finally I had to see if the young man was watching me. Turning my head slightly, I glanced over his way. Indeed, he was staring at my panties. I opened my legs a bit wider, and raised my skirt even higher. I could see his eyes open wider, while not looking at my face whatsoever. My pussy was throbbing in excitement.

I let him have a good long look and then suddenly closed my legs. He immediately looked up at my face. I smiled and winked at him, acknowledging his voyeurism. The young man was shocked that I caught him looking, even though I wanted him to look. He quickly gathered his things, stood, and walked away.

I repeated this exhibitionist activity several times. Each time my pussy was throbbing in even greater excitement. Finally I had to do something about the burning desire. I walked briskly to the nearest restroom and was pleased that the family restroom was available. It was a private room with a locking door. I hiked my skirt and pulled down my damp panties as I sat down on the toilet. My fingers glided over my wet slit and I circled my fingertip around my swollen clit.

I felt like I was about to burst. I shoved two fingers deep into my slippery pussy while jamming my thumb against my clit. My orgasm was immediate and intense. My eyes clenched shut, my mouth wide open, as I let out a silent screen. My body shook as the orgasm raced through my body. It felt so incredibly wonderful. I enjoyed every moment until the orgasm subsided at which time I pulled my fingers out of my pussy and sucked each digit clean. I love the taste of my own fluids.

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As the days went by, I began seeking out different places to practice my exhibitionism. Besides the mall, I found that busses with facing seats were a fun place to flash people. But there would be a longer delay before I could satisfy myself in a restroom. The park generally had too few people to flash. And the coffee shop was generally too crowded to give others a good view.

Even as I practiced my flashing skills, I found I wanted more. The addiction had me, and I wanted a bigger fix. At the same time, and possibly because of my flashing addiction, my relationship with Josh was waning. It was more and more apparent that he was only interested in sex to satisfy his own needs. If I also had an orgasm, so much the better. But my needs were not his needs. I began to see him less often.

Ashley and I would meet for lunch once a week or so. Besides our common interest in flashing our panties at people, I learned a lot about her. She didn't currently have a boyfriend, or even a reliable fuck-buddy. The extreme arousal from flashing, followed by intense self gratification had become her primary source of sexual pleasure, as it was for me. Over the few weeks I had known Ashley, I let on that I had a boyfriend who was a good fuck, but who appeared more interested in kinky sexual activities such as bondage or flashing. When I finally told Ashley that his name was Josh, she exclaimed that she had also dated a Josh, who had similar sexual kinks. We quickly determined that she and I had dated the same Josh.

Naturally Ashley was a bit embarrassed to admit that she had dated my current boyfriend. I told her to not worry, neither of us had known about the other. And as she hadn't seen Josh in months, it was before my time. And as I was becoming less interested in Josh, what he had done with other girls was not really of concern to me.

As a change of subjects, we again talked about flashing. I told Ashley that it wasn't as gratifying, and I felt like I wanted more somehow. She asked if I was really serious, as she could suggest something, but it was at a higher risk. I quickly told her I was interested.

"Next time you're here flashing and have a voyeur, give me a call." Ashley said.

"Is that all you're going to tell me?" I pressed for more.

"Next time, call me." she replied, obviously not intending to tell me more at this time.

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Tuesday was my next flashing adventure. I wore a cute top that showed the fullness of my breasts, along with a short flared skirt. As usual, I wore my red panties. All morning I tingled in anticipation that a call to Ashley would somehow produce a new exhibitionist thrill.

Just as I finished my salad in the food court, I turn towards the walkway and locked in on an attractive young man, a bit older than myself. Our eyes briefly met and I smiled at him. As if he was expecting something, he sat down on the bench directly across the walkway from my location. I began my routine, looking away while moving my body towards him, eventually opening my legs for his view. I avoided any more eye contact with him, as I began to display myself to him. I glanced over there once, and confirmed that he was staring at my crotch. I had become so experienced, I could tell when I had someone hooked. My pussy tingled in anticipation.

Nonchalantly I picked up my cell and called Ashley. She answered after the second ring.

"Have a voyeur?" Ashley asked.

"Yes. Locked and loaded. And he's cute." I replied.

"You're sure no one else is watching?" she asked.

I quickly glanced around. Everyone else was minding their own business. No one was paying attention to me. I spread my legs a bit more to make sure my voyeur was still watching.

"All's clear." I replied.

"How high is your skirt?" she asked.

"A couple of inches below my 'Y'" I responded curtly. I was becoming a bit impatient with her questions.

"Raise the hem higher, and then lightly finger yourself over the panties." She replied. "Make sure he had a good view."

I swallowed hard. I was scared. And I was excited.

"You really want me to touch myself here in public?" I asked.

"You told me you wanted to go to the next level." Ashley replied in a soft, sexy voice. "Slowly drag your finger over your panties, right over your slit. Do it again and again. Make it obvious to your watcher. You can watch him, as he will only be looking at your panties, not your face."

I knew she was right that I could watch him, without him looking back at my face. I did as she suggested.

I raised my hem a bit more. Holding my phone with one hand, I lowered my other hand to my exposed thigh as I turned to look at my voyeur. His eyes were glued to my panties.

I extended a finger and touched my panties. My pussy throbbed intensely. My body tingled in excitement. I ran my fingertip slowly up and down over my slit, covered by the thin fabric of my red panties. I could hardly contain the intense feelings. My body felt like it was going to explode. But I had to maintain a calm, controlled appearance.

It appeared I was successful. My voyeur dropped his mouth and his eyes nearly popped out of his skull. I had full control of him.

"How's it going?" I heard Ashley's voice on my cell.

"Incredible." was all I could say.

I continued this show for what seemed like minutes, but I suspect it only last 20 to 30 seconds. My heart was pounding, my body was tingling, and my pussy was on the verge of an orgasm.

Out of the side of my vision I detected a couple walking towards the food court. I felt they might be able to see my exposure, so I closed my legs and returned my skirt in place. My voyeur looked up at my face, as I knew he would. I smiled broadly and sent him a kiss. I thought he was going to faint. He just sat there dumbfounded.

"Still showing?" Ashley asked.

"Just ended. Someone was coming." I replied quickly.

"And?" she asked.

"That was intense. I think I had a small orgasm." I replied while breathing heavily.

I felt flushed and incredibly exposed as if everyone had watched me. I looked around and realized that no one else had seen, only my voyeur.

"Leaving for the restroom." I told Ashley.

"Enjoy." she replied just before I disconnected the call.

I hurried to the family restroom, locked the door behind me and pulled down my soaked panties. Sitting on the toilet, I fingered myself to three orgasms. I cried out loud at each, not knowing, or caring, if anyone heard me.

A bit later, when I was back at work, Ashley sent me a text message asking if I was free the next day for lunch. My reply was 'Yes, our usual?" Her response was to meet at a restaurant just outside the mall, about 11:30. "C U" I replied.

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The next day we met at the restaurant which had more privacy. Ashley and I had a booth where we could openly talk about my experience the previous day. As I explained all the feeling and emotions, and what an incredible sexual rush I had, she sat there smiling, knowing what I had experienced. Obviously she had done that herself, likely more than once. She was particularly interested in how long I kept rubbing myself in full view of a stranger. And she was pleased I allowed myself to have three orgasms afterward.

"It was scary, and so thrilling. I think I had an orgasm when I first touched myself." I said.

"I knew you would get a rush from touching yourself while that exposed." Ashley said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Better than any orgasm given by Josh recently." I lamented.

"Oh?" Ashley asked, obviously wanting to hear more.

"I think he and I are finished." I explained. "In some ways the sex is great, but he is really only thinking about his own needs. And we don't share anything else in common."

"So, you are a single girl again?" Ashley asked. I wasn't sure where that question would lead.

"Yeah, I'm afraid I am." I replied, almost dejected.

"Have you ever flashed at a night club?" Ashley asked, almost excited about the possibilities. "It's a crazy, kinky experience. And you don't know if, or with who you might have sex."

"What are you saying?" I asked. Now I wanted to know more.

"I sometimes go to Club Wicked." Ashley explained. "I dance and drink. I flirt with the guys and the girls. I flash my panties, or even my pussy. And when I want, I go home with someone and have wild sex."

"You must make some guy very lucky." I added.

"Not always a guy." Ashley quipped with a wink.

"OH!" I gasped.

I had suspected that Ashley played both ways, but had never asked and she had never before offered that information. Now I knew a bit more about her.

"Have you?" Ashley asked in an attempt to learn if I also played both ways.

I hesitated to answer truthfully, but decided to do so. "Bi-curious. Never really felt I had the right situation."

"Go with me Saturday night to Club Wicked and maybe you will." Again she winked as she spoke.

I was unsure about Ashley's intentions for me. I decided to ask.

"Go with you, like on a date?" I asked.

"You can consider it a date, if you like." Ashley replied with a laugh. "Or maybe just two girls going out to have some fun."

I was still unsure of her intentions, but it sounded like fun, regardless.

"I need to shop for a new clubbing outfit." I remarked.

"I know just the place. LuLu's is a few blocks from here." Ashley replied. "Let's go Saturday morning. They have some wicked short skirts, and you'll need one."

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Saturday morning I met Ashley at LuLu's. They carried club outfits, and other outfits better suited for strippers. They had all sorts of short skirts and very short shorts. And they had some lingerie, but not as nice as what Tabu carried. Ashley tried to get me to buy a skirt that was only 6 or 7 inches wide, top to bottom. Even when riding low on my hips, it barely covered by crotch. I finally agreed on a skirt that was about 10 or 11 inches. And I found a really sexy bustier that I could wear as an outer garment. Ashley chose a shorter skirt, maybe 6 inches high, and a similar bustier in a different color.

"Be sure to wear your 'Fuck Me Pumps'" Ashley said as we split up to return home and get ready for our club night out.

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About 9 PM Ashley called to say she was outside my apartment building in her Uber ride. We had agreed to ride together, and we would get a similar ride home later, if we didn't have other plans. We both had done up our hair and wore lots of makeup. We looked very hot.

The popular night club was crowded. The design was a bit unique. The large dance floor was in the middle and sunken down. It was surrounded by three tiers of tables, rising up like a wide staircase, with each tier about two feet higher than the next closer inside tier. The topmost tier just had a railing for standing patrons.

Ashley and I were very fortunate in our timing, looking for a table just as a table on the lower tier became available. We had front row seats for the dance floor. And the raised level of this tier meant that our seats provided near perfect up-skirt views to the patrons on the dance floor. I am sure many ladies at this level of tables were showing their panties, whether they intended to do so or not.

"Let's dance." I said to Ashley.

We set down our drinks to save our table and went out onto the dance floor. We had a blast moving to the music, bumping each other, and bumping other dancers on the crowded floor. Various guys danced with one or both of us. Everyone was having a good time.

After several dances we returned to our table. Someone had shifted tables and chairs around, and now our two chairs were side-by-side, with the table to our left. That worked for us as we could talk and hear each other over the loud music.

"Whatcha think?" Ashley inquired.

"Hot place." I replied. It was both figuratively and literally hot.

"Fun place for people watching." Ashley said just before taking another sip of her drink.

"These levels for the tables and chairs makes it easy to . . . uh . . . see things." I remarked.

"Yeah. You can't tell who is intentionally flashing or accidentally flashing." Ashley answered. "Makes it fun to play."

I glanced down at Ashley and realized that she was already 'playing'. Her legs were parting, and her short skirt had easily ridden up an inch or so. Even from above I could see her red panties were exposed.

"You didn't waste any time starting." I said.

"Already caught a watcher." She replied proudly.

Ashley was playing it cool, sipping her drink and appearing to be looking around the club. But I could tell that she had already spotted someone staring at her, or more specifically at her panties.

I spied her voyeur and watched him. He was totally unaware of my gaze upon him. His eyes were glued to her panties. Ashley let him look for nearly a minute and then she nonchalantly closed her legs while shifting them a bit to the side.

"Your turn." she told me.

I did my best to appear to be casually shifting in my seat while chatting with Ashley, all the while my legs were spreading, giving a view of my panties.

"Well played." Ashley told me. "You already have at least two voyeurs."

My pussy tingled, knowing that I was putting on a show for strangers to look at me in a sexual way. I wondered what they were thinking. What might be their desires for me.

We continued this game of alternating turns. We were careful to make our movements appear natural and casual, while exposing ourselves to various people. While one of us flashed, the other would be the spotter, finding those who were staring back.

We were having fun playing our game. We both were having a rush exposing ourself to others. A waitress came by and we ordered another round of drinks. Just after the drinks arrived, we took a sip and then headed back out onto the dance floor. We intentionally moved close to some of the guys who had been watching us. This appeared to make them a bit uncomfortable, as each had their own date with them on the floor. Ashley and I had fun with them. We continued to dance for several songs and then returned to our table.

As we were sitting next to each other, Ashley was able to put an arm around me and then she whispered into my ear.

"Ready to take this to another level?" she asked.

Again I was unsure of her intentions. I turned my head to face her. Before I could I could say anything, she pressed her lips against mine and gave me a most delightful kiss. It was brief and she pulled back and looked at me, studying my response.

I didn't think about what I was doing. I just responded. I smiled at her and then kissed her back, my lips lingering on her lips for a longer moment.

Ashley's arm pulled me closer. Our lips parted and our tongues touched the other's. My body tingled in excitement, like the first time a boy had given me a serious kiss. I was feeling it all over again, my first serious kiss with another girl. And it was so wonderful.

After a few delightful moments sharing an intimate kiss, we pulled apart and looked at each other. Our relationship had taken a major new direction.

"We have several watchers." Ashley whispered to me.

I slightly shifted my position so I could simultaneously kiss Ashley while subtlety exposing my panties again. I sensed that Ashley was doing likewise. What we were doing was fairly outrageous, but we didn't care. We were caught up in our new desires for each other, and our shared exhibitionist rush.

Eventually we stopped kissing and flashing our audience. We sat more appropriately and chatted while sipping our drinks.

"That was intense." I said.

"Any regrets?" Ashley asked. I thought the question a bit odd.

"Regrets? Why would I have regrets?" I responded. "I knew exactly what I was doing, and I loved every moment."

"Me too. I just wasn't sure if I was too forward." Ashley explained.

I let this comment pass and I changed the subject.

"We sure gave a show, didn't we?"

"Too bad we couldn't see who was watching." Ashley responded. "We were too caught up with each other to pay attention."

We both laughed at her comment.

"You know, people are still watching us." Ashley told me.

"What else do they expect to see?" I asked.

"I have an idea." Ashley responded. I was almost afraid to find out what she had in mind.

"Keep looking at me and slowly open your legs again." Ashley commanded.

"Okay." I replied while doing as she instructed.

Then I felt her hand rest gently on my thigh. I flinched a bit, scared by what she might be doing. I remembered back to when I was in the mall and by phone she told me to touch myself.

"Just relax and enjoy." Ashley whispered in my ear. I could feel her fingertip lightly making circles upon my inner thigh.

"Oh god! That's incredible." I moaned back at her. My pussy was throbbing and my body tingled all over. I couldn't believe this was happening, and yet I didn't want to stop it.

"Don't look, but there are a dozen or more watching us. Mostly men, but some girls as well." Ashley said as her hand moved up my inner thigh.

My senses were on overload. I knew I was in a crowded, noisy night club, but I no longer was aware of any of that. I was in my own universe and all that mattered was Ashley's warm breath on my neck, and her fingers so close to my sexual center.

Her fingers grazed across my panties with such a light pressure on my swollen sensitive pussy lips just beneath that thin fabric. I shuddered as my pussy clenched.

"Oh God!" I moaned in a whisper.

As Ashley continued to rub her fingers over my panty covered pussy, I continued to experience a series of mini orgasms. I buried my face into her shoulder. My eyes were shut tight. My mouth open as I gasped and moaned. My body trembled as one tiny orgasm followed another. I had never before experienced such feelings.

I couldn't believe I was giving this exhibitionist show to a night club full of people. I imagined everyone watching us. All eyes on Ashley's fingers on my red clad pussy. The world was mine and yet, I was not in control of anything.

Eventually Ashley pulled back her hand. Instinctively I closed my legs. I thought I heard a soft round of applause, but I may have only imagined that. The effects of several drinks and the sexual stimulation has zapped the energy from my body. I felt physically and emotionally spent.

"We should be leaving." Ashley recommended. She used the App on her phone to request a ride from Uber.

"A driver just happens to be here, ready for us." Ashley told me. "Our luck he just dropped off another rider right outside."

We got up and left as quickly as we could. I was a bit shaky on my legs, but managed to walk on my own.

When we got into the car, I asked Ashley, "Where are we going?"

"My place, if that is okay with you." she replied.

I just nodded my approval.

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Once inside Ashley's apartment, the door closed behind us, we stood facing each other, our hands on the other's hips. We stared into each other's eyes.

"Are you okay with this?" Ashley asked in a concerned voice.

I smiled and nodded at her. "Absolutely." I responded. I had been curious about sex with another girl for some time. But the situation had never been right, or I was too scared to actually do the deed. But now I felt comfortable doing whatever Ashley wanted.

"You could sleep in my bed and I'll sleep on the sofa." she offered.

"You better not leave me alone in your bed." I scolded her and then pulled her into an embrace while we kissed passionately. Kissing another female with such passion was definitely new to me, and I was loving the experience.

"I had never seriously considered sleeping with another girl." I continued. "Curious, yes. But never close to actually doing it. Now I was absolutely certain about what I want."

Ashley led me to her bedroom. It was decorated really cute, very feminine. I felt very comfortable being there with her.

We took turns removing the clothes from the other. She removed my bustier and I removed hers. We took some time feeling each other's breasts. Ashley's touch on my tits was electric. My nipples quickly became hard. She removed my skirt and I removed her skirt. We stood there, facing each other, wearing only our red panties.

"You know all this started with these red panties. All your fault." I quipped, half in jest.

"Not my fault." Ashley retorted. "You came on your own to my store the next day."

"I'm so glad I did." I replied as we kissed again.

I removed her panties and she removed mine.

"Both of these are really soaked." I remarked holding up both pairs of panties.

Ashley stepped forward as if to embrace me. She cupped my pussy with her hand, a finger easily slipping into my wet channel.

"I intend to make things very, very wet." she said as she moved me back upon her bed while wiggling her finger inside my pussy.

She pushed me down upon my back and she laid next to me, partially on top of me, her finger still playing inside me. My hand grasped her tit and caressed it. We kissed passionately, tongues wrestling with each other's. We moaned out loud.

"I've wanted to do this with you since that first day I saw you in the mall." Ashley admitted.

"I think I've wanted this that long as well." I replied.

Ashley raked her fingertip over my g-spot one more time and then pulled her finger out. She held up her finger, glistening with my fluids. She sniffed it and quickly sucked her finger inside her mouth.

"Tastes better than I hoped." she said as she moved down between my legs. "I need more of your nectar, directly from the source."

Ashley wasn't going slow. She was direct and took what she wanted. She pressed her face into my smooth shaven pussy and began licking my slit. I was immediately on edge, my body tingling and my pussy throbbing.

"Oh god! You are so incredible." I moaned.

She was lapping my fluids which I was abundantly producing. Her licks became noisy slurping sounds. I moaned. She moaned.

She ran her tongue over my clit and I let out a yelp.

"Too sensitive?" she asked as she backed away a bit.

I grabbed her head with both my hands and shoved her face back into my crotch.

"Don't stop! Keep licking me. Make me cum!" I commanded.

Ashley got the message and eagerly attacked my pussy with her lips and tongue.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. That feels so fucking good." I repeated over and over.

Ashley focused her tongue action more on my clit while she inserted two fingers inside my pussy. Soon she was finger fucking me as hard as she could while licking and sucking my clit.

"Oh my god! Oh my god! OH MY GOD!" I began to scream.

My body was thrashing about on the bed. I let go of her head and I now had a white-knuckle grip on the sheets. My knees were raised and bent. Ashley had one arm under my leg and wrapped around me. Her hand was gripping my hip, holding me in place as best she could so that her mouth stayed on my pussy and her fingers still inside me. She was eating me like a possessed person.

I could feel my orgasm approaching. Like a wave it was coming at me and kept growing larger and larger. Finally my orgasm crashed over my body.

"OH FUCKING GOD!" I screamed as my pussy exploded in spasms, clenching and releasing, over and over. My body shook uncontrollably. I was gasping for air.

Ashley stayed locked on my pussy, continuing licking my clit and finger fucking my pussy, now focusing her fingertips on my g-spot. I was gushing fluids which she was swallowing as best she could.

My body just couldn't take any more. I collapsed on the bed and pushed Ashley's head away.

"Enough! Enough!" I pleaded.

Ashley back away and sat up on her ankles. Her face was covered in my juices and a huge smile. Slowly she licked her glistening fingers clean.

I realized that I just had my first real sexual experience with a female. And it was incredible.

"If that's the way girls fuck one another, I'm going to give up on men." I said. "You can fuck me like that every day."

"That can be arranged." Ashley replied with a sly smile on her face.

I reached out my arms to her, wanting to hold her, to hug her, to kiss her. She moved forward and laid on top of me. We held each other tight and kissed a sloppy, open mouth kiss. I could taste my own juices all over her mouth.

"Was I really your first?" Ashley asked after we had kissed for a very long time.

"Yes, indeed you were." I answered truthfully. "And that was so much better than any boy has eaten my pussy."

"I'm proud to have introduced you to what a girl can do." Ashley responded.

"I have another need." I began. "I've never eaten pussy. And I really need to eat your pussy."

"May I suggest a position?" Ashley asked.

"Anything you want." I replied.

Ashley rose up off my body onto her hands and knees. She rotated around into a '69' position, kneeling above me. Then she lowered her pussy towards my mouth while lowering her mouth to my pussy.

"Careful." I pleaded. "I'm very sensitive."

"Oh, I'll be very gentle." Ashley responded.

I held my head up and extended my tongue as she lowered her pussy onto my face. The aroma of her essence was incredibly intoxicating. My pussy throbbed. I licked her labia, enjoying the texture and the taste. I wondered why I had never done this before.

My tongue explored all her female parts. I had done '69' with men. But orally pleasuring a cock is very different than a pussy. And another first for me was that I was on the bottom of a '69'.

I reached my arms around her hips, grabbing her ass in my hands. I laid my head back onto the bed and pulled her down onto my face. God, this felt incredible. I licked and licked her slit. I shoved my tongue into her and fucked her with my tongue. I pulled out and licked and sucked her clit. This was so much fun. Her fluids were flowing. I drank as much as I could, the rest covering my cheeks, chin, and was running down my neck. This was decadent and so delightful.

And I realized that Ashley was now doing much of the same to my pussy. Apparently I was recovered and not so sensitive that I couldn't be aroused again. It felt like she was racing to bring me to another orgasm before I got her to orgasm. I took this as a challenge and focused all that I could on delivering the best orgasm I could, having never eaten another pussy before.

I shifted the position of my head so that my tongue was more focused on her clit. By the way she pressed down onto me, I knew that she enjoyed my tongue attention on her. I attacked her clit with the best licking I could give. She was doing the same to me. The throbbing from my pussy was making it more difficult to concentrate on her clit.

Fortunately Ashley had slim hips. My hand could reach around her and I could finger her anus and her pussy. She raised up some and moved back. By tilting my head back, I could still lick her clit, it was even easier for me to do. And I now had better access to slip a finger or two into her wet pussy. God this was so much fun!

I then had a naughty thought. I used my fingers to gather her natural lubricant and smear it over her anus. I did this several times and she was moaning in approval. I then slipped my ring finger into her pussy and got it really wet. Then in a final move, I put my ring finger at her anus and pushed it into her ass, just as I slid my first two fingers into her pussy.

"Oh YES!" she exclaimed.

I continued eagerly licking her clit while fucking her pussy and ass with my fingers. She became a wild woman and was sucking my clit really hard while shoving three of her fingers into my pussy.

We continued fucking each other like this for minutes of intense bliss. And then our orgasms hit at the same time. We both screamed. Our bodies were shaking violently. And we attempted to continue licking and finger fucking each other.

Ashley's pussy flowed like a river, flooding my mouth and face with her incredible juices. Her vaginal and anal muscles were clenching around my fingers as her orgasm continued on and on. Likewise my own orgasm was so intense, my pussy hurt. It hurt so incredibly good.

Finally Ashley had enough. She suddenly lifted off of me and screamed "TOO MUCH!".

She flopped down on the bed next to me, her head down by my knees, and her legs next to my head. We laid there for minutes gasping for air. Then she turned around and laid next to me, each holding the other lovingly. And we kissed so tenderly.

"Never before." Ashley whispered.

"What?" I asked, puzzled again.

"No one. I mean no one, man or woman, has ever done that to me." She admitted. "Never has anyone given me such an intense string of orgasms."

"And likewise you to me." I responded. "We should do this again."

Ashley looked at me like I was crazy. "You don't mean right now, do you? I couldn't."

"Oh god no. I couldn't either." I replied. "Another day."

We hugged and kissed each other lovingly. I wondered if this was the relationship I was looking for. Such a totally new world was opening up for me.

We drifted off to sleep in each other's arms.

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BAM, BAM, BAM. Came the pounding upon her door about an hour later.

"Let me in Ashley. Please let me in." I heard a familiar voice.

I looked at Ashley who was also now awake.

"That's Josh." I said in surprise.

"I'll take care of him." Ashley said as she rose from the bed and slipped on a short silk robe.

"I'm coming Josh. You don't have to awaken the whole building." Ashley called out to Josh.

I looked about the bedroom for something to put on. I found a t-shirt over the back of a chair and slipped it on. It was likely something that Ashley slept in as it was about our size but fit like a long sleep shirt. I walked out to the living area to see Ashley at the door which was only cracked open for her to talk with Josh. The door still had the security chain on.

"You can't come in Josh." Ashley told Josh.

"But I really love you Ashley. You're the best piece of ass ever." Josh pleaded.

Yep, that was Josh, thinking only about his own needs. And he was drunk.

I walked over and stood next to Ashley. I unchained and opened the door so that Josh could see the two of us, standing side-by-side, each with an arm around the other.

"You told me just a couple of weeks ago that I was the best piece of ass ever." I barked out at Josh. "Obviously you'll lie to get whatever pussy you want."

Josh was startled to see me at Ashley's, and both of us obviously covered with so little clothing.

"Uh. Oh. Hi Nikki. What are you doing here?" Josh asked, as if not knowing what to say.

"Actually, none of your fucking business." Ashley said angrily.

"And we don't need anything you have to offer either of us." I added.

"Good night and good bye Josh. Don't bother calling either of us again." Ashley closed the conversation as she closed the door in his face.

Ashley bolted the door and put the security chain back in place. We could hear Josh walking away, muttering to himself.

"Thanks for helping me out." Ashley said to me.

"I think we're both finished with him for good." I replied.

We hugged and kissed while standing in the living room. I could feel the passion rising in both of us.

"I could use another round of sex, you know, just to help me get back to sleep." Ashley proposed.

"Only if I get top this time." I replied with a laugh as we both rushed back into the bedroom, stripping off what clothing we wore.

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Our second round of sex lasted nearly another hour and was just as intense as our first. Exhausted, we slept long into the morning.

We spent the entire day together in her apartment and talked about the events of the previous day, the sex we had that night, and how we felt about each other. We even discussed what our new relationship might be.

This wasn't the new life I had planned when I first met Josh. But I was excited knowing that this would be much better.

And to think it all started with some red panties.