

The Booth

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One of my passions, is masturbating in public. Not in the exhibitionist kind of way, where the goal is to show off - I don't do much of that. My thing is to cum, or keep myself just on the edge, in public situations. I've been doing this since I was a teenager and it definitely hasn't lost it's thrill. Ever since I discovered that I could wear a vibrator (my current favorite is/was a little blue dolphin) under my slacks, I've had some amazing orgasms in some really crowded spots. I often masturbate at work, many times in plain site of the shoppers toward the back of the store. Definitely in plain site of my staff. You'd be surprised at how well you can control your body during a climax! Don't get me wrong, I've definitely gotten some raised eyebrows - sometimes I'll shudder a little too much, or gasp a little too loudly. I know I can smell myself, especially after two or three climaxes. That's all part of the fun, though. It wouldn't be as much of a thrill if there was no chance of being caught. Yesterday, I had a really memorable time and I found that I'm not the only woman in my town who is into this kind of thing. Every spring, my town has a crafts fair, which means they close off a couple of the downtown blocks and lots of local (and not so local) craftsman come in to sell stuff. It lasts for the weekend, and it's usually a lot of fun. The town always looks forward to it. So, once the weather is nice, they start selling tickets. (the festival isn't until late April). About a month ago, one of organizers asked me if I'd be willing to sell tickets in the park when the weather got nice, and I said sure. They've got this little information booth near one entrance to the park, looking out on the main street and a bunch of park benches, that they use to sell tickets to whatever events are coming up. (There's usually a couple of plays in the park each year, too). The sides and back are full walls, and the front is a walk up counter. The height is such that you can either stand behind the counter or sit on a stool. I got a call on Thursday afternoon to ask if I could do a shift on Saturday (yesterday). I told her that I could, and she came by after work to drop off the keys to the booth. On the way home, I stopped by the park and took a walk over to the booth. The front was boarded shut, but the counter looked high enough that it gave me some interesting ideas. :-)

By the time Saturday morning rolled around, I was seriously horny. I'd been fantasizing about being in that booth since I'd driven away from it on Thursday! I jumped in the shower, somehow resisted the urge to spend an extra few minutes with the shower massage, and got dressed in one of my 'play' outfits. I put on some tight nylon panties, followed by the dolphin strapped tight against me, with spandex tights on top of that. I've found that the dolphin pinches after a short time if I don't wear something smooth under it, and the tights hold it against me with just the right pressure. I put some sweats on over that, because it was still morning and cool

outside. I left the vibe off for the drive to the park, but it might as well have been on with the way I was feeling by the time I got there. God, I wanted to cum so bad! I unlocked the door in the back of the booth, flicked on the lights and stepped inside. Pretty much your standard box, just what you'd expect. An empty cash register, a stool, an old radio plugged in to an outlet, and a fan on the wall. I pulled the door shut behind me and noted happily that it had a latch on the inside - I could lock it and not worry about anyone coming in behind me. This was going to be fun! I stashed my backpack on the shelf under the counter, and reached for the dolphin's controller stashed in my waistband. With the dolphin buzzing away, I stood leaning against the counter, legs spread, eyes closed, hips pumping slowly back and forth, and let the days first orgasm wash over me. It was a nice long climax, and I had warmed up plenty by the time it tapered off. I turned the dolphin down to a gentle humm, and slid off my sweatpants. It took me a minute to figure out how to open the front of the booth. There was a board, hinged on top, that pushed out and up to open, and there were two poles to prop it open with. The result was an awning that kept the sun out of the booth, which suited me because I didn't want it to be that well-lit. I pulled up the stool, took out the roll of tickets and my current paperback, and was ready to go. I love the feel of spandex against me, and I had one hand in my lap gently stroking around the dophin, which was still doing it's thing. The counter of the booth came up to my midsection while either sitting on the stool or standing and there was a bit of an overhang so nobody could what I was doing below it, especially if I stayed close enough. There were runners passing by, and people out for their morning walks. Starbucks had a good crowd out in front of it, and there was bus stop about 30 feet away that always had 3 or 4 people waiting. It was a great place for me to indulge myself! I turned the dolphin up again and held it tightly against my clit, watching the people walk by. I came again in no time, arching my hips off the stool as I spasmed against the vibe. Whew. That was two in the first half hour. The dolphin was getting pretty hot, so I turned it off. My tights were pretty sloshy in the crotch, too, and I wondered if I should have brought more kleenex. Ah well, it wasn't like anyone could see in, or be close enough to smell me. Besides, I like the smell of sex. A few minutes later, I noticed the chalkboard on the side wall. Hmm. I smiled and drew two short vertical lines in one corner. Might as well keep count, I thought. The first customers came by a little before 11, two old ladies out for a walk in the park who commented on how nice it was that I was doing this. "Yup", I thought, smiling. "Sure is". After they'd left, I figured enough time had passed and that the dolphin should be well rested, so I reached down and turned it back on. Unfortunately, after about a minute of maximum buzzing, it let out a high pitched screech and stopped. I'd heard that sound before - it was the death cry of those little vibes. I don't know what causes it, but I've gone through about six of them in the last couple of years. It didn't really bug me, though, in fact it was exciting. I had brought bunch of toys with me in my backpack hoping that I might find a way to use them, so this gave me cause to try something new out. As casually as I could, I reached down into my tights and unsnapped the straps that held the dolphin on. I took the poor little thing out (what a nice way to die, though, don't you think?), and put it in a side pocket of my bag for an honorable burial later. :-) There was an electrical outlet under the counter along with the one on the wall that the radio was plugged in to. I had brought a plug-in massager with me, so I took that out and plugged it in. The

massager can be really intense - it makes me cum faster than any other toy that I have. They're also really strong orgasms, especially if I press it really hard against me. It's almost like I don't feel the vibrations anymore, I just cum and cum and cum. I don't get over sensitive to it when it's that tight against me, I just keep cumming. My record with it is something like 30 in a row, in a little over an hour. (I was tied down at the time, but that's another story). What does happen is I get stomach cramps, which isn't so fun. Anyway, I sat back on the stool and picked up my book with one hand and put the massager in my lap with the other. There was a group of teenagers heading over to the park from the other side of the street, waiting for the light to turn so they could cross. With the way the massager works, I knew I could be cumming hard just as they were passing by me. I flicked it on high, and pressed it tight against me. I couldn't help but lean back and push my hips forward toward the massager. As planned, the teens had crossed and were passing by when the orgasm hit. My hips started spasming against the machine, and I quickly stood up to lean against the counter for support. I don't think I made any noise, but my motion caught one of the boys eyes and he looked over at me. I'd seen him in my store at the mall, and he recognized me as well. He smiled at me and said "Hey, what's up? You're the one from the sports store, right?" A couple of the girls that were with him had stopped, too, and were idly watching me while they waited. I was still spasming against the massager, but managed to keep my voice pretty steady. I told him yes, and asked if they wanted to buy any tickets for the fair. I looked over at the girls as another shudder ran through me, and when I looked back I caught him staring at my chest. I could feel that my nipples were rock hard, so I knew what he was looking at. Another spasm went through me, less intense, and I turned the massager off. The girls had come over and were pulling him away, so he just waved and went with them. My legs were shaking from the climax, so I sat on the stool and stretched them out, enjoying the pleasant feeling you get after a really strong orgasm. I leaned over and put another line on the chalkboard. I spend the next half hour or so resting and reading. I sold a dozen or tickets, most to pairs of elderly couples out for walks, enjoying the day. I sold one pair to an absolutely gorgeous guy and his even more gorgeous girlfriend. Two guys in bicycling gear (whew, have I mentioned that I love spandex?) bought two pairs. Around 11:30, I decided to give it another go. There were enough people around that I was getting turned on again. I scooted the stool up close to the counter and reached down for the massager. I had it against me for about 30 seconds - my hips were just starting to move on their own, when a really cute young woman came up and asked to buy a pair of tickets. She was wearing gray lycra warmup tights and a short sweatshirt, it was all I could do not to ogle her outright - especially in my aroused state. (BTW, I'm bi if that wasn't clear). I love the curves of a womans hips and thighs. The tight lycra showed off all of her curves, too, and I imagined what it would be like to run my tongue over her lycra-covered mound. "Sure!" I quickly switched the massager off and picked up the roll of tickets. She ruffled through her fanny pack, and then looked up. "Shoot, I don't have enough cash on me. Do you take checks?" We're not supposed to, but she was too cute to let leave that quickyl. "Well, we're not supposed to, but sure." She gave me a quick smile, and started hunting for a pen. I took the opportunity to sneak my hand down between my legs again and started working my clit gently. "I keep forgetting to get cash when I go to the bank." I nodded. "I'm the same way. I

always end up paying the penalty at an ATM somewhere." She finished writing and nodded agreement. "Yup. Everytime. " Ah well, it was over. I handed her the tickets, and she put them in her fanny pack. "Thanks for the tickets." "That's what I'm here for." I smiled and worked my hand back into my lap. She turned to go and then turned back. "Hey, I'm going over to Starbucks. Can I bring you anything? I've should have enough for two coffees." I leaned forward like I was thinking about it, and found the massager with my other hand. Click. "That'd be great! Just a latte, though. No sugar." She nodded. "Okay, be right back!" I pressed the massager against me as hard as I could as she walked away. I was flat out staring at her, I knew, but I wanted to cum so hard. She jogged across the street and vanished into Starbucks, and I backed off on the massager a little. Once again, I wanted to time it right. I really wished I had the dolphin on me, so I didn't have to hold anything with my hand. But, the massager was what I had at the moment. Just after she went inside, a middle-aged couple came up to buy some tickets. I put the massager down, and tried to hurry them along, but they took their time and made smalltalk. They had just turned to leave when I saw her come out of Starbucks with the coffees. I grabbed the massager and held it against my clit. God, that thing was great. My whole lower body was tensed up, pushing against the tip of the massager. I was trying to cum so hard that I couldn't. She made it across the street before I could go completely over the edge, and I had to stop. My hips were twitching randomly and all I wanted to do was cum, but I couldn't. I took a deep breath as she walked up and tried to stop trembling. She put her stuff down and slid the coffee to me. "Here you go!" I picked up the coffee and noticed my hand was shaking, so I put it down again. "Thanks alot. I'll let it cool a little first. Did you have enough?" She smiled a beautiful smile. "I'm not as destitute as I look." I smiled in return, still trying to stop trembling. I saw her glance at me, face to chest, to hands. "Are you ok? Is it cold in there?" Well, my nipples were hard, I thought. If only she knew. "A little, I'll be ok once I get the coffee in me." "They should have a heater." She picked up her coffee. "Ok, I should get going. Nice to have met you!" I picked up my latte and waved. "You, too. Thanks again." As soon as she turned, I reach for the massager. She walked to the corner and was waiting for the light to turn. This was maybe 20 feet away from me, and I leaned back into the shadows so she couldn't see me staring at her. I was *so* hot, and I was just letting my eyes roam up and down her body. Evidently it was a little cold out there, too, because I could just make out her nipples through her thin sweatshirt. The massager was amazing, as always, and I began to cum in waves against it. My hips bucking against my hand, the muscles in my midsection contracting rhythmically. I felt the first peak pass, and then another start to build up. This was one of those orgasms I could almost make last as long as I wanted. I let my body go, spasming again and again, still fantasizing about her as she waited for the light. As another wave came over me, she suddenly turned toward the booth. I'm sure she caught me staring at her, I can only hope I wasn't in mid-moan. She began to walk toward the booth and another peak hit me. They were getting stronger and stronger, and I didn't want them to stop. I knew if I turned the massager off it would be over, and I wanted to make the most of it. So, instead of putting it down, I scooted up to the counter, so she couldn't see what my hand was doing, and tried to look nonchalant. She came up and reached out to the counter. "I left my keys here. Boy that was close!" I was still cumming hard, and nodded as best I

could. She was right in front of me, 3 feet away, and I was cumming my head off in front of her. These are the moments I live for :-). She paused for a moment and looked at me as I spasmed again on the chair. I must have had an odd look on my face, I could almost see her suspecting something was going on. "Well, see you." "See... you..." , I managed to grunt. But she had already turned to and was jogging to make the light. I let myself peak one more time and then put the massager down, exhausted for the moment. Three more marks for the board. At that point, I was soaking wet. I sat around recuperating and selling tickets for another hour or so. I even had some pretty attractive people come up, but I was still too spent to do anything about it. Around 1pm, I decided it was time for a break. I closed up the booth from the inside, and gathered myself together. My tights had dried out for the most part, but they were still a bit sticky. I ran my hand between my legs and inhaled the scent off of my fingers. Mmmm. I could feel myself getting horny again. I took my wallet out of my backpack and headed out, locking the booth behind me. I used the bathroom in Starbucks, and then grabbed a pretzel from a street vendor. I sat on a bench in the sun, and started thinking about Samantha (that was the name on the check) again. There were a bunch of scantily clad 20-somethings out in the park playing ultimate frisbee, and a group of same aged goths hanging out on some of the other benches. I watched the shirtless guys and halter-topped girls playing ultimate for a while, and between them and Samantha, I started getting aroused again. One of the goth girls was watching me, too, which I found interesting. She was wearing a tight knee length dress, strategically torn to show off bits of flesh. Her breasts were covered, but with fabric so tight and thin that you could see alot if you looked carefully. She had purple streaks in her long black hair, and was wearing knee-high shiny black leather boots. I looked at her, and she continued looking at me for a moment before looking away. She moved slowly, and I figured she was probably stoned. I got up and headed back to the booth. Along with the dolphin and the massager, I had brought a couple more toys. One was something named 'The Elephant'. It was a big gray dildo that rotated and squirmed, and it had a little elephant's head that designed to rest against your clit when the shaft was inside you. The trunk on the elephant's head rotated and vibrated with it's own speed control, so you could control the dildo seperately from the clit vibe. It was alot of fun, and I used it whenever I craved something inside me. I'd often lay on my back in bed with it inside me, with my heel holding a pillow up against it. It's a different kind of orgasm, too, when the shaft is rotating inside me. It's almost a gentle orgasm. After the first big peak, I just keep gently contracting against it. Like I'm trying to push it out. But each contraction feels very good, so it's a great way to relax. Just thinking about it got me wet again, and I really wanted to try it out in thebooth. Most of my public orgasms are via the dolphin or another clit vibe, because you can't really walk around with the elephant inside (though I've done it in my apartment, and once or twice even ventured out to put the garbage out with it on), and I wondered what it would be like to wear this thing in front of people. Basically, it would be like being fucked. And *that* idea really struck a chord. Standing there, in plain site, being fucked. I went back into the booth, turned on the lights and locked the door behind me. I took the elephant out and wiped it off. I was definitely wet enough that insertion wasn't going to be a problem. I slid my tights and panties down around my calves and squatted down enough to slide it in. Mmmmm. Always a nice feeling. I hoped

that between my panties and the tights it would stay in place. I stood up and slid everything back in place. It was a little strange to be standing there, stuffed completely full. Strange, but good. After an adjustment or two, I had it in a comfortable position with the cord to the controller coming up over my waistband. I gave it a quick test run, and immediately knew this would be something I'd remember for a long time. I could hear the whirring sound it made, but I didn't think anyone outside the booth would hear it. My hips gyrated as the trunk rotated against my g-spot, and I was breathing heavily in no time. I left it on low, and leaned over the counter to open the front of the booth. Ooooooh. Leaning over was interesting. I turned it off for a moment, and propped the awning open. I tried to sit, but that was a little weird. It wasn't really comfortable unless I leaned way back with my hips thrust forward or if I sat on the very edge of the stool, so I pushed the stool to the side and stood up. I took the remote control from my waistband and turned on the dildo. Mmmmm. Standing was good, I could move my hips around, and that's definitely what they wanted to be doing. It was only a matter of minutes before two guys came up to buy tickets. I wasn't close to cumming, but it was definitely exciting to feel all that motion deep inside me as I stood there making change and conversation. My hips were pumping forward and back, and my legs were slowly spreading wider inch by inch. As they turned away, I put the clit vibe on, and gasped at the sudden difference in stimulation. Now I was building quickly. I turned the dildo up another notch, and was standing there with my eyes half closed when one of the frisbee guys came up and asked for some change for the coke machine. Again, it was all in slow motion. Here I was, being slowly fucked, and fucked well, by a machine, in front of a well built 20 year old guy, shiny with perspiration, about 3 feet away from me. I would have jumped on him in a second, had he only asked. It was him I was imagining inside me at the moment, and I took another step closer to cumming. I got his change, and we even had two sentence conversation about something or other. My brain was too busy to really pay attention. Half of it was gasping with pleasure, and the other half was still revelling in excitement of how lewd this whole thing was. He was back on the field when I finally came. It took a while to get there, but it was worth it. I leaned back against the stool as the contractions hit, because they were pushing the dildo out a few inches each time. I'd push it back in against the stool, making the illusion of being fucked even more real. I finally had one spasm that doubled me over and I had to turn off the clit vibe. When I sat up again, I saw the goth girl watching me from her perch on the bench. I turned to the blackboard like nothing had happened and drew another line. The dildo was pinching a little bit, so I squatted down for a quick adjustment. I got it situated, and turned it back on for a test when I heard voices outside the booth. I stood up to look, and there were about 10 couples who had just walked up and were forming a line. One of the local clubs must have let out or something. I started telling the first pair how much the tickets were while I fumbled with the controller, trying to get it into my waistband with one hand. I had pulled my tights away from my hip to do it, and just as I thought I had it, I felt the controller drop in and stop around mid thigh. Sigh. I wasn't going to get it out at the moment. By the time the first couple had left, my hips were once again moving on their own. The dildo was on a medium setting, and every time it brushed against my g-spot I got a twinge of pleasure that made me want to gasp. My legs were spread and I was slowly humping the air in front of me as I took money and made change. Smiling,

chatting, all the while being touched in the most intimate way. About halfway through the line, I realized that I was going to cum before they had all bought their tickets. The realization that I couldn't get to the controls for the dildo made it even more exciting. Even a little worrying, since I'm used to being able to stop when I want to. I started hurrying the people along, not making smalltalk when I could avoid it. I was getting closer and closer with each ticket sold, and I was having trouble keeping my voice even. As the last couple stepped up, it was all I could do not to tremble and shudder in front of them. I was right on the verge, and I just wanted to lie down on the floor and scream my release. I had been holding the orgasm back by sheer force of will for what seemed like hours. Fortunately, they were older and not very observant. They took their tickets and turned away, and as I swept their money into the collection box I began to convulse against the counter. I was cumming harder than I had cum all day, and I couldn't do much to control it. I heard a long low moan escape me as a gut-clenching spasm took me, and I staggered back against the stool to keep from collapsing. I stole a quick glance up to see if anyone was outside the booth, and thank God nobody was there. Another wave hit me, and I doubled over again, grunting with the intensity of the pleasure that came with it. Another wave, and I felt a gush of my juices pour out of me. My whole body was shaking, then contracting, then shaking, then contracting. Every time the dildo rotated against my g-spot, another flash of intense pleasure hit me. It was too much, even for me. I began fumbling madly through the thin fabric of my tights, trying to turn the dildo off. I remember wondering what would happen if I turned the clit vibe on -if I would pass out or explode. Another spasm passed through me, and I gasped in ecstasy. I finally found the slider on the controller and managed to shut the dildo off. Even with the dildo off, the contractions continued to come every few seconds. I just sat on the stool trying to catch my breath. Once again, I was shaking all over. This time from exhaustion. It was probably a minute before I looked up again. The goth girl was standing outside the booth, watching me. She looked like she had been there for a while. I looked back at her with resignation. She stopped chewing her gum for a moment. "Were you just cumming?" What a question. What could I say? She had undoubtedly seen at least some of it. I nodded. "It looked like a good one." She smiled and glanced down between my legs. I was sitting on the stool, with my legs spread because of the dildo. I had forgotten to try to hide it. You could definitely make out the outline of something unnatural there. Not to mention the huge wet spot. I self-consciously tried to close my legs, and say something rational sounding, but she stopped me. "Don't be embarrassed. Look." And she held her hand up. She was holding a remote control that looked suspiciously like the one on my dolphin. The wire ran up her long sleeve, and down into her dress. As I watched, she flicked the slider up to high and a slight tremor ran through her. She bit her lower lip, obviously aroused, and looked up at me. "See you around." I watched her as she walked slowly, dreamily, back toward her friends, stopping for no reason every now and then. x