**Pussy Watching**

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My wife sat across from me in our hotel room. One leg was up over the armrest of a loveseat. Her skirt was open exposing her inner thighs and her pussy. She wasn't wearing any panties. Afternoon light poured through an open window.

She sipped on her drink and told me how she'd spent the afternoon wandering around the historic town, watching old men and young boys watching her. My cock was getting hard just looking up her skirt. When she talked about them seeing her, too, I felt precum oozing up to the tip of my boner and out the opening. I wanted to take it out and play with it. But I didn't want to distract her from her story.

"I didn't have any clean underwear, so I washed my panties in the hotel sink. I wanted to get some lunch, but my panties were all wet. So I decided not to wear any. It felt so good. The heat coming up off the stone pavers in the plaza warmed my pussy. And I just stood there for a while with my legs apart feeling the radiant stones heat me up from below. And then a breeze came up and it tickled my pussylips. I felt myself getting wet, and then cool as the wetness evaporated. I was in some kind of trance, like my consciousness was concentrated in my cunt. And then I saw these guys were staring at me. They were sitting outside the café across from the church."

"I sat down on the steps leading up to the church to fan myself and calm down. And they kept staring and talking with each other in low voices. Then I realized, of course, that they could see up my skirt. I felt my bare ass on the step with just the thin cloth between my butt and the warm stone. The breeze blew gently up between my legs. I thought about covering up or fleeing, but it turned me on. And I felt safe enough sitting on the steps of the church in a public plaza. So I pretended I didn't know what was going on."

"I got the guide book out of my purse and started reading it. Casually spreading my knees, I slowly gave them a better view. I had my sunglasses on so I could watch them watching me. They were only about a hundred feet away. One of them reached down and rubbed his crotch. It looked like he wasn't the only one at the table with a bulge in this pants."

"A group of boys were playing soccer and they stopped and stood in a circle and started chattering with each other. They tried to pretend that they weren't looking. But the ones facing me were definitely trying to see up into the shadow between my legs. They shuffled positions so that each could get a glimpse. And then they playfully jostled with each other to get another look, all the while pretending to chatter with each other."

"I felt my pussy getting wetter and warmer and expanding. It was incredible. I could feel the lips opening up like a flower in the warm breeze, like one of those time-lapse images of a flower in bloom. And I just sat there and felt this all happen as if it was happening in slow motion. But it was all happening so fast. I felt wanton. I wanted to touch my pussy so bad to see if it was really as wet as it felt, but I didn't dare. I didn't want them to know I knew."

I could see that telling the story now was having the same effect. Her pussylips were unfolding as she told the story and glistening with moisture. She ran her finger along them and opened them up to me and circled her clitoris languidly and then licked her fingers and continued her story.

"I had to do something, though I wanted to just stay there and watch them watching me. So I slowly and nonchalantly put the guidebook back in my bag, and acting as if I'd found a destination in the guidebook, I went up to the café patio beside the church. You know the one? It's slightly above the rest of the plaza. I got a table on the edge of the patio and ordered a drink."

"The men still glanced up at me from time to time. And the boys took turns checking me out. One even got hit in the head by the soccer ball because he was distracted. The others all laughed at him. I pretended not to notice. I took the newspaper out of my bag and started to read it. My legs were crossed. And I was moving my leg back and forth. I was getting turned on again and it was hard to concentrate on reading. So I just stopped reading and let myself fall into the feeling of slowly, surreptitiously masturbating in public."

"When my vino de verano arrived, I asked for some water, too. When the waiter brought it, I dipped my fingers in it and sprinkled some on my arms and neck and legs. I pretended to go back to reading the paper but didn't cross my legs again. I opened them. And one of the men at the café across the plaza elbowed another and they all turned to look at me. They smiled and one said something that sounded lewd —'Coño, hombre!' is what I thought I heard — and the others laughed."

"I ignored them. I slowly spread my legs and brought them back together and spread them again. I could feel my pussy opening wide. I wanted to stick something in it so bad."

"'Señorita?' That's what the waiter said when he came back. I must have closed my eyes in my reverie. Because suddenly he was standing over me, blocking the sun, and the men's view. 'Desea algo más?' He was clearly trying not to look at my bare legs, but he had clearly been savoring the view. I wasn't sure how much he could see up my skirt from his angle. A hint of lips? A tuft of hair? I didn't want to act alarmed so I didn't make any sudden move. He, too, had a big bulge in his black slacks. And he wasn't moving. 'La cuenta,' I said. As he walked away, I realized I had involuntarily licked my lips as he stood in front of me."

She licked her fingers and reached down to open her pussylips to my gaze. I groaned and rubbed my crotch.

"Before he came back with the check, I got carried away and reached down and touched myself. The men across the way groaned loudly and the boys stopped their play and looked over. I realized I was going to far and crossed my legs. When the waiter came back with the check, I saw him look down. I looked down and saw that my skirt had ridden up, so that even with my legs crossed my pubic hair and slit were just visible. I leaned forward to sign the check, hoping that the move would casually push my skirt down and cover my pussy again. But that gave him a good look down my blouse. He sighed. Did I mention I wasn't wearing a bra? I had to wash it, too. The waiter sighed. It really sounded more like a suppressed groan, to tell you the truth. 'Gracias,' he said. 'Muy bonita.' 'De nada,' I replied. I looked down then and my nipples were as hard and prominent as cherry pits under my thin blouse. And they were pointing right at him."

She squeezed her tits under her thin blouse and rolled her nipples between her fingers. She pulled on them until they stuck out hard again under the cloth. Then she took another sip of her drink.

"As I left the café, a few of the men and boys followed me at a distance, trying to look casual. I took a roundabout route back to the hotel, trying to look casual, too. My pussy felt like it was dripping at at point. I thought pussy juice might run visibly down the inside of my legs at any moment. I stopped at the scenic overlook, you know the one with the view of the river and the castle? I spread my legs in a wide stance and leaned against the railing. I thought I might just leave drops of pussy juice on the pavement I was so hot. I leaned over to look down at the river."

"I knew I was giving them a good view. One of the old men whistled. I could feel the breeze rising up from the river and cooling my cunt. I thought about how nice it would be plunge in the river to cool down. I really needed to cool down, I thought. This could get dangerous."

"'Senorita,' I heard a voice say."

"I was startled from my reverie by a hot stick between my legs, pressing up against my pussy. I turned my head to see a cop had come up beside me. He looked steadily out over the view, as he pulled his baton back so that it rubbed all along my pussy, between my wet labia, pushing it partway into my cunt, and then back between my ass cheeks as he lifted my skirt. The men and boys laughed as he gave them a good clear view. 'Did you forget something?' He pushed the baton back toward the front of my pussy again and rubbed the tip against my clitoris a few times."

She was rubbing her clitoris now. I could see the pink nub poking out above her labia as her fingers played with it. I had my cock out now, too, and was rubbing the tip, imagining it was that baton.

"I think I came a little right then. It wasn't big and dramatic. But I shuddered and had to hold on to the railing. 'Yes,' I said, in a shaky voice. 'I need to go back to my hotel to find it. I'm sorry.'"

"I turned and walked away quickly, glancing back over my shoulder as the cop and the old men laughed and lit cigarettes and the boys started to kick the soccer ball back and forth. A couple of them started to follow me, but the men called them back."

I got up and crossed the room so I was standing over her. She rubbed her clitoris rapidly and then plunged two fingers into her pussy. She continued her story between rapid breaths.

"I turned the corner and found a shady doorway. I had to calm down. So I sat down on the cool stone doorstep. But I still felt horny as hell. I looked up and down the narrow street and I didn't see anyone. So I started fingering myself. I thought I could come quickly and get over it."

She fingered herself faster now with one hand, pulling on her nipple with the other. I fisted my cock and moaned.

"It was completely crazy. I was delirious. The sun. The heat. The shade. The narrow street. My ass on the cool stone. It felt so good. I was about to come when I looked up."

"Yes," I said, "I'm about to come, too."

"And there was the waiter from the café standing in the doorway opposite me with his cock out. It was gorgeous. Uncut. Long and elegant with a slight curve. The engorged head emerging from his hand again and again. A glistening of precum made the tip all shiny. I wanted it so bad. If he had just crossed the street I would have taken him in my mouth without any hesitation, or let him fuck me in the doorway. I was totally out of control. I opened my legs and showed him everything as I played with my pussy and moaned and looked at him in utter abandon. And then he stiffened and groaned and shot long ropes of creamy cum over the hot stones between us. And I came hard again and again and slumped into the shady doorway."

I moaned and came myself, then, all over her smooth thighs, as her body trembled and trembled again and again.