**Air Day**

by Emma

I usually spend my summer holidays in Cornwall. I love the clean air, the Atlantic rollers crashing in onto the rugged cliffs, the lovely sandy beaches and the blue on blue contrast where the sea meets the almost cloudless sky. It’s generally a very rural county, not much industry, and, where farming, tourism and fishing are the main occupations. However, as in most things, there is one exception… Culdrose air base near Helston at the top of the Lizard peninsula. Royal Naval Air Station Culdrose (RNAS Culdrose), to give it it’s proper title, is unusual in a number of respects. Not only is it a land based Naval base, it’s also a mainly helicopter base. Most of the year the closest you get to seeing the activity there is from the perimeter road or the small public viewing area, but on one day a year, and even then not every year, the Royal Navy opens it’s doors to the general public. I’d always wanted to visit the base but my holidays had never coincided with the open day, well, not until last year.  
  
At last I had the opportunity to visit, and a hot Thursday morning last July saw us joining the long line of cars waiting to be searched and allowed into the base. The leaflets about the air day had warned us about how open the base was, and how little shade there was from the sun, and by mid morning we were both wishing we’d taken the warnings more seriously! It was HOT! Kaz, my friend, wasn’t too bad… she’d chosen to wear a blouse and skirt, which at least meant she could untuck her blouse, undo a few buttons and knot it under her boobs, baring her tummy. I, on the other hand, in my infinite wisdom, had chosen to wear a long loose strappy top over some jeans, and I was roasting. Kaz came up with the solution.   
‘Your top is pretty long… you could just about get away with taking off the jeans and pretending it’s a short sun dress’  
The longer I thought about it, the more appealing the idea seemed. The top was fairly long and wouldn’t look any shorter than some of the mini skirts I’d already worn that week. I was just a little concerned that it might look a little odd.  
‘Go on Ems, you’re going to bake if you don’t take something off, and I think the jeans will be far less distracting than if you lose your top!’  
  
Mind made up, we wandered back across to where I’d parked my car. I opened the door and, hiding behind it to give myself some privacy, glanced round before pulling up my top and unbuckling my jeans.  
‘Hey Ems, you could take off the belt and wear it over your top.. it would make it look much more like a short dress’ suggested Kaz.   
I slid the jeans down my legs before stepping out of them, quickly glancing round before bending over to pick them up.  
‘Wow Ems! Best avoid bending down like that when you’re just wearing the top as everyone’s going to get a great view of your bare ass!’  
I hurriedly straightened up, tugging down the back of the top in an attempt to limit my exposure.  
‘Forgot your knicks this morning did you hun?’ Kaz laughed  
I grinned sheepishly at her.  
‘I ‘forget’ them most days… Who wants a visible panty line?’  
‘Well, best keep from bending over or a panty line is gonna be the least of your problems!’  
  
Walking back across the field towards the crowds I certainly felt cooler, though I have to admit Kaz’s comments were running through my mind, and causing me to feel more than a little damp between my legs… this top, especially with the belt round my waist, was VERY short….  
  
We spent the rest of the morning looking at the displays of aircraft and watching the arrival of some of the visiting display planes, before turning our attentions to some of the trade stands and displays. There was even a funfair there! You could even look inside one of the actual search and rescue helicopters based at Culdrose, which was suspended from a hoist, giving the impression it was flying! We couldn’t resist queuing up to climb aboard. It was when I was halfway up the long flight of steps to the helicopter that my problems started. Kaz was in front of me (my first mistake!) and I was followed by a guy and his young son. In a very loud voice the child enquired why the lady in front had a bare behind! I tugged the back of my top down, but it made very little difference… I was near the top of the steps and anyone looking up had a great unrestricted view of my bare bum. I was pushing Kaz, urging her to get moving, but the people in front of her had nowhere to go so I was stuck on the steps, trapped… my bare bum on display to anyone looking up, despite my best attempts to cover it. The childs comment had made sure plenty of people WERE looking up! I looked down… I could see at least four pairs of eyes glued to my ass, making no attempt to disguise their interest, saw a few more quickly look away when they saw me watching them…. I also noticed the two young naval cadets, stationed towards the back of the steps for security… they had a perfect view of the front of my ‘skirt’, or more accurately up the front of my ‘skirt’! They couldn’t see my bare ass, they could see my pussy lips, my wet puffy aroused pussy lips… yes.. the unintended over exposure was making me wet! I couldn’t move. The boy was on the step right behind me and Kaz was right in front of me. I tried putting my left foot on the same step as Kaz, but as soon as I’d done it I knew I’d made a mistake… there was an audible sigh from at least one of the naval cadets and I could feel my wet pussy lips parting, allowing an even better view of my normally most secret place. I quickly put my feet back together! I started nudging Kaz, whispering to her that we needed to move, but there wasn’t anything she could do until the people in front moved, so all I could do was clamp my legs together and ignore the comments about my bum from the people behind me in the queue…… while my puss got wetter and wetter!  
  
Eventually the queue did move and I was able to carry on up the steps into the helicopter. The only difference was now that I was fully aware of the view I was giving to those below me with every step I took. Boy, did it make me feel hot! I was almost sorry when we climbed aboard the helicopter!   
  
The air crew explained all the controls to us, answered our questions and let us sit at the controls. I was VERY careful how I sat down, and extremely aware of the top sliding up as I lowered myself into the cockpit seat, feeling the cool leather on my almost bare backside. When I got back up I was acutely aware of leaving a damp patch on the leather, and even more embarrassed when I glanced behind to see a grinning member of the air crew wiping the seat and gazing at my bum as I tried and failed to elegantly leave the seat and make my way to the middle exit door of the helicopter! I knew I still had to go down some more steps to leave, and I was pretty sure that there’d be one or two people waiting there in anticipation of the unintentional display I was about to give, but at least my ordeal would soon be over,  
  
WRONG! We arrived at the centre exit doors to be met by the final members of the air crew.  
‘Sorry ladies, slight delay… we’ve had to move the exit steps as they were moving slightly.. Until we make them secure , as a special treat, we’re winching people back down’  
In fairness to him, he said it with a straight face, and it did cross my mind they’d played this trick before on unsuspecting female visitors wearing skirts! Kaz was pretty excited about it, despite wearing a skirt, but then hers was far longer than mine plus she was wearing underwear, though, from experience probably a thong! I watched as Kaz was strapped into the harness.. Straps round her waist, over her shoulders….. And one between her legs… Sure, they were very professional but there was a lot of touching and some of it looked pretty intimate from where I was standing! I was also pretty sure Kaz was flirting with them! Straps all done up, Kaz was swung out from the side of the copter and slowly lowered to the ground, the strap between her legs actually serving to preserve her modesty by keeping her skirt more or less in place. Maybe my fears were unfounded? Safely on the ground, Kaz stepped clear of the harness, and it was winched back up.  
  
My turn! I stepped nervously forward and allowed them to fasten the straps around my waist and over my shoulders. Finally the strap between my legs… both of the air crew knelt at my feet…. I shut my eyes, I couldn’t look at them… I knew the view they were getting.  
‘Spread your legs Miss, we need the strap to sit flat, so it doesn’t twist and cut into you.’  
I shuffled my feet apart.. probably slightly more than necessary.. felt the warm air on my open wet pussy lips.. and jumped slightly as the strap was laid along the length of my wet slit! My short top offered no protection as the guys seemed to have purposely let the strap pin it up and out of the way, leaving my lower half almost bare to the world. Almost bare to the world? What am I saying? It WAS bare to the world! I was standing at the exit door to the copter, my top pinned up to my waist and everything below my belly button on show!  
‘I can’t go out like this’ I whispered….  
But it was too late… I was swung out and away from the privacy of the copter, out above the crowds. I swear I heard an audible gasp from the people below when they looked up and saw everything I had! I looked down and all I could see were faces staring up at me, many of them grinning, but many of them registering shock and disgust at the spectacle I was providing. I was already aroused, already wet, and the shame and humiliation was just reinforcing those feelings, but even worse, the strap between my legs was sliding against my bare wet slit, slipping between my pussy lips and ass cheeks and deep into me! I could feel my puffy pussy lips bulging out over the strap, almost swallowing it up while the strap had totally disappeared deep between my ass cheeks, spreading them as it did. Above everything, I heard one voice ringing out… Kaz…  
‘Ems!!! You’re naked!!! I can see everything!!!’   
If people hadn’t noticed my long bare legs and waist down nudity before, they certainly had now! It seemed like everyone was watching my gradual and unladylike return to earth!  
  
After what seemed like an age I felt hands reaching out to steady my legs, to stop me swinging. Male hands on my bare thighs and higher, guiding me down. Safely back on terra firma I was quickly surrounded by a circle of people, all of whom seemed to be extremely interested in checking how I was… Hands reaching out, touching, until ordered to move back by the cadets while they released me from the harness. One of them knelt down in front of me, eyes level with my shaven bare pussy, and reached between my legs to try and unfasten the fluid soaked strap. It wasn’t easy! It was wet and it was slippery and I was dying with embarrassment as he fiddled around between my legs! Bad enough he was touching me ’down there’ in public, but did Kaz HAVE to point out just how wet I was getting!!!   
  
The strap between my legs finally released, the winch man started to haul the harness back up, ready for the next person. I felt a slight tug, then, before I could even react, I felt my top sliding up my body! One of the cadets had managed to ‘accidentally‘ catch one of the harness hooks on the hem of my top, so when it was winched up my top went too!.. It slid up over my bottom, baring my ass, then up my back, catching under my boobs and arms, dragging me up! A split second decision saw me lifting my arms high over my head, letting it go, rather than being dragged up into the air. The cadets shouted for the winch man to stop, which he did, leaving my only item of clothing dangling tantalisingly out of reach of my clutching fingers, and me stark naked, nipples like bullets, in the middle of a field of spectators!