**An Embarassing Moment**

by Jillykins Â©

Any of you who have read some of my previous stories will know that I do

not wear underclothes. I don't wear either knickers or bras, no tights

only stockings in winter and bare legs in the summer. Chris likes it that

way so that he knows that under my skirt my pussy is always naked and he

can frequently feel up my mini-skirt to caress my bare bum and the

prominent, crinkly lips of my bare sex. I love the sensual feeling of

freedom with no restrictions around my nether regions and feeling the

breeze wafting between my legs and playing with my always naked cunt. What

is more I keep my sex shaved at all times which enhances that feeling and

means that it is never hidden by hair and as my lips are quite large they

are therefore very visible. There is also the thrill of danger that

perhaps my skirt will lift and someone will see everything, my

knickerless, shaved and very naughty, bare cunt and that is a turn on.

Without knickers one must always be prepared for accidental exposure, no

matter how public the place, but however much one is prepared it is always

a shock when it happens but that is where the thrill comes in. Here is

just one such occasion that happened to me. Chris however thought that it

was one hell of a turn on and looking back in retrospect I guess that I

did too but at the time it was quite the opposite.

It was a lovely sunny summers day when we went shopping in the little town

of Deal on the East Coast of Kent. Although the sun was shining it was

quite breezy but still warm and because of this I wore a lightweight,

white, pleated, very short, tennis skirt that only just covered me and a

very thin almost transparent blouse, which clearly showed that I wasn't

wearing a bra under it as the dark patches of my areola and points of my

nipples were clearly showing through it. Over it I wore a short blouson

type jacket, which was open all the time so that the shadow of my nipples

could be seen through the blouse but at the same time I was not quite

blatantly exposing my tits. As always, under the skirt nothing at all, my

pussy and bum were totally bare just covered by only about an inch of the

skirts hem. I was enjoying the breeze playing with my naked sex lips,

making them tingle. I was feeling very sexy which is usually the case due

to my lack of undies and such a short skirt.

Although the town was not crowded there were plenty of people going about

their Saturday shopping.

In the town there are three parallel streets crossed with numerous lanes

and alleyways. The wind whistles down these alleys ready to catch the

unwary. You can guess what happened. As we walked past one of them the

wind blew and lifted my tiny skirt right up above my waist completely

exposing my lower body. I was standing in the middle of a busy shopping

precinct naked from the waist down, my bare arse on show in one direction

and hairless, frilly cunt in the other. Anyone who happened to be looking

in my direction could see that I did not wear knickers and that my clean

shaven cunny and my bum were totally exposed to view.

I don't know just how many people saw my very naked cunt lips as it seemed

like ages before I could brush my skirt down all round with my free hand

(the other one carried the shopping bag) but we didn't see anyone staring.

We have a theory however that most people are incredibly unobservant about

what they see even to the extent of not believing their own eyes

especially if they see something which is totally unexpected. In my case

believing that they have just glimpsed a pair of pink knickers.

Chris would love me to leave the skirt to fall of it's own accord, so that

it would give any viewers time to realise just what they have witnessed,

if it happened again but I don't think that I would have the courage to do

so. Mind you it didn't cure me of going out knickerless whatever the

weather and this is only one occasion when I have been exposed in public.

I still enjoy the thrill of being naked and shaved under the shortest of

short skirts.

I am sure that the act of going knickerless is much more commonplace than

one would think. A census would, I feel, bring in some very interesting

results. If you don't go knickerless why not give it a try and let us know

how you feel about it. If you already do then let us know how you started

and have any embarrassing moments happened to you.