**Car trouble**

by Emma

Some of you are already aware of my recent car troubles, but to bring the rest of you up to speed, here's a brief recap.

The clutch went on my car, I'm not that well paid, so I took it to a small back street garage. It was there for a few days, and I hadn't heard anything, so I popped in to see how things were going. The boss wasn't there, just the two lads who worked for him. I asked what was wrong, they offered to show me. In my wisdom (really turned on by these two young lads in their greasy overalls) I decided to strip to my undies and crawl under my car, showing them most everything!

Enjoyed the experience so much I returned the next day, got naked, oily, soaking wet, and shagged by both of them!

By the weekend they had repaired the cluch, and I collected my car, only to be presented with a very large bill. We negotiated a part exchange deal - they cut part of the bill, in exchange for ALL my clothes! I drove out of their garage completly naked, but very hot!

So that's where things stand at the moment.

I'd only had my car back a few days, but it was running like a dream now, better than it had for months. On Tuesday I was driving down the A38 on the way to an appointment in Bridgewater, when, on the outskirts of Axbridge, I saw my engine temperature warning light come on, followed shortly after by steam from under the bonnet. I quickly pulled in, and popped the bonnet, only to be met with clouds of steam. I was not a happy bunny - I'd only had the car back three days, following an expensive repair bill (as well as quite a large amount of my dignity). I made a quick call to a very apologetic garage owner, who promised to send the lads out straight away, to 'sort me out'. It did cross my mind how much I'd enjoyed them 'sorting me out' back at the garage....

I had a fairly long wait until they arrived, so I got myself off the road, and waited on the grass verge. Quite a few people (all men) stopped to ask if they could help - I think it was mainly to do with me being female and dressed in a smart suit! Eventually the two lads turned up in a pickup and towed me a short distance to a layby/picnic area off the Axbridge/Cheddar road, where they could have a better look at my car. They immediately diagnosed a split water hose, and jacked the front of my car up. They told me it was underneath, near the middle, and told me I should take a look for myself.

Now, despite what you probably think, I'm not totally stupid - I could see where this was heading, and politely declined.
'I'm sorry Emma, but if you want us to repair your car now, you'll have to agree with us that it's the hose that needs replacing'
'I'm agreeing with you anyway'
'You say you are now, but wasn't it you who made two visits to our garage and insisted on seeing for yourself what the problem was?'
'Yes, but I'm hardly dressed to do that now am I?'
'You weren't last time either - yet you insisted on removing your clothes to look......'
'That was different, I was inside, in a garage - this is in public, by the side of a road'
'The door was open, anyone could see you, but if you're feeling shy, all of a sudden, then we can lend you some overalls'

I could see I wasn't going to get out of stripping for them. I was pretty sure they had set this whole thing up, perhaps loosening a hose, knowing it would soon fail, and that I'd have to call them out. The other problem was, I quite liked the idea of stripping for them, even here, or more likely especially here, by the side of a public road, in full view of any passing traffic. The lads knew I would do it, and I knew I would do it, I just had to be made to feel like I had no choice.

I went to sit in my car to change into the overalls, but was told the overalls were oily, so unless I wanted it all over my seats, I'd better change outside.
I stripped to my thong in the car (don't often wear a bra - that's probably why so many men stopped to help me!) then stepped outside, onto the side of the road. In just my panties. I kept my car between the road and me, just to preserve some modesty. They told me unless I wanted oil all over my panties I'd be better off removing them as well. And like a fool I did. If for one second I'd been thinking with my brain, and not my pussy, I'd have realised I was going to get oil all over my body, and a bit on my panties wouldn't have made any difference at all. But I stripped naked anyway, by the side of the road, and just stood there getting hotter and hotter, while waiting for the promised overalls.

They tossed them on the floor, making me bend to get them, making (or more like letting) me show them my bare arse. The overalls were a shock - I'd been expecting full overalls like they were wearing - what I got was nothing like that. Basically they were trousers - with long thin straps over the shoulders to hold them up! When I slipped them on I was still naked from the waist up, with my nipples almost being covered (some of the time!) by the straps. They were also far too large - they hardly covered my pubis, and if I leaned foward, EVERYTHING was on display! I felt more naked with them on than I had when I really was naked.

So that's how I crawled under the car to examine the hose - almost everything showing, and now in full view of the road. To show me where the leak was, they put some water through the system - It was easy to spot, since the dirty water cascaded down on me, just like they had known it would! I scrambled quickly out from under the car, soaked, water in my eyes, streaming down my face. The straps had slid off my shoulders and my trousers were round my ankles, and this time I was on the road side of my car - very naked, very wet and in full view of every passing motorist! OMG!! - and did they notice - car horns, comments, whistles - and I couldn't move - it was so bad, it was so good - I so much really just wanted to reach down and play with myself, satisfy the burning longing down there - it took all my willpower to resist the urge to bring myself off, there and then, in front of all the passing cars.

Eventually I came to my senses, forced myself to move, dashed round the other side of the car, threw myself down on the grass, and stuffed my fingers up my pussy and came almost immediately, in front of the two laughing lads and their clicking camera phones......

The hose on my car got repaired. They insisted trying a temporary repair first, using strips of material. You can probably guess where the material came from - yes, my clothes! They took great delight in ripping every last item into strips to try wrapping unsuccessfully round the leaking hose - even my tiny thong was deemed to be needed to be torn apart.....
After needlessly destroying all my clothes they 'found' - as if by magic - a replacement hose! Lucky me!

They 'allowed' me to borrow the apology for an overall, to drive home in - great, now I've got wet, oily seats as well! - only after I promised to return it to them 'personally' very soon.

I'm looking foward to that!