Folsom Street Fair

Mon Nov 5, 2007 10:2975.46.127.125

The common themes in my sexual fantasies are: safe, consensual, public, nude,

bondage. I'd love to be able to walk down a city street, or through a mall,

naked and handcuffed. To be completely exposed to strangers and unable to

hide. Until recently, the closest I could get to the ideal was to go to some

of the wilder dance clubs wearing a thong, nipple tape, and handcuffs.

I'd heard about the Folsom Street Fair, but I thought it was an event for

bears and leathermen. Then I saw some pictures on the web. Yeah, it was mostly

gay guys. But there were plenty of women walking around with their bare tits

hanging out, too. An Idea was born.I was going to go to the Folsom Street Fair

topless at least, maybe naked, and handcuffed.

I live a couple of hundred miles from San Francisco, close enough to drive for

a weekend trip. All I needed was a day off from work and a place to stay. The

time off from work would be easy, I've always got plenty of days in my

time-off bank. Hotels in SF are expensive, but for an occassion like this, I

was willing to blow a lot of cash. I didn't need a place right downtown, as

long as it was on a bus route. Thanks to the internet, I found the SF bus

routes and schedules, and then a motel that would work.

I figured I should have an escort, too. David was a guy I had known for a

couple of years, a friend of a friend. We had been at bunch of the same

parties. He wasn't a muscleman, but he was pretty big, 6'1" and maybe 180 lbs.

And best of all, he often joked about his fondness for handcuffs and

blindfolds. I was a little nervous about telling him about my Idea, but he

took it pretty well in stride, and even offered his car for the trip. He had a

more comfortable car than mine, so that was OK with me.

We drove up to 'Frisco on Saturday morning, got settled in, and took the bus

down Folsom Street to the Market street area. The Fair doesn't start until

Sunday, but the Fair area was already closed to traffic so the booths and

barriers could be set up. We wandered around for awhile, to get familiar with

the place. Then we took another bus to the Waterfront, had dinner, and went

back to the motel.

Next morning we were up early for breakfast (well, I think 9:00 AM is early,

especially on Sunday). I wore a boob tube, cutoffs, and tennies. It's a good

thing I had picked a motel well away from the center of town; we were able to

get seats on the bus, but the bus was packed full by the time we got close to

the Fair. David suggested that I wear my cuffs as soon as we got on the bus. I

agreed, so he cuffed my hands behind my back. I was excited already. Then he

pulled my boob tube down until it was just barely covering my nipples. I

protested, but he just smiled. To tell the truth, I didn't protest very hard.

We got to the Fair about 11:30. They ask for a donation at the gate, which

David had to pay, since I was cuffed. You get a sticker to prove that you've

paid. David put his on his hat, then he unbuttoned and unzipped my cutoffs and

stuck my sticker inside. He zipped me back up, but refused to button me. He

was really getting into the spirit of this thing. He worked my boob tube down

over my hips, I stepped out of it, and he stowed it in his backpack. Then he

pulled out a tube of suntan lotion and smeared it over all our exposed skin.

And I mean ALL my exposed skin. He told me that he had been planning that move for days.

I felt wonderful. Aside from topless beaches, this was the first time my tits

had been out in public. It was the first time I had been handcuffed in public,

too. I stuck right next to David at first, but eventually I was darting away

from him to look at this or that. Three times, Fair volunteers asked about my

admission sticker. The first two were perfectly happy to open my cutoffs to

check it. The third one hesitated, so David opened my cutoffs and pulled them

down to my knees to give the guy a good look. At the sticker, I mean.

When I had to use the Porta-Potti, he opened one cuff, and closed it again

when I was done. He threatned to just pull down my pants and leave me cuffed

while I did my business, but I managed to convince him that that wasn't a good

idea. When he used the Porta-Potti, I waited just outside for him. That was a

little bit scary at first, having no bodyguard handy, until I remembered that

most of the guys here weren't the slightest bit interested in half-naked

women.

It was almost 6:00 PM, when the Fair closes, and we were at the far end of the

Fair from our bus stop. David reminded me that this was my last chance, so I

said OK, lets do it. He unzipped my shorts, I stepped out of them, he put them

in his backpack. I walked the mile back to the bus stop wearing shoes,

handcuffs, and a smile. A big smile. It was absolutely exhilarating. David

helped me re-dress at the bus stop, but he left me unbuttoned and with my boob

tube pulled low. He wouldn't uncuff me 'til we got back to our motel room.

I can hardly wait for Bay to Breakers.