**Fur Coat and No Knickers**

by Jillykins ©

As you know Chris likes to take photos of me in public places when I am wearing very few clothes and quite often I oblige him by wearing just a coat with nothing underneath it. Well this is the story of one such outing on a winter Sunday afternoon to the small town of Tenterden not far away. This time Chris also had the video camera with him. I wore my fur coat as it was very close to Christmas and this coat keeps me nice and snug especially as under it I was naked except for stockings and suspenders. Well you have probably all heard the expresion “Fur coat and no knickers” well I don’t know it’s origin but in my case it is quite true but also in my case it is also no bra and no dress either.

We walked around the town and down to the Steam Railway Station where we stopped for a coffee in the restaurant and then watched the Santa Steam Special leave for Rolvenden. I felt very daring sitting in a crowded restaurant surounded by people, drinking our coffee and knowing that under my fur coat I was naked, my tits and cunt were completely bare, all that I wore under that coat were stockings and suspenders. I felt so sexy. I wondered just what the other people in the restaurant would think if they knew that except for my coat I was naked. While we sat there I opened my coat and flashed a bare nipple at Chris.

We walked back to the car park where I undid the coat and then took it right off to stand by the car while Chris did some filming. I was standing stark naked except for my stockings, in a public car park. My nipples were erect and excited. Legs spread to show my clean-shaven, pouting, moist, pussy, open and on full display for the camera. After a few minutes of this, I was getting cold standing with no clothes, my nipples were getting so hard they felt as if they would snap off well it was December air so I put my coat back on and off we went to the next stop.

We travelled just a few miles down the A28 to Rolvenden where there is a Motor Museum which houses the worlds largest collection of old Morgan cars, mostly three wheelers. We paid our entrance fee and went through the antique shop to the museum which is housed in a large building at the back of the shop. We were the only people there and Chris did some filming of the cars while I provided the commentary by reading the information on the card about each one aloud so that I could be heard by the camera’s mic. It was warmer in here so I suggested that perhaps Chris would like it if I took my coat off for him to film some more of me as a naked reporter.

 Whilst Chris filmed I did my strip taking my coat off again and walked naked around the museum with my coat slung nonchalantly over my shoulder. I posed, legs spread wide for Chris’ video and his compact camera. My tits and nipples were on full view as was my very excited shaven cunt. I was really aroused, my cunt was juicing up, the lips swollen, my clitoris erect I was like a cat on heat. I looked through the large, glass, double doors and to my horror saw the owner rapidly approaching. Could he see me inside the museum? He must be able to as the fluorescent lights were very bright and I was in full view through those large doors I had nowhere to hide.

He was coming to tell me to get dressed and stop flaunting my naked body in the room. In panic, my heart beating at high speed I struggled to get my coat on and was trying to cover myself. I had only one arm in the sleeve when he reached the door, he turned left and marched off down the side alleyway. Had he come in he would definately have caught me standing there naked, trying to struggle into my coat showing my bare tits and shaven cunt to him, a near thing that time but one which gets the adrenalin flowing. I wonder what he would have said. Did he really see me? Perhaps I had been caught on a security TV or video, we hadn’t seen a camera but then we hadn’t looked for one. In retrospect it was very likely that we had been spotted on the security camera as we have subsequently visited the museum and spotted a notice saying that video surveillance is used there. I wonder, maybe he had recorded it all, we’ll never know? I am sure that he saw me, he could not have avoided seeing me under those bright lights, I hope he enjoyed it, but we’ll never be absolutely certain.

We have that short piece of video there which now forms part of a little documentary showing me flashing my naked body in various villages and towns we call it “Flashes Of Kent”. We are still adding to it so I don’t think it will ever be finished.