**I am Fully Nude at the Bus Stop**

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The cold, smooth metal of the bench under my naked ass makes me shiver as I sit.

I am fully nude in the street, sitting on that bench, waiting for my bus.

I act as natural as possible, legs crossed, reading a book. Passers-by are looking at me. I love that feeling. I feel so aroused under their burning gazes.

I can feel my nipples hardening and the moisture seeping between my pussy lips. God, I love that!

I hope the bus will not be long now. Otherwise, I will have to masturbate right here in public. Even if my parents have just proved to be assholes, I cannot do that as I can see them looking at me through their dining room window on the other side of the street.

I tried to phone Annie to come and pick me up in her car but got no answer.

My name is Claire. I am twenty-five years old and graduated two years ago in literature. My dream is to be a published writer. However, that dream is still far from reality.

My first novel has been rejected by several publishers, but a friend, knowing about my exhibitionism, suggested some months ago that I should write erotic stories, mostly based on my own sex life. Despite my young age, I have already collected a wealth of excellent and hot memories.

The reason why I am naked here at the bus stop began only ten minutes ago. It was the usual Sunday lunch with my parents, a couple of their friends and my uncle.

We were all seated around the big dining-room table when my uncle, who has always been my confidant, asks me how things are going on. For the first time, I dared to tell him - in a hushed tone - that I now write erotic stories and have gathered some fame.

He is so surprised that, without thinking, he says aloud, "You are writing sex stories, and you are famous? You are kidding, Claire!"

There is a stunned silence. All eyes are on me.

It's too late to step back but, to be frank, I am happy that this is happening. I am fed up with hiding my true self from my family.

"Yes, I now write erotic sex stories, and I like it. What's more, my first successes prove to me that my choice to be a writer is a good one."

My stepfather gets to his feet. "You think that writing filth means you're an author. No, Claire, it means you just act like a whore writing that type of shit! You are disgracing your family in front of my friends here! I insist that you immediately stop writing that type of crap and apologise now."

I feel badly hurt, but I also feel my blood boiling, and I reply with anger. "You dare to give me lessons... you that I caught in the lounge a month ago, masturbating in front of the worst porn movie I've ever seen. And then you implored me not to tell mummy! I am not writing porn. I write erotic stories, nothing like the stuff that arouses you."

His face is bright red. "Get out of my sight; how ungrateful of you. For two years, you've not even been able to get a real job to earn some money. From the clothes you are wearing to your rented flat, all you have is paid for by me. And this is how you dare talk to me!"

What a berk! I can't believe I've been able to bear him for the last fifteen years. But, even worse for me is to see my mother taking my stepfather's side. She has such a hard look in her eyes as she stares at me. I am overcome with sadness as I realise that I will never again call this house home.

I leave the table, and, firmly resolved, I walk to face him.

I open my blouse, button by button. I unzip my skirt and take off my shoes, and, still looking directly into his eyes, without batting an eyelid, I unhook my lacy pink bra and free my breasts. My panties follow the bra as I throw them all in his face. I am now standing bravely, fully naked, in front of him.

"You paid for these clothes. Keep them. I don't want them. I don't want your money. I will leave this house forever. I am free and proud to be what I am. You stay together, cuddled in your hypocritical conventional outlook."

I collect my handbag in the stunned silence, open the front door, and leave my birthplace with a huge pain growing inside me. I try not to cry. I will not give them that pleasure. I have to be strong.

The air on my bare skin brings me out of my torpor. I breathe deeply and cross the road, walking towards the bus stop. I sense they are looking at me, and I try to be brave, holding my head high as I sit down on the bench.

The bus is finally here. I walk towards the rear door, but it doesn't open, nor the centre one. Gosh, I will have to enter the bus facing the driver. He is looking at me with a huge smile. It's Arthur. I know him well as I used this bus line for so many years, going to school and later to college.

Arthur made me blush so many times back then, staring at my ass or my cleavage each time I was on his bus. In the last few years, however, it's been my turn to make him blush as I've bent low, allowing him to see more of my breasts inside my top and other erotic teasing. He is probably the first man I dared to flash in my life as an exhibitionist.

There is no need to bend down today to show him my cleavage: my breasts are in full view, my nipples proudly erect. I feel some drops of cum already sliding along my thighs. Arthur has already noticed.

"Hi honey, better not go too far into the bus. Who knows, any bad guy sitting inside could be tempted to touch your bare skin. Please, stay here and hold on to the pole near me while I drive. That way I will be able to protect you, keep an eye on you."

I smile at him. "Soooo kind of you, Arthur!"

Indeed, even though I can see his bulging desire in his pants, I feel more secure here, despite being in full view of the cars on the road and my breasts swaying and shaking with each bend and bump. I am a little afraid that we could have an accident as he is looking more at me than the road!

Each bus stop is an enjoyment. I feel more and more aroused, people, brushing and groping my bare butt and breasts as they enter the bus. I have had a long experience of such touches on the bus and tube, but today, there is a big difference.

Still, two bus stops before my flat. I can't wait, the arousal is in full flow, and I can already feel cum on my bare feet. The sexual heat is too intense. I need to come. Now!

My open thighs are sliding up and down on the pole. What a great cock it could be! I press it between my pussy lips, squeezing on it.

The bus has stopped along the road. Arthur's eyes are glued on me, his hand pumping his cock, and we come together. His cum spurts over the steering wheel while I collapse into the nearest empty seat. I am over the moon.

The bus stop is two-hundred yards from my house, but Arthur is kind enough to stop just in front of my door. I kiss him, leave and wave to him, wiggling my hips with each step like a catwalk model.

The caretaker is in the hall, speaking with a neighbour. I stroll past them in all my most provocative glory. She yells at me, "This is unacceptable. I will refer to the owner. I never saw such a disgusting thing in my whole life."

I cup my breasts with love as I enter the lift. I already know that I will not be able to pay next month's rent by myself. So, I don't care any more about the owner. I am free!

Ah, free... but with a need to quickly find a way to earn money.

Inside my flat, I take a shower and, thinking about my bus ride, I come again with great intensity.

Still naked, I stand at the window, in full view of the neighbours on the other side of the street, and phone Annie. I urgently need her help to get me a job.

I'm sure I'll find something, with or without Annie. I am finally totally free, and I took so much pleasure in being naked in public that I am beginning to dream of a more... naughty job.