No Knickers At Show

by SeptimusÂ©

Hi, I'm Joanne. I would like to tell you about my memorable day out at the motor

show at the National Exhibition Centre here in England.

The weekend before the motor show I had been trying to talk my boyfriend into

buying me a beautiful leather coat that I had seen in a local shop, but he said

that it was far too dear and there was little chance of me having it. I was

rather disappointed, but it was very expensive.

The subject was raised again on the evening before the show. This time my

boyfriend was a little more receptive, and after a while he said that it might

be possible for me to have the coat, but I would have to do something for him in

return. When I asked him what it was he said that he would tell me in the

morning.

While I was showering next morning he asked if I still wanted the coat. I said

of course I did. He said that in that case I must do exactly everything he said

for the rest of the day. I was a little concerned, but agreed as long as I got

the coat in the end.

The first thing that I was told to do was dress in the clothes that he had laid

out on the bed to wear to the show. I walked into the bedroom and saw that he

had selected my very short, tight leather mini skirt and a tight, low-cut top. I

went over to the dressing table to find some underwear, but he said that I was

only to wear what was on the bed. In other words, no underwear whatsoever. I

pulled on the top and struggled into the very tight skirt. When I looked in the

mirror I saw that my nipples were only just covered and the skirt almost showed

the shaven lips of my cunt.

I said, "I can't go out in this," but he said that if I didn't than there was no

new leather coat. I thought what the hell, and said that I would go through with

it.

When we got in the car my skirt rode up so high that it was impossible to keep

my cunt covered. We drove away and during the trip to the show my boyfriend kept

slipping his hand between my legs and playing with my cunt, getting me quite

worked up and rather wet.

We arrived at the show rather early and we made our way to the entrance. I was

aware of everyone looking at me and hoped that they couldn't see too much.

Because we were early the doors were not yet open and we had to stand outside in

a queue. I could feel the breeze blowing up my short skirt and making me

desperate for a pee, but there was nowhere to go. I squeezed my legs together as

tightly as I could and managed to hold on. The doors were eventually opened and

as we shuffled forward to go in I felt a small dribble of pee escape and run

down my leg. I managed to reach the ladies without further mishap but started to

pee as soon as I went in. I ran to a cubicle pulling my skirt up as I went and

showing my knickerless state to those inside. I wiped my wet legs with a handful

of tissue and went back to my boyfriend. I could see the large bulge in his

jeans and knew that he had a hard on.

We had quite an enjoyable morning looking at all the exhibits although I was

very conscious of my lack of underwear. I was afraid to bend over in case my

nipples popped out or my naked cunt showed under my skirt. I would have liked to

sit in some of the lovely cars, but this was quite impossible.

At about lunch time we arrived at the Jaguar stand and I managed to get to the

front of the crowd gathered there and lean on the rail to view the cars. I felt

several people pressing against me to try to get a better view. Suddenly I felt

a hand on the top of my leg level with the hem of my skirt. I knew that my

boyfriend was behind me so I didn't move it away. Then it started to move

upwards under my skirt and stroke the cheeks of my bare behind. This continued

for several minutes and then it moved down between my legs. I parted them

slightly and the hand caressed the lips of my cunt. Being shaven, I'm quite

sensitive there and began to get aroused and rather damp. One, then two fingers

slipped into my now open cunt and started to finger fuck me. I held onto the

rail and bit my lip trying not to make a sound and attract those around me. My

cunt was lubricating copiously now and the juices were starting to run down my

legs. My poor cunt was on fire and I knew that I would come soon. Suddenly it

hit me. My legs went weak and I had to hold onto the rail tightly to avoid

toppling over. My juices flooded out of me and dripped to the floor. I was so

afraid that those around me knew what had happened that I turned to run away and looked straight into the face of the man who had just finger fucked me. It

wasn't my boyfriend at all, but a well dressed man in his forties. He grinned at

me as I pushed past and whispered "You sexy little bitch." I found my boyfriend

a few yards further along, he was totally unaware of what had just happened.

The rest of the day was fairly uneventful although I'm sure a few people got

glimpses of my tits and cunt as I became bolder. I know one salesman got a good

eyeful as I got into one car and my skirt rose almost to my waist. I tugged it

down, but not too quickly. I was beginning to really enjoy this and made a

mental note to go out more often without my knickers.

My boyfriend was true to his word, and the following morning I got my new

leather coat.

That evening we were going to the pub and I said that I wanted to wear my new

coat. I wanted to give my boyfriend a nice surprise. He parked the car in the

pub car park and I got out. Nobody was about. I asked how he liked my new coat

and did a little twirl. Then I undid the belt and buttons and held it open. He

certainly was surprised for underneath I was completely naked.