**Panties on the plane**

By Janie

I got to the plane very tired yesterday morning. I had a flight to get on. I was in such a rush to get to the airport, I couldn't even find my clean panties to put on -- so I skipped them. I wore my summer sundress over some light leggings and sandals. I wore the leggings because it was really very cold, much too cold for a sundress. But I thought, I only had two dresses, and it would be easier to walk in and look better with my sandals. All in all, though, it was way too little for me to stay warm in. The only reason I'd worn any of it was because I'd been doing a hospitality suite and I was acting as a model-spokeswomen. All the way I ran to the airport, I was really getting overly excited about missing my flight. You see, it was in Washington DC and I was staying way out at the end of the Metro Red line. I had to run two blocks to get to the train. Then the ride to the airport was an hour -- under good conditions, but that morning I was late and it was morning rush hour. I'd been up to midnight the night before doing the hospitality suite for my employer, trying to be nice to their wealthy clients. More or less they were a bunch of older guys, really jerks in some ways, but they bought stuff after copping a few rubs and feels. Okay, I guess they were alright…

When I got to the Metro I was twenty minutes behind. Then the Metro got stalled for ten minutes the the Metro Center station downtown. It was still too early to have many customers, so I fidgeted with a book I took out, trying to calm myself down by reading a bit. By now I was cutting my flight time really close, and I still had one more transfer to make. Subconsciously, I started to rub between my legs, which is what I do when I get really nervous. (Am I the only one who does this? Do any of your girlfriends do that, too you guys?) As I felt the warm blood flowing through my pussy, all I could think about was the flight I thought I might miss. But I took out my book and started reading it again. As the train finally started to moving a few minutes later, I felt much better. Actually, by now I was highly excited, only about something else.

Well, I made the transfer to the Yellow line platform in a heartbeat, then waiting, I started to get nervous again. But about ten minutes later the train got there, and I got onboard. Now there were lots more people, because it was only 7:15 and we were outbound to the airport. I resumed reading, and silently started rubbing myself again. The train finally came and I boarded. As we skimmed along out of the tunnel over the Potomac towards the airport, I climaxed. It took me the rest of the way to the airport, to calm down to normal. Fortunately, that's only five or ten minutes, because otherwise I would have missed it.

Well, as I got to the airport terminal, I knew I had a 15-minute romp down to Terminal A. So I ran the whole way in my sundress, with my tote bag. As I did I got so warm I took off my light jacket. When I got to security, I had some luck -- there wasn't much of a line. Fortunately, I'd already printed a ticket. With some flirtatious joking, I got through it pretty quick. (The guards were all in love with me as I left.) I ran up to the plane as it was boarding. Running on, I threw my bag and jacket in the overhead bin.

Pleasantly surprised, I found I was in a "stretch" aisle seat. It has anohter foot or so of legroom so you can slouch and spread out. Why they put me there, I don't know -- I'm short. But I was exhausted, so as I plumped down into the aisle seat, I fastened my seatbelt and immediately sunk low.. Moments later I was in a very deep slumber. I was out of it, totally zoned. I vaguely recall the plane taking off as I snored (yes, I snore very sweetly, but my SO says my snoring's very sexy, like a lady). So as I drifted off, I slumped down in my seat, wearing my sundress, and a bra, and my sandals. The temperature in the plane was warm, and I could finally relax.

I must have dozed that way most of the flight, which was four hours long. I was so tired, I'd had to have a few drinks "with the boys" the might before. Then vaguely, I remember a stewardess off in the distance.

"Miss, miss, please let me help you…."

I was so groggy, I had no idea what she was saying, or what was going on… but it seemed to be urgent. There seemed to be some sort of commotion

"Miss, please wake up; it's your dress. Your dress has ridden up a bit, you see."

Groggy, I awoke to this stewardess standing over my seat, trying to awaken me. She was insistent on doing something for me, which I didn't understand at first.

"Please let me help you get something, like your jacket (they'd stopped carrying blankets a few years ago.)

Well, as I awoke I realized what she were telling me. My dress had ridden up well past my modesty point. Furthermore, though I had on sheer black leggings, my shaved pussy's white flesh must have showed my contour pretty well. In fact, it probably showed very clearly. I thought. "OMG," and quickly smoothed down my dress, realizing it probably wouldn't stay there long.

I checked my watch. It was two hours into my flight. I thought, "OMG I've been showing my pussy to anyone in the aisle for two hours!!!"

So I looked furtively up and down the aisles, and some of the men were looking. Furthermore, one of the women sitting next to me was glaring into my eyes. She looked furious. So I quickly excused myself to go to the restroom to freshen up. On the way to the one in back, every guy's eyes seemed to follow me. Furthermore, they all sort of grinned or even smiled. Some of the women, on the other hand, ignored me, while others just glared.

When I got to the back, I went into the restroom. As I entered the lavatory to do my business the three stewardesses there were joking by now. I didn't need to go pee, I just wanted to try to see how well my pussy showed through the leggings. So, I just lifted up my skirt. Well, it turns out it showed pretty well. I was turning red. It was just starting to dawn on me that for most of the flight I'd been showing anyone in the aisle my pussy. From the looks on their faces, many of the men using the lavatory had seen it, too. So I decided to ask…

"Ahem, excuse me, but I dozed off during takeoff and my dress, uhmmmm just sort of shifted up a bit." Oh god I couldn't believe I was actaully asking them this. "Please excuse me for asking, but did you see any of you see my uhmmm….privates,…uhmmmm, while I was sleeping, earlier?"

OMG I was beet red, totally. Worse, they all just cracked up when I asked.

"Well, why do you think I was trying to wake you the whole flight?" said one. "You showed pretty much most of what you have there kiddo, which wasn't that much but yes, it was. BTW who does your waxing? That area on you looks gorgeous!" And another, "Once the word got out, every man was trying to use the lavatory! What a riot once we realized it was happening (snicker, snicker) I tried to wake you!"

When I realized what they had told me, that I'd displayed my bare puddy-do to the passengers more-or-less the entire flight, I just sorta got even redder still, as I slinked back to my seat. Getting off that flight when we arrived, and going to pickup my luggage, I got more smiles and stares from little crowds of people looking at me than I care to think of or have ever had in my life. My only question was, how many of the guys got pictures? Guess I'll never know until they show up….