**Sudden Rainstorm**

I was working in central Florida with a friend, wearing a plain but flirty cotton dress. We had just pulled into this restaurant in our rental car, when the sky opened up. If you’ve never been to Florida in the summer, these brief thunderstorms are typical in mid-summer, a brief deluge...that goes just as quickly as it comes. Well, we could have waited it out in our car, but my friend said, “let’s run for it.” So I did. Underneath my light solid dress I wore a pair of underpants with a matching padded demi-bra. My lacy bra had straps that came over the shoulders with cute little bows in front, they were precious and gave me cute figure, showing that I at least worried about my cleavage.

So we dashed to the door of the restaurant, maybe a couple of hundred feet, and as my date opened the door, I dove inside . I WAS DRENCHED! The blast of cold air from the summertime air conditioning immediately froze me! So my date asked the maître D' if there were tables available, as I began shivering away uncontrollably. He looked at us, two drowned rats, and said "Yes, but please wait a moment." Then he dove behind the wall, before stepping back with a towel, which he handed to me. I knew my hair was a mess, so I wrapped it with the towel over my shoulders, as we followed him to a table where he sat us.
Then my friend looked at me, with a sly grin, which I didn’t understand at all. As I took the towel and dried my face, I put it over her shoulders to keep the water running off my hair from running down my back any more. But I didn’t cover my dress, especially lower down. As we walked behind the maître d' to the table, every guy’s eyes in the place must have been focused at me – they all looked. They made me feel very uncomfortable as we walked to our seats. After we settled, and ordered our drinks and food, I still felt people staring at me, so decided to to spruce up and find out why. I thought it might have been my hair, or perhaps the outline of my padded bra through my dress. So I went to the ladies room.

When I got there and looked in the mirror, it was immediately clear what was wrong, and why they stared. Now I knew what it was, immediately. My dress had gone “see through,” and my joke panties were screaming through beneath. Sky blue, on the front they had a picture of a tractor that said, “Plow me!” The backside just said, “Get to work -- get under these!” I was soo embarrassed by my panties that I took them off, folded them up in my hand, and wore my “natural self” back to where we sat. There I stuck them folded up in the towel the maître d’ gave me. Only then did my co-worker, date and friend -- naturally a guy -- tell me then that my dress had become sheer in the rain, as I looked down at it myself. Of course, by that time I knew that, and he had only raised my sense of embarrassment. He went on, ”You look quite a bit better without those,” gesturing towards my towel with my panties, “but they could spot your panties easier across the restaurant walking through the bar.”

Well, I was mortified, completely mortified, yet totally excited by what I’d just done. On the whole, it was a wonderful dinner; I was so excited. As we left, I handed the towel back to the maître d, making sure everyone saw as I did. Then I dangled my still damp panties casually from my hand as we walked out. Knowing they could see the outlines of my cracks, made me soooo wet, as I did.

Oh, and by the way, after my boyfriend opened the car door for me, I put on my panties standing by the car before I got in -- just as a special gift before he closed it!!! (You see, I make sure it pays to be a gentleman.... lol) As I stepped into them, I slid them up into position very carefully, as he watched.

luv, Janie