**The Accidental Exhibitionist**

by Murray

Too much coffee can really disrupt a morning. She drank her three cups of coffee to stay awake during that one awful day of the week where all three of her liberal arts electives were back to back from 9 AM straight through until noon. If liberal arts were actually interesting, chugging one coffee per class wouldn’t be necessary. But with one month left to the degree’s completion, she had long since settled on her major and resented the extraneous academic stress. Now she was fidgeting and waiting for noon, still one and a half dreary hours away, where lunch with her mate waited. He was free of all of this. He was at the office. She was awake. That was planned. She hadn’t had a chance to use the facilities after coffee number two. That was unplanned. She was dressed up for him that day. However, it had turned out to be just a bit too chilly for short skirts. She felt just a little out of place with the other students, dressed as she was. His favourite short sleeved white blouse which he liked her to wear. It unbuttoned just so. Her cleavage framed just so. Her demi-bra giving a lift to her curves, and the pendant he gave her flowing to the tops of them. The cardigan shawl with the long sleeves to keep the chill off her arms in the classroom. It would tie in the front if she wanted, but she wore it open. Then the skirt. It pleased him so. It probably would never have found its way into her wardrobe without his insistence. It was plaid, red - a tartan, really, pleated and very much like the uniform skirts of private schools. Which was exactly what it emulated, but it was shorter than one would find with the genuine article. It was a bit too short for her tastes, really, and when she sat down it would ride up higher on her thighs then she felt comfortable with.

The lower quarter of her tush was uncovered on the seat under her. It was unnerving. She would tug and tug at the hemline neurotically in class, like she was today, because of that guy - every class had a nameless guy of some sort with no visible personality. She always named them that guy to herself . The one who always found the seat on the other side of the room opposite to her and would spend the long hour staring at her legs. Her legs were bare today - long, smooth. She didn’t mind showing them off. That is, she wouldn’t mind showing them off if her skirt were just a bit longer, the guy would stop gazing at her so much, and she had taken the extra minute to put on some tights or pantyhose. She would feel more comfortable today.

Now she had to pee. Too much coffee too fast. So she kept her legs crossed and bounced her upper leg gently, back and forth, to keep her bursting desire in check. It had the added unwanted effect of drawing more attention to her legs from the guy. At the ends of her legs were her heeled black shoes. She could slip in and out of them in one effortless movement - the kind with no heel strap. That Guy really liked those on her, obviously, because his eyes would flick down if she rotated an ankle, arched her foot or (in absent minded moments) let her shoe dangle off her bare toes. She would quickly shove her foot back in and stop the foot fidgeting whenever she came around from her bored haze and saw him riveted there. Now he was making her paranoid, and she flicked her eyes down to her hemline and up again. Were her knickers showing? Her high cut, white knickers with the flowered silk mesh right across her pubic hair? The pair her mate had picked out with her. That was secret. She tugged the hem down again and recrossed her legs. The urge to pee was overwhelming.

Every time she tugged the hem down over her thighs at the front, it would pull out from under her tush a little more underneath. Through the long hour, she would rock her thighs gently to keep them from fusing to the seat. She could feel the kiss of the plastic against that part of her bum where the knickers, already scant on her, crept up between her cheeks. She longed to stand up, pull her knickers back down over her cheeks, yank her hem back to a comfortable spot and sit back down again. It would look about as publicly appropriate as picking her nose would. She recrossed her legs again. The hem shifted, the guy’s eyes bore a hole at the tops of her thighs, her hand moved reflexively, and she squeezed her thighs in quiet desperation. Would - the - prof - please - stop - for - a - break. I need to pee.

She doodled small circles in the margins of her notebook and watched the second-hand on the clock crawl around the face. She zoned in on the drone of the prof. When Parliament assembled, the House of Commons insisted that the Declaration must be withdrawn. If the king genuinely wished to relieve nonconformists, he must do it in a legal way... Relieve. If the prof genuinely wished to relieve students, he must cease his class right away. Thud. The minute hand clunked to the :29 notch. It was too much. She was going to pee against her will. She threw propriety to the wind and stood up and made for the door. Picking her way down the row was difficult - she didn’t want to rush and stumble. It would only mean having an accident right there in the aisle. Neither did she want to take her time. Now that she had stood up, the full force of gravity betrayed her bladder, and she knew her time was almost up.

That Guy was watching her departure. She could feel his eyes on her backside and thought ruefully that he had probably already got an eyeful as she had stood and whirled around. It was a small classroom too, so everyone watched her slip out the door, the hinges creaking distractingly and causing the prof to hiccup in his drone.

She dashed down the hall, her heels echoing on the tiles, into the washroom, bam, bam, one swinging door and then the next and then the stall, and then - oh yes. The fashionable belt around her skirt. Forgot about that. Her fingers found the buckle - why was she bothering with this? She had begun to lift the skirt, begun a grab for the waistband of her underwear when she was defeated by it all giving way. She soaked herself just as her fingers found the dainty tops of her knickers.

She was repulsed. She had only dreams about this which she never told anyone, and now it was all coming true. And no one could or would know about this, not under pain of torture. Was she five years old again? She was dazed. She had peed a good third of it all into her knickers. Her secret knickers just for him. Were soaked. It was disgusting. She finished what she had left, into the bowl, defeated, and then immediately stepped out of the wet silk. Stared at them, lying on the multicolored tiled floor, fouled and heinous. At least she had lifted her skirt clear in time. Now what.

She fumbled around. Her purse was under her seat back in the classroom. Not wise, but she was in a rush. And there was nothing in there that could be of any use to her right now. She quietly let herself out of the stall, gingerly holding the undiscernible ball of wet, stinky fabric by the tips of her fingers. And tossed it out in the garbage. Where else would she put them? What else could she possibly do? And she now had a new problem, and that was the feeling of having nothing on underneath her little skirt.

She could go home. She could go home right now. An hour-long bus ride. She’d miss next class, (an exam), lunch with her man... she weighed the possibilities. Which would be worse? Which would be wiser? Once she got home, she could replace her knickers, but have blown the rest of her day downtown and stood him up. She maybe could tough it out, without any sudden movements. She looked at herself in the mirror, turned around, looked at herself over her shoulder, bent forward. Maybe. That was still a short skirt. Short. That was a lot of bare thigh showing when she bent forward, forward, and there - was the beginnings of the cheeks of her bare tush coming into view. Too soon for her comfort. She pulled the tiny skirt down as much as it would go. Which wasn’t much. What kind of a predicament was this, she wondered. She could feel cool air between her legs. It was alien.

She checked her watch. Unless she wanted everyone to think she was sick (sick of the class, yes) she should get back. The idea struck her then - how simple. She would buy new knickers somewhere between her test and her lunch date. Yes, that was the solution. If she could just make it through the rest of this class, and then the test the next class after, she’d be okay. She took a deep breath and opened the door and stepped out into the hall. She felt utterly naked. As she walked gingerly down the hall, she could now feel how short her skirt was, in a way she hadn’t felt before. She would have rather walked while holding it pinned to her thighs, which would look ridiculous. Instead, she focused her eyes straight ahead, and told herself it’s no shorter than normal, it’s never been too short to walk around in, it looks no different to anyone walking by then it would with knickers on underneath... but damn it, I feel so bare and exposed.’

She let herself back into the classroom, quietly. The prof hadn’t missed a beat, and for her brief absence, time had sped up and was now quickly slowing down again as she took her seat. The first thing she noticed when she sat down was the cold seat on her rear. Her thighs twitched reflexively, and she pressed her knees together. And there was That Guy, who had gone from half-asleep in her absence to fully awake as her bare legs came back into his view. Now she really felt self-conscious. She winced as she watched her skirt’s hem slide up her thighs when she relaxed back in her seat. What if he saw up her skirt? Saw she no longer wore knickers? What would he think she was up to?

She felt dirty now and imagined what the view would be like, sitting across from her in the room and seeing her legs part accidentally to reveal her soft, brown hair under her skirt. And she felt herself become a little moist between her legs. Jolted by the feeling of wetness, she snapped her head back to the prof and tried to concentrate on what he was saying. She kept her bare legs crossed, tried to ignore the feeling of nothingness under her little skirt.

The next half hour was excruciating. She kept her legs firmly crossed and her thigh muscles began to ache from the exertion of keeping them together. She let her thighs relax a bit as she uncrossed her legs. Her elbow knocked her pen and it rolled lazily off the desk and under her seat. She bit her lip, counted to three, leaned over and reached around under the chair, groping for the pen. It took only a few seconds to locate it, but in that time, the motion caused her thighs to part and she felt cool air circulate up between her legs. It felt refreshing, but now she knew she was showing and she snapped her legs back together and sat back up in her seat, the pen clutched firmly in her fingers. She turned beet red, felt perspiration break on her brow. That Guy was staring fixedly at her legs, and she knew he had seen her, knew that she had been found out. His eyes had widened perceptibly, glazed over in sexual mesmerization, and his chest faintly rose and fell rapidly. He made no effort to check the line of her gaze, just kept staring, looking for more, maybe for confirmation of the flash of pink he had just thought he’d glimpsed.

She flicked her long hair, drummed her fingers on the desk and looked down, away, in any direction but his. This has nothing to do with you. I’ve lost my knickers and it was an accident. The prof abruptly ended the class. The dreariness was over in a flash and coats, books and babbling rose like birds scattering off a lake. She gathered her things quickly, tied her cardigan and stood to leave. She could see That Guy getting up, looking like he was going to approach her. Oh no,’ she thought, now he’s going to hit on me and all because he’s seen up my skirt!’ She had to move quickly, and melted into the crowd, pulling on her jacket, hoping the coat wouldn’t pull up her skirt more at the back, and hurried out. She lost him in the hallway and exited out the far door.

Now she had ten minutes to get across campus to her test. The moment she stepped outside, she knew it would be a long ten minutes. The first thing was the unseasonably cool air wrapping around her bare legs and feet. She felt very exposed and self-conscious - no one else on the street was dressed like her. Slacks, jeans, long skirts, thick nylons - she was the only one in such a short skirt and bare legs. Were it the middle of summer, she’d be one of many. At least her coat kept the cool air off her upper body.

The second thing was the wind that picked up the hem of her skirt, dangerously toying with it. Her adrenaline went off like a bomb as she felt the back of her skirt lift, a cool breeze on her bare cheeks and the feeling of nothing but cold air. Her hand snapped behind and smoothed her skirt down, and she hoped it hadn’t lifted enough to show anything to anyone. She tried to walk quickly, her heels clicking on the pavement, her long, bare legs rubbing at the thighs, her wetness growing despite her panic. Was is the adrenaline? The brisk walking was causing her skirt to bounce back and forth, teasingly, as she walked. She would have to slow down, in case it bounced to high and, aided by the wind, flash herself. She felt the breeze evaporate the wetness between her legs and she sucked in her breath involuntarily.

She dashed up a flight of stairs, her face blazing red, knowing full well anyone behind her could see up her skirt. She looked over her shoulder behind her as she neared the top and saw two guys looking back. They didn’t meet her gaze, but she could see their eyes fixated on her tight, bare tush, framed by the pleats of the skirt. She held the hem down, and lowered her head in abject embarrassment as she reached the top of the stairs and disappeared as fast as she could around the corner of a building.

By the time she reached her next class, she felt like crawling into a hole and dying. She took a seat at the far back corner of the room, yanked her skirt down and placed her purse in her lap to weigh down the hem. The insides of her thighs were wet.

“All objects on the floor, miss,” said the TA as he placed her test paper on the desk. He glanced meaningfully at her purse. She waited for his eyes to leave her legs before she slid the purse off and under her chair. A few minutes later, the test began and she could not settle down to write. It took her fifteen minutes to calm down and begin concentrating. At least in this room, everyone was facing the same way. Her heart rate slowed and she finally picked up her pen and began the essay questions. It took her right up to the end of the hour to finish. She got up with the rest of the stragglers, handed her test to the TA and left. She had five minutes to meet her man at his office and she knew they would have to make a pit stop before lunch to buy her new knickers.

Back out in the hall, she became very aware of what you cannot do in a miniskirt with no knickers. She passed the water fountain by, even though she was thirsty. She avoided the drink machine because she didn’t want to stoop or squat to retrieve the can. She took the elevator to the ground floor to avoid someone looking up her skirt while she was on the stairs. She stopped at a coffee kiosk and bought a bottle of water, dropping change on the floor while fishing for money in her purse. She let the coins lie where they fell and instinctively held her skirt down when a well-meaning gentleman stooped to pick up her coins for her. “You dropped these,” he said, as though she didn’t know. His eyes unconsciously travelled up and down the length of her bare legs as he returned the coins.

Once out on the street the wind began its cruel tricks again. As soon as the doors to the building opened, the gust caught her off guard and her skirt billowed up high. She gasped and shoved her skirt back down, ignoring the people on their way in who snapped their heads around as she passed. She heard a muffled giggle and an “Omigod - did you see that?” She hurried off into the cool afternoon and considered the possibility of allowing herself to cry in public.

In the lobby of the office tower, she felt no less conspicuous among the suits. As she crossed the spacious lobby, her heels echoing on the tile floor in the cavernous atrium, she drew glances from the men with briefcases, cellphones and woven ties on their way to lunch meetings and taxis. She was the only one with a skirt as short as it was, with bare legs, with strapless heels, with a purse that said “I’m young, I don’t work here, and if I did, I’d be sent home to change.”

She took the elevator to his floor and paced the lobby outside his office. It was a high traffic area, with people coming and going and a distracted receptionist. She decided not to sit down. He finally emerged from his meetings and phone calls, a little late, a little flustered, but very relieved to see her. “Baby,” he said, stepping up to embrace her, “God you look so hot.” She almost collapsed in his arms. He encircled her little waist with his hands, and let them rest in the small of her back, drawing her up on her toes to kiss him. She was much shorter then he, and as she stood up on her toes, she felt her little skirt lift in the back, its hem drawn up further by the pressure of his hands on her waist. She could feel the air underneath her miniskirt and realized, as she kissed him, that she was probably showing in the back. But because it was him, because she was so glad to see him after a hellish (and very unusual) morning, she thought to herself, forget about it. Just this once. Enjoy his kiss and ignore the feeling of nothingness.

It made for an interesting sight to anyone who might have noticed. The young, pretty girl balanced on her toes, the heels of her bare feet arching gracefully from her heels, accentuating taut calves and emphasizing the lines of her beautiful bare legs, with a skirt short enough to be allowing two discernable crescents to show at the tops of her thighs as her hemline crept up over the cheeks her bare tush. Did she know? And was that a thong or was she wearing anything at all under that little skirt?

For her, the little moment of voluntary indiscretion gave her a thrill she hadn’t fully recognized at any time that morning. She felt herself becoming wet. “Oh God, I’m so glad to see you,” she breathed.

“You okay?’ he said, looking down at her with a puzzled expression on his face. “Just a bad morning,” she said. “Where do you want to go for lunch?” “Around the corner - the usual?” he said referring to their favourite pub. “Okay, but there’s just a quick stop I want to make on the way,” she said, “At the mall across the way. Girl stuff.” She wasn’t about to tell him what for. “OK then,” he said, taking her hand and setting off. They left the lobby, and stepped into an elevator. The doors had barely closed when he took her in his arms, backed her against the wall of the car and kissed her deeply. “I’ve been thinking of you all morning,” he whispered, as he pressed against her. She could feel his hardness through his slacks. She smiled, let her tongue probe his teeth, closed her eyes, concentrated on his hardness, hoped the car would keep going, gliding down the thirty floors without stopping.

“I’ve been thinking about you too,” she said, which wasn’t entirely true, but the sentiment was honest. Almost at the moment she said it, she felt his hand slide up the back of her skirt.

Her eyes flew open, bugged out, and he froze in mid-kiss. “Saaay.....” he said, a lecherous grin spreading across his face. “Why you little tart. You little slut. Did you do that for me?” His finger slipped between her thighs and grazed her.

“I- I -no, I mean... uh-“ she stammered, but in his mind, and in his pants, he knew she had done it for him as he kissed her harder and smothered her attempt to explain with his mouth.

“Let’s skip lunch,” he hissed. “Why?” “I want to show you off.” It took a second for the words to sink in. “I’ve always wanted to show you off,” he continued in a hoarse whisper, “every time you’ve worn your little skirts I’ve had this fantasy.”

“What do you mean?” she asked cautiously. The elevator jerked to a stop on the third floor. Two people waddled in, one giving the flushed couple a curious glance. He waited until the doors had shut, then cupped his hand and mouth over her ear and whispered very quietly, “I want you to let someone see up your skirt. You know, give them a show.”

There was silence as the elevator stopped on the ground floor. They walked out hand in hand. She thought about That Guy, about the others seeing her on the steps, the wind blowing her skirt up, letting herself show at the office. And then she heard herself say, “Okay.” And she knew then that the knickers could wait.

The mall was a sprawling downtown mess of glass elevators, escalators, food courts, and clothing stores. At the far end was a department store, and he led her there. She was nervous, self-conscious and still unused to the feeling of just the miniskirt, riding high on her bare thighs, moving with the swaying of her hips, carried along only by the belt which held it up on her waist. The only sure thing about its presence was the two inches of waistline, snug against her. The feeling of the belt securing the skirt was the last thing she could feel until the soles of her heels on her feet. It had now been a little over two hours that she’d gone without knickers. The occasional brush of fabric as the hemline swished against one bare cheek or the other, or the sides of her hips reminded her of the flaring, pleated hem. How the hem could, with the wrong movement, betray how bare she was underneath.

He was leading her towards an escalator. “Where are we going?” she asked as he paused to glance at an instant photo booth by the foot of an escalator. “Menswear,” he replied casually, turning from the booth and stepping onto the escalator. She looked over her shoulder at shoppers stepping on behind them, and still others behind them. Her hand moved reflexively to her skirt hem behind her. He circled his arm around her waist, casually collecting her protective hand on the way and holding it firmly and gently, affectionately, to her side. She stared straight ahead, her face hot and red, her thighs becoming slowly wetter. As the escalator rose, so the view up the back of her skirt grew, her bare tush and vulva on unceasing display for those below her. As the escalator rose higher, so the feeling of nothingness under her skirt grew. It seemed the longer she was on the escalator, and the higher she rose above the floor below, the more bare she felt. And the more bare she felt, the more she felt the wetness coming, the buzzing in her ear, and the surge in the pit of her stomach. Until finally they reached the top, and the moment passed, and she began to breathe more slowly. When she refocused her eyes, they were staring at ties.

“Omigod,” she said to him, “What are you doing to me? I’m enjoying this. I shouldn’t be enjoying this.” “Why not,” he said, “I am,” and started pulling her skirt up. She slapped him away. He smiled and looked around casually. Then he said, “You have an admirer. Don’t turn around.” She froze, and fingered a tie. He turned back to her and said, “Somebody who rode up behind us on the escalator seems to be very interested in the sport coats right behind us.” An unassuming middle-aged man fiddled with the rack, absently fingering the anti-shop lifting ink tags and repeatedly flicking his eyes in her direction. First to her shoes, then her skirt, then her legs and then her shoes. Trying to surreptitiously duck his head lower to get a better view up her skirt.

“What do you want me to do?” she whispered. “Reach over for the tie on the far side of the bin - slowly. And lean forward on one leg.” She did as he said, slowly, feeling her skirt ride up and over her cheeks and the air on her wetness. “What’s he doing?” she asked, straightening up again. He looked around in the general direction of their audience. The audience was stunned.

“Staring,” he replied. “I want to see what you look like. Do it again.” He drifted over behind her to another rack and turned back as she leaned again over the tie display. Her tiny skirt crept up her bare thighs, as if in slow time, her upper thighs gave way to bare cheeks, a flash of wet pink. She extended a bare leg back behind her, for balance, and then straightened up again, holding an impossibly ugly tie.

He went to her, his breath ragged, and grabbed her hand. “Come on,” he said.

“Now where are we going?”

“The photo booth. I’m going to burst,” he said tightly.

“This sure didn’t last,” she said.

The photo booth was empty, waiting and lost amidst the noon rush of shoppers. They ducked in, closed the curtain and he sat down. Plugged a coin into the slot. Pulled her down onto his lap, facing him.

“I want you now, I want to be inside you,” he said. She moaned as his mouth found her neck, nuzzling into her collarbone, tracing her jaw with his tongue. She unzipped him, unbuckled him, took him out into her trembling, delicate fingers. His shaft felt warm, soft to the touch, yet rigid, twitching and unyielding. Her sensitive, soft fingertips massaged him lovingly, spreading his lubrication around, firming him up and hard as he could get. His breath was hot on her throat, her blouse coming off one shoulder as he pulled her buttons apart. A hand moving down, pulling free a breast, the hard nipple popping out and the insistent lips closing around it. She arched her head back, felt her skirt being lifted and a hand tracing her wet crease at the back, spreading her moisture down the insides of her thigh. She pulled her bare feet out of her shoes, rested one on his foot. <Flash> The light popped in the booth as the first photo was taken. She slid down, down between his parted legs, down onto her knees and took him into her mouth, massaging the tip with her tongue, tracing down the underside and up again, stroking its length with her lips. Her hair fell in tangled strands over her face and around his shaft and she sucked slowly, up and down.

<Flash> The camera popped a second time.

He bit his lip, stifled a groan and pulled her up. She turned around, sat back down with her back to him, and felt it go into her, slowly, its width pushing her open and the friction braking her descent to his pelvis. She arched her back, her mouth open, her eyes closed and made a heavenly, plaintive moan, with a tiny hiccuping gasp at the end. He clamped his hands around her waist and pushed again, causing the same noise to escape her.

<Flash> went the camera, again.

With each slippery thrust he envisioned her wearing her miniskirt all morning, without knickers, how open and exposed she’d been, how few inches she’d been away from revealing her secret. How she looked standing in menswear in his favourite outfit, her tiny pleated skirt, blouse and heels. The short hem lifting up the backs of her thighs whenever she had stood on her toes to kiss him. He began to push faster, feeling it gather in him. Everything between them had become sopping wet, the seat, her skirt hem, her legs. She began to reach her climax, her tiny, audible, staccato gasps matching his quick and shorter thrusts. Then she stopped gasping, her eyes rolled up, her mouth opened and twitched, but no sound came out. She arched her feet, then made a small sound at the back of her throat. There was silence as he came in her, and then the sound of exhaling, gasping, and two bodies slumped into each other.

<Flash> The camera took its final picture.

Slowly, she let him slip out of her, feeling him trickle down her thighs. She turned around and kissed him softly, relaxed a moment while he fumbled for a handkerchief.

“That was fun,” he said, “We should it again more often.” She opened her mouth to tell him, but thought better of it. “Feed me,” she said instead. She slipped the photos into her purse on the way out.