**Uber Exposure**

by[September\_Wish](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5401403&page=submissions)©

Emily stepped off the kerb Newark Liberty International. A horn blasted as a yellow cab swerved to avoid her. Shit!. She was still half asleep. The eight hour flight from Edinburgh plus the time she'd spent hanging around the departure lounge had left her with little energy. She checked her phone. Three missed calls from Tony.

She was supposed to be representing the company at a conference in New York. Usually her boss Tony handled these things but he had been struck down with a particularly bad case of man flu so he'd asked Emily to step up in his place. It was a huge opportunity for her, but it was beginning to look like a bust already. A storm had meant the flight was delayed by almost 12 hours and she would need to go straight to the venue instead of the hotel to freshen up.

She caught sight of her reflection in the bus shelter window and groaned. Her usually shiny curls looked matte and straw-like and her pale skin was now a sad grey tone. Despite being a youthful 25 she could also see dehydration lines forming around her mouth. Ugh, kill me now.

Emily opened the Uber app on her phone and was relieved to see that 'Vince' was now just one minute away. She scanned the street for a white Toyota Prius. Almost every car in the pick up bay was white. What the hell did a Prius look like? Just then a sleek hatchback rounded the corner and a young, Italian looking man emerged shouting her name. "Emily Parkes?" She waved and wheeled her small suitcase over.

Vince, tall and slightly skinny with a mop of dark brown hair, reached out to take Emily's luggage from her, but Emily stopped him. "No, sorry. I need to keep my stuff with me." His dark brown eyes narrowed suspiciously "Stuff?"

"Oh no, I mean I need to get myself ready for a conference I'm late for." Emily explained. Vince hesitated, "Lady, this is my Dad's car, you can't be getting make-up all over it." He gestured to the immaculate upholstery as if to prove his point. "Oh don't worry," Emily beamed at him, "I'm a pro!"

"Pro?" Vince suddenly looked at her like she's just asked to take a shit in his car. "N-no, I mean a pro at putting on make-up in moving cars." Emily realised how ridiculous this sounded and Vince seemed unconvinced.

She could feel herself beginning to panic. If Vince refused to take her, she'd need to wait another 30 minutes for a new driver, and that was assuming he didn't put her on some kind of blacklist. "Look, I really need to get to this work thing. Can you help me out? I promise I won't make a mess." Vince studied her, as if weighing up whether this job was worth the hassle. "Fine," he said eventually, "but I'm going to check for any mess before you leave."

Before he could change his mind, Emily slid herself into the backseat of the Toyota and pulled her small suitcase in beside her. Vince eyed her skeptically for a moment before closing the door behind her and hopping in the driver's seat. Once he started up the engine she let out a sigh of relief. Smiling at him pleasantly in the mirror, she then pulled out her make-up bag to begin her attempt to make herself presentable again.

She could see Vince watching her closely in the mirror as she re-applied her tinted moisturiser. Her skin was clear so she didn't need a lot of coverage, just a smidge to give herself a healthy look. She held a tiny compact mirror up to the window and added a little blush to her cheeks and was pleased to see that her grey skin was now glowing again. Vince seemed to relax too when he saw that she wasn't about to start drawing all over his car. "Good flight was it?" He asked, trying to make eye contact through the rear mirror. "Mmm." She replied. She didn't really have time for small talk.

Next, Emily pulled out a bright red lipstick from her purse. It was her favourite colour. Not many women can actually pull off red lips, but paired with her porcelain skin, it made her look like a 1940s screen siren. Vince watched her closely as she expertly applied it to the bows of her lips. She was pretty sure he was holding his breath. She held his gaze for a moment, he was actually pretty cute, then a horn blasted and he suddenly slammed the breaks on. Emily managed to pull the lipstick away from her face in time. A car had just cut in front of him. He cursed and apologised then went back to concentrating on the road.

Emily picked up her eye pencil next and briefly wondered if it was worth the risk but she thought better of it and tossed it back in the bag. She could do without. "Are you from England?" Vince asked casually. "Scotland." She corrected him. "Wow, cool. I love Whiskey. My uncle's neighbor was Scottish. I think his name was Frank. Maybe you'd know him?" He continued. Emily rolled her eyes and tried to focus on how she'd fix her hair next. She rummaged through her bag for some hair clips and managed to pin her long curls into a loose chignon. She caught a glimpse of herself in the window reflection. White skin, black hair, red lips. She looked like a china doll. Maybe she could pull this off after all.

Vince eventually ran out of inane questions and turned the radio on. The temperature in the car was beginning to rise so Emily removed her thick coat and folded it neatly beside her. She was used to the cold temperatures of Edinburgh but it felt like it was 100 degrees in this car. She absentmindedly picked a piece of lint off her black shirt then to her horror noticed a large brown stain on her top, running from her chest all the way down to the waistband of her skirt. Shit. She must have spilled her dinner on the plane. Emily for a moment fondly remembered the roast beef and gravy the BA flight attendant had served. No way could she show up to the conference like this.

She rummaged through her suitcase for a minute, remembering the white shirt she had brought for emergency purposes just like this. It was a little tight across the bust but it was better than a big dirty beef stain. Holding it against her, she looked back at Vince in the mirror who was busy concentrating on navigating the busy freeway and pondered her options. If she was quick he wouldn't even notice.

Emily looked around at the cars outside. Whizzing past at such speeds, no one would see. Fuck it, she thought and quickly pulled the ruined top over her head revealing a lacy black bra. However it was barely off when Vince suddenly turned around. "What are you doing?" Shit. She hurriedly pulled her arms through the shirt and buttoned it up the front smiling at him apologetically in the mirror. Vince blushed furiously then returned to his driving.

Flattening out her shirt Emily was dismayed to see her black bra was showing through quite noticeably. She tutted. Why hadn't she brought a white one? This was no good. She weighed up her options. Brown stain or big black bra? Neither was a good look. She then considered going braless. Her skin was certainly pale enough behind the shirt and while her breasts were on the large side, they were still perky enough to go without. Perhaps she could duck down and Vince wouldn't notice this time. Plus he only noticed last time because she had to pull the other top over her head. That wouldn't be the case with the shirt.

Emily looked around once more, this was much more risky and she would need to be fast but without making any sudden moves that would attract attention. She looked at Vince who was now singing along with the radio. Mind made up, she hastily unbuttoned the shirt again and slipped it off. Good he hadn't noticed. She tentatively unhooked her bra letting the straps slide down her shoulders, and watched her impressive 32F breasts tumble out. As she did so, she saw a few beads of sweat roll between them. God it was bloody roasting in this car. She gently slid her arms back into the shirt and asked Vince to turn up the air conditioner. "Sure, thing," he said cheerfully, turning around to see if she was ok.

Big mistake. Vince's eyes almost popped out of his head as he got an eyeful of Emily's bare breasts, "Lady, you can't do that in here!" He yelled, suddenly swerving the car. "Sorry, sorry," cried Emily as she fumbled to close the buttons on her shirt. She was beginning to sweat profusely now. In her rush it took her several tries to get the buttons to align. Her face turning a deep red as she continued to inadvertently flash Vince with each attempt.

Finally she was dressed again but when she looked down to view the result was horrified to see her large pink nipples clearly on display through the white shirt. By the look on Vince's face, he could see them too. Fuck! The black bra wasn't much better but showing off her nipples while she was representing the company seemed like a bad idea.

She scrambled through her suitcase again. It was mostly casual wear she'd brought. She was only here for a few days and once this conference was out the way, she'd planned to get a little sightseeing done. She finally pulled out a black pajama vest and a retro Iron Maiden tee, and cursed herself for packing light. Maybe the vest?

She was aware that Vince kept checking his mirror now so she needed to do this as fast as possible. Her hands were now shaking at the thought of being seen again, but needs must. So Emily once again undid the buttons on her white shirt releasing her bare breasts, a thin layer of moisture had now formed across them. She moved to pull her arms out, but this time it was proving more difficult. Struggling in the limited space of the backseat, she'd been sweating so much the cheap material of her shirt was sticking to her body. She managed to wedge the tops of her shoulders free but it wouldn't slide down any further. She reached one arm behind her back to the other to try to tug the sleeves off that way, but this just made it worse. Now she was stuck with her arms pulled back and her boobs pushed out.

Vince let out an audible gasp as he caught sight of her in the mirror. "Holy, shit lady! What are you doing?" Panicking and now drenched in sweat she tried jumping up and down in her seat in an attempt to shake her arms free, thus causing her breasts to bounce around wildly as she did so. Vince continued to stare at her, his mouth opening and closing comically like a fish as he ogled her naked breasts. "I'm stuck," she hissed at him.

"Well you better get unstuck fast." Emily looked out the window to see that the traffic was beginning to build up around them and the car was starting to slow. She cursed as she realised they were coming up to a set of traffic lights. Vince rolled the Toyota to a brief stop as they approached the lights while a tourist bus pulled up beside them.

Trying to reach her breasts with her hands to protect her dignity, she could feel the tension on the shirt. It was no good, she couldn't reach and the shirt was going to rip if she tried to stretch it anymore. So she sat helplessly, red faced and half naked as the tourists in the bus stared and pointed at her exposed breasts.

Emily tried to sink as far back into her seat as possible. Her nipples on the other hand seemed to be enjoying their freedom, standing up for all to see and now glowing a dark pink colour from the heat and all the attention they were receiving. She could see one particularly eager gentleman pull out what looked to be a very expensive camera. He licked his lips and pointed the zoom lens in her direction as she tried to hide her face with her hair.

Frustrated, she made another attempt to wriggle free, but this only caused her boobs to wiggle suggestively. She was pretty sure the man with the camera was now openly touching himself. Why were the lights taking so long?

Even more tourists on the bus had pulled out their cameras. Apparently she was now a holiday highlight. She briefly imagined her nips being shown off along with the rest of their holiday snaps at family gatherings. Her pussy began to tingle at the thought. A truck to her right honked snapping her out of her daydream. She turned and caught the eye of the driver, who grinned and gave her an obscene gesture before snapping a picture of her on his phone. Fuck!

"Shit lady, I'm gonna lose my license!" Vince looked at her nervously in the mirror. She could see his hands trembling on the wheel. He turned in his seat to face her, his face red with embarrassment, or was lust or anger? She couldn't tell. For a moment she thought he was going to grab her breasts. Emily held her breath, but instead he turned back to the steering wheel. She let out a sigh of relief. The lights had turned green and eventually the traffic started moving again.

Emily began to relax. She was still topless in the back of an Uber, but at least they were going fast enough now that it was unlikely anyone other than Vince would get an eyeful. The air conditioning had really kicked in now too and goosebumps were appearing across her chest. Her nipples were poking out like bullets under the cool breeze. Careful, you'll take someone's eye out with those, she thought darkly.

Since she had stopped sweating, she made another attempt to free her arms. Her breasts jiggling away as she wrestled with the sleeves. She was almost there but just then the car suddenly accelerated. She looked up to see that Vince was weaving in and out of traffic. He was clearly in a hurry to get to their destination.

He pulled a hard left and Emily, startled, toppled over onto her side. As she did, she heard a distinct tearing sound. Well, there goes the shirt. However she was finally able to free her arms and cover herself up. She sat back upright to see what had happened and saw that Vince had left the freeway. "What's going on?" She asked. Vince made no response as the car hurtled down a deserted side street. He dramatically swung the car right and was now pulling into a multi storey car park. Oh my god, he's going to kill me. Or worse, kick me out!

Vince's expression was blank as he spun the car around into an empty bay. He exited the car and flung open her door. "Oh please, don't leave me here. I'm so sorry." Emily began covering her nipples with her hands. "W-what the hell lady, are you trying to get us both arrested?" He started to pull her suitcase out of the car but determined not to be abandoned, Emily gripped the other end.

A strange tug of war ensued, Emily's exposed breasts now bouncing around suggestively in front of Vince, who seemed to be trying very hard not to look at them but was failing spectacularly. Emily noticed a growing bulge in the crotch of his jeans. At the sight of it Emily felt a flicker of her own arousal. Her pent up frustration and humiliation from being exposed to so many people earlier was getting the better of her.

She let go of the suitcase and Vince staggered backwards. Emily, desperate for some sort of release, bounded out of the car after him. She pulled him into her by his t-shirt, and wearing only a pencil skirt and a pair of black stilettos, planted her lips squarely on his. Startled, he broke free for a second and gazed into her eyes as if battling some kind of moral decision. She noted the hint of some sort of tribal tattoo at the base of his neck. A bad boy huh?

Less than a second later and Vince had made up his mind, kissing her back, this time with more passion. Emily could taste coffee and cigarettes on his breath as his tongue searched her mouth, his hands squeezing her breasts. She leaned against the side of the car fumbling with his jeans to release his already hard cock into her hands. He groaned as she slid her fingers down the shaft and back up over the head pumping faster with each stroke.

Vince moved his kisses down to her neck, then her collar bone and finally to her breasts, taking her nipples into his mouth one by one. He sucked hard till she let out a gasp. "Mmm, lady, these tits have been getting me hard all day." Emily blushed, remembering the multiple times she accidently flashed him from the backseat.

She continued to work his erection with her hands till he couldn't take it anymore. He pushed her back inside the car, hiked her skirt up and tugged her lacy black panties off. She gasped as the cold air hit her exposed cunt making it tingle with anticipation. She looked up at him willing him not to make her wait any longer. He circled her entrance a few times, teasing, before finally plunging his cock inside her in one swift manoeuvre.

Emily let out a moan as she wrapped her legs around his waist pulling him in deeper still. He leaned forward and began to fuck her, his hips slamming against her ass sending shockwaves through her body. She was surprised by how much she needed this. She reached her hands above her head, partially to stop her head hitting off the opposite door but also to give him a good view of her tits as they bounced in time with his thrusts.

She was getting close when they suddenly heard the sound of tires screeching across the car park flooring. Emily sat upright to see a van rounding the corner towards them. "Shit!" Vince pulled out of her and jumped in the backseat beside her closing the door behind him. They ducked down to see the van circle past them and up to the next floor. Emily giggled nervously. If she was being honest with herself, she didn't really mind being caught.

Emboldened, she climbed onto Vince's lap and pulled his t-shirt over his head to reveal a surprisingly muscular torso. She began to circle his nipples with her tongue as he played with her breasts. "Squeeze my nipples," she whispered and he happily obliged, rolling each one between his thumb and finger.

Not wanting to waste anymore time, Emily grabbed hold of his cock again and guided it into her pussy. She groaned with instant relief. Kissing him deeply, she slowly lifted herself up and down. "I'm going to ride you so hard," she panted in his ear. Emily leaned back allowing him to suck on her nipples again as she grinded on his cock, her hips moving in a circular fashion. It was more for her pleasure than his but she could hear his satisfied moaning nonetheless.

Vince reached down to massage her clit as she rode his cock. Jesus she was close. She lifted her feet up onto the seat into a squat and gripped the headrest behind Vince for support. He gripped her ass as she began to vigorously bounce herself on his cock, feeling her lady juices beginning to spill out as her tits bobbed in his face.

Out of the rear window she could see another car circle towards them then past them to the floor above. She wasn't sure if they could see her but the excitement was unbearable. "Oh I'm going to come," she cried as Vince tightened his grip on her ass and increased his rhythm with her. She felt a surge of heat and that familiar wave of pleasure beginning to spread through her, her pussy pulsed in delight gripping his cock like a vice. Emily arched her back in ecstasy as she felt him deposit his load inside her, then collapsed into his chest breathless.

She sat for a while listening to Vince's elevated heart rate gradually drop back down to normal levels. More cars were starting to enter the car park and some were even parking on their level. "Uh, we should probably get going," said Vince finally, "Uber are going to wonder why this journey took so long."

"Don't worry," grinned Emily kissing him softly, "I'll give you a good review." Vince smiled back as he pulled his t-shirt back on then exited the vehicle. "Oh shit lady, there's your suitcase," he pointed. In the heat of the moment Emily had forgotten that it had been dropped outside the car. Luckily there was no damage, but it did snap her back to reality. What was she going to wear to the conference?

She hopped out the car to retrieve the suitcase, momentarily forgetting her state of undress. Just then a car door swung open on a nearby BMW. A businessman emerged and clocked an eyeful of Emily's naked assets. "Well that's something you don't see every day," he whistled cheerfully. She blushed furiously as she quickly grabbed the suitcase and covered her chest with it. Smiling at him sheepishly she headed back to the Toyota. Enough people have seen my tits today, she thought.

This time Emily sat in the front seat with Vince. He watched her intently as she scooped her breasts back into her lacy bra. He certainly wasn't shy about checking her out now and actually looked disappointed that she was now almost fully clothed.

Emily had opted for the black vest and was pulling it over her head. "Ready to go?" He asked. She shook her head. Something didn't feel right. She was still fairly underdressed in just the vest, her ample cleavage peeking cheekily over the top. "One sec," she said, leaning over the back seat to fish out her torn white shirt. She examined it in her hands. There was a large hole in the back. She thought for a minute then pulled the tear wider until it split at the bottom. Vince watched her curiously as she then threaded her arms through the sleeves, but rather than trying to button it she wrapped it around her and tied the torn ends into a knot at the bottom. The look resembled the little ballerina wraps she wore as a kid. It was maybe a bit unusual, but she felt less exposed. "Ready!" She said finally.

It turned out the drive to the event wasn't much further and Emily was actually able to enjoy the ride sitting in the front fully dressed rather than topless in the backseat. Though she did feel twinges of arousal whenever she thought about her earlier public indecency. She realised she'd lost her knickers to the car park but she was actually looking forward to attending the conference commando. Vince stroked her legs as if reading her thoughts.

They finally arrived at the conference center and Vince shut off the engine. He leaned in to give her a kiss running his hands up her bare legs and under her skirt. "So lady, how long are you here for?" He asked as his fingers gently tickled her labia. "I fly back on Friday," she groaned as he inserted a finger into her pussy. "Well I get off at nine if you want to do this again? Here's my personal number," he said tucking a business card into her cleavage. "I'll be sure to give you a call if I need a ride." She whispered back, before pulling away from him and exiting the car.

Her pussy felt wet as she walked towards the lobby and she was glad of the cool breeze between her legs to calm her down. Her phone beeped and she looked to see that Vince had given her a five star review. She smirked feeling a renewed sense of confidence.

"Emily Parkes," she said to the glamorous woman at the desk. The woman smiled and handed her a name badge. "Oh I love your shirt," she said "where did you get it?"

"Uber," replied Emily. The woman looked confused, but Emily just smiled and walked towards the big double doors with a sign that read 'Meeting in Progress'. She quickly sent a message to her boss Tony: "I have arrived." And she had. She was going to own this conference, knickerless and all.