



*Exposing Myself
by
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Published on Lush Stories on 21 Sep 2011

What happened when I went bra-less and panty-less on the London underground

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/exposing-myself.aspx>

This is a true account of a recent experience of mine that I wanted to share with you all, especially as it was inspired by my experiences here on Lush.

Recently I've become quite excited at the thought of exposing myself in public. Chats with some of you and hearing about your experiences, and writing stories which include elements of public nudity and exhibitionism, have got me quite excited, and made me realise how much I'd like to take it a bit further for real.

One of my old boyfriends told me how much he used to enjoy up-skirt/down-blouse experiences, when he'd get a glimpse up a girl's skirt or down her top, revealing more flesh than she intended. He'd try and persuade me to undo buttons on my shirt, or sit with my legs apart showing my panties, and whilst I'd usually refuse, I'd sometimes fantasise about having men catching me like that. But recently I've become more excited by the idea, and I made up my mind that one day I'd go out and actively try to expose myself like that. And I wanted to take it a step further – to go out without any underwear at all, so people would get a real glimpse of my breasts or pubic area.

One good thing about living in a big city like London is that there are plenty of opportunities for getting close to lots of people! I wondered at first whether I should try walking round one of the parks or big department stores, where I could bend or lean over quite naturally, but decided in the end that I'd try exposing myself on public transport. As anyone will know who has been on them, London's trains, buses and tubes are often crowded; not only during the morning and evening rush hours, but also during the day, when the tourists take over. As well as increasing the opportunities of people seeing

me, I decided that in fact I'd be much safer in broad daylight, in a crowded space with lots of people. I didn't want to get dragged into a corner and assaulted by some over-excited voyeur.

I also had to decide what to wear, which wasn't as easy as it sounds. I wanted something that didn't make me look obviously tarty, but that was capable of adjustment so I could show a little or a lot, and that I could manipulate in a natural way, so everything would look accidental. In the end, for my top I chose a nice loose white blouse with buttons down the front, so I could undo as much or as little as I wanted. And to go with it I found a really sexy short skirt, which hung well above the knee, about halfway down my thighs, and looked even shorter when I was sitting down. It had a kind of wrap-around design with a slit up the side, so when I crossed my legs I showed a nice piece of leg right up to the top of my thighs.

Before I went out for the first time, I practised quite a lot sitting on the edge of my bed in front of the wardrobe mirror, crossing and uncrossing my legs, practising letting the skirt ride up my legs, and seeing how much could be seen if I "accidentally" opened my legs a little. I discovered that, without panties, I could show as little or as much of my pussy as I wanted. I got myself quite horny doing this, and ended up fingering myself to orgasm – which I wouldn't be able to do on the tube!

I also practised with the buttons down the front of the blouse. The neck-line was quite high with all the buttons done up, so I looked quite demure. But if I undid a couple, the front began to gape a little, showing off the tops of my breasts (obviously I wasn't going to wear a bra!) And if I leant over a little, it hung open even more, and with a couple more buttons undone, anyone peeking inside would get a full view of my tits, little pink nipples and all. I got a bit tingly just looking at myself!

The most frustrating thing was waiting for a hot sunny day, so I could go out and mix with all the other casually-dressed tourists in central London, my sexy outfit not standing out unless you looked closely. Of course, the start of July was decidedly cool, even rainy, so I had to wait frustrated until the right sort of weather.

At last, during the first few days of August, the weather took a turn for the better. The first weekend was lovely, and the forecast for Monday and Tuesday was even better. So, on Monday morning, I had a quick shower, and slipped on my blouse and skirt. It felt good without underwear, especially on this warm day. I undid a couple of buttons, just to get my titties used to feeling loose and exposed; I'd undo another when I was ready to get on the tube.

I decided to try the Central Line, which is handy for where I'm living and also travels between the City in the east and the shopping streets of Oxford Street and Regent Street in the other direction. That way, it tends to get full of both City workers and tourist shoppers, and can get very crowded, which was what I wanted. I got on one of the eastbound tubes at Holborn, heading towards Liverpool Street.

The tube was crowded, and I knew that with three buttons undone anyone looking down my front would get a pretty good view of my tits, with their dark pink areola and perky nipples. I squeezed in and took hold of a support rail. There were people all around me, men and women, some of them tourists clutching maps, others presumably dressed for work, carrying briefcases and handbags. I was excited and looking forward to giving someone a flash of my breasts, but frustratingly I wasn't sure whether anyone had seen anything yet. I glanced down inside the top of my blouse, and the view was there if anyone wanted it. But everyone seemed preoccupied; perhaps this wouldn't be so easy after all. I wasn't quite sure what I'd expected – or even wanted. I suppose I wanted to be sure that someone really had been ogling my breasts. Then again, it was a bit hard to tell in such a crowd whether someone behind me was enjoying the view anyway.

The tube travelled several stops, people getting on and off, squeezing past me. When it got to Liverpool Street, I decided to get off and go back in the other direction. Loads of people piled on, so it was quite a squash. I was so tightly squeezed against the back of some guy in a suit that my blouse was pressed shut anyway! But a few people got off at St Paul's, and I managed to wiggle it open again not too obviously. Then we were back at Holborn again, and I actually caught one guy's eye as he squeezed past me to get off - and I'm sure by the look on his face and the direction of his gaze that he got an eyeful. He looked back at me as the doors closed; probably wishing he'd stayed on for another stop! That was more like it.

The tube was warm – why can't they put air conditioning in these things? – and I could feel little beads of perspiration form on my face and around the top of my cleavage. Then suddenly I found myself pressed up against a tall smartly-dressed lady, aged in her thirties maybe, obviously dressed for work in an elegant dark suit and close-fitting white blouse. I smiled apologetically at her, then pretended to stare at the tube map above the door while noting the direction of her gaze. She glanced down at my open blouse front; then looked away quickly. But then she looked back again; shifting her posture slightly – I'm sure she was trying to get a better view. The tube stopped at another station, and a couple more people got on. I found myself pressed up even closer against the smart lady – was it by accident or had she managed it on purpose? I could sense that she was gazing blatantly down the front of my blouse now. Oh dear, I could feel my nipples getting hard, and I'm sure I was a bit wet between my legs. The tube rumbled on; what was she thinking about as she looked at me? Was she imagining taking my breasts in her mouth, stroking the nipples, licking round them with her tongue? Oooo, my imagination was working overtime! But then the tube stopped at Notting Hill Gate, and she brushed past me to get off – I couldn't help glancing up at her face, but she was staring fixedly at the door as she let herself be carried out by the crowd before disappearing up the platform. The doors closed and we moved off again. The certainty that she had been deliberately staring at my breasts and nipples – and presumably enjoying the view – made me feel quite excited.

The carriage was much quieter now, and I looked at the tube map. I decided to get off at the next stop, which was Holland Park, cross to the adjacent platform and get on one of the eastbound trains, back towards central London again. As I stood on the platform, I carefully adjusted my blouse so it was properly open at the top. Of course, when the next train arrived it was fairly empty, so I decided to get a seat and see if I couldn't find someone to flash my pussy at this time.

I got into the nearest carriage, and scanned quickly up and down to decide where to sit. I chose a seat opposite a young couple who I thought looked a likely target, but they got off at the next stop, and were replaced by a harassed-looking woman with two children – not quite what I wanted! I sat with my legs slightly apart, feeling the air around my bare pussy, and looked at the adverts above the seats opposite. Luckily, when the train got to Marble Arch the woman and her brood got off, and three young people got on, two girls and a guy. They sat down, the two girls together and the guy directly opposite me. The girls started looking at a guidebook (obviously tourists) and the guy looked around in a bored kind of way, drumming his fingers on his knee. I crossed my legs, letting the side of the skirt slide open, showing off my bare thigh right up to my hips. I got my book out of my bag, and buried my head in it, but by glancing at my reflection in the window opposite I could see just how much flesh I was showing. I peeped at the guy sitting opposite me, and he clearly couldn't take his

eyes off my thigh. I shifted my crossed leg further, seeing if I could flash even more. My smooth bare thigh felt cool and exposed.

Time for stage two. I nonchalantly uncrossed my legs, and let them rest slightly apart, with my skirt riding quite high up my legs. From practicing in my room, I knew that anyone looking up between my legs would be able to see quite far up my skirt, but that the ultimate prize would still be hidden: for the moment.

I oh-so-carelessly spread my legs a little further...my skirt slipping a little higher. Now I knew that the view would be clear right up to my bare pussy, no hairs to hide my outer labia framing my little slit. Oh crikey, I was feeling so horny; my pussy must be wet, maybe even glistening slightly.

I managed to sneak a glance at the guy opposite. He was trying to look casual, but his eyes kept flicking back to my open legs and what he could see between them. There was a gleam of sweat on his brow; in his place, I'd have been hoping beyond hope that this amazing chick opposite wouldn't close her legs or get off at the next stop. My heart was beating really hard; this was so exciting; so sensual; so naughty. Surely he could tell how horny I was feeling? The girls were still chatting about where to go next; luckily they hadn't noticed what I was up to, or I'd have been in trouble!

The guy had his hands casually resting on his crotch, trying to hide the fact that he had developed a huge hard-on; I could just see the bulge in his trousers. My pussy felt all tickly; I knew that it would be moist. I so wanted to touch it, and knowing how impossible this would be made my nerve-ends tingle. Looking down below my book I could see down my cleavage, notice how erect my bare nipples were. I moved my hand to scratch my ear, brushing my arm over my breast, an extra thrill as it made contact with my hard nipple.

My mouth was dry; I coughed into my hand, making my breasts bounce gently. I actually didn't feel I could go on much longer without feeling myself. I just knew that if I just touched my hard clitoris I would start to orgasm. I noticed the guy opposite shift in his seat, his hand pressing against his

erection. I thought about what would happen if he came in his trousers...the sudden wet stain spreading across his crotch, maybe even a little white goo forced through the material, the scent of warm cum filling the carriage... I had to struggle not to look at his face, but I couldn't afford to catch his eye; if I did, I knew my face would give me away – show him that I was exposing myself deliberately. I could feel myself flushing; oh hell, I would have to get off, my suppressed excitement must be clearly visible by now.

Just in time, the tube pulled into the next station. Making to get up, I closed my legs, pressing my thighs together hard, squeezing my naked pussy, feeling how wet it was, squeezing a dribble of moisture out, warm between my thighs. Oh lord. I pushed past the people standing by the door, someone's arm rubbing over my breasts, and almost fell out onto the platform. I sat down on one of the station benches, breathing hard. As the train pulled out and the other passengers headed for the escalators, I pressed my hand against my clit through the material of my skirt, pressing it hard against my pubis. I rubbed my hand against it once - twice - pushing my fingers almost into my slit through my skirt – oh Annie - and felt a little orgasm thrill through my body. I felt a small discharge of sexual juices squirt out from my slit, wetting my skirt. I gasped; let out a little moan. Oh my god. Oh my god.

I could already hear the rumble of the next tube train coming, feel the warm rush of air pushed down the tunnel. I squeezed my vaginal muscles one more time, feeling the last little tingling of my orgasm. I felt flushed, red in the face. I wiped my face with my arm, feeling the sheen of perspiration on my face and neck, and the top of my breasts. Time to go. As the next train came in and discharged its load of commuters and tourists, I got up and mingled with them. In a while it would be time to head for home, but first I needed a drink.

I sat in the first pub I could find, and took a most un-ladylike gulp of a large red wine, trying to analyse how I had felt flashing my pussy on the tube. I'd expected to feel excited and slightly aroused – but I hadn't expected anticipated how much so, let alone achieving orgasm. I could see that the seat of my skirt was wet where my juices had leaked out; hopefully the warm weather would dry that off before I set off for home.

As soon as I got home, I started writing this account, before I forgot the details. It was weird, but

getting so excited scared me a bit, so I haven't dared to try it again since. But if I do, I'll let you know.