**A Beautiful Day**

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Sara glanced out the window of the town car and noticed a man and a woman having sex on the sidewalk. They were both completely naked. The woman sat on a low concrete wall and the man was crouched in front of her, between her legs. Sara watched with wide eyes for a moment, captivated by the image of their bodies intertwined, moving against each other.  
  
"So sorry for the delay," the driver said. "The traffic, these days, it's unbelievable. Too much new construction."   
  
Sara quickly turned away from the window and saw that the driver was looking at her in the rear view mirror. She must have looked guilty, because the driver glanced to the side. He noticed the couple having sex and chuckled.  
  
"Oh yes," he said. "Your first time in Meleprija?"  
  
"Yes, it is."  
  
"I'm here now three years." His accent sounded like he came from somewhere in Eastern Europe. "You wouldn't believe you can get used to it, I know, seeing things like that. But, I find, I start to get used to it."  
  
"I'd read about it but it's a different thing to see it." Sara glanced back just as the car started to move. She watched the couple until they passed out of view. Further up the block, she spied two naked women standing outside an apartment, smoking cigarettes.  
  
"Not so much in the downtown. But the neighborhood I live, I see the sex all the time. No one cares. I tell you, I don't even notice anymore. I just walk by." The driver gestured at the two naked women. "The Melepria... it's how they are. The money doesn't change it."  
  
Reminding herself that the town car had tinted windows, Sara peered at the two women as the car slowly drove by them. The women had the dark wavy hair and golden brown skin of the Melepria. They were both young, in their early twenties maybe, and they seemed completely oblivious to the fact that they were naked. Sara knew from what she'd read on the airplane that these women might spend the entire day that way.   
  
The driver said, "You'll see a lot of it today. Last two weeks has been rain, every day. But today, sun is shining. Today is beautiful day."  
  
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"Would you be able to fly to Meleprija next week?" Vicki had asked Sara.  
  
"Sure," Sara answered immediately, not bothering to check her calendar. Since she'd broken up with Patrick three months before, her calendar was always clear. "For what?"  
  
"Due diligence. The Kokaya Orchard deal. Everything is signed, but it depends on our evaluation of the trees. We want to fly you over there to check the quality."  
  
"Okay." Sara nodded. "Just me? Or is Dr. Chen going also?"  
  
Vicki shook her head. "Albert is in Amapa for six weeks. It's all he can do these days to stay on top of our agreements there. We need someone else in Meleprija. You've worked with Albert, you know what he looks for."  
  
Sara nodded, keeping her face expressionless while inside she jumped up and down in excitement. She understood the opportunity she was being given. For five years, she'd worked as a botanist at TTX Energy Solutions, evaluating the sagana trees and the sap that was becoming so important in the manufacture of rechargeable batteries. Dr. Albert Chen had been her mentor when she first arrived at the company, but then the sagana industry exploded and he disappeared. He was in South America most of the time now, traveling to that narrow region where the sagana trees thrived. The company relied heavily on his judgment, and he had personally inspected and approved every sagana deal they had made.  
  
Everyone knew Dr. Chen was stretched thin. They did business in Meleprija, Brazil, French Guiana. Dr. Chen was constantly on airplanes and in hotels, performing orchard inspections on deal after deal. It was becoming too much for one person, and the demand for sagana sap was only increasing.  
  
If the company was offering to send Sara to Meleprija by herself, that meant that Dr. Chen had finally consented to share his responsibilities, and she had no doubt he had personally selected her for the task. That was a boost to the ego in itself. But Meleprija was also the company's largest sap provider. If she proved herself there, Sara realized might find herself solely responsible for approving all sagana purchases from the island nation. The idea was staggering.  
  
Vicki gave her a moment to absorb the implications of the assignment. Then she said, "Have you ever been to Meleprija?"  
  
"No. I've been to Brazil with Dr. Chen, but never Meleprija."  
  
"I have." Vicki leaned back. "You should read what you can online, maybe buy a guide book. Prepare yourself before you go. It's an interesting place. A beautiful island, but some of their customs are different from what we're used to."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"They're pretty open-minded when it comes to sex. Are you aware of that?"  
  
Sara tried to suppress a smile. "I've heard some things."  
  
"It's a cultural thing. A hundred years ago, they were barely aware of the modern world. Fifty years ago, they were farmers, selling sagana sap for hand lotions. Did you know that's what they used sagana sap for back then? Hand lotions?"  
  
"Yes, I know."  
  
"Oh, of course you do. I forgot who I'm talking to." Vicki waved her hand. "Twenty years ago, the Melepria all hit the lottery when sagana sap turned out to be the key to the energy revolution. Now they have huge houses, expensive cars, investments all over the world. But they still hold a lot of the same traditional beliefs that they've always had. Over here, nudity is considered taboo, and sex is a private thing done behind closed doors. Over there, nudity is commonplace and accepted, and sex is a natural thing that doesn't need to be hidden. It's a little shocking, to be walking down the street and pass a couple having sex in broad daylight. But they don't believe there's anything wrong with it, and I hope it won't bother you when you're there. Will it?"   
  
Sara shook her head. "No. I'll be fine. I'm going there to do the orchard evaluation. Everything else is background noise."  
  
"Excellent. I'll have someone call you from corporate travel." Vicki smiled. "Have a good trip, Dr. Olson."  
  
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The driver pulled into the underground parking garage of the Pariva building. A security guard stopped them, but waved them through after the driver explained he was bringing Dr. Sara Olson to an important meeting.  
  
"I'm not sure how long it'll take," Sara told the driver. "Do you want to drop me off and then I'll call you when I need you?"  
  
The driver dismissed the idea with a vigorous shake of his head. "Waiting is something I'm good at. I'll read a book, I'll take a nap. Just come to me when you're done."  
  
"All right." Sara stepped out of the car with her black laptop case. She felt a nervous flutter in her stomach as she walked through the parking garage to the elevators. The tap of her heels echoed against the concrete.   
  
"You're a rock star," she murmured to herself, trying to calm her nerves. "They're the ones who should be nervous meeting you. If this goes well, you're going to be queen of the whole island. Your stamp of approval is going to turn people into multi-millionaires." The elevator opened and she stepped in. She pushed the "11" button. Top floor.  
  
The elevator had a mirrored interior, and Sara gazed at her reflection. She was in full professional mode: pencil skirt, white blouse, dark jacket. Her eyes lingered on her bare legs. For fifteen minutes that morning, she'd vacillated on whether or not to wear nylons. They were definite business wear back in Chicago, but seemed like too much for the heat and humidity of Meleprija. Now Sara noticed a red dot on the back of her calf, possibly an insect bite, and she wished she'd worn nylons to cover it up.  
  
She shook her head. "Come on, Sara..." she scolded herself. "Tomorrow you're going to be dirty and sweaty out in the middle of the jungle. Who cares about a red spot on the back of your leg? The queen of Meleprija. That's who you are... don't forget it."  
  
The elevator pinged at the eleventh floor and the doors opened. Sara stepped out into a rectangular antechamber. To her left, a set of glass doors led into the office. The room was painted a soft eggshell, illuminated by track lighting directed towards impressionist art on the walls. Sara glanced at a garden scene as she passed, wondering if it was painted by anyone famous.  
  
She stepped through the glass doors and stood in front of a long white counter. A pretty woman with dark hair sat behind the counter, typing on a computer. The woman glanced up. "Can I help you?" On the wall behind the woman, "Pariva" was written in large gold letters.   
  
"Hi... I'm Dr. Sara Olson, and I..." Sara was about to say that she had a meeting with Miguel Korhika but she didn't make it that far. The woman perked up as soon as she heard Sara's name.  
  
"Oh! Of course, Dr. Olson. Please, go right in, to the left and straight ahead. Karita is Miguel's assistant, I'll let her know you've arrived. Would you like some coffee? Tea?"  
  
"Oh... no, thank you. This way?" Sara turned left as instructed and walked down a short hall. She passed through a doorway and into a reception area. It was comfortably furnished with two leather couches and a wide table of dark polished wood. A woman, presumably Karita, sat behind a large desk. Behind Karita, the door to Mr. Korhika's office was closed, and the office itself, visible through a rectangular window, was dark.  
  
Sara started towards Karita's desk, but then abruptly froze.  
  
Sitting on one of the couches was a naked man.  
  
He was clearly Melepria. Aside from his nakedness, he had the natural bronze tan of a Melepria, and his long dark hair was pulled back and bound in a ponytail. He had a wide chest and solid arms, the muscles of a man who did enough physical labor during the day that he could skip the gym. His pubic hair was shaved, and in its place he had a tattoo, an intricate pattern of lines that radiated from the base of his penis.  
  
Sara only caught a quick glimpse of his penis before she looked away in embarrassment. It was larger than she was used to seeing, sprawling across his lap like a sleeping snake. She hoped she wasn't blushing as continued walking to Karita.  
  
"Hello, Dr. Olson," Karita greeted her. "I'm Karita. I'm Miguel's assistant."  
  
"Yes, right. Nice to meet you. Um... you can call me Sara."  
  
Karita smiled. "Okay, Sara. Miguel is running a bit late, but he said he should be here in ten minutes or so. Do you mind waiting?"  
  
"No, not at all."  
  
"Would you like something to drink? Coffee? Tea? Water?" Karita rolled her chair back, preparing to stand.   
  
"No, I'm fine, thanks." Sara stepped away from the desk. At first glance, Karita had appeared to be wearing a simple, sleeveless black dress. But standing closer, Sara could see that the dress was made of a loosely woven mesh. In Chicago, a woman would have worn a slip underneath, to give the illusion that the dress was sheer. But Karita didn't seem to be wearing anything at all underneath, and Sara could clearly see the outlines of her nipples through the holes in the fabric.  
  
Still, it was more than the man on the couch was wearing.  
  
Sara walked over to the couch opposite the naked man. She sat down, carefully avoiding looking in his direction. To distract herself, she pulled her phone out of her bag and checked her e-mail.  
  
"Dr. Olson?" the naked man asked.  
  
"Yes?" Sara raised her eyes. She tried to focus on the man's face, but his penis was such a distraction. It loomed in her peripheral vision. She prayed the man couldn't see her pupils flicking towards it.   
  
To her horror, the man got to his feet. His penis swayed back and forth as he approached her. "I'm Leon Papega, director of the Perchuga Valley projects. Miguel asked me to sit in on this meeting. I oversee the Kokaya orchard you're considering." He held out his hand and Sara numbly shook it. She'd read about the strange habits of the Melepria, but she never expected that one of them would show up naked for a business meeting. She never thought a penis would be dangling two feet in front of her, almost at her eye level.  
  
Did that mean Miguel Korhika would be naked as well?  
  
Thankfully, after shaking her hand, Leon returned to his seat. "I'm so glad to meet you. I know of a lot of your research. The trees, they are my passion as well. I'm eager to have you look at some of my experiments."  
  
"Ok." Sara wasn't sure how to have a conversation with a naked man. She didn't even want to look at him.  
  
"Your experiment, with splicing and braiding the trunks of the adolescent trees? I've duplicated it with some of my trees, to great success."  
  
Sara glanced at him in surprise, forgetting his nakedness for the moment. "That was my PhD thesis. You read that paper?"  
  
"Yes!" he said. Then hedged, "Well, Dr. Albert helped me to understand what it said. I understand the trees but a lot of your chemistry is beyond me."  
  
"And you tried out some of my theories?"  
  
"Yes!" Leon had an easy-going smile. "Your ideas are very clever, very valuable. I'll show you what I've tried, when you come to the valley."  
  
"Awesome. I'd love to see what you've done." Sara returned his smile, before remembering he was naked. She looked away.  
  
"Is this the first time you've come to Meleprija?" he asked her.  
  
"Yes. First time."  
  
"It's changed a lot in my lifetime. All these buildings, all these roads. It's amazing how quickly it's all sprung up."  
  
"I can imagine."  
  
"Which hotel are you staying at?"  
  
"Um... the Hilton."  
  
"That's a good choice. If you go directly south, you can get to the Perchuga Valley road without seeing too much traffic. That's where Dr. Albert usually stays, I think."  
  
"Yes," said Sara. "They told me he recommended it."  
  
Karita spoke up. "You came at the right time. We've had a lot of rain the last month, but they say this week it's going to be sunny."  
  
"A beautiful day," Sara said. The driver had used those words. Maybe if Sara had come a week before, it would have been raining and Leon Papega would have been there in a button-up shirt and slacks. But instead, it was sunny and bright, a day when the Melepria all went to work naked, because what else were they going to wear on such a beautiful day?   
  
And here she'd wasted fifteen minutes in the morning deciding whether or not to wear nylons. Sara shook her head, smiling to herself.  
  
"What is it?" Leon asked.  
  
"Oh... just thinking I'm a bit overdressed for this weather."  
  
Leon gazed at her outfit thoughtfully. "Yes... you do look a bit... how do you say it in English? Outsider?" He paused. "You have something else to wear when I show you the Perchuga Valley, yes? More... ah... comfortable?"  
  
"Oh, yes. Of course." Sara had packed several pairs of khaki shorts and a dozen t-shirts for when she inspected the orchards. The inspection would require her to examine the roots and take soil samples. Dirty work. Perhaps she should have dressed in her shorts and t-shirt for the meeting with Mr. Korhika, like the botanist she was, instead of trying to look like a Chicago businesswoman.  
  
Sara abruptly decided to remove her coat. She slipped it off and draped it over her lap, intending to fold it and stow it in her computer bag. Karita saw what she was doing, and spoke up. "Sara, if you'd like, I can hang your coat up for you?" Karita popped open a cabinet door to reveal a small closet stocked with coat hangers.  
  
"Oh... sure! Thanks!" Sara stood and passed her coat to Karita, who put it on a hanger.  
  
"Anything else I can hang for you?" Karita gazed at Sara expectantly. Sara was confused at first, before realizing with astonishment that Karita thought Sara might remove even more of her clothing.   
  
"Um... no, that's it. Thanks." Sara returned to her seat, hoping she didn't look as flustered as she felt. She was tempted to grab her phone and pretend to be reading something, but then scolded herself for her discomfort. It was culture shock, that was all, and if Meleprija was going to be hers, she was going to have to get used to their ways. She lifted her head and smiled at Leon.  
  
She thought, "In a few months, you'll be so used to the nudity, you won't even look twice at it." But then, another mischievous thought followed: "Maybe you'll be so used to it, that when Karita offers to take your clothes, you'll give her everything you're wearing and not think anything of it." Her heart pounded at the thought, because she could picture it vividly. Heck, she could do it now, if she wanted. Strip everything off and give it Mr. Korhika's assistant. Sit naked in the waiting room. No one would say a word about it.   
  
After all, it was such a beautiful day.  
  
Stop it, Sara. Stop freaking yourself out.   
  
She took a deep breath. Just culture shock. It would pass. She would get used to it.  
  
Leon and Karita were discussing a new restaurant that had opened several blocks away, a Brazilian steakhouse. "You couldn't even get in, the first week after it opened," Karita was saying. "The lines were so long. But now, you can probably get a table."  
  
"Was it open the last time I was here?" Leon asked.   
  
"I don't think so. When was that? Two months ago?" Karita grinned. "You need to come visit more often!"  
  
"I wish I could. We're so busy lately." Leon looked at Sara. "You'll see when you come to the valley. The construction you see here in the downtown, you'll see there as well. We have so many new workers, and we have to make space for them to sleep, to eat. The drive is long and most of them choose to live out there during their workdays. We have dormitories, showers, a cafeteria." He paused. "Do you have your room at the Hilton for the whole week you're here?"  
  
"Yes, why?"  
  
"When Dr. Albert visits the valley, sometimes his work takes him late into the evening. I have a guest cottage that he will borrow so he doesn't have to drive out at night. You're welcome to use it as well, if you like. It has a kitchen, two bathrooms, air conditioning... it is very comfortable."  
  
"Really? Thanks! Maybe I'll take you up on that." Sara thought she would wait until she saw the cottage before she decided for sure. It was definitely tempting to skip the drive back and forth to the valley every day.  
  
"Excellent." Leon gazed at her earnestly. "I can have the kitchen stocked with whatever food you would like. Or, you can eat at the cafeteria, if that is your preference..." He seemed to have more to say, but just then Karita's phone rang, and they both looked in that direction.  
  
Karita put on a headset. "Hello, this is Karita. Oh, Hi!... Really?... Okay, I'll let them know... bye..." Karita removed the headset. "That was Miguel. He's in traffic, and he says it's not moving at all. A construction accident, apparently. He says he'll be delayed at least another half hour."  
  
"Oh, no," Sara said.   
  
"You sure you don't want something to drink?" Karita asked.  
  
"Well..." Sara said. "Maybe I will have a water."  
  
Karita disappeared behind her desk and popped up a second later with a bottle of water. She handed it to Sara. "What about you?" she asked Leon. "Anything?"  
  
"No, thank you."  
  
Karita grinned. "It's been a while since I've seen you with stone."  
  
Sara didn't know what that meant until she looked at Leon. Her eyes widened. His penis was now jutting towards the ceiling, completely erect. It looked like an enormous scepter protruding from his lap.  
  
Sara looked away, flustered, hoping she wasn't blushing. But Leon and Karita casually chatted about his erection as if it was nothing.  
  
"You work too hard," Karita was saying. "It wants to be stone but it's too tired."  
  
"My work is always on my mind," Leon admitted.  
  
Of course they wouldn't think it was a big deal. They didn't think it was a big deal to have sex in public. Sara had seen several couples that morning having sex... the only reason she hadn't seen any erect penises is because they were buried inside the women...

Sara realized that she was staring at Leon's erection. She looked away quickly.  
  
She also realized she was starting to get turned on.   
  
This wasn't going the way she had expected at all.  
  
Sara adjusted the way she was sitting, and tried to will away the warmth between her legs. She snuck a peek at Leon's erection again. It looked as if it was carved out of sandstone, so straight and so smooth, pointing up like a sundial casting a shadow against his tight stomach. It was definitely bigger than Patrick's had been. Sara wondered if she held it in her hand, would her fingers would reach all the way around it?  
  
Stop it, Sara.  
  
She told herself she should look away, but Leon was still talking to Karita, and Sara was fascinated by his casual confidence. Had she ever seen a man sitting in that way before? Naked and erect, without any visible shame or self-consciousness? Back in the United States, Leon would either be trying to hide his erection, or waving it in her face like it was a trophy he was showing off. Instead, he and Karita were discussing it as if it was a new haircut. He didn't seem concerned at all that Sara could see it.  
  
Suddenly, he was looking in her direction. Sara quickly lifted her eyes to his face. "I was surprised, when I saw you," he said. "I had read your papers, and studied your research, and Dr. Albert, of course, speaks very highly of you. But I didn't expect that you would be so beautiful. I seldom have stone these days, only because I find that I'm often tired. It is a surprise to find myself filling with desire for you."  
  
Sara stared at him. Of course, she should have been able to come to that conclusion herself. He was hard, Sara and Karita were the only ones in the room and Karita was an old friend. That pointed to Sara being the catalyst for his erection. But it still astonished her to hear him say it so openly.  
  
"You have that... because of me?" she managed to say.  
  
"Yes." He smiled. "I can see you are not used to this. Here in Meleprija, it is sometimes impossible to hide our desire. So we speak freely of it here."  
  
Sara wanted to laugh. Yes, it was definitely impossible to hide your desire if your desire protruded twenty centimeters from your naked body. "I'm sorry..." she said. "I mean, I read up on Meleprija... and I know you're more open about things... it's just, reading about it is one thing... and experiencing it is different..."  
  
Leon chuckled. "No, I am the one that is sorry. I have clearly surprised you, just as you have surprised me. I know we have business to discuss, and my stone may be a distraction. I will take care of it before our meeting." He reached into one of the pockets of his bag and brought out what looked like a polished silver bracelet.  
  
Sara squirmed in her seat, pressing her legs tightly together. She recognized what he was holding from her guidebook. The Melepria called it a togoja. It was usually carved from wood, sanded smooth and oiled. The shape was circular, with the sides bent in slightly and curving up. It was meant to simulate the feel of a vagina.   
  
Melepria men used them to masturbate.  
  
Leon's togoja clearly wasn't made of wood. It was shaped from a shiny, silver metal. Platinum? Sure, why not? After all, Leon was a sagana producer at a time when sagana sap was more valuable than gold... he was probably quite wealthy. He could afford to masturbate with platinum if he wanted to. She could see a tan ring on the inside of the togoke, padding of some kind. Leather, maybe. Did that make it feel more like a vagina?  
  
"Um... couldn't you think of your work... or something... to make it go down?" she asked timidly.  
  
Leon looked confused for a moment, and Sara suspected she had stepped into another chasm between their cultures. "Oh, this is no trouble," he said. "Once I've satisfied the stone, it will go away. Karita, I have time to walk downstairs? I'll use my togoja in the fresh air."  
  
"I'm sure you have time," Karita said.   
  
Sara blinked. "You're going to... um... use your togoja... outside? In front of the building?" She remembered the busy street filled with traffic, the people walking back and forth on the sidewalk. He was going to stand in the middle of all that, casually masturbating?  
  
"Yes. It's no trouble. I know you aren't used to this. I'll return and we can have our meeting without this distraction." He held the togoja in one hand while he rummaged through his bag with the other. His erection showed no signs of waning.   
  
She thought of him walking to the elevator, riding down to the lobby, strolling through the lobby to the street, all with his enormous penis jutting out in front of him like an arrow. Outside on the sidewalk, he would lean against the side of the building, watching the people walking back and forth in front of him. He would put his togoja over the head of his penis, slide it up and down the shaft. And he would imagine it was her, that every stroke was pushing deep into her...  
  
Sara wriggled her legs together. "You don't have to go outside..." she murmured.   
  
Leon glanced over at her. Sara made herself meet his eyes.  
  
"Stay," she told him. "I want to watch you do it."  
  
It might have been her imagination, but it almost seemed like his erection grew slightly straighter, slightly longer. He nodded. Slowly, he turned in his seat, straightening so that his penis leaned out towards her. The hole at the tip pointed at her like an eye. Without a word, Leon held the togoja in front of his penis, and while he didn't appear to move in his seat, he somehow thrust into the shiny cylinder. He began to stroke himself, moving the device up and down his shaft in a slow rhythm, almost as if he was polishing himself.  
  
He's imagining that he's fucking me, Sara thought. A shiver went through her. She knew if she moved her knees apart and let him see up her skirt to her panties, he would see a wet spot forming in the middle of the lacy white fabric. Would that help him to satisfy his stone faster? To see how much it was turning her on to watch him?  
  
She had abandoned any pretense at being oblivious to his state. Now she stared openly at his nakedness, watching his hand moving up and down on his manhood. Muscles flexed in his arm as he stroked himself, revealing the definition in his upper body. No tan lines, of course. She hadn't seen a Melepria yet with a tan line.  
  
It was easy to imagine Leon working in the orchards, walking naked through the rows of sagana trees. Perhaps hauling water, his muscles bulging as he carried the heavy buckets. Stopping to examine the roots of one tree, the leaves of another. Knowing through experience and instinct what she had learned through eight years of higher education and five years in a laboratory.  
  
Sara looked over at Karita. Mr. Korhika's assistant wasn't paying any attention to Leon; she seemed to be working on an e-mail. Sara felt another jolt of culture shock. The juxtaposition of the two made a surreal image, the naked man stroking an enormous erection just five meters away from an administrative assistant who was typing a letter. Sara wanted to take a picture with her phone and send it to Vicki back in Chicago. "My first day in Melepria" would be the caption.  
  
Perhaps it was Karita's casual acceptance of the situation that gave Sara a burst of recklessness. Before she could think about what she was doing, Sara slipped out of her seat and approached Leon. He smiled at her as she dropped onto the couch next to him. His hand continued to slide the togoja up and down his shaft. Sara leaned against him, feeling the solidness of his arm against her shoulder, feeling the flex of his muscles beneath his bare skin. She peered down at his lap, now so close to his penis that he might have been able to feel her breath on it. For a minute, she just sat and watched him stroke himself. He said nothing, offered no objections to her closeness.  
  
He had no pubic hair that she could see, not even any stubble. Perhaps he shaved it off every day. Or perhaps he only shaved on the days when he planned to be naked. She examined the tattoo around the base of his penis, pondering its meaning. Was it traditional? Was it meant to represent the missing pubic hair?  
  
Impulsively, she reached down between his legs and pressed her fingers against his scrotum. It was also shaved smooth, and pulled in tight against his body. She could hear a slight change in his breathing as she ran her fingertips over the taut skin of his testicles.   
  
Watching the profile of his face, she slid her fingers up onto his penis. Leon let go of the togoja and let his hand rest on his leg. Instead of taking hold of the togoja, Sara wrapped her fingers around his penis. She noted a two-centimeter gap between her thumb and index finger.  
  
Gently, she slid her hand towards the head of his penis, feeling the warm silkiness of his skin under her fingers. His erection seemed to hum in her grip, throbbing as she squeezed the head. She explored the hole in the tip with her finger, noting a drop of ooze had formed. She swirled the ooze around the head of his penis, as if blending in a moisturizing cream.  
  
Sara glanced at Karita, but the assistant was still absorbed in her computer. Sara started to slide her hand slowly up and down Leon's erection. His togoja remained at the base of his penis, and after a few strokes, Sara pinched it her fingers and pulled it off. It was in the way. Leon took it from her and put it back into his bag, even as Sara continued to stroke him.  
  
The guidebook had mentioned the togoja, and also something called a mapa bag. The togoja was for masturbating, and the mapa bag was to contain the ejaculation. Sara was certain that when Leon neared his climax, he would produce a mapa bag. She smiled to herself, wondering if the mapa bag would be made by Louis Vuitton or Marc Jacobs.   
  
Leon seemed content to sit passively while she stroked him. Or so she thought. Suddenly, he straightened in his seat and turned his head to gaze into her eyes. He slipped his arm around her shoulders and leaned towards her to press his lips against hers. His mouth had a spicy taste, like nutmeg. Sara opened her mouth to accept his kiss while her hand clutched his penis.  
  
Leon finally broke the kiss. He gazed into her eyes again, and Sara noticed that his fingers had started on the buttons of her blouse. He was swiftly working his way down them, undoing them with his nimble fingers. Sara felt her heart pounding.  
  
"This is okay, right?" she asked nervously, as he pulled her blouse open revealing her lacy bra. "This is Meleprija so this is okay?"  
  
He just chuckled and pulled the blouse off her arms. He reached behind her, undoing her bra with a swiftness that was startling.  
  
Suddenly, Karita was standing next to them holding a clothes hangar. "I can take those if you like, Sara," she offered. Sara was in a daze as she handed her blouse and bra to the assistant. This was happening so fast. Was she really doing this? Stripping naked in the waiting room? She had a meeting, an important meeting...  
  
Leon found the zipper at the back of her skirt and lifted Sara to her feet so he could unzip it. She stood in front of him while he pulled the cloth down her legs and let it drop around her heels. Sara was naked except for her white panties, and she blushed, knowing that the panties showed a clear wet spot from her arousal. Leon solved the problem by immediately sliding them off as well and handing them to Karita. Sara resumed her seat next to Leon, only now she was just as naked as he was.  
  
Her heart pounded as she looked around the room. It was undeniably exciting, to be naked in such a public place. Leon and Karita had talked about him having 'stone'. Did they have a similar term for when a woman was naked and visibly aroused? Having 'puddle', maybe?  
  
She fought the urge to ask Leon for reassurance again. This is okay, right? In Meleprija this is okay? He would probably just answer by laughing at her again. And really, she could reassure herself by thinking of all the naked women she'd already seen that day. All the couples having sex. Or naked Leon and his erection. No one had objected to any of them.  
  
Of course, they were Melepria, and she was a pale girl from Chicago...  
  
No, she reminded herself. You're the new queen of Meleprija. This is just part of your transformation.   
  
Sara leaned towards Leon and kissed him again. He caressed her breast, cupping it in his hand. His long fingers tugged at her nipple. He kissed his way down her neck and over her left breast, until he was licking and sucking on her nipple.  
  
"Mr. Korhika's not going to show up suddenly and catch us, is he?" Sara murmured anxiously.  
  
She had meant the question for Leon, but Karita overheard and responded, "No, he's at least a half hour away. You have enough time for sex if you want."  
  
The casual response made her want to laugh. Exactly how common was this situation anyway? Did people frequently have sex while waiting to speak to Mr. Korhika? She looked across the room at the painting on the wall. Another impressionist piece, this time a brook passing under some trees. The kind of generically pleasant art that usually appeared in a waiting room or lobby.  
  
I could finger myself, she thought, and felt a rush of excitement at the outrageous notion. It was true, though, wasn't it? If Leon could stroke his hard penis in public, couldn't she open her legs wide and touch her clit?   
  
Yes, she could. She could do it if she wanted.  
  
For a moment, she was about to do it. Her heart thundered in her chest. She could do it. Who would say anything?  
  
Stop it, Sara. Stop it.   
  
Leon put his hands on her knees. "I want to know the taste of you." Sara let him pull one of her legs up and behind him, turning her sideways on the couch and spreading her legs. She stared down at her pussy, clearly exposed, visibly wet. Then her view was blocked as he lowered his head between her legs, and she felt his lips on her vulva. She leaned back against the armrest of the couch, breathing in gasps as his tongue probed inside her.   
  
A man appeared in the doorway, a man in a black uniform. He held a package in his hand. Fedex, according to the patch on his chest. The man stared at them as he entered.   
  
Sara could picture what she looked like, leaning back with her breasts clearly visible, her legs splayed to the side with a man's head between them. She felt the impulse to push Leon away and cover herself, but it would have been futile. The Fedex man had already seen everything the minute he looked through the doorway.  
  
Could he tell how turned on she was, with Leon's tongue wiggling against her clitoris? How could he not? Her body was quivering and shuddering as Leon's manipulations sent waves of pleasure through her.  
  
Leon had said, Here in Meleprija, sometimes it is impossible to hide your desire.   
  
The man walked over to Karita's desk, offered her the package and gave her an electronic board to sign. He looked European, like the driver that morning. Maybe that's why he kept looking over his shoulder at Sara. He wasn't Melepria. Maybe he was a recent immigrant, not quite used to the public sex yet.  
  
Or maybe it was because she clearly wasn't Melepria. Maybe she didn't look like she should be doing this in front of people. Maybe he could tell she wasn't used to this.  
  
Ha! Or maybe it was just because she kept staring back at him with her big helpless doe eyes, certain that he was going to say something.  
  
The man took back his electronic board and left. He didn't say a word.  
  
Sara moaned, leaning back and yielding to the pleasure that Leon was giving her. Her skin tingled and she felt exhilarated. Did that really just happen? Did a stranger just see her lying naked on a couch getting her pussy licked? Was this really happening?  
  
Then she thought, that Fedex man walked in too early. Another five minutes, and he could have seen me riding up and down on Leon's dick.   
  
The perverse thought triggered her first orgasm. Sara closed her eyes, breathing slowly in and out, savoring the sensation that rippled through her body. Her thighs tightened against Leon's face. He moved his mouth lower, giving her sensitive clitoris a break while she came.   
  
Sara closed her eyes. Her foot brushed Leon's penis, which remained as enormously erect as ever. She touched it with her toes, feeling it press against the inside of her foot. Would it fit inside her? Wasn't it time to find out? She shifted backward, sliding out from under Leon. He watched her get to her feet then leaned back, his erection pointed at the ceiling, as if he already knew what she was planning. Sara turned away from him, facing the painting on the opposite wall, the burbling brook. She lowered herself slowly, and felt his strong hands on her waist, helping to guide her onto his waiting penis.  
  
She let the head of it nestle against her labia for a moment, coating it in her wetness, before she bent her legs and let her weight push it inside her. She gasped as the swollen head of his penis filled her. How long had it been? Three months since she and Patrick called it quits, but they'd stopped having sex at least a month prior to that. And Patrick had never been like this. Sara dropped lower, taking Leon bit by bit, satisfied that she could handle his girth but doubtful about his length. She felt as if she was impaling herself on him.  
  
His hands against her waist felt so sturdy that she was almost tempted to lift her feet and see if he could hold her in place, maybe slide her up and down on his shaft like a togoja. She pulled one foot up, bending her leg and moving it to his side, then the other leg, so that she was kneeling on the couch, her legs on either side of him. He pulled her long hair to the side, his breath warm on the back of her neck.  
  
Sara reached down between her legs and touched the length of his penis that remained outside of her, estimating it at three to four centimeters. She lifted herself then eased down again, sighing as she did so. Again and again, and now she had a rhythm, bouncing up and down in his lap. Fucking in public, just like the Melepria did. Karita worked on her computer, but frequently looked in their direction with a smile on her face.  
  
Sara remembered the first time she'd ever been to New York, visiting her friend Ann Marie in Manhattan. "You have to take a walk through Central Park," Ann Marie told her. "You can't say you've been to New York unless you've seen Central Park." Wasn't that the way of travelling? Every destination had its thing you had to do.  
  
Wasn't she doing the thing that Meleprija was known for?  
  
Sara imagined her return to Chicago. "You were in Meleprija?" a friend would ask. "Did you get to fuck in public?"  
  
"Oh, yes," she would respond. "You just haven't been to Meleprija until you've fucked in public. I got that out of the way the first day."  
  
Well, technically, this was her second day.   
  
Leon moved his hands to her breasts, fondling them, rolling her nipples between his fingers. Sara could hear her breath coming in tiny gasps, matching the rhythm of her bouncing. Did she look as scandalous as she imagined? Would another visitor walk in, delivering another package, and see her sitting naked in Leon's lap, the base of his erection protruding from between her spread legs, her breasts bouncing up and down in rhythm as she rode him? She found herself peering down the hallway, wishing someone else would appear. She wanted that exhilaration again, to feel a stranger's eyes on her naked body, watching her have sex, and to know that they wouldn't speak a word of objection or disapproval.  
  
Any stranger but Mr. Korhika. She didn't want to get caught by him. It definitely wasn't the first impression she wanted to make.  
  
How long had it been anyway? Was Mr. Korhika due to arrive soon?  
  
Sara slowed and stopped. She sat for a moment, feeling Leon's erection throbbing inside her, and he didn't urge her to continue, which delighted her, because he surely must have been close to a climax. She climbed off him, letting him slip out of her.

Smiling, she reached down for his hand. "Take me somewhere," she said, and her heartbeat thundered at the idea that she was going to walk naked with him, leaving her clothes behind.聽  
  
Leon smiled. He stood, and squeezing her hand, led her out of the waiting room, towards the front reception area. Sara trailed timidly behind him, acutely aware that she was completely naked and had no idea where she was going. If that wasn't enough, Leon still had his erection bobbing in front of him, and now it glistened with her wetness. It was going to be pretty obvious to anyone who saw them what they were on their way to do.  
  
They passed the dark-haired receptionist, who smiled and nodded at them. Sara waited for the young woman to say something. Hi, I'm the botanist who walked in earlier, dressed in my business clothes, first time visiting the office. Now I'm walking out, twenty minutes later, completely naked and on my way to get fucked by your project director. Doesn't that strike you as a bit unusual?  
  
No, apparently it wasn't worthy of comment.  
  
Leon stood at the elevators. He pressed the down button, and they waited for the doors to open.  
  
When the elevator arrived, Sara stepped in, and remembered the mirrored interior. She was astonished by the sight of her reflection. It was like seeing herself and seeing a stranger at the same time. She stepped in, gazing at this naked woman standing in front of her. Was this really her? She pushed her hair out of her eyes, then let her fingers move down her body, watching the woman in the reflection touch her face, her neck, her breasts. The doors closed and the elevator started to move.  
  
Leon embraced her and pushed her against the left wall of the elevator. Sara felt the smooth, cool surface of the mirror at her back as Leon easily lifted her up by her hips. She tangled her legs behind him as he pushed into her, fucking her against the side of the elevator.  
  
Sara peeked over his shoulder at their reflection. She could see his tight ass flexing as he pushed against her, the muscles in his shoulders standing out as he held her. She could see her long legs draped around him, squeezing him. To her right, she could see the elevator door, and lights blinking above it as they passed each floor. She knew that at any minute the light could stop and the doors could open, and some stranger could enter. It turned her on immensely to know that even if that happened, Leon would continue fucking her as if nothing had changed.  
  
The light did stop and the elevator slowed. Sara held her breath as she waited for the door to open, waited to see who would enter. The door slid open. No one was there.  
  
Sara looked at the top of the elevator. The light illuminated the "L". Lobby. Leon pulled out of her and set her down.  
  
Lobby. This wasn't a stranger waiting for the elevator.聽  
  
This was their floor.  
  
Sara only had a few seconds to consider the implications of this before Leon took her hand and led her out of the elevator. She had told him to take her somewhere, assuming he would take her somewhere inside the building. Someplace that was technically public, but quiet and empty. Instead, Leon had brought her to the lobby of the building, and she had no doubt that he meant to lead her outside. Of course he did. Earlier, he'd been talking about using his togoja in the fresh air. Now he meant to have sex with her in the same fresh air.聽  
  
Her legs trembled as she remembered how the front of the building had appeared that morning. Cars packing the lanes, creeping slowly forward as the stoplights changed. Streams of pedestrians passing back and forth. It wasn't anywhere near Chicago, but it was on its way.  
  
And she was going to have sex in the middle of that? The thought staggered her. But she also knew immediately she didn't want it any other way. If she was going to experience what the Melepria experienced, and have sex out in the open without a care about who saw her, why play around with empty hallways and stairwells? She was never one for dipping her toes in the shallow side of the pool when she could dive into the deep.  
  
Besides, the thought of being seen by all those people had her incredibly turned on.  
  
Most likely, no one would pay any attention to her anyway. People were used to this kind of thing in Meleprija, and would probably pass by without even noticing. It would be like she and Leon were invisible. Who didn't fantasize now and then about the crazy things they would do if they were invisible?  
  
The elevator niche was empty as they stepped out, but barely a second later a man came around the corner in a suit and tie, carrying a briefcase. Sara would have frozen in place if Leon hadn't been pulling her by the hand. The urge to cover herself was nearly overpowering. She was suddenly assailed with doubt, and felt certain the man would gape at her and ask what in the world she was doing.聽  
  
The man glanced at her, and his eyes dropped down quickly over her body. He looked away, but she noticed he peeked back at her a moment later.  
  
You can't say a word, she thought at him. This is Meleprija, this is allowed here, and you can't say a word about it.  
  
He didn't. He entered the elevator they had just left, and the door closed behind him.  
  
Leon led her away from the elevators, and now they were among more people, passing through the main lobby. People entering the building, on their way to work. A coffee shop, a security desk. A news stand, where a naked Melepria woman was selling a newspaper to a man in a brown coat. Another Melepria woman passed them, wearing only a black scarf tied around her neck. Sara noted that the woman's pubic hair was also shaved, with a tattoo similar to Leon's circling the slit of her vagina.聽  
  
Sara thought, am I going to stand out because I still have my pubic hair?  
  
She was attracting some looks. Both men and women let their eyes linger on her as they passed. Sara kept her back straight, her head high.  
  
You can't say a word, she thought at them. I'm allowed to be naked like this. You can't say a word to me or to anyone.  
  
Leon pushed open the door to the outside and held it for her as she stepped out into the sunshine and the morning air. Sara could barely breath as she stepped out onto the sidewalk. The heat of the sun felt strange against her bare skin. The street in front of the building was still bumper to bumper with traffic, and a steady march of pedestrians passed back and forth in front of the building.聽  
  
Her theory that she would be invisible to the outside world proved immediately false. In hindsight, she recalled the words of the driver that morning, that he was used to seeing naked people in his neighborhood but "not so much downtown." Meleprija did a lot of international business these days, and a lot of those who worked in the downtown came from other countries. The island had also become a popular tourist destination. That added up to a fairly sized population unused to seeing naked women on the sidewalk, and especially not women who looked like Sara. She was clearly a foreigner like them, yet completely naked like a Melepria, and so faces turned her way as they passed, and eyes flickered down at her body.  
  
If they stared this much at her nudity, what were they going to think when Leon started to fuck her?  
  
She did see a few other naked men and women strolling the streets, mostly Melepria who were oblivious to their own nudity. She could see the occasional naked European or American who'd lived in Meleprija long enough to adopt the local customs. Across the street, she noticed a young Japanese couple, clearly tourists, where the wife had apparently decided to spend the day naked, to the obvious delight of her husband who was constantly having her pose for pictures.聽  
  
It was only a dusting of nudity among the crowd, but it was enough to reassure Sara that what she was doing was acceptable. She looked at Leon and noticed that his erection had finally started to droop during the walk through the lobby. That was easily fixed; she took his penis in her hand and squeezed it while she leaned into him to kiss him. He kissed her back hungrily, and his penis surged under her fingers, hardening instantly in her grip.  
  
Sara pulled away from him and dropped his erection. Without speaking, she stepped into the flow of pedestrians, letting it part around her. A young man in a suit did a double take as she passed in front of him. She stepped quickly through a gap between two walkers and slipped into an empty space at the curb next to a green street lamp. It was a tall ornamental lamp in the style of a Parisian luminaire, and Sara draped her naked body around it, clutching the metal pole as if it was the long neck of a lover.聽  
  
She waited in helpless anticipation, gazing at the men and women who walked by her, watching their eyes pass over her. She was so wet between her legs that she wondered if onlookers could see the shine between her thighs. Strong hands clutched her hips and she wanted to moan. She was really going to go through with this. She was really going to do it. Leon pulled her backwards a step so that she leaned against the light pole, her ass jutting out towards him. His penis slid into her from behind and he started to fuck her.  
  
The flow of pedestrians continued, and Sara watched face after face pass by her as she moved her body in rhythm to Leon's thrusts. She felt a heightened awareness of every stroke, knowing that when Leon slid out, he offered a lascivious view of her wet pussy partially penetrated by his thick penis to everyone who cared to look. When he slid into her, she was acutely aware of the peculiar juxtaposition of the sensations, of seeing the faces of strangers pass by while filled by a throbbing erection. Leon's calloused hands slid up her front and onto her breasts, and he squeezed them gently, as if her softness was a novelty.  
  
His rhythm quickened. Sara tried to suppress her body's reactions, self-conscious about having strangers view her body in the throes of ecstasy. She knew she didn't yet have the comfort of the Melepria yet, because the people around her felt like a third participant in their sex. It was both thrilling and embarrassing to engage in such an intimate act in front of them, and she couldn't let go of the awareness that they viewed her every movement.  
  
She looked up and saw a police officer walking by, and just at the same moment, Leon pinched her nipples hard and pulled at them. Sara knew logically that what she was doing was perfectly legal in Meleprija, but the shock of seeing a police officer watching made her feel incredibly wild and exposed, and Leon's manipulation of her sensitive nipples sent her body crashing into an orgasm. She rode the wave of pleasure, unable to keep herself from moaning out loud, and the knowledge that her orgasm was being viewed by so many, and by a police officer, only made the pleasure more intense.  
  
Leon plunged against her, and she sensed that he was also close. Just as he seemed ready to climax himself, he pulled out of her. Sara looked blearily over her shoulder and saw he held his mapa bag over the head of his penis, ejaculating into it. After he was done, he tied the bag closed and smiled at her.  
  
"That was nice. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. Shall we go back up now?"  
  
Sara felt dazed. She stood naked for a moment, looking around at the busy city. It seemed impossible that they didn't have a circle of spectators. But no one had lingered around to watch, no one had paused to video the scene. The police officer had continued on his way without saying a word.聽  
  
Sara looked across the street and noticed the Japanese tourist couple looking in her direction. Both the husband and wife looked embarrassed to be caught watching; they smiled and bowed their heads in apology before turning away. Sara noticed as they walked up the block that the husband's hand was roaming over his wife's bare ass. Maybe later in the day they would find themselves having sex on the sidewalk too?  
  
Leon took her hand and led her back into the building. Sara felt as if she was floating. Could people tell from looking at her body that she'd just been having sex? Could they smell the scent of her? Could they tell by her distracted smile and stumbling walk, as if she was sleepwalking?  
  
Maybe. Maybe they could. But who cared? This was Meleprija. Sometimes it was impossible to hide your desires. Why worry about it? No one else seemed to.  
  
Leon pressed the elevator button, and a minute later the doors slid open. A tall Melepria man in an expensive suit stood in the corner. He had dark glasses on his square face.  
  
"Oh, hello, Leon!" the tall man said.  
  
"Good morning, Miguel," Leon greeted the man.  
  
Miguel! Miguel Korhika! Sara froze for half a second, as her mind searched for an alternative to this situation. Was she really going to have to meet the president of Pariya while she was naked and freshly fucked?  
  
What choice did she have?  
  
Resigned, she followed Leon into the elevator.  
  
"I apologize for the delay," Miguel said. "The traffic was worse than ever this morning."  
  
"Think nothing of it." Leon indicated Sara. "This is Dr. Sara Olson, the inspector from TTX."  
  
Miguel blinked at her behind his glasses. "Oh! Pleased to meet you, Dr. Olson." He shook her hand, glancing at her nudity. "It seems you two have become quick friends."  
  
"Yes." Leon grinned, and for the first time, he seemed a little self-conscious. "She is very kind, very pretty. She saw that I desired her... so we passed the time outside..."  
  
"Have you been to Meleprija before?" Miguel asked her.  
  
"No, I haven't." Sara said.  
  
"You already seem very comfortable with our ways," he observed. "I confess, I didn't expect to meet you today without your clothes."  
  
Sara caught a glimpse of her reflection in the side of the elevator, and gazed at her naked body. Next to her, Leon's reflection, also naked. Miguel stood in front of them in his expensive suit, and wasn't it strange, that now he was the one who looked out of place to her?  
  
At that moment, Sara knew: when they reached the office, she would leave her outfit in Karita's cabinet and remain naked through the business meeting. Because why not?聽  
  
"I was wearing clothes when I arrived..." she replied, smiling. "But then I thought, it's such a beautiful day outside..."  
  
THE END