**A PhD in Streaking**By datsun240z

**A PhD in Streaking pt.1**
So there I was, a female PhD student, walking through the hallways of my University … naked! Yep, definitely one of the more unusual days of my life, but I really have no one to blame but myself for my poor planning. Since you are probably wondering how I ended up in this ridiculous predicament, it think it is best I start from the beginning...

To start I should give you a little background about myself. My name is Linda and as I previously mentioned I am a PhD student enjoying spending the last year of my studies in a foreign country. So far I had been having the time of my life, not just in school but also exploring my new surroundings.

I had just finished my first semester and now final exams week had started. I had been teaching a few lectures a week all semester for one of the classes my supervising professor teaches. I also did the usual grunt work like marking assignments and exams.

So far everything had gone well, even though the class I was teaching was small, the students were interested and engaged. I felt like I had developed a real rapport with my students, they felt comfortable talking to me after class and were always friendly when I saw them around campus.

I had taken a couple of years off to work and travel between my Master’s degree and when I started my PhD. So I was a few years older than most of the other PhD students in the department. At the same time my supervising professor was the same age as me which is also very interesting.

My supervisor, whose name is Kim, but I just call her professor, which she prefers, was one of those child prodigies you always here about in the news. She was finishing her first degree at the same age where most people finish high school. So I was an older PhD student but she was very young for a professor.

Some people might think it would be strange for a PhD student to be the same age as her supervisor, but it was no issue for me. My professor had an aura of authority about her which made her seem mature beyond her years. Probably something she had always needed to do to get people to take someone so young seriously.

However, I won’t bore you any more with background, instead I will skip ahead to the night the interesting part of my story takes place.

It was Monday, the first day of final exams week. I had spent the entire day finishing up a paper I was working on as well as doing a final proofreading of the questions for the final exam for the class I help teach. The school was quiet and packed full of students everywhere who were camping out and studying.

I went out to grab some food as evening approached and when I returned to the main campus building I walked to my locker to grab my stuff and once again get back to work.

There was a crowd gathering in the hallway but I didn’t think much of it. I made my way through the crowd to my locker and started entering my combination when suddenly I heard load cheering from what sounded like hundreds of people coming from down the hallway.

All of a sudden all the people in the hallway moved to the sides, leaned up against the lockers, and then everyone got their phones out ready to take pictures.

The sound of cheering and the rumble of feet hitting the floor made it sound like a stampede was coming towards us. Suddenly from around the corner emerged students who were running and they were all … NAKED!

I could not believe it! What on earth was going on? As dozens of naked people ran past me I turned to a girl beside me, who was of course taking a video, on her phone and asked her what on earth was happening.

The girl laughed then leaned in close to me and shouted over the noise “It is the Finals Week Streak. Every semester there is a naked streak around campus during the first day of finals. It is so awesome!”

I nodded and said “So why aren’t you participating in the streak?”. The girl laughed and said “Oh, I would love to, but I just don’t have the guts to do it. But I sure don’t mind watching, it is a great distraction from finals!”

I smiled then the girl turned around and went back to taking a video of all the naked people running past. It seemed like the stream of naked people just went on forever. I was also surprised how many women were streaking. It almost looked like there were more women than men!

I started thinking about how when I first arrived in this new country, I had heard about a nude beach that was not too far from the University. So one Saturday I went to the nude beach by myself to try it out. I thought it would be this amazing adrenaline rush, but ended up being a disappointment. It just gave me no thrill to be naked in a place where nudity was completely acceptable.

However, this event seemed amazing. The students were having the thrill of a lifetime running through their school naked while all their classmates cheered them on.

As I was watching the stream of people go by I suddenly was startled by the site of a girl who is a student in the class I teach! I could not believe I was really seeing her naked. I did a double take thinking it could not be her!

As the girl got closer she clearly recognized me and yelled “Hey Linda, what's up?” then she put up her hand and cheered as I gave her a high five.

That was totally crazy. She recognized me and was not embarrassed even a little bit! As I watched her butt as she disappeared down the hallway and back into the crowd I felt, well, … envious!

I wanted so badly to share in her experience. I wanted to experience the same adrenaline rush she was having while running naked through the school, surrounded by so many people.

So right now you are probably thinking “This must be where Linda’s bad decision began.” Well yes it is, thanks for reminding me!

I couldn’t help but think about how participating in this event would give me the adrenaline rush I was missing from the experience at the nude beach. I was also thinking about how being in a country overseas I really only knew a few dozen people here from my graduate work and from the one class I taught in a school with tens of thousands of students.

I thought “What are the odds of me running into anyone I know? Especially considering I will be surrounded by hundreds of other naked runners for cover. In all the chaos it would be highly unlikely. The fact that I had just seen a student from my class naked would probably be the only one I would recognize anyway”. Yes, I know it was a bad decision making, remember!

Well as the saying goes “Bad decisions make for good stories!”

**A PhD in Streaking pt.2**

I kept trying to work up the nerve to do it as I watched more and more naked people run by. I knew at some point the stream of naked bodies would end and if that happened, this once in a lifetime opportunity would have passed.

I looked down the hallway and could see what looked like the end of the streakers. I finally forced myself to make a decision. I decided to follow my favorite comic book character, Two-Face, and flip a coin. Of course, unlike Two-Face I did not have a two headed coin with one clean side and one scared side. So I decided, heads I would be good, and tails I would be bad. I flipped the coin, caught it and looked....tails!

I quickly turned around to face my locker and immediately started stripping. I did not want to look in the eyes of the people standing around, I thought if I did I would chicken out. So I stuffed my backpack and phone in my locker then started undressing.

First I pulled off my shoes and socks and threw them in my locker, then I went for it and started working my very tight jeans off. Standing there I hopped around a bit as I struggled to get my jeans off but finally succeeded.

It was at that moment the girl standing beside me noticed me undressing and gave me a pat on the butt and yelled “Woohoo, that's the spirit!”. Fortunately, she immediately turned her attention back to the streakers.

I continued to quickly strip. Next I pulled off my shirt and tossed it in my locker. Without slowing down I unhooked my bra and flung it into my locker. Now all that was left was my panties. I thought “There is no turning back now”. At this point I was feeling such a rush I could not wait to take them off. Once my panties were off I started pushing on all my clothes to get them clear of the locker door. At that moment I looked over my shoulder and saw the last of the streakers go by.

All of a sudden the cheering and sound of bare feet on the floor started to disappear down the hallway. I thought “Dammit, I need to catch up, I don’t want to be left here alone!”

I got my locker locked then turned to run but found myself facing a wall of people. All of the people who moments ago had been standing at the sides of the hallway, where now all moving back into the middle of the hallway, standing around chatting, etc.

The good thing was after seeing hundreds of naked people, no one really paid any attention to me. But at the same time that was also bad, because I kept having to yell “Excuse me” and tap people on the shoulder to try and get them to move.

The typical reaction I got from people I wanted to move was they would look over their shoulder, look down, see I was naked, then say “Wow, you are really behind”, as they slowly moved. I would just shrug then move through the opening.

Finally I made my way through the worst of the crowd and to an opening. I ran down the hallway then spotted the group of streakers on the opposite side of the floor I was on. I realized the only way I would be able to catch up would be to take a short cut. So I decided to open a door to the library and hoped that when I made my way to the other side I would be able to meet up with the streakers.

I did not want to run through the open areas of the library, just too many people to run past while I was all alone, no cover at all. So I decided to make my way through the rows of books. I jogged through a few sections with no issue but when I came to the last aisle of books I saw there was a girl half way down the aisle.

I just decided, it is only one person just go for it. However, as I got closer to the girl she turned around and I just about jumped out of my skin as I skidded to a stop a foot from her! The girl looked at my in disbelief.

It was a girl from my class!!! I did not know what to do, I wanted to run but I was frozen. Finally the girl said “Is that… are you...” and I stupidly blurted out “Uh no, I am not Linda, that's someone else!” Geez, some genius I am!

I was finally able to snap myself out of shock and started running again. I opened the exit door to the library and luckily ran out into a hallway full of naked streakers! I worked my way into the middle of the crowd and just kept pace with everyone.

It was exhilarating. We ran from one hallway to another. Through study rooms, main areas, sections of the library, department offices, etc. It was absolutely amazing. My right hand was getting sore from slapping so many high fives with all the clothed people lining the hallways cheering us on.

It was so much fun to be able to blend in and just be a face in the crowd. Sure it might be a little awkward seeing the girl from class again, but hey, it all seemed worth it now.

We went from floor to floor until we reached a lecture hall on the top floor of the building. As we went in I saw piles of clothes all over the floor and dozens of people dressing and leaving. As fast as the room filled up with streakers, just as many clothed people left the room.

I stood at the side of the room not knowing what to do until the final few people dressed and left. So there I was, standing completely naked in a lecture hall, all alone, on the top floor of the building and on the opposite side from where my locker is located, which is on the main floor!

When I joined the streak I somehow thought (or didn’t think to be more accurate) it would loop around back to my locker, but now I realized everyone in the streak had gathered in this one lecture hall and both started and ended the streak from this spot.

**A PhD in Streaking pt.3**

I started to take stock of my situation. I was alone, I did not have my phone, and a school full of people was all that separated me from my clothes! Sure I had just run through the school naked, but I had a crowd of people to hide among. Now I was really on my own.

As the shock wore off, a smile started to form, and finally laughter took over at how ridiculous my situation was. I thought about how as a rookie streaker I had made such a rookie mistake and would now have to suck it up and figure out a plan.

I thought for a few minutes then laughed again as I realized the only plan was of course to walk back to my locker. Really that was it, there were no other options. I once again laughed as I thought to myself “Well Linda, you are the one who wanted an experience that would give you an adrenaline rush, and now you have it!”

I decided there was no point to delaying the inevitable and slowly made my way out of the lecture hall. I decided the best route would be to get to the stairwell then make my way down to the main floor.

I slowly tiptoed to the stairwell, which was close, and started my walk down five floors. I made my way down one flight of stairs after another, feeling fortunate not to run into anyone. As I rounded the corner to the final flight of stairs to get back to the main floor I ran straight into a girl on her way up.

The girl was a step below me and as we collided the poor girl’s face bounced right off my boobs. I almost knocked her down, but fortunately she regained her balance. After the incident, the girl looked up at me annoyed then said “Wow, watch it with those things, you could take somebody's eye out!” I apologized, stepped around her then continued down the stairs.

Another group of people came around the corner just as I got to the bottom of the stairs but all they did was look and smile. I smiled back and said “Sorry, laundry day”. They laughed and just passed by. One guy put his hand up and I did the same and give him a high five.

Alright, I thought “that was was not too bad”. I was now back on the main floor of the building and was on my way back to my locker. It seemed like after the big excitement of the evening had died down, a lot of people either left or headed into the library to study.

As I looked around the corner, the hallway was empty. I breathed a sigh of relief. However, as I quietly walked halfway down the hall I heard a familiar voice call out from behind me. It was my professor, Kim, the one I work for!!! She was walking towards me!

I was frozen. It was one thing to be seen naked by a bunch of strangers but it was another thing to be standing completely naked in front of the professor that you work with every day!

She walked right up to me so we were only about two feet apart. At first she looked me right in the eyes then slowly her eyes drifted down to my chest, then to my nether regions.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity her eyes drifted back up to meet mine. She was a no nonsense kind of person who was all business and not one for joking around.

Then she said “Linda, have you finished reviewing the draft I sent you of the questions for the final exam?” I just stood there in shock, I could not believe what was happening. I just could not find the words to respond.

Looking a little annoyed she leaned in closer and said “Linda, speak up, Ï can’t hear you”. I finally nodded yes. She gave me a stern look and said “Well, I want them ASAP so I can review your changes before the exam tomorrow morning.”

I once again nodded yes and she said “Look, come to my office now and log into your account so I can get a copy of the file, then you can go back to doing whatever it is you were doing.” which she said as she once again looked me up and down and motioned to my naked body.

As we started walking down the hallway towards Kim’s office, I decided of course to follow behind her for obvious reasons. The last thing I wanted to do was walk in front of my professor with my butt wiggling in her direct line of sight .

Fortunately, her office was just a short walk down the hallway and we did not encounter anyone on the way. When we entered her small office she walked over behind her desk, sat down in her chair and told me to come over and stand beside her.

She then instructed me to sign into my account. So there I was leaning over my professor’s shoulder, with my boobs pretty much beside her face, typing in my username and password on her keyboard.

Geez, it took me three tries. I was so nervous my hands were shaking. When you are nervous it really makes it feel like those keys on the keyboard are somehow moving around on you. Finally I got logged on, to my relief, and stood back up so I was no longer leaning over Kim.

I pointed out which file had my edited version of the exam questions and Kim downloaded it. She opened the file and started reading through the questions. I was standing there beside her in silence as she read just wondering when on earth I could excuse myself and get the heck out of there!.

I looked around Kim’s office and it was just the most bizarre feeling. I had been in this office many times before but never in a million years had I thought that one day I would be standing in here naked helping my professor review a draft of some exam questions! Sure I have had nightmares where I suddenly realize I am naked in front of my class, but not even my dreams were imaginative enough to come up with this scenario!

**A PhD in Streaking pt.4**

Finally after a few minutes Kim said ”Okay, fine, this looks alright so far. I will read the rest on my own, you may go, and get back to whatever it is you were doing. Be here at 8am tomorrow and wear something more appropriate.”

I just quietly squeaked out a “thanks” and walked over to the door, peered out into the hallway, which luckily was empty. At this point I was not even worried about running into strangers!

Finally I was able to leave Kim’s office and put this embarrassing situation behind me. Sure it would be awkward seeing her tomorrow, but at least I would have clothes on!

That was when my heart sank. Just as I stepped out of her office I heard Kim say “Oh, Linda, wait just a minute. Please take a seat, there is something you can help me with.” Oh great, this I did not need at all.

I turned around and walked back to the chair in front of my Kim’s desk and sat down. She did not say a word, she didn’t even look up, instead she just pulled out a notebook and started writing.

Sitting there naked in the leather chair felt so strange. Feeling the leather all over my bare skin was a constant reminder of my exposure. I was trying to find a position to sit in that felt slightly less awkward and also did not leave me completely exposed. I finally decided to just cross my legs and cross my arms across my chest. At least that way the important parts were not on display.

I kept thinking how this must be the universe punishing me for the dirty thoughts I had had about Kim all semester. Even though she was my professor, I had no problem letting her linger in my dreams.

She was drop dead gorgeous and every time we had met in her office my mind would wander and I would start to imagine my professor slowly undoing the buttons on her shirt one by one until I would be snapped back to reality by Kim saying “Linda, are you listening?”.

Finally after what seemed like an eternity Kim said “Linda, I am currently helping a colleague of mine with gathering information for a research project on why people participate in extreme events. Anything that would be considered out of the norm from their everyday activities. I have a small series of questions to ask you then you can be on your way.”

Oh great I thought, the last thing in the world I wanted to do right now was explain to my professor why I was wandering around the school naked. I just sighed and said “Sure, sounds fine, ask me whatever you want.”

She then said “Now Linda, I know some of these questions may be considered embarrassing, but I stress that for this information to be beneficial to the study you must provide honest answers.” I said “Ok, I promise I will answer honestly.”

Kim asked “So, why did you decide to walk around the school naked?”

I replied “Well, it was not planned. I was watching all of these students having so much fun streaking that I got this sudden urge to be a part of it.”

Then she said “So you joined in the streak, but that must have ended 20 minutes ago. Why are you still naked and walking around the school hallways by yourself?”

I said “Well, when I joined the streak it was in progress, so I just undressed and stuffed my clothes in my locker. However, the streak ended on the side of the building that is on the opposite end from where my locker is, so everyone stopped streaking, got dressed, and I suddenly realized I was the last one naked and now had a long walk to get back to my clothes.”

At this point I could have sworn Kim almost cracked a smile at my poor planning and how I had gotten myself into this predicament.

Then she asked “So you have experienced being naked with a crowd of people in a public place as well as being the only one naked, how have these experiences been different?”

I replied “Well when I was with a group of people it was exciting and a lot of fun, I felt less exposed because I was just another anonymous face in the crowd, but now being alone I am much more self conscious and nervous, especially about being seen by people I know.”

Now it was at this moment where she started to ask me the really embarrassing questions when she said “So, how did participating in the streak make you feel, exposing yourself to so many people?”.

My face turned bright red, I knew I had to give her an honest answer, if I didn’t she would know so I quietly said “Well it was an adrenaline rush, but at the same time I felt … aroused.” Wow, I can’t believe I just said that to my professor!

She then looked up from her notebook, stared me straight in the eyes and said “Are you aroused right now?”.

Oh god, could this get any more embarrassing? I was stunned, I could not squeak out an answer as her eyes stared at me with that piercing “I already know the answer but want to hear you say it” look.

Finally, when I did not answer she asked me to lower my arms. I slowly uncrossed my arms and put my hands on my thighs. Kim then stared straight at my breasts and said “I will mark down your answer as a YES for that question.”

Geeze, I looked down and my nipples were so erect they were aching. So now my professor, that I will be working with the rest of the year, has seen me naked AND turned on in her office. Yeah, this is going to be an interesting next semester!

She seemed once again be holding back a smile when she said “Alright, I think that concludes the interview, I just need one last thing then you can go.” At that moment before I could even react she took a picture of me. I was in total shock!

Then with a wicked smile Kim looked me right in the eyes and said “I will print a copy of this picture and attach it to this questionnaire when I pass it off to my colleague. I will of course delete the photo after it has been printed to ensure your modesty is protected. Thank you for your co-operation, you may go now. ”

Geeze, my professor now had a naked picture of me!!! How on earth would I ever live that down and who is the “colleague” she plans to give it to? Oh well, those are problems for tomorrow I thought. Right then I was still naked so my current predicament would have to take precedence!

**A PhD in Streaking pt.5 (Final)**

I got up and quickly made my way out of Kim’s office, this time not bothering to check if the hallway was empty or not. At this point the prospect of being seen by some strangers seemed far better than what I had just been through.

I walked down the empty hallway. It felt so strange being in the building while no one was around. It was like the start to one of those “Naked in school” dreams, but I was not able to wake up.

As I walked I was very aware of the sound my bare feet made on the smooth hard floor. Suddenly I heard some voices coming from around the corner ahead. As the people approaching came into view I noticed it was a group of six guys and girls.

They all looked at me and just smiled. I just smiled back, gave a little wave and kept walking as we passed each other in the hallway. I am sure they had probably already seen a few hundred naked people this evening so maybe this wasn’t such a shock anymore.

As I rounded another corner, continuing my long walk back to my locker, I saw four girls walking towards me. I decided to just smile and casually pass them just like with the previous group, hoping for a similar lack of interest in my predicament.

However, when I got close to the girls one of them turned and blurted out “OMG, is that you Linda???” My heart sank, I looked up and all four girls were from my class!!! They just stared at me in disbelieve. There I was, someone these girls had seen several times a week lecturing in class, now standing in front of them completely naked!

I didn’t know what to do, I just stood there with my arms at my sides and my eyes darting from one girl’s face to another. They all looked shocked but that shock slowly turned to smiles then wicked grins and finally laughter.

Once my shock turned to a grasp of the reality of the situation I instinctively covered myself with my hands. It must have looked like I covered myself in comedic slow motion as if my arms had trouble figuring out which parts of my body to cover.

After an awkward pause that same girl said “Wow, it is you Linda, I can’t believe it! So why are you naked?” I just stared at the four girls trying to think what to say and finally said “Well, I was participating in the streak and now I am heading back to my locker to get dressed.”

The girl said “That’s awesome, you must be the first lecturer to actually participate, I have never seen one of my teachers in the streak in the years I have been here. You are totally awesome!” I just smiled and said “Sure, thanks I suppose.”

I then started to take a couple of steps away when another girl said “We MUST get a group picture with you Linda before you go, that would be so cool!”. All the other girls cheered then ran over to crowd around me.

One of the girls was fumbling in her backpack trying to find her phone while I stood there frozen wondering how I would ever explain this picture when all of a sudden a miracle happened.

I heard the sound of bare feet slapping on the hard smooth floors getting louder and louder as a naked girl with a gorgeous body came running towards us. She had on some sort of mask which I instantly recognized, it was a Spiderman mask!

As she got closer she ran up to us, grabbed my hand, pulled hard and we took off running down the hallway before the four girls had any chance to take their group photo with me.

What a relief! I was saved from a very embarrassing situation! We ran as fast as we could until I saw my locker and started to slow down. I told my masked heroine, “Hey this is my locker, this is where my streak ends”.

We both slowed to a jog then finally stopped at my locker. I quickly did my combination and was so relieved when my lock popped open and I saw my clothes. I pulled my clothes and shoes out and dropped them on the ground in a pile.

I then turned to my masked Spiderman (well more like Spiderwoman) and said “Wow, you really saved me back there. I was heading back to my locker when I ran into a group of girls I know and let’s just say I really did not want them to have a picture of me, so thank you very very much.”

My Spiderwoman just winked at me and out of appreciation for what she had done for me I stepped toward her and pulled her close for a big hug. Of course I did this completely forgetting about the fact that we were both naked!

Our naked bodies pressed together and it felt so good! As Spiderwoman took a deep breath I could feel the movement of her chest as her breasts pressed tightly against mine...

I gave her a tight squeeze, pressing my entire naked body against hers, then I leaned my head back so I could look Spiderwoman in the eyes while still holding her in a tight embrace.

That was when I blurted out “Wow, you really have a great body. I guess with great body comes great responsibility!”

We both laughed then I let go and backed away. I looked down and noticed how noticeably erect my nipples were. My face must have turned even more red than it already was, if that was even possible! I looked back up at Spiderwoman and she just once again winked at me.

I turned around and quickly dressed. Just as I was getting my shirt on Spiderwoman disappeared down the hall. I could not help but stare at her fantastic butt as she disappeared around a corner.

I finished dressing, locked my locker and as I was walking away smiling I kept wondering “who was that masked girl with the perfect body who saved me from so much embarrassment?”

Then it hit me, could it have been my professor??? No way, it couldn’t be! Could it?

THE END