**A Quiet Neighbourhood**

by[Requiax](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3095865&page=submissions)©

I was bored.  
  
That's my excuse. I was bored.  
  
My name is Kendra Wilson and this is a story about how boredom, listlessness and depression can make you do some pretty crazy things.  
  
First, a little background.  
  
I'm supposed to be a college freshman, like most girls my age. In fact, I was – for a few months. But life doesn't always work out the way you want it to.  
  
I suppose the biggest problem was that I didn't get accepted to the college that I wanted to do to, the one I'd set my heart on more than anything. Instead I ended up at one of those colleges that's nobody's first choice. And I knew from the start I wasn't going to get on there. The classes were hard and boring and the party scene was nowhere near what I had hoped for. I disliked my dorm, my roommate was a grouchy goth who chased me away every time she wanted to bang her boyfriend in our bedroom, and the showers were always cold. I missed home, my old highschool friends, my old life.  
  
So, sue me, I quit. Well, dropped out. When you quit college, it's called dropping out, as my dad was quick to point out in one of the many disappointed lectures I heard from him and mom once I swallowed my pride and moved back home. Dropping out. Giving up on the path your future was supposed to take you. Giving up on life.  
  
So, I gave up. I moved back home into my old bedroom and took the first, lamest job I could find. I work late shifts, until midnight, which means I'm home all day, while my hard-working parents are out at their own jobs. My parents are at work, my friends are all off at college – even the younger kids are in school during the day. I tried having a boyfriend, for a little while, but that didn't really work for me on account of the fact that the guy's life was even more of a mess than mine. So there's just me now. I live in the suburbs but it might as well be the moon, for all there is to do around here during the day time.  
  
So my days are spent sitting around the house in sweatpants, watching kids shows, until my libido kicks in and I switch to looking at porn. That's my education now – a minor in the Cartoon Network daytime schedule, a major in idle masturbation.  
  
I couldn't get into my dream college, and now at age 19 my biggest accomplishment is successfully managing to orgasm in every room in my house.  
  
So if I say I feel like a bit of a loser, that's an understatement.  
  
Anyway, this is the slump I was in. Bored and lonely at home during the day, I struggled to motivate myself. The chores my mom left me to do would go undone, I wouldn't shower or shave my legs (or elsewhere), I basically stopped taking care of myself.  
  
I was depressed. Bored, lonely, depressed.   
  
Then one day, something changed.  
  
I decided as summer weather rolled in that I needed to do something, anything, to get me to do more than just watch TV, eat junk food and play with myself in the hours that my mom and dad weren't home. It wasn't easy to motivate myself by this point, I was actually in a major funk, so I decided to start small. I decided to try and at least take a walk each day, maybe go to the corner store or even just around the neighbourhood. I didn't live in the most exciting place on Earth, but getting out in the fresh air might be good for me, I reasoned, and might help me shake this feeling of ennui.  
  
It was on my first few days of those walks that I noticed just how quiet it was around my neighbourhood during the day. Our neighbourhood is pretty affluent, everyone has a job, or is in school. I swear, on every single walk I took, I didn't see a soul. Alright, maybe the occasional maid or gardener working on someone's house while they were out, but no residents. It sounds incredible, I know, but I swear that our neighbourhood is to all intents and purposes completely empty during the daytime on a week day!  
  
I'm not sure what it was that first put the idea in my head – sexual frustration; something I had encountered reading erotic fiction; or just good old fashioned boredom. But once I had realised that between 9am and 12:30pm my neighbourhood was a vast, empty playground, the idea of how to have some fun with it began to take shape.  
  
The morning I decided to do it, I took better care of my appearance than I had in a long time. I had a lengthy shower, shaving my stubbly legs and underarms, before delicately taking the razor to my patchy pubic hair. I hadn't had a smooth pussy in a good few weeks, but I wanted to look my best. I blow dried my blonde hair, fastening it into a ponytail. I donned my underwear – ordinary, basic stuff, nothing fancy or unique – then pulled on a pale yellow t-shirt and a pair of grey shorts of the sort I used to go running in. I applied basic, natural makeup to my face, standard "girl next door" style, then shoved my bare feet into a pair of sneakers. As an afterthought I grabbed a dark grey baseball cap from my closet and put it on, pulling my ponytail through it. I looked like any young woman going for a morning run or taking a walk to the gym.  
  
Then I waited. I waited, anxiety and nervous energy building in me. I hopped from one foot to the other, my stomach turning somersaults, until I judged it was sufficiently mid-morning and everyone in the neighbourhood would have left for the day.  
  
I left the house, locking the door behind me. Then I did something unusual, something I don't normally do – I tucked the house key into the band holding my ponytail.  
  
I walked through the neighbourhood, several streets, until I reached the corner store. I browsed the magazine racks but I wasn't here to shop – I had just wanted to get out and get an idea of who, if anyone, was around. In all the streets I had walked through, I hadn't seen a soul – it was perfect.  
  
I left the store and headed in the direction of home. When I was out of sight of the corner store, and firmly back in the residential area, I stopped. I looked around me – no sign of anyone.  
  
Taking a deep breath to steady my nerves, I grasped the waistband of my shorts, pulled them quickly down, and stepped out of them. Now dressed only in sneakers, panties and a t-shirt, I resumed my journey.  
  
I felt very free without my shorts on but more than a little exposed – but by the time this journey was finished, I was going to be a lot more exposed than this!  
  
I walked for another short distance. I was maybe two streets from my house and, again, I saw nobody. I stopped again and this time (being careful not to dislodge my hat) I pulled my t-shirt off over my head and dropped it onto the ground.  
  
I was now out in public wearing only my panties and bra! This was both hilarious and exhilarating to me. I'd never gone in for any sort of public exposure before but here I was, in the street, in my underwear!  
  
I walked quickly away from the dropped shirt, to remove the temptation to put it back on. Walking the street in my underwear felt incredibly strange – I was acutely aware of the bareness around my middle, between where my bra ended and my panties began. It was like nothing else.  
  
When I was about 100 yards from the corner turning into my street, I stopped again. Again, there was nobody around. I laughed, a big grin on my face, as I reached up behind my back and unclasped my bra. I removed the bra and let that fall to the pavement, baring my breasts completely.  
  
I'm a fully-paid up member of the itty bitty titty club, my boobs aren't ever going to be described as spectacular. But right then, bare in the morning sun on a suburban street, I've never felt more proud or happy with my body.  
  
Wearing just a pair of white cotton panties, I resumed my journey, taking the next left into my own street. At first I cupped my breasts with my hands, a gesture of modesty, but then I realised, if I was caught at this stage, someone seeing my nipples was the least of my problems, and so I forced myself to walk with my hands by my sides.  
  
At last, off in the distance, my house was visible. I was on the home stretch. Dare I complete my adventure?  
  
Of course I dared!   
  
Quickly, and without ceremony, I pulled down my panties and stepped out of them. I was now completely naked on a residential street in broad daylight! The sun warmed my bare skin, a light breeze caressed me. I felt reborn, all my unhappiness lifted, replaced with a simple freedom. Me, naked, in the world.  
  
I quickened my pace, skipping, until finally I broke into a run. I was laughing, happy, and I ran naked towards my house. I grabbed the key from my hair as I drew closer, and had it in my hand ready as I reached my front door. I opened the door, closed it behind me, and collapsed against the wall. My fingers found my cunt without even thinking about it. I caressed myself passionately. My pussy was wet beyond belief, I was incredibly aroused, and I masturbated eagerly there and then, slumped against the wall in my hallway. I reached an incredible orgasm within a minute, crying out loudly in ecstasy, my legs trembling and my body soaked with sweat.  
  
I sat there for a while, slowly caressing myself. I took my time this time – slow, lengthy touches, little movements designed to continue the stimulation of my aching treasure, until eventually I peaked again, moaning softly as I came, a beautiful, overwhelming climax.  
  
Thoroughly spent, I stretched out on the floor, warming my naked body in the sun like a cat might. I felt incredible, almost delirious with happiness. I had never come like that in my life, and as for the thrill and enjoyment I had felt disrobing in public? It was out of this world.  
  
I think I dozed off there, if only for a few minutes, but gradually I opened my sleepy eyes and re-attuned myself to the world around me. Without any great hurry, I stood, and walked shakily upstairs. I donned clean clothing from my closet, then pocketed my house key and stepped back outside. I retraced my steps, picking up the clothes I had discarded – first my panties, then my bra, and finally my t-shirt and shorts. I had chosen all items to wear that had no personal importance to me, in case I was unable to find them again, but luckily they were all still right where I had dropped them. I was somewhat disappointed by this – especially that the underwear hadn't moved. I kind of wanted someone to have come along and found them, to put two and two together and realise they had not long missed a girl running naked in the street, to curse their bad luck that they wouldn't see my bare butt, my nipples, my exposed, shaven pussy. I laughed to myself – I couldn't believe how kinky I'd gotten from just that one act in a few short minutes!   
  
I felt a renewed enthusiasm for life from that moment on. Who cared that I was jobless and often alone? That just meant I had more time to indulge in my new hobby!   
  
I became a bit of a nudist around the house when home alone, often taking a great deal of time to dress after showering, or slipping out of my bikini when sunbathing in the back yard to get more of an all-over tan. Well, the neighbours were all out, so nobody was going to see! My hand often found its way between my legs during these times, there was something about walking around naked that was intoxicating – but nothing made me hornier than being out of my clothes away from the house, in public where I could at any moment be caught.   
  
I tried two or three other naked walks through my neighbourhood. Always the same pattern – leaving my house with clothes on, getting a certain distance away and then disrobing on the journey back. I did become more daring, though – instead of being fully-dressed when I went out, I would leave in just shorts and a wife-beater, no bra or panties. With only two items of clothing to remove I was naked much more quickly and for a much longer period of time – but I managed never to get caught and each time I'd burst through my front door, collapse breathless and masturbate to a swift and satisfying orgasm.  
  
On my fourth attempt, however, things went a little differently.  
  
As before, I left the house dressed in just running shorts and a wife-beater. My nipples were hard with excitement and stood out, visible through the ribbed grey cotton of my top. I walked through the empty neighbourhood and reached my desired location. This time, I had resolved to simply remove my clothes entirely at the start and walk the whole distance completely naked.  
  
I grasped the hem of my wife beater and lifted it off over my head. I threw it on the ground and quickly pulled down my shorts and wiggled out of them. I stood there, naked on the street in the sun for a moment, the warm breeze caressing my bare skin. I ran a finger lightly over my rock-hard nipple and down, to brush my smooth, tender slit. I shivered delightedly, smiling as I bit my lip. One day I thought I would try masturbating out on the street, although I didn't feel brave enough yet.  
  
I focussed myself, and set off, heading like all the times before in the direction of my house.  
  
I skipped along, naked and happy, but didn't dawdle. The prospect of being caught was thrilling, but I still feared the actual reality. Plus, I really needed to get back and play with myself.  
  
I arrived in my street and at my own front door with no difficulty and reached up to my hair to retrieve my key from my hair – only to discover with shock that it wasn't there! I had a horrible sinking feeling for a moment, imagining that I had lost my key and would have to spend time retracing my steps until I found it. But then I realised the simple truth – I hadn't ever taken my key out of the pocket of my shorts, meaning it was probably still there, back where I had discarded my clothing. All I had to do was return to my discarded clothes and I could pick it up, get dressed again and then walk home.  
  
I was more cautious walking back than I had been getting home – nervous and jumpy. It was getting later in the day and I was conscious that some people may come home or at least be out and about on their lunch breaks from work. I found being naked in public exciting, but I didn't want to land myself in trouble because I had fancied some kinky fun.  
  
Fortunately, it was still quiet when I arrived back at my clothes. I picked up my shorts and dipped my hand into the pocket – my key was there!  
  
I went to pull my shorts back on, and paused. Why should I? One more naked trip through the neighbourhood wouldn't hurt. It was still quiet enough, and nobody would see me if I moved quickly.  
  
Leaving my discarded clothes back on the ground, I walked quickly away and back in the direction of home.  
  
I was just turning into one of the streets on my block when I saw the car. It was honestly the first moving vehicle I had seen on my naked walks, and I froze in panic. There was no way I could take cover before the driver saw me if they came in this direction, and my whole adventure could be ruined!  
  
Fortunately, when they were still far enough away that I could tell myself they hadn't seen me (or at least, hadn't been able to see I was naked), they turned off into a distant side road. My heart, which had been pounding, gradually calmed down, but I didn't dilly-dally and made my way back home.  
  
I was almost to my house, literally 10 meters from my driveway, when I heard the sound of an engine behind me. I again panicked, and did what seemed, at the time, to be the only sensible thing – I dived behind a nearby bush, crouched down and hid.  
  
I watched as the car pulled up to the sidewalk. It was the same car that I had seen a few moments ago, I was certain of that. A sporty silver Lexus. The car came to a stop, and a window rolled down. I was so scared now. They had obviously seen me, and I'd foolishly chosen to hide rather than running for it. Any pleasure or excitement I had felt at being naked outside was replaced by fear, fear of getting into trouble, of having to explain to my parents why I was running around the neighbourhood in broad daylight with no clothes on. I huddled down, hugging myself and hoping they would go away.  
  
"Kendra?" called a woman's voice from the car. "Kendra Wilson?"  
  
A chill ran through me. The woman knew me! She hadn't just seen me running around naked, she knew who I was! Desperately, I tried to place her voice. She wasn't someone from school, or one of my parents' friends... Then I realised. The voice was that of Melissa Sanders. Melissa was a woman who lived down the street from us. She was about 15 years older than me – in her early to mid-thirties. Her parents had owned the house she lived in, but they had both passed away and Melissa had inherited. I'd always known her to say "hi" to but our family and theirs had never been particularly close, but she was always friendly towards me. That it was her who had caught me was some consolation, at least – she might not be so likely to tell my parents what I'd been up to.  
  
"Kendra?" she called again. "Kendra, I can see you. I can see you hiding there, and I know you don't have any clothes on." Her tone wasn't unfriendly – she was more amused than anything else. "You can come out."  
  
I didn't budge.   
  
"Don't be silly," Melissa continued. "I've seen everything already. Why don't you stand up?"  
  
I took a deep breath. Why not? Like she said, she'd already seen everything. And truth be told it was getting rather uncomfortable hiding behind that bush.  
  
Slowly, I stood up, a "you got me" smile on my face. I covered myself with my arms, then gave up, feeling awkward, and let them hang by my side. It seemed dumb to want to hide my breasts or pussy from another woman.  
  
"Very nice," Melissa called from the car. I blushed a little, enjoying the compliment. I'd always liked the positive reactions my body received from men, and now I was getting a similar reaction from a woman, I found I appreciated that too.  
  
"Come over here," Melissa called to me. I hesitated, still wary of my own nakedness despite Melissa's positive reaction. "Don't be silly," she repeated. "Come over to the car. I won't bite – promise!"  
  
Looking around to make sure nobody else was in the street, I stepped onto the sidewalk and walked quickly over to the car. I suddenly felt very vulnerable. But when I got close enough to the car to look down through the window, I gasped in shock and surprise.  
  
Sitting in her car, Melissa was as naked as I was!  
  
She didn't have a stitch of clothing on her, and I could see everything. I could see every inch of her bronzed body. I could see her round, full breasts, much larger than mine, her erect nipples and goosebump-textured areolas. I could see her flat, toned stomach, and shapely thighs. I could see her pubic hair, brown like the hair on her head, shaved and trimmed into a fine strip, ending abruptly in smoothness just at the point where her mound divided into her two lips. She had her legs parted slightly – whether from comfort or just from driving – and I could see the shiny pinkness of her slit, the hint of her inner labia between the smooth outer lips.  
  
I was lost in the sight of her for a minute, and could only stand, speechless – until my gaze travelled away from her body for a moment – away, and towards her hand. Her hand, which was holding a cellphone, her finger pressing the button to take a picture. My picture.  
  
She grinned, and turned the phone to show me. There I saw myself, captured forever in her phone's memory – stark naked on what was clearly my suburban street, stood gawking at the camera, nothing covered, everything on display.  
  
I flushed, embarrassed, confused and furious.  
  
"What the?!" I exclaimed.  
  
"Sorry," Melissa replied. "I just wanted to get something so I could make sure you'd do as you're told."  
  
I was dumbfounded – what did she mean?  
  
"After all," she continued, her tone sweet and a little mocking, "you wouldn't want this picture to find its way to your mom and dad now, would you?"  
  
I couldn't believe it! Here was my neighbour, for some reason driving around completely naked, and she had just taken my picture so she could blackmail me with a threat to tell my parents about me doing something that was not a million miles away from what she herself was doing? This was nuts!

I thought on my feet. I'm quick when I have to be!  
  
"If you show them that picture," I replied, "I'll tell them exactly what you were wearing when you took it!"  
  
Melissa chuckled. "I'm sure you would," she answered, "and I'm sure it would be a little bit embarrassing for me the next time I saw your mom or dad around the neighbourhood. But that's if they believed you, of course... it's not as though you would have any photographic evidence to back it up. And remember, I'm an adult, Kendra – there's nobody you can tell about me doing this that would get me into anything like the trouble I could get you into..."  
  
Rats! She'd got me there. It's true, the best I could hope for was to say "she was naked too," which, on reflection, probably wouldn't be much help to me in explaining what I was doing on the street in broad daylight with no clothes on.  
  
"You got me there," I said. I was a little bit mad, but truth was, Melissa never struck me as a mean person and so I thought I still had a good chance of her keeping the secret, if I played along. "What can I give you to get that photo deleted?"  
  
"Just your time, honey," Melissa replied with a smile. "Get in."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Get in the car," she elaborated. "I want you to come with me, right now, just as you are – as we both are, in fact. If you come with me and agree to do what I say today, I'll delete the picture tonight."   
  
"Where are we going?" I asked. "What is it you want me to do?"  
  
"I'll explain when we get there. Truth is, I'm not sure yet – but I have a few ideas..."   
  
I was a little worried by that. But Melissa's smile was genuine and despite the fact she was blackmailing me, I felt strangely reassured.  
  
I also didn't want to be out on the street naked any more than I had to be. I opened the passenger door, and slid into the car.  
  
It felt incredibly strange to be sitting naked in that car. I could feel the upholstery of the car seat against by bare skin, warm where the sun had heated it through the windshield. I put on my seatbelt – it was uncomfortable, passing between my naked breasts, the stiff edge of the belt digging into the skin of my chest. Melissa put the car into drive, and away we went.  
  
As we drove, we talked. I didn't ask questions about what she had planned for me – not because I wasn't concerned, quite the opposite in fact. But there were other, bigger questions that needed answering.   
  
The main one being...  
  
"So why are you driving around naked?"  
  
"I could certainly ask the same of you," Melissa replied, laughing. "Well, not the driving part! But the naked part, at least."  
  
"I..." I paused for a minute, trying to think of how to describe what I had been feeling the past few days. "It was just fun, you know? It felt good. It was weird and fun and naughty and different and I got a kick out of it."  
  
"How many times have you walked in public naked like this now?" Melissa asked.  
  
"Four," I answered.  
  
Melissa laughed. "Nice! I saw you the other day, but I didn't know if you'd done it any other times. Well done you!"  
  
"You saw me before?"  
  
"Yes. You were a long way off though. I didn't catch up with you before you got home, you were almost at your house when I spotted you."  
  
"Oh, right... is that why you're naked now too?" I asked. "Because you saw me doing it?"  
  
Melissa laughed. "Oh no! Not at all honey! I've been doing this a long time now. Probably for all the same reasons you do it, though."  
  
"So how come you're driving around naked now then? Where are your clothes?"  
  
"Back at my office," she admitted. "You know where I work? Johnson's?"  
  
I hadn't known, just that she worked in an office.  
  
"Well," she continued, "I have my own office there, right by the elevator which goes right down to the parking lot. There are a lot of days when the office is almost empty, and on most of those there is nobody in my part of the building at all. Nearly everyone there takes their lunch later than me, and nobody else ever seems to leave the building. So quite often I will be by myself all day. I find it quite fun to lock the door of my office, take off all my clothes and work in the nude. And sometimes, when I am feeling especially brave, I will leave my office without getting dressed, go to the elevator, go down to the parking lot, get in my car and go for a little naked drive!  
  
"So, when I saw you walking the street in your birthday suit, skipping along happily, I knew you were a girl after my own heart! To me, there is nothing more exciting than being completely naked somewhere that I shouldn't be, in danger at any moment of being caught and exposed, and having everybody see everything I've got to show. Wouldn't you say the same?"  
  
I had to admit that I agreed with her, and that right now I was very much enjoying myself. Part of that, definitely, was that I was currently naked passenger in a car that had now left the suburbs behind and was heading into more traffic-heavy, busy areas (I hunched down a little in my seat but I knew from being outside the car and seeing in that high sides and tinted glass in the windows meant that someone would have to be looking pretty carefully to realise both the driver and passenger of the car were naked women). But another part of that was also down to the company. Melissa was warm, friendly, fun and, despite being maybe 15 years older than me, looked absolutely gorgeous. She had a naturally curvy figure – full breasts and rounded hips – but she also clearly worked hard at her appearance, with fat being scarce on her stomach and thighs and toned muscles visible when she moved her arms. Her brunette hair was long but pinned up and she wore gold earrings and a large pair of sunglasses to shield her eyes from the bright day. To be naked, with only a few inches of space between us, and her as naked as me, was really something else. I wasn't certain but I thought from the way she would look at me (when her eyes weren't on the road) she was enjoying my nakedness too.  
  
I'd never been intimate with another woman before. Sure, when drunk at parties girl friends and I had made out, mostly to encourage boys to give us more drinks. But I'd only ever experienced sexual arousal alone or in the presence of men. But right now, despite the fact neither of us were touching, I felt our shared nudity was something intimate, and enticing, and very appealing.  
  
We chatted away comfortably, openly expressing our enjoyment of nudity and covering a variety of other topics, until finally it seemed pertinent for me to ask: where were we going?  
  
"It's lunchtime," Melissa answered, "we're going to get lunch."  
  
Sure enough, moments later we arrived at a Burger King.  
  
"Want to get drive-thru?" Melissa asked, turning to me with a wicked grin.  
  
I grinned back. I had seen videos on the internet where women had gone through drive-thrus naked or topless, and that seemed like fun. If that was all the Melissa had planned for me, I felt quite relieved.  
  
When we got closer to the restaurant, though, we could see that there was quite a line of cars stretching away from the drive-thru lane.  
  
"Gosh darn it," Melissa exclaimed when she saw the line. "I really don't wanna have to wait, I'm so hungry right now." And she pulled the car away from the drive-thru lane and into the (comparatively empty) restaurant parking lot.  
  
I started to get an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.  
  
"Melissa?" I began. "What are we doing?"  
  
She parked the car, quite far from the restaurant entrance, then turned to me. Her grin, if anything, was even more wicked.  
  
"I've just decided what you're going to do to earn me deleting that photo," she said.  
  
"Melissa, no..." I groaned. I had an idea what was coming.  
  
Melissa just laughed. "Yes," she said. "I want you to go into the restaurant and get our orders."  
  
I refused, of course. I crossed my arms and pouted and told Melissa point blank that there was no way I was going to walk naked into Burger King and buy food. No way at all I was going to do that. Nuh-uh.  
  
Until Melissa reminded me of the picture she'd taken. As she put it, I could either be seen naked by a bunch of strangers – or by my parents. When it came down to it, I had a bad choice either way, but I chose to go with the one that would be over and done with the quickest – I was going to go into Burger King with no clothes on.  
  
My legs were already wobbling as I got out of the car and began to walk across the parking lot. I had never felt so exposed in all my life. I had one arm across my breasts, trying to cover my nipples, while my other hand was flat on my crotch, to keep some modesty by hiding my smooth shaven private parts from view. But there was no doubting the fact that I was completely naked in a public place.  
  
A few customers inside the restaurant had already noticed me by the time I got close to the building. It had big, wide windows and I was clearly visible to them as I crossed the parking lot. Some simply stared at me, but others (though I could not yet hear them) were definitely pointing, laughing and calling others to the window to see the naked girl walking briskly towards them. So by the time I reached the door of the Burger King, I had pretty much guaranteed myself an audience.  
  
I pushed open the door and stepped into the restaurant. Outside it was a warm day – inside, my bare skin registered the change to cool, air-conditioned temperatures.  
  
With not even glass between me and the other people in the restaurant I felt more exposed than ever – surrounded on all sides by fully-dressed people, the sensation of being naked was scary and overwhelming.   
  
Of course, by now more or less everyone in the restaurant had noticed me. My head was swimming, so I couldn't really make out what some of the guys were saying to me – but it seemed to be supposed to be complimentary (when in fact it was probably actually quite offensive).  
  
I stood there, unable to move, one arm folded across my chest to cover my nipples, my other hand pressed against myself between my legs. It was poor coverage – for one thing, my entire naked butt was on display, a fact some guys had realised as they walked around the edge of the dining area in the restaurant to get a better view of me.  
  
Of course, getting a view of me was not all they were doing. The male restaurant customers were whooping and hollering it up, delighted that a naked woman had wandered into their otherwise unremarkable lunch venue. There were shouts of "hey baby" and "hey sexy mama", as well as some much more explicit statements about parts of my anatomy (even the parts currently hidden by my hands). Meanwhile other patrons, mostly women, were expressing shock and surprise of their own. Mothers covered or averted their kids' eyes (which somehow offended me more than the catcalls from men – what was there about my naked body that made it unsuitable for the eyes of children?), high-school girls laughed, or glowered (if they were with their boyfriends and felt they were suddenly paying me more attention than they liked).  
  
I blushed furiously, lowering my eyes to the ground. I felt dizzy and sick, and the world was spinning around me. I was totally naked, in front of all of these people, with no explanation, no excuse. I'd gone "streaking" around my neighbourhood and ended up in over my head. Instead of going home and masturbating happily in private, I had found myself by some amazing coincidence the unwilling puppet of my neighbour, who for some reason was as naked as I was, but safe in the comfort of her car.  
  
I gritted my teeth. Deep breaths, Kendra. Just get through this. Order the food and get out.  
  
I took one, two, three unsteady steps forward. Then I stopped.  
  
In the swimming, blurred crowd ahead, a familiar face stood out for me. His name was Mark. We'd gone to High School together. He had been so cool, I'd harboured a huge crush on him, even when I was dating other guys. He'd never even noticed me, of course. But I'd always hoped he would.  
  
Well, he noticed me now. He was staring, his burger held half-way to his open mouth. There was no doubting he recognised me.  
  
My face felt hot with blushing. Panic gripped me. He recognised me. He knew me, he knew people who knew me. Everyone was going to find out eventually that Kendra Wilson had walked into Burger King stark naked, I was never going to be allowed to forget it, never going to live down the shame.  
  
Thoughts of fulfilling the dare, of complying with Melissa's wishes and getting her to delete my photo, vanished in an instance. Wild panic replaced embarrassment and modesty. My arms dropped – giving the restaurant customers a full, uninterrupted view of my body – and then I turned and bolted.  
  
I ran through the door, back across the parking lot, until I reached Melissa's car. I flung open the passenger door, threw myself in, and slammed it behind me. For a moment I was breathless, motionless, and silent – then Melissa turned to me and asked, "what happened?" and in response I burst into tears.  
  
I blubbed and sobbed, real ugly-girl crying. I guess Melissa had planned to scold me for returning without the burgers – she had this whole kind of kinky dominatrix thing going on with ordering me about, I realised that now – but once she saw how upset I was I think that act went out of the window, and was replaced by genuine concern.  
  
Concern, but also a sense of self preservation. People who had watched me run from the restaurant had seen me get into Melissa's car, and even now a few had stepped outside the restaurant and were walking over. If they got close to the car they would see Melissa was also naked, and she had no wish to be caught driving nude with a hysterical naked teenager in the passenger seat.  
  
Quickly she backed the car out of the parking space, put it in drive and sped out of the Burger King parking lot. She was only on the road for perhaps 30 seconds before she spied another, emptier, lot at the back of some buildings, and pulled in. She stopped the car, turned off the ignition, and then unbuckled her seatbelt and threw her arms around me.  
  
I buried my face in her bare shoulder, and sobbed away. I could feel the warmth and soft smoothness of her bare skin against my own. She felt wonderful and smelled even better, and she stroked my hair and soothed me. Gradually, I stopped crying and lifted my face from her shoulder. I sat back, apart from her embrace.  
  
"Look at that," she said, "you've gone and gotten me all wet."  
  
I looked first at her shoulder, where my tears had fallen – then my gaze travelled down her body, to settle on her naked crotch. For a moment she said and did nothing, then she followed my eyes down to look at herself – and we both burst out laughing!  
  
"I'm sorry!" she said between helpless laughter. "That wasn't what I meant! Poor choice of words!"  
  
I just grinned. "Now I don't know whether to be disappointed?"  
  
She laughed again. "OK, scratch this conversation, time to start over. What happened back there?"  
  
I explained everything, a gush of words pouring forth as I described all the feelings I'd had, how overwhelmed being nude in front of all those people had been – and how I'd seen, and been seen by, someone I knew. Surprisingly, now I was away from the moment, I didn't feel any negativity around what had happened – a little residual embarrassment, but no fear, no panic, and no remorse or regret either.  
  
Melissa listened attentively. She occasionally bit her lip – I suppose it could have been sympathetic, but as an expression it seemed more to me to be an attempt to suppress some feeling of arousal. Her nipples were standing to attention and she made no move to cover them; I got the sense that some aspects of my story, if not all of them, were turning her on.  
  
But if she was excited by my account, she was at least considerate enough to show only sympathy, rather than excitement. Or anger. I suppose I had been afraid that she would be cross with me for not completing her instructions, for running from the restaurant rather than ordering food. I'd been a disobedient naked servant, and I had half expected to be punished – but it seemed like her game was postponed, at least for a short while, so she could make sure that I was OK.  
  
"I'm sorry," she said when I was finished. "I shouldn't have put you into that situation. You're so new to this, but you were radiating so much self-confidence that I almost forgot that. I asked you to go from, well, not zero but about 12 , to 100 straight away."  
  
"It's OK," I said, and I meant it. In truth, when I thought back I felt proud of what I had done. It was really an extension of what I'd been doing anyway. Exhibitionism. Exposing my naked body in public because it excited me to do so. True, I wouldn't have chosen of my own accord to do it the way I had, but with Melissa's urging I'd done a real "bucket list" thing. Despite how I had freaked out, I felt pleased she'd made me do it.  
  
Melissa, though, remained contrite. "It's not OK," she said. "I'm so thoughtless. I had seen you out in the neighbourhood all naked, and rather than embrace you as a kindred spirit I tried to take advantage of you, tried to blackmail you into doing something I wasn't brave enough to do myself."  
  
"What?" I was surprised. Melissa, naked in her car, had seemed to me so self-assured that I had assumed that picking up hamburgers naked was a thing she did all the time. I said as much.  
  
"No," she shook her head, smiling but, for the first time today, actually seeming a little embarrassed. "I always fantasised about doing it, but never had the nerve. This sort of exhibitionism always gets me going – but as soon as I get to the point of actually doing it, I chicken out When I saw you, I hatched a plan because I figured if I wasn't going to do it myself, the next best thing would be to get a goddamn gorgeous girl like you to do it for me.."  
  
"So you're not the big brave lady exhibitionist?" I asked, not unkindly.  
  
"Well, I wouldn't say that," she said. "I've been exposing myself in all sorts of ways since I was way younger than you are now. I'm certainly not the shy and retiring type. But full on, naked-in-public scenarios like that? It's always been the dream, but I never made it reality..."  
  
I asked Melissa about her history as an exhibitionist. I was coming around rapidly to the idea that that was what I was, and I was interested to know what she'd done. As she sat in front of me, nude and perfect, describing some of the flashing, exposing and streaking she'd done in her life, as she talked about how she'd shown her body to family, to friends and to strangers, I found myself imagining what it must have been like, picturing myself in those situations. My pulse quickened, my nipples hardened, and a knot of tension began to form inside me, between my legs. Melissa's stories were funny and interesting but they were also damn sexy, and hearing them was arousing me like nothing else.  
  
"Look at us," I said. "Are you as turned on as I am right now?"  
  
Melissa gasped for a second. "Are you always this upfront? I thought girls your age were all innocent!" she laughed.  
  
I smiled. "I'm 19, and I'm no shrinking violet! Besides, it's not like either of us is in a state where we can hide it. We're both naked, in case you forgot."  
  
"How could I?" she grinned. "And yes, since there's no point hiding it, yes, I am incredibly turned on right now and to be honest I've been riding that wave since the moment you parked that beautiful bare butt of yours in my car."  
  
"Well then," I said after a moment, "let's use that."  
  
"What do you mean?" she asked.   
  
"Well," I continued. "I think I've got one up on you at the moment. And it's something you did always want to do, you said yourself. And we haven't had any lunch yet..."  
  
–  
  
We walked across the parking lot towards the Burger King restaurant. We were hand in hand, Melissa and I. Our free hands hung loose at our sides – we weren't covering anything. We were letting everyone see every inch of our nakedness.

To say we felt nervous was an understatement – every fibre in my body was telling me to turn and run – but what was pushing us forward was an excitement greater than any fear we felt.  
  
We walked into the restaurant and the reaction again was much as it had been before. We'd sat talking for almost an hour, so this was most likely a different set of customers to the ones who had seen me walk in naked before, but the effect we had was exactly the same. This time though, I didn't feel embarrassment, or like I wanted to dive in a hole and hide. Instead I just turned to Melissa, and we grinned at each other.  
  
We walked hand-in-hand up the aisle of the restaurant to the counter. The guy behind the counter was young, black and cute, and he grinned broadly as we approached. "What can I get you lovely ladies today?" he asked.  
  
We leaned against the counter – it came up to above our waists, and I felt cold plastic-coated wood press against my bare thighs and belly – while we decided what to order. Melissa slipped an arm around my waist, resting it there, lightly, just above my butt, hand curved around my hip. I didn't mind.  
  
In the end, we stuck to milkshakes. With real sadness the server stepped back from the counter to fix them for us – although he kept looking back over his shoulder at us while he did so. Staff in the kitchens kept peering round the brushed metal cookers and machines to catch a glimpse of us, and as we stood and waited for our 'shakes, customers approached us. Mostly male, the offered compliments (both clean and, well, not-so-clean!) on our bodies and asked (or didn't bother to ask) to take our picture on their camera phones. Well, how could we stop them? We just went with it, holding on to each other for safety, beaming grins of excitement.   
  
One young woman approached and asked what was, of course, a reasonable question – why were we naked?  
  
"Hot day," Melissa replied without further elaboration.  
  
"Not the only hot thing here," I murmured, low so only she could hear it. We both dissolved again into giggles.  
  
Our milkshakes fixed, and paid for, we beat a hasty retreat out of the restaurant. Not all the patrons had been so welcoming – some of the guys approaching us, seeing our willingness to indulge their catcalls and requests for pictures (including some taken with us, rather than just of us), had begun to get a little handsy, and many of the other customers were actively hostile, expressing vocally their opinions on how what we were doing was "disgusting", how we were "whores" and "sluts" and "disgraceful" to be parading nude in a "family place." Some killjoy had probably called the cops already, so we had no intention of staying any longer than we had to, and we headed briskly back to the car and drove away.  
  
I don't think either of us spoke about what we'd done, or what we were going to do next. We simply drove, decisively, back towards our neighbourhood. I felt as though I was going to explode – the tension of my arousal was incredible. I'd never been so turned on in all my life, the memory of being naked in front of all those people and the reality of seeing Melissa's nude body as she sat beside me in the car were almost too much to bear.  
  
We screeched to a halt in Melissa's driveway and wordlessly we both scrambled from the car and dashed towards her house. She was eager, she fumbled the key in the lock, but after what felt like an eternity the front door was open and we bundled inside, kicking the door closed behind us.  
  
Instantly she pinned me against the wall, and I kissed her, full and passionate on the mouth. We embraced hungrily, tongues writhing together, her hands around my wrists, holding me motionless, as if she feared I would run; but she needn't have worried. While I had plenty of experience with guys, I'd never gone further than kissing another woman before – certainly never been locked in a passionate, naked embrace with one before – but I was decided in my desire. I was aroused, I longed to be touched and caressed – Melissa was more than willing to accommodate and, indeed, shared my wants. I had no intention of doing anything other than going to bed with her.  
  
Perhaps sensing this, she allowed my hands to go free, and I responded by wrapping my arms around her, grabbing her bare butt (how lovely it felt) and pulling her closer to me, before our mouths came together for another kiss.  
  
She broke free for a moment, to look me in the eyes and, smiling, said the first words she had said since we left the restaurant – a one work question: "bed?"  
  
I nodded. "Bed."  
  
We raced up the stairs – Melissa first, me following (and ogling her perfectly-toned bare butt). Like a naked tornado we burst into the bedroom (it was untidy – she'd obviously not planned on having company today) and fell upon the bed – and upon each other. In most of my previous experiences of lovemaking, there was an element of undressing involved as part of the foreplay – that little mystery being unlocked as you gradually uncover more of your partner's body. Here, there was none of that – Melissa and I had been naked together the entire time we had been in each other's company today. Instead, what was new and exciting and mysterious was the sensation – the touch and taste of one another's skin. We were giving in to desires we had, I realised, both been suppressing for the past few hours. When I had gotten into Melissa's car and seen she was as naked as I was, I should have understood then and there that we would end up in bed together by the end of the day. We had both wanted it – all it took was the realisation that the other wanted it too.  
  
We kissed, passionately, on our lips and all over our bodies. I took one of her nipples lightly between my teeth – she let out a little squeal of delight. She caressed my breasts, running her own tongue around the puckered areolas, smiling as I gasped in pleasure at the sensation. She rolled me over, one knee between my legs. I pushed up, pressing my sex against her thigh, feeling her in turn press herself against me. We ground together, kissing, caressing, breathing hard. She kissed my neck, breathily whispering in my ear; "have you ever done this before?"  
  
I shook my head, smiling. "With a woman? No," I gasped. "But I'm pretty sure I can figure it out..."  
  
My pussy ached with desire. I pushed harder against Melissa's thigh, leaving a smear of wetness on her skin. She separated from me, reached down with her hand, and ran her fingers around the moist, smooth fold of my cunt.   
  
"Show me how you like it," she said. I took her eager hand in mine, separating off the index and middle fingers. She held them rigid – taking them by the base I ran them along my smooth, silky lips, letting her feel the wetness she had helped to cause, before sliding her fingers between them and dragging them, moistened, up, to press her fingertips on my swollen and throbbing clit. I moaned at the touch, and Melissa smiled. I moved the fingers up and down, showing her how I liked to pleasure myself, and then drew away my hand, returning again to caress her nude form as she masturbated me.  
  
Her touch was incredible. All day I had been aroused and unable to satisfy my need to pleasure myself – now, freed from suppression, I gushed, moaning softly and happily. I could feel myself approaching the beginning of an orgasm but there was better yet to come, as Melissa drew away her hand. Kneeling in front of me on the bed she drew my knees wide apart with her hands, then leant forward between them, planting a series of light, delightful little kisses on my breasts, then my belly, then down to kiss my inner thighs before, oh my God yes, her mouth found its way to my cunt. She buried her face in my wetness, her tongue lapping at my lips and eagerly finding my clit. She lapped at me, licking me up and down, pushing the tip of her tongue into me – it felt incredible. I'd had guys do this to me but never as well as Melissa was doing it – and I'd never wanted anyone to do it as much as I did her.  
  
I pushed against her, lifting up from the bed. I came suddenly, an explosion within me, causing me to moan and almost scream with the incredible release. I bucked and thrashed in the throes of orgasm but Melissa wasn't finished, as I fell back into the subsiding waves of pleasure she continued to lick and kiss, softer now but if anything more intense, bringing me back until moments later I came again, crying louder this time, breathless nonsense until I was dizzy and tingling.  
  
Melissa drew herself up, pressing her naked body to mine as I lay, nearly stunned, on the bed. She stroked my hair, pushing stray strands back from where sweat had plastered them to my forehead, and kissed me. I tasted myself on her lips and tongue.  
  
"OK," she said after the kiss, smiling, "your turn now."  
  
What more is there to tell? I more than returned the favour to Melissa – drunk on her taste and her scent I ate her out until she came and then pushed my head away, laughing and gasping, her orgasm continuing even without my touch. We made love for much of the rest of the day until, finally spent, we lay under the covers of her bed, nude and wrapped in each others' arms, sleepy from our exertions.  
  
"What shall we do now?" Melissa asked drowsily.  
  
At first I didn't answer. "Well, you know something?" I said at last.  
  
"What?" came her reply.  
  
"I still don't have any clothes with me..."