**Alexa Thinks about a Simpler Streak**

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One week after the event, Alexa was having doubts about the highly public striptease and naked walkabout she'd performed; not regrets, exactly - thinking about what she'd done that day never failed to excite her. The memory of her brazen behavior now provided her with go-to imagery when she felt like masturbating. What was troubling her was the realization that however exciting, what she had done had very little in common with what she had found intriguing in the first place about the female streaker whose appearance on a local TV news station had inspired her.

Where the televised streaker had seemed lighthearted, Alexa had been stressed out. Where the streaker seemed like she had been spontaneous, Alexa had planned out each tiny detail of her behavior. Where the streaker was clearly having fun, Alexa had been nervously following the rules she'd developed. The more she thought about it, the more it seemed in retrospect that the only part of her adventure which had truly been fun was her completely improvised interactions with the unexpected delivery driver and the passengers on a passing bus!

Alexa knew it would be difficult for her to emulate the TV streaker's apparently spontaneous approach to something as outrageous as running around while naked in public; by nature she was a planner, not the sort to just wing it, especially not about something as scary as streaking. From her research online about streaking's heyday on college campuses in the 70's, she remembered reading that a lot of people just got caught up in the excitement of seeing their fellow students streaking and suddenly found themselves imitating them. "Well, that's not about to happen anytime soon," she thought, "the woman on TV got me interested, but if I wanted to avoid planning all the spontaneity out of it I'd need some other sort of external prompt, something not under my direct control, to get me to suddenly drop my clothes and take off running!" Since she wasn't likely to happen upon other streakers to encourage her, and couldn't imagine what might work as a substitute signal to impulsively do something so rash, actual real-life streaking seemed to be part of her past, not her future.

With no expectation of actually doing it, thinking about what it might be like seemed harmless enough. Not having solved the problem of replacing the momentum seeing fellow students streaking could provide, Alexa began to think about other aspects of doing a typical streak, then realized she was on the verge of repeating the intense planning which had resulted in her previous naked escapade. To avoid turning any potential future streak into another tightly choreographed event, she decided to limit her planning to the most basic choices; location (her college), clothing (normal, no special outfit), timing (loosely, during her lunch break).

Since the college had canceled all summer classes due to the ongoing coronavirus pandemic and practically all businesses in the area were still shut down, the convenience store where she worked was still almost completely devoid of customers during her day shift; she hadn't had more than two customers in any one day in the last month, and most days she had exactly none. Given the negligible effect it would have on sales, Martin, the store owner, agreed that she could lock the store up and spend her lunch break somewhere else as long as she limited her absence to one hour or so.

With so little to consider in detail beforehand, Alexa was surprised at how quickly her comparing her own outrageous behavior to a more typical college student streak seemed to be leading her to consider actually doing what she'd begun calling a "Classic" streak! She took comfort in the fact that she hadn't figured out any sort of random replacement for seeing peers going streaking; without some external prompt to take the place of fellow streakers, she knew her tendency to overthink things would most likely make the experience more like work than the silly fun she thought it ought to be. "No danger of my getting naked in public again just to be following a script, even if it is one I wrote," she thought.

Alexa mostly filled her long, quiet days at work with reading books, but she needed some other diversion from time to time. One quiet Monday afternoon she was browsing the app store, looking for a good time waster of an app to download to her phone. She had been aimlessly browsing when a suggested app popped up and caught her eye. Called "The Randomaster", it was an all-purpose random item generator; capable of generating random numbers within a range the user selected, or randomly display a word from a user-defined list, or a card or multiple cards from a standard deck, dice, coin flips, or even a basic Yes / No choice.

She quickly grasped the potential for this app to set up a sequence of decisions based on randomly generated data. A sequence of the right data could be a signal to undertake a specific course of action, in this case streaking! This might allow her to react to external cues the way someone in a setting where streaking was common would react when seeing other people peeling off their clothes or already running around naked! "I probably should leave this alone," she said to herself, "but I'm curious to see how the app actually functions." She downloaded it and opened it.

Late that evening, after several hours of experimenting with the app's options and cracking open a textbook she'd kept from a statistics class, Alexa had developed a set of hurdles, all of which would need to be cleared in order for any streaking to take place.

1) Random number selection - The app generating a number between 1 and 20 (out of a possible 1 to 100) would represent the user (Alexa) seeing other people streaking or getting ready to do so, leading to the next hurdle.

2) Random word selection - The app generating a word (from a list created by Alexa) which might or might not be something within the usere's sight right then, wherever she happened to be at that moment. She would make at least a quarter of the words on the list be things likely to be present at a typical college quad, like ivy or sidewalks and the rest of the words not very likely, like porcupine or parachute. If the word randomly pulled from the list described something which WAS within sight, that would indicate she was being influenced by seeing other people streaking and was actively considering following their example! Leading to the final hurdle.

3) Random Yes / No choice - The app would display either a No, keep your clothes on and continue being a spectator, or Yes, take everything off as quickly as possible and go for a short run!

Alexa was pleased with the simplicity and decisiveness her three hurdle app setup possessed; the odds were stacked pretty heavily against actually leading to streaking any one time the app was used, but she thought that seemed appropriate; even at its most popular, it wasn't as if most people were doing it. She thought most students walked through the Quad at least 3 or 4 times a day; with that many opportunities, the three hurdles were likely to result in some naked foolishness on a daily basis!

Whether or not Alexa was inclined to take her chances trying out the hurdles herself was another matter entirely. She knew the odds of her ending up naked on the quad were slim, but not negligible, especially if she ran through the steps multiple times. Even the very slight chance she'd have all three functions of the app align and call for her to go running naked in such a public fashion and such a familiar place was enough to make her shiver whenever she thought about it.

Still, trying to duplicate the more whimsical nature which she believed to be typical of Classic streaking had become her goal; if she could combine the excitement being naked in public clearly held for her with a more playful experience, she'd feel like she had accomplished something worthwhile. She needed to know if placing her fate in the care of the app and its randomly generated choices would actually make the decision to streak feel less stressful, assuming it ever came to that.

Since she was supposed to only leave the store unoccupied for an hour, she decided that once the drive to and from the campus and time spent parking and walking to and from the Quad was all accounted for, she would have no more than 40 minutes available at the quad on any given day. She decided she would make an attempt to get through all three hurdles four times each day, setting her phone's alarms to go off at 12:10, 12:20, 12:30 & 12:40. She had thought she could add a fifth attempt at 12:50 but shuddered as she realized that though unlikely, it was at least possible that the time immediately after 12:50 wouldn't be available for her to drive back to work because she'd already be occupied, running around in the nude!

On Monday, May 11, Alexa ate her lunch in her quiet workplace around 11:30 to leave her lunch hour free for a visit to her campus, her first since in-person classes had been halted.

Having worked out the odds of her ending up naked on any typical four attempt day, Alexa had stayed with her initial idea to dress normally; her outfit was irrelevant, other than being reasonably easy to get out of in the unlikely event she somehow beat the odds and made it through all three hurdles. The faded jean shorts and t-shirt from a concert she'd been to a few years ago were not meant to stand out, but the shorts were short enough and the shirt tight enough that her presence strolling through the Quad was noticed by a crew of roofers working on top of Fortinum Hall. She noticed that she'd been noticed, and shivered a bit as she guessed that they were likely to be active there for several days. Kind of like her. "Oh, well," she thought, "a streaker at a spot like this has to more or less expect to have an audience!"

Not wanting to need to juggle a lot of belongings, besides her clothing she had only three items with her; her keys, her phone, and a paperback novel she'd brought to pass the time.

She was more than a little rattled by how close the first use of her app came to sending her streaking:

1st hurdle, Number: 18, leading to...

2nd hurdle, Word: window, leading to...

3rd hurdle Yes/No: NO, leading to...Alexa beginning to breathe again!

"Wow, that was intense! I really thought I might be about to get naked!" she thought.

The remainder of her first day of allowing her fate to be controlled by the app was uneventful, with all attempts failing to get beyond the first hurdle. She couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed, having been prepared to follow the final hurdle's verdict and go streaking if YES had been the word, but she knew that over a small number of tries the odds that she'd be keeping her clothes on were far higher than were the odds she'd be ending up naked.

Day two of her experiment found her still of interest to the roofers, and generally sharing the Quad with more people than the day before. She spotted a couple of her instructors in the groups strolling across the Quad, passing her spot on a bench along one of the main sidewalks crisscrossing the space. From what she overheard as they passed by, they were happy to be heading out to lunch after what sounded like a morning full of boring meetings and were dreading more of the same in the afternoon. When her 12:10 alarm sounded with the forlorn faculty members still trudging across the Quad she was surprised to find herself thinking how it would liven their day if she were to get past all three hurdles, strip quickly and jog past them! It wasn't in the cards, then or at any other point that day, as she never made it past the first hurdle, with all numbers generated being well above 20.

On day number three, Alexa wore a tank top and bicycle shorts, not because they were any more revealing, but just because they were at the top of their respective drawers. "Well, at least the roofers seem to approve," she thought while laughing. The day's other group of interest was a carefully spaced crowd of trainee RA's, hiking all around the perimeter of the Quad and making a few stops where their tour guide paused to point out some detail or another on the buildings ringing the large lawn. At her 12:30 cycle of the app she thought she might be about to become a new highlight of the tour, as the app showed a 9, followed by the word "Tree"; she nervously tried the Yes / No function, relieved to see NO come up on the screen. Relieved, but with a hint of disappointment, surprising but unmistakable! The 12:40 attempt didn't provide any suspense, a number 55 providing an anticlimactic end to the day's sessions with the app.

Thursday, day four of her experiment, found Alexa wearing a fairly conservative halter top and some seriously short Lycra shorts, not for the viewing pleasure of the roofers or anyone else, but simply to even out her tan lines a bit. As it turned out, the sight of her sprawled out on a bench was a welcome one for the college's football team, looking bedraggled after their first morning practice. When her alarm went off at 12:20, just as they were walking past her, she hesitated for a moment before opening the app. Embracing the random factors she had placed in control of her actions, her hesitation was short-lived. She pressed a button, beginning to shiver a bit as number 7 came on the screen. When the word "Bird" came up next she shuddered, her hand shaking as she asked the Yes/No function for the final decision. She couldn't have imagined this scenario before now, but knew her next actions, however embarrassing, would be decided by this random answer chosen by an app!

NO appeared on the screen; without thinking, she surprised herself by shouting, "Damn!" but accepted the decision the app had made for her. She was thankful she'd been held back just a moment later, as she heard one of the passing players call out, "Hey Alexa, I thought you'd graduated and were out of here!"

It took Alexa a minute to put a name to the face, her pulse shooting up noticeably as she realized she'd been on the verge of willingly stripping naked in front of not just the college's entire football team, but more importantly, had almost stripped in front of Jay Bonnoli. The same Jay Bonnoli who had graduated from her high school one year after her, and used to hang out with her younger brother! One different answer from the app and she could have forgotten about going to any high school reunions. Ever.

"No, I'm kind of in suspended animation," she answered, "I had a job lined up, but the pandemic did away with that, so I'm just killing time now, thinking maybe grad school makes sense," she answered, wondering if she was blushing as much as she felt like she was.

"Well, nice to see you. I almost missed you entirely, without my glasses you were just a blur until I was 10 or 15 feet away," he said as he started walking again to catch up with his teammates.

It surprised Alexa that the football team was even having practices; everything she'd seen in the news made it sound like their season was sure to be canceled. She felt a little bit sorry for them, but not so sympathetic that she regretted the app's decision to let her remain dressed!

The 12:30 and 12:40 cycles were mercifully dull, with neither round getting past the first hurdle. Thinking as she drove back to work about her brush with hometown notoriety, Alexa wondered if she shouldn't just quit before she really got into some kind of trouble. She decided to carry on with her experiment through the following week, but end it after that no matter what had or hadn't happened by then.

On Friday, the clothes at the top of the heap were a short sleeve button down chambray blouse and a slightly short black skirt with an elastic waist. She laughed to think that the extra time it would take to unbutton the blouse would be balanced by the time saved by how quickly the skirt could be removed! The knowledge that she wasn't likely to actually be called upon to get undressed allowed her to joke with herself about the slight chance it could happen.

As soon as Alexa arrived at the Quad she noticed a few new developments. A fairly large but portable set of bleachers had been set up in one corner of the Quad, and there seemed to be an open-air meeting of the business department faculty taking place near her usual benches. The meeting looked to be all the department's full and associate professors, not the adjuncts who had taught most of her classes. She did notice one professor she'd actually had a course with; Dr. Buncombe had also been her advisor. He noticed her as well, and excused himself from the people he was sitting near to come over and talk with her.

"Hello Dr. Buncombe!" she greeted him.

"Hello Alexandra," he replied, "I'm glad I ran into you. I was hoping to ask you if you've considered our MBA program, several of your instructors have told me you'd be a fine addition to the program."

"Well, no I haven't, not because I"..she began before being interrupted by the 12:10 alarm, saying, "Excuse me, this will just be a minute." She quickly hit the random number button, saw 67 on the screen and continued her conversation, "I hadn't planned on going to grad school, but now, with the job market being what it is, I probably should think about it."

The Professor and Alexa continued discussing her options, including the possibility of working as an assistant to Dr. Buncombe himself, talking long enough that the 12:20 and 12:30 alarms interrupted them; "Sorry, I need to deal with this, I'll just be a moment," she said each time, hitting the number app again and getting an 87 at 12:20 and a 33 at 12:30. The conversation went on until Alexa sensed the 12:40 alarm was probably nearing. She excused herself, saying needed to take care of something. They said their goodbyes and went in opposite directions, he back to his meeting and Alexa taking a seat on the bleachers. She had only been sitting a few minutes when the 12:40 alarm sounded.

"Might as well get this over with and get back to work," she thought, "not exactly an MBA level position, but at least the hours are flexible."

She absentmindedly hit the Number app: 19. "Hmmmn, okay," she thought as she hit the List app: BIRD. She looked around apprehensively; sure enough, she spotted a bunch of crows lined up on a power line! Now getting nervous, she paused a moment before pressing the button for the Yes / No app, looking around at her surroundings one more time before she committed to the scandalous behavior she now had an even chance of carrying out. She saw at least a dozen faculty members in one corner of the Quad, a few other clusters of 2 to 6 office staffers scattered around the perimeter of the space, and of course, the 8 or 10 roofers still overlooking the Quad from atop Fortinum Hall. "Not even considering anyone inside the buildings who might be looking out a window, looks like I'll have no less than 30 potential observers if the Yes / No app gives me the wrong answer," she thought, holding her breath as she pressed the button.

YES came up on the screen! YES!

Alexa felt a little dizzy but didn't hesitate, knowing that if she was going to do this she needed to move fast and not think about what she was doing. At all. Still sitting on the bleachers, she unbuttoned her blouse as quickly as her damned trembling hands were able to, then pulled her arms out of the sleeves. She set the blouse down on the space next to her, then pulled her skirt down, lifting her butt just enough to let the skirt slide past on its way to her feet. She had hoped by changing position as little as possible she might, for a little while longer, avoid having her increasingly outrageous behavior attract attention.

The catcalls coming from the roofers as she set the skirt down on top of her blouse told her that she was already being watched; knowing she now had gained an audience didn't make her next few tasks any easier, but she didn't hesitate at all. "I must be out of my freaking mind," she thought, giggling uncontrollably as she unhooked her bra and pulled it off, her entire ensemble suddenly reduced to a pair of panties. Her one-piece outfit didn't last long at all, with her panties joining her bra and skirt at rest on top of her blouse less than ten seconds after her bra came off.

"Oh, shit, I'm naked! I actually did it!" Alexa said to no one in particular, laughing hysterically at the absurdity of her situation, adding, "I'd better get moving and get this over with!" But move to where, exactly? She hadn't wanted to plan in fine detail what she'd actually do if she ever were to end up undressed; now she suddenly found herself completely exposed between her ankles and the top of her head, except for a disposable surgical mask, without a clue about what to do next!

At first, Alexa didn't even notice that she had stood up and was already walking to the end of the bleachers, but when she reached the end and started down the steps she paused and looked back at the clothing she'd been wearing a minute or two ago, already at least 30 feet away! A particularly loud voice inside her head urged her to dash back, put her clothes back on as quickly as possible, and get out of there as fast as her legs could carry her! At the same time, another voice, less frantic but at least as insistent calmly rejected the option of retreat and argued in favor of ignoring the alarms going off in her mind and doing what she'd come here to do.

Persuaded by the second voice, Alexa decided to do a full lap around the perimeter of the quad as quickly as possible before returning to retrieve her book and her clothes. She left the bleachers wearing only socks and running shoes, and carrying only her phone and keys. Already sprinting towards the perimeter of the quad and away from her neatly stacked pile of clothing at as speedy a pace as she felt she could maintain, she left the decision about when and where to get dressed to be settled once she was reunited with her garments.

Alexa couldn't help laughing as she passed the various groups of office staff scattered around the edge of the Quad, shouting, "Sorry, couldn't help myself!" as she passed within a few feet of some of them. Apologies weren't necessary; most people she passed signaled some sort of approval, either clapping, cheering, giving thumbs-up signs or shouting some variation on "Way to go!" or "You go, girl!" She was relieved and gratified to find that she seemed to have been able to briefly delight a bunch of strangers. She imagined her audience would likely smile when remembering what she was doing. She knew she would!

Halfway around the Quad, Alexa had to adjust course to avoid bumping into a line of Professors filing into one of the buildings facing the Quad; they were spread out far enough that rather than make a long detour she actually stopped and jogged in place no more than ten feet from the procession. "Alexa! Is that you? What on earth are you..." Dr. Buncombe managed to sputter from his position in the middle of the group. Not about to stick around and engage in any attempt to explain herself, she ignored him and resumed her run, finally finding a gap between a few of the stragglers wide enough for her to dash through!

After what felt like the longest 3 minute run she'd ever done, Alexa finally reached the point where she'd begun her lap around the Quad. Never breaking stride, she turned to retrace her steps back to the bleachers and her clothing, looking around the Quad where she'd just run to see if her audience was still following her progress; it looked like they all were! Distracted by her study of where she'd just been, she didn't notice what was happening where she was about to be; when she finally looked ahead to the bleachers, her heart skipped a beat or two. She was stunned to see the entire football team jogging from the building closest to the bleachers, being directed by a photographer to be seated on the bleachers, apparently to have a team photo taken! The tired and dirty look they'd had after practice the day before had been replaced by a fresh appearance, including crisp, clean uniforms.

Already less than fifty yards away from the bleachers, Alexa's head was spinning as she thought, "So many, many ways I'm screwed here! The one place I really need to get to has a photographer ready to take photos, a guy from my hometown who's a friend of my brother, not to mention several dozen rowdy football players. One-stop shopping for a giant package of humiliation!"

She stopped running and saw that the two developments she was most afraid of were already happening. "Is the photographer looking at me?" she moaned, "Yup, he looked straight at me and now he's fishing around in his bag, probably looking for just the right lens to capture a somewhat distant streaker! Oh, great, now they've found my clothes!" The players seated where she had been a few minutes earlier had not only found Alexa's clothing but were passing the various items around. Seeing a tug of war breaking out between a couple of players, with her bra taking the place of a rope, she said to herself, "Nope, never getting any of that stuff back, time to get the hell out of here!"

She spun around and took off at a full sprint, eager to put as much distance as possible between herself and that damned photographer! She was at least partially successful; though she had no way to know it, by the time he'd switched lenses the best he could do was capture her image clearly from behind as she ran away, showing her ass, back and a partial side view of her left breast. Her face was turned away enough so that she couldn't be identified, at least not if she was wearing clothes!

Once beyond sight of the dozens of prying eyes in and around the Quad, Alexa paused to catch her breath, get her bearings and figure out how to get back to her car. She realized that in her desperation to get away from the Quad, she had bolted to a spot fairly far from her car; she had three possible routes for getting back to her parking spot.

Back through the Quad, obviously not an option.

Through the cluster of dorms and dining halls behind the Quad. The shortest route, but with a lot of potential viewers.

A service road looping through the woods and around the athletic fields at the far end of the campus. Definitely the longest route, but also the least populated.

Thinking a longer jog was tolerable as long as it meant less contact with other people, Alexa chose the service road. She estimated it would take her a minimum of 18 minutes to run along it all the way to her car.

The first 5 minutes were actually pretty pleasant, with no other people or traffic; "Good day for a nice quiet run through the woods," she thought, smiling, "clothed or not." Around 6 minutes in, a garbage truck heading in the same direction as she was running slowly overtook her. As it pulled up alongside her, she looked up at the cab, smiled and waved at the crew, and then looked forward again. With the crew apparently satisfied that she wasn't in distress, the truck picked up speed and left her behind. Before she looked away she saw one of the crew talking into a walkie-talkie; she picked up her pace, worried that he might have called for security.

Two or three minutes later a car pulled up next to Alexa; she was shaking as she heard the driver call her over an external speaker, "Please stop right there." boomed out from the car. She was on the verge of tears as she stopped, sure she was about to be arrested. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do this, not this way..." she whimpered.

"Please calm down; are you okay? My garbage crew said you were alright, but I wanted to be sure." the driver asked her in a gentle tone of voice.

She noticed the car was marked "Facilities," not "Security," and calmed down enough to reply, "Yes, thanks. I'm fine, just trying to get back to my car. I thought you were going to arrest me."

"Nope, that's not my department, I'm just making sure you're okay. If you don't mind me asking..."

"Streaking. Things got a little complicated," she explained.

"Ah, streaking! I didn't know that was still a thing!" he chuckled, "I thought that went out of fashion after my generation."

"It was actually kind of fun, until it wasn't," she said, smiling.

"I think I'll take your word for it," he laughed, "so where's your car parked?

"Lot D-3," Alexa replied, "near the library.

"That's a good mile and a half from here, do you want a lift?"

Beginning to feel the effects of all the running she'd done as well as the various bouts of anxiety and panic, and remembering she was long overdue to get back to the store, she accepted the ride.

Riding naked in the Facilities supervisor's Impala on the short trip to her car, it occurred to Alexa that her mother had probably told her a thousand times to never accept a ride from a stranger, but she was certain that getting into this stranger's car would be way down the list of things she'd done lately that her mother would surely freak out about if she ever were to find out about them!

Other than a handful of people seeing her make the switch from the Facilities car to her own, Alexa's trip back to the store was free of complications. As she drove back to work she couldn't help laughing at how little being seen naked bothered her anymore as long as the members of her audience didn't know her family and weren't trying to take photos of her!

Seeing no cars parked anywhere in front of the store, Alexa parked on the other side of the gas pumps, far from the building, locked her car and walked to the front door of the store. "Still locked, " she said to herself after checking the door, "so nobody has come in to work while I've been gone." Having confirmed that her last possible complication hadn't happened, she unlocked the door and stepped inside. She headed to her locker to get her uniform out; she knew from previous experience that while the smock was ugly and almost scandalously short, it would cover enough to let her get by until she left for home in a few hours.

As she was on her way to the locker room, she noticed movement in a far corner of the store! "Whoever you are, you'd better get the hell out, I'm dialing 911 right now," she shouted.

"That's really not necessary, Lexie," Jeremy said as he approached her, carrying nothing more threatening than the three-day old hot dog he'd been eating when Alexa shouted at him.

"Jesus, you scared me! I didn't think anyone was here!" she replied, "what are you doing here, anyway?"

"The usual, delivering your tiny order of fresh dairy items," he answered, then asked, "Any particular reason you're naked today?"

"Not one I'd like to discuss right now," she replied, "and I was about to go get into my uniform."

"Too bad," he laughed.

"Actually, you could do me a favor," she replied, "I need a few photos showing me in the store."

"Like this? Really?" he asked, clearly happy to help, "Sure thing!

Alexa handed Jeremy her phone and directed him through a few poses and locations she wanted.

"Is that it?" he asked, sounding a little disappointed.

"I'm just looking for nudes, not porn!" she scolded him, "But I do need another series." She took a large pair of aviator sunglasses off the display near the counter and put them on, along with a baseball cap, also borrowed from a display. "There, now I'm ready!" she said as she began repeating her previous poses with her makeshift disguise in place.

"Mind if I take a few with my phone?" Jeremy asked hopefully.

It occurred to Alexa that letting Jeremy have his own set of photos of her in the nude was more of a Lexie thing than typical Alexa behavior, but nothing else in the last hour or two had been even remotely normal. Deciding her identity was fairly well concealed, Alexa replied, "Sure, go ahead."

This was the series she planned on choosing one or two shots from to place alongside the other photo behind the register, the one showing a different naked woman here in the store, so she wanted to get at least one shot which duplicated as closely as possible the older photo. This required a different sort of help from Jeremy.

"Can I ask one more small favor," she asked, "would you mind taking a few with the timer, with me on your lap?"

"Ummm, okay," he said, "that gets close to breaking one of the handful of rules my wife and I have agreed to, but I think I'm still in the clear."

"What rule," she asked, "this sounds interesting."

"It's pretty basic, really," he replied," I can enjoy looking at other women and even flirt as much as I like, but no kissing, and I'm not allowed to put my hands on any woman but her."

"So I can climb up on your lap and wiggle my naked ass on you, and as long as we don't kiss and you keep your hands off me, we're cool?"

"That's pretty much the deal," he said.

It occurred to Alexa that Jeremy's rule sounded like guidelines issued to him by his wife before attending a bachelor party. She was tempted to run a few other scenarios by him, but since he'd agreed to go along with her request she decided to leave well enough alone. "Then have a seat while I set up the phone," she said, beginning to shake a little as she thought of how these shots would look, hands-off or not!

They had taken several shots with Alexa on Jeremy's lap and she was setting up the phone for one last set when the door chime sounded! She had no chance at all to get out of sight, standing less than eight feet from the door. She froze in place and felt herself blushing deeply when Jason, a nephew of the store owner and one of Alexa's less useful co-workers walked in! He looked Alexa up and down a couple of times, then said, "Jeremy, can you explain to me what I'm seeing here?"

Jeremy sized up the situation quickly, seeing that Jason didn't recognize Alexa and had assumed that whoever she was, Jeremy had brought her here and was responsible for whatever debauchery was going on in his uncle's store.

" I have to apologize for all this, Jason," Jeremy started, "with me pulling a double shift the next few days, Marianne here, my wife, wanted to spend at least some time with me, so she came along to keep me company on my extra route today. When we got here no one answered the doorbell, so I let myself in and delivered your order, which was my last delivery of the day. Marianne noticed the front door was unlocked, and with Lexie nowhere to be found..."

"Wait, I'm confused, who the heck is this Lexie?" Jason demanded.

"The college student who's been working the day shift," Jeremy replied.

"That's Alexa!" Jason replied, clearly frustrated.

"Okay, I guess I mixed up her name, ALEXA!" he said, glaring at Alexa. Or Lexie, or whoever she felt like being today. He went on, "With the door unlocked, no staff around and me having no more deliveries to do, we thought we'd hang around a while and see if Alexa or any other employee showed up. We were just sitting around and, well, the thing is, this isn't something I normally talk about, it's kind of embarrassing to discuss, but you deserve to know what you walked in on; Marianne and I, we enjoy taking nude photos of her, and I guess having the place to ourselves got the better of us. It wasn't going to be anything more than photos, we never would have had sex here or anything like that."

Jason was quiet for a long time, then finally said, "I guess this is kind of a no harm, no foul situation. I don't see any need to tell my uncle about this, but I want a copy of the photos you took for my files just in case anything like this ever happens again. One last thing, let's take one more photo, all three of us together, for my records."

"You sleaze," Alexa thought, "I'll bet I know why you really want a copy of my photos!" She wasn't in any position to argue, so she silently nodded her agreement to his request. Jeremy did the same. A few minutes later, Jason had his prize, a photo of him with his arm wrapped around Jeremy's sexy, naked wife.

With the photo session over and Jason satisfied with Jeremy's improvised explanation of the salacious scene he'd stumbled into, Jeremy and Alexa went out the back door and climbed into his truck. As they pulled out of the parking lot she said, "Thanks for covering for me back there, you really saved my ass."

"It's a very nice ass, it deserved to be saved." he replied with a grin.

"Um, thanks," she said, "but now what? I'm still just as naked as before; I can't just stroll in the front door like this!"

"My thinking is a quick visit to the Target over in North Martinsburg to get you an outfit, then run you back to work."

"Sounds great. You do know I have no money on me at the moment to pay you with, right?" she replied.

"Money or anything else - I can see that. I'm not worried, I know where you work."

During the 20 minute trip to the nearest Target, Alexa told Jeremy the tale of what she'd been doing this afternoon before bumping into him. He laughed and laughed, but seemed perfectly serious when he told her that he wished he'd been there to see it all happen.

"Maybe next time," she said, raising one eyebrow when he looked over to see if she was being serious.

In the Target parking lot, she wrote down her sizes for him, asking him to keep it simple when selecting her outfit. "Small panties and shorts, medium top, 36C bra." she read off her note before handing it to him.

The wait for him to return with her new ensemble seemed longer than the 20 minutes it actually took. Despite his having parked fairly far out, there were still a few people walking by the truck's large front windows. Her seat didn't recline, the floor was too filthy to even consider sitting down there, so she just crossed her arms and waited for Jeremy.

When he finally returned, she was pleasantly surprised to see he'd chosen a nice bra and thong set, made of a fairly fine black mesh. She guessed that he'd put a lot more thought into this part of her outfit than the rest of it. She put the lingerie on and knelt on her seat, turning around to give him a good look from all angles.

"Just the way I thought they'd look on you," he said after she sat down.

"Before I finish getting dressed, I have a question. I think I understand the general parameters of your Look-but-don't-touch rule, but is there anything forbidding ME from touching YOU?" she asked.

He closed his eyes for a minute and eventually replied, "It's true our rule doesn't address the actions of other parties, and since you've never met my wife I don't see how the two of you could have made any deals..."

Which was how a few minutes later Alexa found herself in the middle of the afternoon, dressed only in some filmy undergarments, in the front seat of a delivery truck, in the middle of a Target parking lot, happily giving a man whose last name she didn't know probably the most exciting hand-job of his life. She blamed Lexie for this latest bit of misbehavior.

Jeremy drove Alexa back to a spot near her car. "Thanks for an interesting afternoon," he said as she finally got fully dressed again.

"Glad you enjoyed it!" Alexa said as she walked the few feet from his truck to her car. As she drove the 40 yards to her normal parking space in sight of the store she couldn't help laughing at how strange wearing clothes felt to her after spending a good chunk of her afternoon in the nude.

She paused a moment to prepare to face Jason; he hadn't seemed to recognize her before, but she worried, "what if he's put it all together since we left?" She returned to work, feeding Jason a plausible story about how she'd been gone so long because she'd been helping out a friend by watching her kids so the friend could make it to an appointment with a doctor. She apologized sincerely for leaving the front door unlocked when she'd left; Jason seemed happy to accept her entire story without question, probably because the universe had somehow granted him an unexpected encounter with a stark naked woman, a pretty damned hot one, right here in his workplace.

Jason was unable to resist telling Alexa all about his good fortune, telling her, "I caught the dairy delivery guy and his wife doing a nude photo shoot right here in the store!"

"No way!" she said, depending heavily on her mask to keep him from seeing how close she was to cracking up.

"Don't believe me? Check this out!" Jason said triumphantly, swiping his phone's screen until he reached the photo of him with his arm around Alexa and his hand resting on her naked hip!

She couldn't resist messing with him just a bit, saying, "Wow, who would do such a thing? Granted, she is pretty sexy, but something about this whole story isn't right; I bumped into Jeremy and his wife at the mall a few months ago, and I'm sure as I can be that the woman in the picture with you is not his wife; I wonder who she really was!"