**Almost Nude in Public**

by [AdelaideNurse](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=598082&page=submissions)©

About me:

I'm a 23 year old Nurse working at a large hospital in Adelaide, South Australia (OK – I work at Flinders). I'm quite short (4'11" or 150 cm) and skinny, but not anorexic or anything. I'm a b-cup up top, pale skin with get-black straight hair down to my shoulders. I don't think I'm stunningly pretty, but I'm alright.

This is my second foray into forced exhibitionism inspired by literotica. I'd been quietly planning this for over a month.

It started when I attended a friend's wedding at Maslins Beach. Maslins in Australia's oldest nudist beach – but only at one end. My friend, a colleague from work was married at the northern (non-nude) end. The happy couple are a very Christian couple, and there was nothing nude about the event at all. What got me thinking was I noticed the public transport bus number (metrolink for the locals). 741 is the same bus that goes right past my flat. I live east of the city (Norwood for the locals), so I was surprised the same bus goes that far – it probably goes through the city and then continues on. When I was at uni and still at my parents house I had seen a number of bus routes that did this. I haven't caught a bus since I got my car so I hadn't realised where my local bus went.

My plan was to drive down to Maslins wearing some old boring clothes, with my exciting clothes in a bag. Lock my keys in the car (I'd pick it up later), go to the nude end, destroy my old clothes and have to catch the bus home wearing something I'd normally never go out in! Not too outrageous, I'd only be seen waiting for the bus (and I'm sure the residents of Maslins Beach see all sorts). Then I'd be on the bus for over an hour. This would be the exciting part, not know who would get on or where they would sit. I'd planned to do the deed after a night shift, so all the school kids would be in school, and there wouldn't be many people around. Then finally the short walk to my flat. There was the chance I'd bump in a neighbour, but they all work so it was a slim chance.

I threw in an additional idea to make the deed more exciting. I decided to let fate guide what I would be wearing. I 'borrowed' from work a bag full of paper bags – the sort that we dispose rubbish in when we've done wound dressings and for throwing out catheters and the like. Over the course of about six weeks I filled each bag with some of the most revealing clothing I could think of. I would then not know what I was doomed to wear until I opened the bag!

I packed these paper bags after my late shifts from work. I'd finish at 10:00 pm, come home, have couple cones, open a bottle of red wine and masturbate for hours while packing a few paper bags. In such a state I was very daring. Most of the early packages consisted of some recently bought g-string and low-rider underwear with some almost transparent t-shirts and singlets. I even wrote 'SLUT' in big letters on one of the t-shirts. I made one package with just a bra and full cut panties,. Awesome – it would be obviously underwear. But God bless the internet! I ordered all sorts micro swimwear and lingerie, including a figure hugging chemise that was basically completely see through. I 'modified' a number of clothes (I'm a dab hand with needle and thread). I got my old school uniform from primary school (a one piece dress) and sewed up half the button holes. The dress was tight, short and permanently open well below my breasts. It was divine. I couldn't sit down in it without showing everything. Raising my arms showed everything and well, it was just really, really hot. I also cruised the op shops buying a lot of children's wear. I'm short and slim so I can fit into all sorts of 'little girls clothes'. Some of those skirts and mini dresses look very hot on someone who is no longer a 'little girl'.

All this was fine when I was stoned, drunk and/or horny. At other times I'd look at the piles of identically looking paper bags growing in the corner (I'd pad them with newspaper so they all felt the same) and wonder what the hell I was doing. I knew I shouldn't do this, but I knew I would at the same time. I bought myself a pre-paid bus ticket (saves carry money), and scored a 'E' off my little brother.

At last I came to my four-day block of night shifts. On the last shift I wore no underwear to work –something I've never done. I was horny for the whole shift. Nothing really happened (nothing really could anyway), but it was exciting anyway. When I got home I started my plan. I had a shower and shaved! Some the underwear looked silly with a big bush! Within a few minutes it was all gone. I dried off and rubbed some oil in. As anyone who read my earlier story might have guessed I love the feeling of oil on my skin. Months ago I purchased a big drop sheet that I can throw over my bed and slide about, it's just great! I spent a few minutes masturbating, the sensation with no hair was just so much better.

I put on a fairly conservative two piece swimsuit. At least if I backed out I'd have to go home wearing that! On the way out I was going to grab some sun block, I have very fair skin and would burn easily. My hornyness got the better of me and I grabbed the bottle of oil – after all I only had to walk to the bus and then I'd be inside for the rest of the time.

I drove south to Maslins, often with one hand down my front. I parked in what is sort of the middle car park, had a couple of cones and swallowed the 'E'. I went to the boot of the car where I had piled all the packages earlier. A little voice inside my head was screaming 'DON'T DO IT', but the stoned hornyness won. I dropped in my keys, grabbed a package and closed the boot. Now all I had was the swimsuit I was wearing, a bus ticket, a bottle of oil and some unknown clothes.

You have to walk 500m to get the nudie section. It was a warmish day, slightly overcast at this stage. I reached the sign that read about 'unclad bathing' and stripped off. I'd been to Maslins before with a girlfriend who had lots of gay male friends. She was a full on lesbian. I'm sort of bisexual. I don't really have sex with anyone other than myself these days, though I fancy both. Anyway, she was too full on for me, but I did get to see that Maslins is basically a gay male hang-out. I didn't strip off that time, but here I was, naked and completely hairless strolling along the shore line.

When I reached the second set of bins (there was some creepy guy near the first lot sitting in the bushes – probably gay, but still creepy). I took a deep breath and ditched my swimsuit. I ripped it first (just in case) – I had put a couple of cuts though the elastic earlier. Now it was done! I felt like I need to orgasm, but I could hardly just masturbate on a public beach – nude or not. I opened the bottle of oil and gave myself a light coating. I spent quite a while rubbing my hairless pussy. In fact I spent quite a while. In fact I slipped a couple of fingers in and damn well masturbated right out in the open. The combination of sleep deprivation, weed and probably the 'E' starting to kick was making my head spin. I dropped the bottle in the bin, picked up my bus ticket and package and walked further south. I was hot! Really buzzing. A few guys checked me out big-time. I guess they could be bisexual too? When I reached the last set of bins I decided to find out my fate, I'd put the clothes back on at the other end of the beach, but I wanted to find out now. My nipples were standing out like never before and I could feel my pussy just running. My vision was a little shaky and the whole scene was feeling like an erotic dream. I think the 'E' was stronger than my previous ones.

I opened the paper bag, there was a lot of newspaper – this meant that whatever I was going to be wearing it wasn't big! I found the items. Oh, my god. Did I put this in here? I did though. I bought this with the see-through chemise. I didn't think much of it. In retrospect the chemise was over the top too, but faced with just wearing this...

It was underwear. A black g-string and matching bra. They were sheer. I threw the newspaper and bag in the bin and stretched the material over my fingers. This...was...not...going...to...hide...anything...

I closed my eyes. Maybe this is a dream I can wake up from. But no, I wanted this, damn I needed this. I was desperate to get out of this situation, and so desperate to masturbate again. God this was so exciting I picked up the bus ticket, mustn't lose that, and walked up the beach. The sky had cleared and the had sun come out. I was aware of the sting of it's rays on my pale skin. The walk to the bus shelter was a lot further than I had realised and I thought that I would get burnt.

I reached the 'unclad bathing' sign. Time to 'dress'. I should describe my garments some more. The 'g' was a little unusual. It had a wide elastic band – about an inch. This sat high above my hips. Covering my front was a strip of only an inch wide that ran down between my lets. The material was very sheer. Travelling up the back was a thin string. The bra had the same wide straps – no clasp at the back, just elastic. It had the same sheer material and very little of it. I'm only a B-cup and this didn't cover all of them. All in all it actually could pass for very hot swimwear – from a distance. Only once you got close did you notice my nipples as clear as day, my areola as clear as day and even my inner labia as clear as day.

Fortunately the beach was almost deserted. I continued to walk towards the bus shelter – you need to go past the middle car park and get to the first car park another kilometre or so. I was starting to relax a bit. This was pretty hot, but ok. I could do this. The black outfit looked great against my pale, glistening skin and matched my jet black hair.

I was going to have to pass an old couple (maybe in their sixties) that were walking their little dog. I kept walking and smiling. Really I was enjoying this. I didn't look for their reaction, they could look or not. I didn't care. I felt great.

Now I had to leave the beach, but that's was ok. I was looking forward to getting under some shelter. My whole skin was buzzing, partly the sun, partly my hornyness (which was rising again) and probably partly the 'E'. At the northern end there is a whole lot of wooden steps, and then you get to top. I could see the bus stop – but no shelter. Damn, I'm gonna get burnt.

I just stood around on the grass, buzzing away, waiting for the bus. I found myself gently stroking my clit. How long had I been doing that for? In complete public! I pulled my hand away, but damn it felt good. I was seriously wet down there. Close up you could see everything! A couple of cars drove by. They had a good look, but nothing happened. It was ok!

When the bus arrived I found that I was stroking my clit again. Must stop that! I started to realise that I was probably really stoned by the 'E'. The bus: '741 Maslins Beach to Colonnades Shopping Centre', did sort of a u-turn and pulled up at the stop. It was empty. Maslin Beach is the start of it's run. The door opened, the driver looked fairly normal – apart that his eyes widened a bit. As I was boarding I felt an alarm at the back of my mind. I asked the driver 'This bus goes through the city?' I said it a bit slurred and had to repeat it. I was really stoned. 'Only to Colonnades' he replied, 'transfer at Noarlunga if you want the city.'

I selected a seat towards the back. The bus remained motionless, probably early and waiting for the time to leave. I was feeling very stoned and a bit remote. 'transfer at Noarlunga if you want the city'. He means transfer to the train! This isn't the bus that goes past my flat. I felt a stab of panic. In confusion I started rubbing my clit again as the bus pulled away from the beach. I was going to have to transfer to a train, get out in the middle of the city, walk to another bus to get home and I was about to orgasm.

It was weird, part of me was planning how I was going to do this. While the rest of me was determined to have as many orgasms as possible. I had been to Noarlunga station before. I knew that they timed the busses to arrive just before the train departs. I'd get on the train, try to get an inconspicuous seat (don't know how I planned to do that) and get to the city. I was aware of how stoned I was, so I planned to wait in the toilets at the main station until I came down a bit, check out the map outside the ticket office and catch the right bus home. Easy! Apart from the fact that I was wearing a transparent bra and g-string.

The trip to Noarlunga station took about half an hour, the bus picked up a few grannies on the way to, but they all stayed up the front. I kept rubbing my clit, faster and faster. I don't think anyone noticed. When we approaching the station I got up early to wait at the rear doors – a habit from years of catching the bus to school. I could feel the disapproving looks from the grannies. But I wasn't going to look at them. The bus turned a corner and I saw my reflection in the door.

Oh...my...god...

I could see that I was starting to turn red from the sun. I was covered in a light sheen of sweat. I could see that my thighs were slick from my pussy juices, and I could see half of my pussy sticking out the left side of the g-string. I reached down and tried to re-adjust it - I had pushed it to one side while masturbating on the bus. Somewhat straighter now, but god I must be sick. I could suddenly smell my arousal. My left hand was sliding on the pole as I held on, slick with my pussy juices. I had to get control.

I don't remember getting on the train. Just plain don't remember. I don't really remember getting off the bus. Just one of those drug induced blank spots. The 'E' must have been really peaking as the train trip to the city is a blur as well. I remember siting with my feet up on the seat in front of me hammering away at my pussy. I don't know how long I was doing it for, who saw me or anything. I became my pussy! The world became my pussy and I became the world.

I remember the train pulling into the station and me swinging my feet down. I remember that I had to keep my ticket for the bus. I don't remember leaving the train or getting to the toilet. I do remember splashing water over my head and the shocked expression on the lady next to me. I then hid in a cubicle and started masturbating again.

I don't think I'd ever been so wet in my life. I was so high, but at least I could think again. Perhaps I would come down in an hour or so and face the world without having to rub my pussy all the time. At least I can catch a bus with this ticket. I looked at the ticket. It had a time stamp 13:15 (actually the stamp is in a different format with additional information, but I don't know how to type in what it looks like and anyway the important part means 13:15). What this says is that I used the ticket at 11:15. What this means is that the ticket is valid for two hours past this time – until 1:15 pm! I had no idea what the time was now!

I'd already had a couple more (well probably several) orgasms in the cubicle. And noisy too! I stepped out to an empty area and tried to straighten my g. It was actually showing signs of fraying and stretching. Looking in the mirror I knew I was in trouble. My hair was a mess. I was glowing red. And you...could...see...everything...

I dashed out into the main area of the train station and ran to the ticket kiosk. It was 12:45. I examined the map. 141, not 741! Christ how stupid. It left from Currie Street, two main streets south. I ran toward the underpass.

Note to self. If you want to attract attention, wear a transparent bra and g-string. If you want to really attract attention, try running wearing a transparent bra and g-string!

Everyone was looking.

I was trying not to notice, but I had no choice. There were a lot of people. I was in the city at lunchtime in what was the lead up to Christmas. When I got to the escalators that go under North Terrace I had to stop as my path was blocked. The guy in front of me (mid thirties, sort of good looking) actually turned around and blatantly ogled me! I could do nothing. And it was making me really hot again. I raced passed him at the top of the escalator and got to Hindley Street. Hindley Street is sort of Adelaide's main strip and sleaze area, but not at 12:45 in the daytime. It was crowded. I had to wait at the lights to cross the road. Everyone was looking. A few blokes in a car called out something (I can't remember what) and I heard a few whistles.

I tried to walk quickly (but not too quickly) down to Currie Street. There was the sign '141 City to Stonyfell'. There was a small queue. This was good, it probably meant that a bus was coming soon. I stood next a business man in a suit. He too blatantly ogled me. I guess I deserved it. A young guy with dreads joined the queue. He wasn't shy in looking either. I tried to ignore them, staring straight ahead. Then I found myself doing it again. Two of fingers on my left hand were up to the second knuckle up my pussy while my thumb was stroking my clit. All while standing between two complete strangers in the middle of the day, in the middle of the city. I pulled my hand away and muttered 'Sorry...'

'Find with me', replied the suit.

'Shit yeah', confirmed the dreads.

I noticed the both had prominent bulges. But I didn't continue. I tried to straighten the g, but wasn't designed for this sort of punishment, it just sort of hung loosely around my shining pussy. I tried to wipe the juices off my hand, but I was so slick. Everywhere I wiped was wet. I caught myself just before I licked my hand, and then remembered doing that while on the train. Oh, my god.

Then the bus arrived. I boarded with the suit and the dreads and stood in the middle. Sitting down would have meant sharing a seat with someone, and somehow I didn't want to. There were kids from the TAFE college up the back and I think I made their day. Actually I probably made a lot of peoples day. I was trying to rub my legs together to get off again. 'Mustn't touch my pussy, Mustn't touch my pussy, Mustn't touch my pussy' I kept saying to myself. I thought I was going to pass out I was so horny. Twenty minutes later I was at my stop. About two minutes later I was fitting batteries into a vibrator that had always been just a bit too big!

I awoke at about 4:00 am the next morning with the vibrator still in me, slowly buzzing as the batteries died. I was a red as a lobster and sore for a week. I swore that I would never, ever do anything like that again. From now on I'm double and triple checking everything.

I'm writing this while on my next night shift roster. In a couple of days, I have another adventure planned that, although it doesn't include any nudity or completely over-the top clothing, should provide plenty of orgasms.

Stay tuned.