**Ashley at the Library**

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**Part 1**  
Ashley sat down in the comfy chair, a book in hand. She had decided on this lazy afternoon to visit the library. It was Saturday, and spring break. Most kids were down in Florida or somewhere enjoying their time off, but Ashley instead opted to stay at home for the week.  
  
The library was quiet, no students working on research or anything. Ashley had searched the racks of books, and when she found something she thought she might like, she took it over the reading section. The reading section was cozy. It had a lot of comfy chairs and a few small tables all on a slightly raised wooden deck. It was still indoors, but the large window that opened up to the woods behind the library gave it a very relaxing feel.  
  
Ashley took a moment to look out the window, appreciating how nice the day was. Then she relaxed back in the seat, feeling herself sink down into its cushions, as she began to page through the small novel.  
  
She was really happy the way the day was turning out. She was looking forward all week to be able to just take the day off and just enjoying herself. She couldn’t think of anything that would be nicer than a quiet evening at the library for that day. She was just so comfortable.  
  
That is, she thought she couldn’t think of anything. Although she was quite comfortable, something suddenly changed for her. As she was bobbing her foot on the ground as she read, the back of her shoe came loose, and heel of her foot came into contact with the wood floor.  
  
She still had her ankle socks on, and the feeling only lasted an instant, but she gasped none the less. Her mind suddenly switched gears. No longer was she completely comfortable. No, now she could become more comfortable. There was only one way she could do that she thought.  
  
Ashley sat up and looked in all directions. She wanted to make sure she was absolutely alone. With the way the library was set up, she couldn’t even see the front desk, the only place where she had seen people that day. With only one known person there at that time, Ashley wasn’t able to stop herself.  
  
Ashley’s heel still stuck out of her shoe, but with a little wiggling, her entire foot came out of it. She planted it on the ground as she held her breath. She took the moment in for as long as she could stand. It wasn’t long until she was using her toes to help her other foot become free.  
  
Now both her sock clad feet were free from her shoes. She pushed the shoes to her side so her socked feet were all on their own, out in the open. She could feel the cold wood through the soft cotton of her socks. She shifted them against the smooth surface as she closed her eyes and smiled.  
  
Ashley was quite proud of herself. She finally took a deep breath, happy she got away with what she did. Sure it wasn’t much, but to her, even removing just her shoes was enough of a thrill. It was just what she wanted. Now again feeling comfortable, Ashley sat back again and began reading the novel she had chosen.  
  
After another page of reading, Ashley began to think again. She did love how her feet felt without her shoes. Yet it wasn’t quite perfect. She could tell the wood flooring was smooth and cool to the touch, but she knew there was more to it. The thin cotton of her socks gave a taste, but not a full bite. She again had her neck twisting around to make sure no one was around.  
  
Honestly, mostly people wouldn’t think it was a big deal to take their socks off at the library. Sure some might be against it, but Ashley had cute little clean feet. There would be no problem with what she was doing, but in Ashley’s world it was a lot. Her heart was beating faster and faster. She wiggled her toes as she bent forward. She grabbed hold of the sides of one of her socks. She then began to peel it right off her foot.  
  
She held her foot in air. The air-conditioned breeze in the room was just enough to bring a large smile to Ashley’s face. She wanted to rest her foot down, but she decided she would wait. Next she began to remove of her other sock. Now both her feet were out in the open. She stretched her toes and stifled a slight giggle. She was feeling better and better.  
  
Before anything else, Ashley figured she should hide her socks in her shoes. She didn’t want to just leave them sitting about messily after all.  
  
She then looked down at her hovering feet. She licked her lips as she watched them lower. In an instance she was swept over by all the feelings as her bare soles touched the wood floor.  
  
Ashley bounced in her seat as she sat back. She felt great. To most the exposure would seem like very little, but any little inch excited Ashley. She looked around some more to make sure she hadn’t been caught or anything. Then she again made an attempt to read through her book.  
  
This was when things become dangerous for Ashley. Getting her feet bare wasn’t anything bad, but something happens to Ashley when she gets like this. She can hardly ever stop. Sometimes she doesn’t realize its happening, sometimes she does her best to tell herself no. Today the chain-reaction wasn’t about to stop either.  
  
As she read her book, she had shifted in her seat a few times. Her skirt was becoming a tad bundled up underneath her. She hated the way it would do that. The material like that wasn’t comfortable. She did however like the feel of the leather cushion on her back of her legs.  
  
She lifted her bottom up as she adjusts how the skirt was. When she sat back down she wasn’t quite sure if she liked the way she had done it. For about a couple of minutes she kept doing this. Every time she didn’t like how the skirt felt under her. Also every time, she kept bring the skirt farther and farther back. More and more of her legs were being exposed to the seat.  
  
Before long Ashley just bites he lips. She takes a long look behind her, and then lifts her butt up one last time and just completely pushes her skirt behind her. Now as she sits, there is no skirt to get in the way of her bare legs. She can feel the smooth cushion up to the leg line of her panties.  
  
She looked down at her lap, seeing the hem in the front had also risen. No longer was it down to her knees, but it was still very modest. Her thighs remained unseen, and no one would be able to tell that underneath she had lifted it out from underneath her.  
  
She was happy though, and ready to continue to reading. In fact she got through a few pages until something else crossed her mind.  
  
It was a pretty warm day. It was also a pretty slow day at the library. Even if someone was there, they weren’t able to see under her skirt. Ashley knew that anyone looking would only be able to guess what she had on under the skirt. She wasn’t planning to be doing anything that would really put her at risk of someone seeing underneath, not that there was much chance for anyone being around her for awhile.  
  
Ashley set her book down and stood up. She knew she had to check to make sure the library was still mostly empty. She knew if she just sat there she wasn’t going to be able to stop herself. Her butt cheeks begged to feel the soft library chair.  
  
She tiptoed away from the reading section. She had for a moment forgot she was shoeless, but she wasn’t able to convince herself to put anything back on. Just walking bare foot was enough to really heighten her senses. She surveyed every row of books she could see and checked around the corner towards the front. Still only one lone librarian was around.  
  
Ashley did her best to calmly walk back to the reading area. She stood in front her chair looking around again. She may have just verified she was alone, but she was still worried. She let her hands slowly creep up the sides of her skirt. She could feel the cotton panties hugging her hips. Gripped the elastic and pulled it away an inch. Even that small exposure of the little bit of unseen flesh under her clothes was enough to send a chill of excitement up her spine.  
  
Before she was caught with her hands up her skirt, Ashley pulled the panties down her legs to the floor. The feeling of the fabric pulling away and leaving her butt and pelvis, the feeling of it gliding down her legs, and it finally resting loosely around her ankles was too much for her. She had to stop and breathe for a moment. She was standing in a library now, and she had nothing gripping her body below her waist.  
  
Ashley could have stood there like that for awhile, but the craving for her to finish what she started took over. She turned her back to the chair now, and slowly lifted the back of her skirt. For a moment she flashed her butt to the library, but was quickly seated before anyone could suddenly appear and see it.  
  
Again the feelings left her motionless. No longer was anything in the way from her feeling the seat of the chair. As she slowly sank just a little lower, she could feel the material wrap around her bare skin. It felt so great. Something about non-clothing against her skin made Ashley go wild. She couldn’t wipe the smile from her face.  
  
She tried sitting back, but noticed that she felt something at her ankles. She hadn’t even removed her panties all the way! She bent forward and got her panties removed. She jammed them in her shoes with her socks so they too would remain hidden.  
  
Ashley now tried to lose herself in her book. She was now very comfortable, and didn’t think of a way to make it better yet. The book was getting too, almost to the climax. Yet Ashley’s mind again pulled her out of it. Her subconscious wanted more, it wanted more taken off.   
  
Her lower half was fairly content, but now her upper body wanted the same treatment. She thought her shirt was fine, but underneath it she had a tank top on, and it felt much too tight against her skin. Her legs felt so great being so bare, so why restrict the rest of her skin?  
  
Ashley’s fear was rising now though. Before, taking something off had been easy. Now though she wouldn’t be able to be discrete. To get to the tank top, she’d have to get the shirt off. If she had both off, she’d be nearly topless.  
  
Luck had been on her side too though. She also hadn’t seen anyone yet. She again played her game of looking around, and before she had a chance to convince herself it was a bad idea, her hands were pulling the bottom of her shirt up.  
  
She got it off her body and laid it on her seat. She hugged herself and shivered. She really felt exposed. She honestly wasn’t. Her skirt was a respectful length, and it was plenty warm to be wearing a tank top. That wasn’t how her mind worked though. Now the entirety of her arms were out, and the tightness of the tank top she felt showed the shape of her body too well.  
  
Ashley didn’t even finish looking all around before she began pulling the tank top up now. She was worried, but her increasingly exposed tummy kept a smile on her face. She felt she would just die if someone came and saw her now, but that didn’t stop her.  
  
Before her bra clad breast could slip out yet, she did stop. This was a lot. She wasn’t sure she could do this. This was a public library. Could she just so carelessly take her clothes off? Yet even with doubt, her hands wouldn’t pull her top back down either.  
  
Her body though needed to be freed she felt. She had to get that awful piece of clothing off. She could get her other shirt on really quick. She couldn’t wait and stall. In a quick motion the tank top was pulled the rest of the way up and off her body.

**Part 2**  
Now above all her waist, Ashley only had two plain white cotton cups and a few straps hiding any skin. She laid the tank top on the side of her chair. Again she was frozen from the sudden shock of exposed skin.  
  
Now she really had crossed a line. No longer was her exposure necessarily innocent. She was standing with in a public library with only a bra on above the waist. Not necessarily showing more skin than a bikini would, but this was a library she was in, not the pool.  
  
She did reach down to pick up her shirt. Yet she didn’t put it on. She wasn’t even really thinking of putting it on. Her logical mind wasn’t in control. She just took the shirt and put it on the chairs armrest. She took a look around, and sat down, not even forgetting to again lift her skirt as she sat so she wouldn’t be sitting on it.  
  
Her heart was not slowing. She knew she should do something, but she just sat and soaked it all in. She could feel plenty of her bare back against the seat now too.  
  
She did realize though that there was a strip of skin not touching the back of her seat. It seemed silly, but her bra strap was in the way. It wouldn’t be much worse if she just got that out of the way she figured.  
  
Without much more thought, the hook was undone, and she pushed the loose ends away. Her bra cups were now loosely over her breast, and her entire bare back got to feel the seat now. It was almost like she was naked in the seat now, right in the library!  
  
Ashley then heard something. It sounded like a squeaking sound from behind her. She sank lower in her seat. She was shocked and worried, but still noticed how it felt for her skin to slide against the leather seat.  
  
Craning her neck around, Ashley saw the source of the noise. The librarian on duty had pushed a cart and was headed to a back room. Ashley just watched as she went on the other side of the library. Ashley was worried, but knew if she stayed low the librarian wouldn’t even be able to see her bare shoulders from there.  
  
When she disappeared behind a door, Ashley decided it was time to get done with what she had started. She had to get her original shirt on before a real close call.  
  
Yet as she tried to stretch the hooks of her bra back, she wondered if that was needed. Surely she didn’t need the bra. Just like with her skirt, no one would be the wiser if she had any underwear at all. She did like the way her breast felt without the bra holding them so tightly.  
  
Without much effort, she let the bra again droop, and then she let the strap slip down her arms.  
  
Topless, she was now sitting topless in the library. The only thing she had on was a skirt, a skirt that just loosely lay across her lap.  
  
She knew the librarian wasn’t in just one spot though. She knew she couldn’t just sit like this the whole time. For once reason took over and she picked up her shirt and got it on. She didn’t like it as much as being topless, but at the same time, the shirt was loose enough that she still felt very naked underneath it.  
  
Ashley got her book back in hand, dead set on finishing it. Yet every little movement she made reminded her just how naked she was. She could feel the cloth around her body tickle her skin. She could feel the weight of her skirt on her lap.  
  
She wasn’t able to concentrate enough on the book. She told herself she needed just last thing taken off. Being where she was and the fact no one was around meant she could probably remove her skirt.  
  
She was able to easily undo the zipper. She then lifted herself off the seat as she slowly lowered the skirt. She didn’t want to go to fast, this time she would savor it. She felt its waist band move over every inch of skin from waist to toes. She couldn’t believe that she was slowly becoming bottomless right there in the library.  
  
When she took the skirt and put it with her tank top and bra on the arm rest, she finally was able to sit down. She loved it, she felt great!  
  
She ran her hands down the sides of her hips and legs. She knew that there was nothing there now. She also knew that her nearly naked status would be obvious to anyone; her nipples were hard and poking against her light shirt. The light coming in from the window wasn’t helping hide that either.  
  
Now throughout the afternoon she had taken every bit of clothing off at some point too. It was crazy doing such a thing in public, but she hadn’t been able to stop herself. She sat and moved her legs in the seat, just amazed how exposed she was. Every time she had her legs spread apart she let out small gasps pictures what it looked like.  
  
Ashley gathered her clothes and pushed them under her chair, just wanting to feel herself be even more separated from them.  
  
She got a naughty idea too and actually got out of her chair. She stayed hunched over so her bottomless state would stay hidden. She then slowly lowered herself to the wood flooring. In a moment she had been crouched there, and in the next she sat herself there in front of her chair.  
  
It was silly, but Ashley had to do it. She wanted to see what her bare bottom would feel like against the smooth wood floor. She was also far from disappointed. She giggled thinking what someone would think if they knew a totally bare girl’s butt had been pressed there too.  
  
She only spent a few more moments enjoying herself until she had to stop herself and get back into the chair. She wanted to read the book, and now she convinced herself she was comfortable enough.  
  
She did her best to keep her mind off her last piece of clothing, the shirt. It would have been easy to convince herself to take it off, after all she was already riskily exposed enough. Yet she told herself she wouldn’t, she had to keep in control. So lucky for her, before she was pushed to a point where she felt she had to take t he shirt off, the story ended.  
  
The book she had been reading was now done. She was hoping it was going to last longer. Yet now she hadn’t any more to read. The obvious answer to the solution was to find a new one.  
  
Ashley looked over to the book shelves, and then down at the floor. She pulled her clothes out from under the chair. She stared at them for a moment. Her heart was beating like mad still. She knew she should get dress, but she didn’t want the feeling to end.  
  
She told herself that there was only one instance of activity before, and that she had pulled off so much already. She told herself that she would be able to hide easy if anything happen. She told herself that she wasn’t going to be able to take no for answer once again. She pushed her clothes back under her chair, and got up off her chair, and started to slowly tiptoe towards the book shelves.

**Part 3**  
She was dressed in only her shirt. The shirt didn’t hide this fact either. With every small step Ashley felt its hemline tickle the tops of her butt cheeks. She could feel its material graze over her nipples. She knew that anyone looking would probably be able to tell she was nearly naked.  
  
Ashley kept twisting her neck left and right. She looked all around the library to see if she was indeed still alone. She didn’t even know what she would do if someone did come by. She didn’t know where she would hide or how she would handle it. There was very little she could do with her clothes hidden far from reach.  
  
Ashley though wasn’t too afraid. She did have her worries, but there were too many other things going on to keep her mind occupied with just that. Her senses were so overly heighten. Her body was almost tingling with joy. She felt wonderful. It almost felt like the lone piece of clothing she had on wasn’t even there. She could feel the cool touch of the floor against her feet. She could feel her bare thighs brush against each other as she made small steps. The ends of the shirt were reminding her how she didn’t have anything on below the waist. Slight air currents would swirl beneath her top, teasing the smooth skin of her back, stomach, and breast. She didn’t feel restricted at all, and it was like heaven to her.   
  
In almost a trance she had made it to her destination, the many book racks that weaved all around the library. She still had her finished book in hand, so she began to search for where she had found it from.  
  
She smiled thinking of how bizarre the situation as on some level. She was in a public library, just idly returning a book to the shelf, but she only had on her light shirt. It was both funny and exciting.  
  
Ashley slid the small novel back between the books it had come from. She now stepped back and looked over the entire shelf in front of her. So many stories, and she wasn’t sure which she would go with. She read a few of the book spines, trying to find a title that would catch her attention.  
  
Something though was clouding her ability to find one. She wasn’t sure what though. All she could do was stand and blankly stare at the many books. Her hands though were on their own toying with the bottom of her shirt. She pulled and lift the ends of it, twisting them and tugging them. She couldn’t help but think how nice it would be to not have its weight pushing down on her shoulders, for the fabric to scratching against her skin.  
  
Even though moments ago Ashley was happy and content with how she was dressed, that soon changed as she couldn’t stand her shirt any longer. She was clearly naked below the waist, what more risk did being fully naked really carry after all?  
  
Ashley had the shirt pulled up farther and farther. Her body was becoming more and more naked. She looked to her sides. She had to the two tall bookshelves keeping her hidden at most angles. More and more her bare stomach came into site.  
  
She took in a deep breath as she felt the shirt pass by her nipples. They tingled with delight once the last fold passed them and they were again treated to the open air.  
  
Ashley’s felt time slowed as the shirt was around her neck and head. It was like everything mattered on getting the thing off. Ashley wanted nothing more at that moment then removing that shirt, and it was like nothing would stop her.   
  
Then it finally was done. Ashley had the shirt up in her hands, above her head, almost like she was holding it like a trophy. She felt a shiver cross over every inch of her skin. She was naked, and finally and completely content.  
  
Ashley set the shirt down on top of a kart of books. She stretched her body and gave herself a little shake. It was like she was testing to make sure she was fully naked. She smiled knowing she was without a stitch. She ran her hands across her body, just to feel her nakedness. She loved the feel of every inch of her bare skin.  
  
She took a few steps down and up the aisle. She let her eyes wander from her body to her surroundings. It was like nothing else before, being naked there in the library. Before long she casually began crossing over to other aisles. Farther and farther she got away from her clothes.  
  
Her hands never stopped wandering. If there was something she liked more than being naked, it was the reminder that she was naked. Her hands glided across her skin. They poked at her skin. They squeezed at her skin. It wasn’t just her feeling her naughty bits that made her skin tingle either. Elbows, stomach, knees, shoulders, feet, and any location of bare skin gave her delight.  
  
She stopped in a random aisle, as she again just looked down at herself. She always felt a little happier noticing just how naked she was. She spread her legs a little and thrust out her chest. She giggled as she bent over and gave her butt a little shake. She loved how exposed she was. She knew none of her clothes were nearby either, and that just made her feel more naked and exposed.  
  
She then began to step forward towards the center of the library. She didn’t see the librarian anywhere in site, probably still in the back. She was practically alone, and her she felt like she could do whatever she wanted, and that freedom mixed well with the freedom of being away from her clothes.  
  
She was now away from her bookshelf cover now too. Again she spread her legs and thrust her chest out. She slowly turned around, looking around the library. She was exposed to almost the entire place. Her body was almost on fire. She wasn’t sure if there was a way to top this, but she knew her subconscious would soon enough will her to push even farther.  
  
Lucky for Ashley though, something stopped that part of her brain from continuing on this nonstop escalation of risk. Off far in the store she heard something. It sounded like the main door of the library opening, someone else was now visiting the library!  
  
Instinct kicked in, and Ashley scurried to the bookshelves. She was intent on hiding in the aisle. Her heart was beating faster and faster. She heard someone walking around the library. It sounded like she was approaching.   
  
Ashley retreated farther down the aisle until she was at the back wall of the library. She hid behind the end of one of the shelves. She looked around its corner to see her new visitor.  
  
Another woman had come to the library. She seemed to be looking around, and soon was approaching one of the aisles. Ashley slowly crept down away from where she was going.  
  
The librarian now chose to come out the back room. Ashley now had two people who were walking about the library!  
  
The librarian approached the new visitor and the two greeted. The librarian apologized for being in the backroom, claiming that it was a slow day and no one had been around. Ashley actually felt a little hurt that her presence had been forgotten, although considering how she was dressed that was probably for the best.  
  
Ashley continued to get as far away as she could from the two people. Ashley began to notice that this in itself was an issue though. Although she had many shelves hiding her now, she was also on the opposite side of the library as her clothing. She was naked and trapped!  
  
Even in this dire situation though, her skin still tingled and her hands still wandered. If being naked in an empty library was exciting, hiding naked in a library with two other people walking about was even more exciting in its own way. After all, what is nudity and exposure if there isn’t anyone to see it?  
  
Ashley didn’t want to get caught though. She wanted to be dressed and get out of there. She knew once again she had let herself get carried away.  
  
“Hm this is weird. Someone left their shirt here.” Ashley heard from the librarian. She then heard the sound of the kart being wheeled around. The librarian had found her shirt!  
  
Ashley again had to move, so to keep out of the way she again went towards the back wall. As she turned the corner and hid for a moment behind the end of the shelf, a noise had caught her attention to her side.  
  
The other person visiting the library was just a couple shelve down, looking at some books on the back wall. If she turned her head just a few degrees, she would probably see Ashley with her peripheral vision!  
  
Ashley began to panic and wanted to go back between the shelves, but as she began to approach that, she could see the librarian in view from there too. She was slowly wheeling the kart to the front of the library to what she assumed would be the lost and found.  
  
Ashley gripped her body. She held onto her exposed skin, hoping to in some way help her stay hidden. Maybe in some weird way it would keep either of the ladies from seeing her. She was trapped in a corner with nowhere to hide.  
  
She knew she had to do something though. She couldn’t stand there waiting for one of the two to glance her way. Stepping a few steps forward, very slowly, she made sure to be out of sight of the librarian in the very least.  
  
She began to think as fast as she could. The other visitor wouldn’t be staring at the same spot forever. Ashley figured if she was a row or two up, she’d be able to again hide between shelves, but that far up she wouldn’t be seen by the librarian either.  
  
She started off slow, so not to make any noise as she got closer and closer to the other visitor. One arm was still over her breast, although it had start shifting against her bare skin. Her other hand was over her pubic mound, but it began to rub from her thigh across to her hip. Even in this very risky situation she was still compelled to remind herself how naked she was.  
  
Past one row now, Ashley felt she might make it. She licked her lips as she shivered. She felt so nervous, but at the same time she felt so alive.  
  
With a few quick steps and what almost felt like a leap, Ashley quickly closed the gap between herself and her destination. She held her breath as she dared to look around the corner. The other woman hadn’t even looked over to her yet. She sighed in relief when she saw she couldn’t see the librarian the other way either. Finally she was back to cover again.  
  
She wasn’t safe yet though. She still had to get to her clothes!

**Part 4**  
Ashley used the nearby shelf to keep hidden. She was safe from where she was, naked in the library, but that would only be true if the two other people there were to stay away from her.  
  
Ashley was glad for the quiet nature of the library, it meant she could hear when people were coming or not. She hadn’t heard the clacking of the librarians shoes in awhile, so she was probably still up front.  
  
Ashley could see around the corner that the other visitor had gone into one of the rows of books.  
  
She wished she could just hide where she was until it was safe to come out, but she knew that wouldn’t work. It would be a matter of time until she ended up backed in a corner probably. She had to be proactive and get to her clothes!  
  
This wouldn’t be easy though. The shirt she had been wearing was now gone, and the rest of her clothes were hidden under a chair, off at the side of the library where she wouldn’t have the most adequate cover. She also was on the wrong side of the library. She’d have to travel all the way around the place to get back to the reading lounge, and that meant getting past the other visitor.  
  
Ashley figured the best course of action would be sneaking around the outside. Although it was a bit linear and lacked many alternate options, she wouldn’t be out in the middle of the library, and so she would be able to stay out of sight of the librarian.  
  
Ashley tried to not waste any time thinking too much on this, she knew she had to get this over with. She turned the corner she was hiding behind and began walking towards her destination.  
  
She had a rough idea where the other visitor was, but wasn’t exactly sure. The closer and closer she got the slower her pace came. Ashley was slowly creeping up to every row of books and would first look in each before continuing. She tried listening, but the other visitor must have stopped moving because she couldn’t hear any footsteps.  
  
Ashley wrapper her arms around her chest beneath her breast. She was worried she wouldn’t be able to get out of this, but at the same time wasn’t sure if she would be able to keep calm and collective. Even in this risky situation part of her didn’t want her to get to her clothing.  
  
Ashley then saw her around one of the row corners. The visitor was luckily still looking at the books on the shelf and didn’t notice Ashley spying. Ashley quickly retreated around to the other side.  
  
Ashley couldn’t help but breath deeply. She was now at what she thought would be the hardest part. She had to somehow pass that row without being seen. When she was able to get her breathing calmed again she began to spy around the corner.  
  
The other visitor was now pulling a book off the shelf and seemed to be skimming it. Ashley’s whole body was shaking. Would this moment be the right time to go or should she wait?  
  
Knowing if she stayed in one spot, that would only improve the chances of the visitor switching rows into hers, she had to move now.  
  
With one final glance, Ashley darted pass the aisle. Even though it was only for a brief second, Ashley had been completely visible to the visitor, her entire naked form. Ashley didn’t stop at the next row though. She went by two more before turning into one and immediately slouched down so she was sitting with her back to the shelf. Even though it was a short dash she felt out of breath.  
  
She wanted to try and listen for the sound of shock, or perhaps the sound of the other visitor chasing her. Ashley couldn’t hear anything though, the ringing in her ears from the adrenaline and the beating of her heart were too loud to her. She brought her hands to her neck to try and feel her pulse; she knew this was probably not good for her heart. Even though she was having one of the biggest scares of her life, the next thing she did was look down at her body as she let her hands drift over the bare skin.  
  
She thought about how she had to look if the other visitor had seen. How her whole bare body was in plain sight for those few short moments. She knew that it would have been shocking to see a naked girl running about a library.  
  
Ashley was able to force herself to calm a little. She didn’t hear any signs from the other visitor. Hopefully this meant she wasn’t seen, and not the woman was just stunned in silence and about to sneak up on her.  
  
Ashley rose to her feet and she stretched her body. She couldn’t believe how her body felt. It was so tingly and exhausted at the same time. Even with all the hassle her nakedness was bringing her, she had a feeling that this event wasn’t about to spoil any future times. She wished in ways it would so she would stop being compulsed into these awful situations.  
  
Ashley was about to look around the corner to see if she could finish this all up, but she was lucky enough to hear the sounds of the visitor walking again. She also started to worry because they sounded like they were coming her way.  
  
She backed away from the back wall of the library. She didn’t know where to go. She knew if she went too far back in the row that the librarian would be able to look over and see her.  
  
The visitor wasn’t stopping though. It wasn’t long till Ashley could see her stepping into her sights!  
  
Lucky of Ashley she wasn’t looking. Instead she was bent over a little, her eyes sight going along the bottom row of books that was lined across the back wall. Ashley knew though if the lady turned around, she’d be done for. She also was running out of room to move back towards. Another step or two and she could be caught by the librarian at the front desk.  
  
Ashley again had to think on her feet. With the other lady so close to her, the best bet she had was heading away from t he wall and towards the middle of the library. Inching her way that way she was able to spy that the librarian had her eyes on her computer.  
  
With another mad dash Ashley was out in view of others. She knew it wouldn’t take much for either of them to see her completely exposed body.  
  
Out of the aisle, Ashley looked to her right to see the rows were almost done. She thought it would be best to just go fast now rather than back into a row and trying to inch her way there with the other visitor around.  
  
Ashley looked back behind her. The librarian had yet to move at all, and in no time flat Ashley was far enough that she was past the wall that kept her hidden from the front desk earlier. She now only had to worry about one person for the time being if the librarian kept working at the front.  
  
Ashley dashed by every row until she was at the far wall. She had the reading lounge to her right and the shelves to her left. Instead of rushing into the reading lounge where she’d lose her chance for cover she took refuge between the wall and last book shelf.  
  
She hadn’t far to go. The hardest part would be getting dressed out in the open. She knew there was a chance that the other girl would be able to see her if she was in one of the rows and looking in her direction. Ashley would need her luck to last a little longer.  
  
Ashley used the last book shelf as cover as she again spied around its corners. The other girl was probably in another row since Ashley couldn’t see her. This meant Ashley would really have to hope that she was busy looking at the books.  
  
Ashley snuck to the end of the shelf again and looked at the clearing ahead of her. A few steps of nothing, and then she’d have to take the step or two up onto the wooden floor the reading area had. Pass a few low chairs and seats, and then she’d be back where she started.  
  
She let her hands pass up and down her bare sides once more before she would make this final dash. She wanted to be safely dressed again but she didn’t want to forget the wonderful feel of her exposure any time soon either.  
  
With dead silence all around her she began her dash to her chair. She didn’t even bother to cover her body. She knew that if anyone would see her, they would tell she was naked, so she decided with such risks anyways; she might as well go all in and let her whole body be completely bare without even her hands for cover.  
  
She looked all around at the library. It was almost hard to believe she’d been naked all the way on the other side not long ago, and with two people around to possibly catch her.  
  
She stopped at her chair and ducked down. She had to take a moment rest, hopefully she hadn’t been seen. She slowly rose and peeked over the chair. She didn’t see anyone looking at her, but she could see the other girl in one of the aisles. She had a book in hand and began to leave the aisle, meaning Ashley had to keep hidden.  
  
She stayed low to the ground. She began to pull her clothes out from under the chair. She couldn’t dress the way she was, she had to wait naked and crouched.  
  
Ashley’s luck was pushing itself though. Out of the corner of her eye Ashley saw something outside the large bay window that she hadn’t been paying much attention to. A bicyclist had just ridden by! There was a path that went around the back of the library, and she had forgotten all about it!  
  
Again trapped between two places where people could see her and the irony was that she had clothes gripped in her hand but no room to put them on.  
  
Ashley listened for footsteps, but again the beating of her heart and the ringing in her ears prevented her from being able to do that. She couldn’t look over the chair again or her bare back would be seen. Before she had loved how the chair was so low and comfy, now they were only causing her more issues.  
  
The only choice she had was to look out the window. She wondered if before anyone had gone by why she was sitting exposed in the chair. Was it possible that she was already seen?  
  
She tried shaking the idea from her head, that if anyone had seen her so exposed before sitting in a library they would have stayed and watched or come inside and complained or something.  
  
At any moment someone could come by now and see her low to the ground naked, her butt sticking out towards them. The girl in the library might also come to the reading area and find her!  
  
Ashley tried calming herself. She had to just wait for a sign that it was safe. She knew that she could get away with this, or at least that she had to get away with this!  
  
She then heard it, the sound of people talking. It was the librarian and the visitor. She was checking out a book, which meant that they weren’t able to see the reading lounge!  
  
Ashley sprang up happy to be safe, or at least that’s what she thought for a moment. She remembered the window and almost screamed thinking about a cyclist going by again now.  
  
Ashley was now able to finally get redressed. Yet she winced and hesitated when she thought about the underwear. Even through all that she had been through, the idea of putting her panties back on seemed like too much of hassle after the freedom her nudity brought.  
  
Ashley knew she couldn’t hesitate for long, and just quickly put on her skirt and tank top on. She slipped the bra and panties into her bag and was ready to leave now that she was dressed.  
  
On her way out she considered getting her shirt back, but she felt far too embarrassed to ask for it. She also wasn’t the most confident walking around in the tank top. After being naked, she wasn’t ready to let herself be seen.  
  
At least she told herself she didn’t want to be seen. As soon as she was outside she couldn’t help but sneak around to the back of the library. She found the window that had a clear view of her seat. She remembered how she had been sitting in that seat completely exposed. The things she had done. Heck, she could almost picture herself running to her seat naked at that last stretch there.  
  
Without her underwear on, and the memory of the way her nudity felt, Ashley was again subconsciously tugging at her clothes. Before long she was naked behind the library, looking around to make sure no one was on the path and the librarian inside wasn’t looking out at her. She promised herself it was only for a few moments. It only took a few close calls of her hiding in the bushes as some joggers went by to convince her it was time to go home. Of course with so few clothing on, and a few blocks to walk, Ashley had a few more hard times keeping dressed until she got home.  
  
The End.