**Caroline's Naked Ride**

by Kelsey

**FOREWORD**  
Based on true events, this is the story of a young woman’s first experience of public nudity at a World Naked Bike Ride, which inspired her increasingly daring adventures.   
  
**Caroline's Naked Ride -- Preparations**

**CHAPTER ONE – PREPARATIONS**

Caroline dropped into her seat a little breathless from running to her London-bound train and securing her bicycle. She’d had a bit too much wine on the beach and was feeling somewhat giddy.  
  
'I can’t believe I did it!' she thought to herself. 'I can’t believe I’ve been cycling around Brighton undressed!' She looked down at the high-visibility green T-shirt and black running shorts she had put back on and marvelled that they had spent most of the afternoon tucked away in her panier. Even her below-the-shoulder blonde hair was free of her usual cycle helmet as her mind went back over the remarkable events of the day.

She had arrived in Brighton by train from London late that morning and found her friends Becky and Prudence waiting in front of the station with their bicycles. Becky, the taller of the two, was a striking beauty with long, Pre-Raphaelite locks of coppery red hair and a mischievous twinkle in her green eyes. She wore a long, flowing sundress that showed off a slim figure that was curvy where it should be. This whole thing was her crazy idea, as she was always the one in the group daring enough to try something outrageous – nothing dangerous or disgraceful, of course, but daring within the girls’ sheltered realm of experience. By contrast, Prudence was reserved and restrained. Her no-nonsense straight, mid-back length black hair, conservative clothes and general demeanour fit her more cautious and conventional outlook on life. Next to most girls other than Caroline and Becky, she would stand out as pretty, but in their company (as she had been for three years at university), although definitely attractive and with a good figure, she was often overlooked – but that’s usually the way she wanted it. She thought this idea was crazy but, as always seemed to be the case, she went along with Becky’s persistent urging.  
  
They all gave out friendly squeals and began hugging each other, before finally slipping into a big, three-way hug.  
  
“I can’t believe we haven’t seen you for a whole year!” Becky said to Caroline as Prudence nodded. The three former flatmates had all finished university up north together just before the last summer. Becky and Prudence found jobs and moved into a flat together in Brighton, while Caroline had found her dream job in London at a large company in the travel industry. It was just a desk job, but she hoped it might eventually lead to opportunities for travel. She had been lucky enough to find a cosy flat in Southwest London just north of the Thames that was just about affordable if she shared it with a friend. Though London and Brighton were less than an hour apart by train and the girls often thought about meeting up, they had all been really busy that first summer with their new jobs and lives, and once the weather turned colder they kept putting off plans until nicer weather came. At last, it was a glorious Sunday in early June and the sun was shining.  
  
“And I can’t believe what’s brought us together again. I’m so excited, I can’t wait!” replied Caroline.  
  
“Well, I think it’s crazy, but Becky insisted. It was all her idea,” grumbled Prudence.  
  
“Oh, don’t be a grouch, silly,” said Becky. “Anyway, we all agreed we won’t be showing anything in our underwear, so lighten up and enjoy the view!” Prudence playfully slapped Becky’s shoulder.  
  
“Yeah, what on earth were you thinking of, Becky? Why the WBRN, or whatever it is?” asked Caroline.   
  
“WNBR – World Naked Bike Ride. I can’t believe you haven’t heard of it before. There was a huge ride in London yesterday – over a thousand cyclists. You should have gone.”  
  
“In London? You must be mad. What if someone I knew from work saw me? What if Mike found out? I’m glad to be where no one knows me – except you two.”  
  
“Oh, don’t make such a big deal about it. And Mike needs to loosen up on the reins a little,” replied Becky.  
  
Though Caroline definitely had mixed feelings about the idea of cycling with a bunch of naked people, she agreed with Becky’s last remark. Mike had been Caroline’s boyfriend since their second year at university, and he would not have been pleased to know what the girls were planning to do. He had made it clear long ago that he did not like Caroline to wear revealing clothes, and at his insistence she always wore a conservative one-piece bathing costume at the pool or beach. He didn’t even like it if she wore a skirt shorter than mid-thigh (except for tennis, of course).  
  
“What Mike doesn’t know won’t hurt him,” said Caroline. “But why on earth did you think I would go along with this, Becky?”  
  
“Well, you always go on about how cycling is the only way to get around. This is all about promoting awareness of cyclists. What could be more visible than three gorgeous naked babes on bicycles cycling all over Brighton?”  
  
“No way, Becky,” interrupted Prudence. “We agreed on bras and knickers.”  
  
“Yeah, I meant figuratively naked. And I’m sure we’ll still be noticeable even with lots of others literally naked.”  
  
A tiny part of Caroline was actually a little disappointed they were all to wear underwear for the ride. It was still only a tiny part, but this was quite a change from Caroline’s first reaction to Becky’s suggestion, which had been utter shock. There was no way, she felt, that nice girls like them could ever be NAKED in public. It was only a small consolation when Becky explained that total nudity was not required and that many cycled in their underwear. It was typical that Becky would be up for something that daring, but not Caroline. In the weeks that followed the wild suggestion, though, Caroline found herself thinking more and more about it, and the more she thought about, the more she found something strangely appealing about the idea.  
  
It wasn’t so much that Caroline actually wanted to expose herself in underwear (and actual nudity was of course out of the question), it’s that it represented the opposite of what she had always been told and expected to do. All her life, she’d been told to do well in school, dress and behave properly, work hard in university and get a good job. She’d done all that without question, but now she was on her own, living her own life and tired of being told what to do – and especially of being told what not to do. It wasn’t just Mike that exerted pressure on how she dressed; her parents were also quite strait-laced about that sort of thing, and growing up Caroline had just gleaned from them that nice girls didn’t wear short skirts, form-fitting or revealing clothes. While she had never really felt a desire to push those particular boundaries, it didn’t seem fair that just as she was stretching out on her own and being independent of her parents, she was restrained by the equally prudish Mike. She stuck with him – in fact, Mike had left a flat he shared with some of his Rugby buddies and moved into Caroline’s flat when her first flatmate moved out a few months before – in part because as her first and only lover, she hadn’t known anything else, but also because what he seemed to expect of her was no different from what she had always just assumed she was meant to be. She had never really explored any other ways she might be, let alone how she wanted to be.  
  
So when Becky suggested the three girls all do the Brighton World Naked Bike Ride, after the initial shock, Caroline began wondering what it would feel like to do something so completely unexpected. It was in a good cause, and one that Caroline was eager to support, and Becky was adamant that it had nothing to do with sex or titillation. It wasn’t cycling naked that was indecent; it was overdependence on oil and inadequate provisions for safe cycling as an altogether better and cleaner alternative. When Caroline added in the fact that it would be exercising independence from a lifetime of edicts from her parents and Mike, she began to love the idea. She even caught herself thinking about cycling naked in public and sensing a fleeting flush of excitement, before being overcome with fear. She was terrified at the thought of being naked in public, but she also undeniably found something about the idea intriguing and exciting. She was confused by the conflicting feelings, but nonetheless, she was inexplicably drawn to Becky’s suggestion. She even hoped that Becky would actually insist the girls all ride naked, as that would take responsibility for the decision out of Caroline’s hands, but she knew there was no way Prudence would go along with that. So she had felt a tinge of disappointment at the decision to wear bras and knickers, but an even greater sense of relief – at first. Later, she realised that she actually found the fear of being naked in public was itself part of the excitement, and she even began to worry that cycling in underwear would feel too safe and unadventurous. As the day had drawn near, she alternated between one feeling and the other before finally deciding on what she hoped would be the perfect compromise.  
  
“So anyway, which way do we go? We’ve got all day to catch up, but we don’t need to do it standing here,” said Caroline, impatient with excitement – and a little fear.  
  
“Come on – follow me,” shouted Becky as she struck out on her bicycle while Caroline and Prudence hurried to catch up.  
  
In only a few minutes, they arrived at The Level, a large open park where the riders were assembling. There were already several hundred people there, milling around a large green temporary fence enclosure. Some, mostly older men, were wandering around outside the fence stark naked. Caroline and Becky exchanged an amused look, while Prudence just rolled her eyes. Curious to know what the green enclosure was all about, Caroline led the others to the tented entrance and asked.  
  
“That’s the body painting and privacy area. Go right in,” said a young, naked woman behind the table at the entrance.  
  
“Body painting – yay!” said Becky.  
  
“Privacy – yay!” mimicked Prudence. The three girls wheeled their bicycles in and leaned them against a pile of others and went to look around. Though most people inside the fence were still dressed, many were naked or most of the way there. There were more older men than the girls had expected, but there were also lots and lots of younger men and women, naked or partially dressed. There were groups of friends of both sexes casually chatting with each other while some were in shorts, some women topless, and some as naked as the day they were born. No one seemed to notice or mind.  
  
Caroline noticed, though. She had never seen an adult penis other than Mike’s, and she flushed a little at the sight of so many casually on display. She knew in theory that they came in all shapes and sizes, but was astounded to see just how different they all were in person. She spotted one that seemed enormous – much bigger than Mike’s. She saw some that looked tiny and shrivelled, others that looked stubby, but some, she found herself thinking, that looked much nicer than Mike’s, which she had always thought looked funny. She just thought that all of them must look the way Mike’s did, as she’d never seen any others in the flesh, and she hadn’t even really seen many pictures. In school, when the other girls sometimes gathered round at pyjama parties to look at pictures of naked men that one or another of them had found, Caroline always turned up her nose at their immature gawping and giggling. She fancied herself more grown up than they were, but the fact of the matter was that she’d been a late bloomer, and apparently her hormones hadn’t kicked in as soon as the others. By the time she was actually curious herself about penises, her friends were beyond that. So this was her first good opportunity to see what real penises actually looked like – and she was amazed. One in particular stood out, perhaps because its owner was very similar to Mike in stature and build. He was very fit and athletic, with well-defined but not excessively big muscles, and in place of Mike’s funny looking, slightly lopsided penis, this fellow’s was smooth, beautifully-proportioned and circumcised – she’d certainly never seen that before. While it looked somewhat bigger than Mike’s, it seemed neither too big nor too small. As this man’s penis and testicles gently swayed gently as he walked across the enclosure, they just seemed perfectly proportioned to his body. It had never occurred to Caroline that a man’s genitals could be simply … beautiful. Mike’s penis, by comparison, seemed crooked, veiny and wrinkled – not pretty at all to look at. Caroline did not like to think too much about his testicles at all. Perhaps that’s why he never liked being naked at home with the lights on, or perhaps he was just too uptight about nudity. In any event, Caroline caught herself wondering how all these various penises (and one in particular) changed when they were … aroused. Then, when she realised how flustered she was getting, she stopped herself and joined her two friends, who had wandered over to the edge of a cluster in the middle of the enclosure.

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- Preparations part 2**

In the centre of the cluster was a table with paints and brushes on it, and all around it people were applying paint to bare skin. Some, mostly men, were completely naked, but a number of the women were topless in knickers or bikini bottoms only. The girls watched in amazement as a man in baggy shorts painted a topless woman. Both looked to be about 30 give or take a couple of years. The man slowly and carefully drew a blue spiral pattern radiating out from the woman’s left nipple until it covered her entire breast before filling in the remaining unpainted skin in white. Then he did the same on her left breast. He then changed brushes and painted ‘DRIVER, CAN YOU SEE ME NOW?’ in bright orange across her bare ribcage just under her breasts.   
  
“Your turn!” said the woman, as she took the orange brush and wrote ‘CURB CAR CULTURE’ across the man’s chest. Then she picked up the blue brush and looked at him, raising her eyebrows. He just stood there a moment, his mouth slightly open as if he was about to say something but couldn’t. Eventually, the woman just nodded and the man, now looking a bit nervous and reluctant, slowly undid the button and zip of his shorts. The three girls watched in eager expectation, each wondering what underwear he was wearing, so all were equally surprised when they saw first his bushy public hair at the gap in his zip and then … everything else, as his baggy shorts dropped to the ground. He hadn’t been wearing underwear at all. The woman reached out and held his penis horizontal as she knelt down and began to draw a similar spiral (though pedants will insist it was a helix) from the base of his penis to the tip in blue and then white. Thank goodness it isn’t red paint, thought Caroline, or it would look like a barber pole.  
  
When she was done with the spiral/helix, the woman, still holding the man’s penis delicately by two fingers near the tip so as not to smear the paint, reached over to the table and picked up a brush with yellow paint on it. She gingerly lifted the man’s penis higher and began applying the yellow paint to his balls. The three girls stared with open mouths as they saw the man’s testicles react inside his scrotum to the tickling of the paint brush – one rising at its first touch while the other seemed to drop, then the other way around. Prudence suddenly blushed bright red and turned away, but Caroline and Becky were glued to the sight. When she was done, the woman let go of the man’s penis, but it did not drop quite straight down to the hanging position it had been in when the girls first saw it. Caroline looked at the man’s face and was amused to see he was no longer reluctant but smiling.  
  
The woman stood, and the man then leaned over to whisper something. It must have been, “Now it’s your turn again!” thought Caroline, as the woman suddenly shook her head with a worried expression. The man just smiled and nodded just as the woman had done to him. After a long pause, the woman sighed at began to wriggle out of her bikini bottoms. This time, the girls were not greeted with the sight of pubic hair as the garment slowly cleared the woman’s hips. Her pubis was shaved clean, and judging by her tan lines, she might have been accustomed to going topless, but not bottomless. She was clearly embarrassed as her face flushed, but she wasn’t going to let embarrassment get the better of her. She planted her feet squarely about shoulder width apart and her hands squarely on her hips.  
  
The man took the yellow paint brush, knelt down as the woman had before and began painting a thick yellow line encircling her vulva, about the diameter of a hand spread out. The top reached to where her pubic hair would have begun if she’d still had any, while at the sides it reached past where her thighs met her torso, and then down the tops of her legs. If the woman’s legs had been together, the bottom would have met about two inches below where, from the front, her labia minora disappeared from view. All the girls noticed that her labia were quite prominent, quite apart having a bright yellow circle around them, as they protruded from between her outer lips by one-and a half to two centimetres or more where they flared out like little wings. Mine don’t stick out that much unless I’m, very aroused, though Caroline – then she wondered if that’s what the woman was feeling. She also noticed that the woman’s clitoral hood, which extended about halfway down between her labia (or what was visible of them from the front), was even longer than her own, which Caroline had always thought quite big.  
  
The man then proceeded to fill in the circle first at the top and sides, but then he began to draw the paint brush over the last remaining area – the triangle formed by the tops of her legs. Slowly, he drew the brush repeatedly over her outer lips covering one half of the triangle, then the other, at last daubing her prominent labia as well (flipping the little wings this way and that with his brush to reach both sides) until she was uniformly yellow. Caroline tried to imagine what it would be like for her to stand naked in a crowd of people while Mike painted circles around her nipples, then spiralling out over her breasts and then turning his brush to her pubic area, stroking and daubing her outer and then inner lips. As she closed her eyes for a moment and tried to picture herself, she felt a flush in her cheeks and a decided warmth in her loins. Then her mind’s eye looked again at Mike, and she realised the idea was absurd and shook it off.  
  
The man then began painting wavy spikes radiating from the circle up onto the bottom of the woman’s belly, out to her hips and down her thighs. “Oh, the sun!” the woman uttered just as all three girls were thinking the same thing. When this was done, the man put down his yellow paint brush and admired his creation.  
  
“Something’s missing,” he said, and he rooted around on the table till he found a brush with red paint. With a delicate touch, he drew in two eyes for his sun. Then, with one slow stroke he drew the brush carefully down over the woman’s clitoral hood. She visibly tensed up and opened her eyes wide at the touch of the brush on this most sensitive part and gasped.  
  
“What’s that for?” she asked.  
  
“Nose,” replied the man.  
  
“So where’s the mouth, Rembrandt?” The man just looked at her and raised his eyebrows again, this time with a sly grin.  
  
“You want me to paint it?”  
  
“No!” she cried, slapping his shoulder playfully and continuing to laugh. The man stood up, and, leaning their heads in towards each other but not allowing their bodies to touch and smear the paint, they exchanged a chaste kiss and started to make their way out from the cluster around the painting table. As they were emerging right next to where the girls were, a man wearing nothing but an ID badge on a lanyard and carrying an expensive looking camera asked them if he could take their picture. The woman started to protest, but then she relented. Posing, she covered her vulva (and most of the sun, sadly) with one hand, but she did not bother covering her blue-spiralled breasts, even though her other hand was free. Her companion made a silly face with crossed eyes, lolling tongue and hands waving on either side while he stuck his pelvis out and swayed his blue-helixed penis back and forth. Giggling, the two ran off, the woman still covering her crotch with one hand.  
  
“Wait a minute, you didn’t say there’d be photographers here!” protested Prudence.  
  
A very naked, middle aged woman standing next to them overheard and said, “Honey, you ain’t seen nothing yet! These are just the select registered photographers who are allowed inside the body painting area on the understanding they’ll be respectful and ask permission. Outside that gate there’ll be loads of pushy photographers trying to zoom in on your lady parts. Your pictures will be on a hundred different websites by this evening.” Suddenly the balance between relief and disappointment at wearing underwear shifted towards relief. Caroline was counting on the anonymity of being out of town, but she hadn’t reckoned on the Internet. She was struck as well by the image of the painted woman’s large labia. Caroline had always felt self-conscious about her own, which, though definitely not as prominent as the painted woman’s, definitely stuck out between her outer lips. She let her sandy-blonde pubic hair grow untrimmed, hoping it would obscure her embarrassing lips somewhat, but this was by no means entirely effective. It was thickest and most opaque over her pubis, but the sparser hair below did little to obscure her prominent labia. They were hidden only from Caroline herself when looking down, but she knew well from the mirror that from the front her labia were completely visible and, she feared, abnormally large. Without knickers on, Caroline worried she would stand out as a freak. In knickers, she felt safe. Unfortunately, Prudence did not feel the same.  
  
“I don’t think I can do this! No way!” she spluttered.   
  
“Oh, it’s not that bad really, once you get used to it,” the older woman reassured. “The first hundred yards is the worst, so if you don’t want the attention, just keep your bras and knickers on until you’re past the scrum and then take them off on along the way.”  
  
“Oh, we’re keeping them on for the whole ride,” explained Prudence.  
  
“In that case, dears, you needn’t worry. They’re expecting about eight hundred riders today, and most of them will be naked. No one’s going to pay any attention to three girls in their underwear.” Caroline actually felt her heart sink a little. “You girls do know this is supposed to be a protest, don’t you? No point skulking about on the fringes.”  
  
“Oh, that’s more than any of us could ever do,” said Becky, putting her arm around Prudence as the girls moved away to wander around the enclosure. Everywhere, they saw other groups getting ready, undressing and, in many cases, getting painted or painting themselves. There were some women dressed only in knickers either painting their own torsos or being painted by friends, and Caroline noticed several who then pulled down their knickers to continue the paint job down below. Some carefully pulled their knickers back up again afterwards, tying not to smear the paint, while others just took them off and stayed that way. There were also other women who, like most of the men, just started their painting sessions fully nude to begin with.  
  
While a few of these men and women let others paint them as intimately as the couple in the cluster had done, many just asked others to do their backs or hard-to-reach places. Some just did slogans on their fronts and asked a friend to do the same on their backs, and for the most part those who went for full-body cover took over the painting of their own private parts. Sometimes, though, this led to strange sights. One young woman, who was mostly covered head to toe in red paint with the word ‘STOP’ across her chest and back in white, was desperately trying to colour in her own vulva despite not being able to see all of it. She pushed her pelvis forward and hunched over, trying to see further between her legs, while daubing red paint indiscriminately at her crotch. She pretty much got there in the end, but at the cost of her dignity, thought Prudence. Caroline reserved judgment, as she turned to Becky and said, “So are you still keen on body painting?”  
  
“Um, just slogans, I think,” said a sheepish Becky, though there was something in the way she said it that made Caroline wonder if Becky had had the same reaction to the intimate painting they had just witnessed.  
  
Indeed, most of those getting painted opted for only slogans, and many people did not get painted at all. Becky did like the idea of having a slogan painted and was eager to get ready – more so even than Caroline, who was now having fleeting misgivings about what was about to happen. Prudence looked absolutely miserable, but was resigned to her fate.  
  
“Well, girls,” said Becky, “It’s now or never!” She unbuttoned her sundress and slipped it off hers shoulders and held it at her waist to reveal a scarlet red bra – her favourite, in fact. Its A cups were perfect for her willowy frame. “Come on, we agreed to this all together.”  
  
Caroline needed no reminding and was already stepping out of her shorts as Becky let her sundress drop, and Caroline’s hi-vis T-shirt soon followed. Prudence hesitated briefly, but then unbuttoned and removed her shirt and undid her skirt. In a moment, she was standing there for all the world to see in her pale blue … bikini.  
  
“Prudence!” Becky moaned. “We said bras and knickers. That’s a swimming costume. You cheated.”

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- Preparations part 3**

“No way! This is just as revealing as what you’re wearing,” remonstrated Prudence, gesturing at Becky, who was now revealing her scarlet knickers that matched her bra. “This bikini is effectively just a bra and knickers. They’re just waterproof.” Indeed, the undies and bikini were very similar in cut. Though scoop-cut at the bust and moderately high at the legs, both covered everything essential and were completely opaque. If anything, the bikini was just slightly more revealing as it had only string ties at the sides, but the scarlet bra and knickers still looked sexier for some reason.  
  
“I don’t know,” complained Becky. “What do you think, Caro–?”  
  
Just then both other girls turned to look at Caroline for the first time. As agreed, she was in bra and knickers, but, as at least a part of her was secretly disappointed not to be naked, her compromise was to choose her most revealing set: a very skimpily-cut lacy bra and knickers in beige. (Actually, the package called them ‘nude,’ which Caroline thought was appropriate for the day.) Her bra was cut with a very low scoop, with B cups only just covering the tops of Caroline’s nipples, and the fabric was so lightweight, it would not have given Caroline’s firm breasts much support if she’d really needed it. The knickers were likewise cut very sexily, only half covering her buttocks behind and with a high, French cut in front that only covered her pubic triangle.  
  
“Oh my God, Caroline!” cried Becky. “That is so sexy – but look, you can see your pubes!” Caroline looked down to see that it was just possible to make out the difference between her sandy-blond pubic hair and her pale skin and, although the lace was certainly more fabric than holes, she could see the odd pubic hair sticking out. “God, I wish I was that brave. At least you can’t really see your nipples.” Caroline bent her head and shoulders forward to look at her chest. As she did so, a gap formed at the top of her bra and she actually could see her bare nipples from above. She quickly straightened her shoulders and pushed her chest out a bit to make the bra fit more snugly as intended. Although it was actually possible if standing close to see bits of areola through some of the holes in the lace, it was very hard to distinguish from even a moderate distance. You could just about make out a bit of it here and there if you were standing very close (and staring), but from even a moderate distance her nipples didn’t show up. Paradoxically, from a great distance, the ‘nude’ colour meant you couldn’t tell she was wearing anything at all.  
  
“I can’t believe you’re wearing that skimpy thing,” said Prudence. “Mike would have a fit!”  
  
“Damn straight!” rejoined Caroline, and the girls laughed.  
  
“Well, enough standing around admiring ourselves,” said Becky. “Let’s paint our slogans on.”  
  
“Actually, I think I’d better not,” said Caroline. “I don’t want to have to explain paint residue to Mike when I get home. And anyway, it will smear with my sunscreen whichever one I put on first.”  
  
“Oh, we did our sunscreen at home ages ago,” chirped Becky. “We’re all dry now.”  
  
So while Caroline carefully applied sunscreen, taking care not to stain her lacy underwear, Becky and Prudence took turns painting slogans on each other. Prudence chose ‘MY EYES ARE UP HERE,’ with an arrow pointing up for her own chest, while Becky went with ‘LESS GAS, MORE ASS.’  
  
They were relieved to see that there were a number of other women in underwear, though most seemed to be topless or nude. Prudence was practically alone in a swimsuit, though. She was starting to relax, though, and enjoy herself like the others a bit more.  
  
The girls continued to wander around the enclosure, taking in all the various body paintings, little bits of costumes, as well as their absence. As the vast majority of the women were either topless or naked, they saw nearly as many different types of breasts as they had penises. There were large breasts, small breasts, saggy, perky, and a few fake-looking breasts – and quite a few pierced nipples. They also noticed an array of different pubic hair styles. Some women had full, untrimmed bushes, others were trimmed at the edges and to a tidy, even length. Some hair covered the entire vulva (though not all obscured the labia and clitoral hood completely), but for many more the hair covered only the pubis while the lips below were shaved or waxed. Some of course only sported a tiny landing strip or no hair at all. This meant that with the exception of the few whose thick hair covered completely and opaquely, the girls were also greeted with an array of different labia. Caroline was surprised and a little relieved to see just how many women had labia minora that extended out from between their outer lips, like hers. Some of these made Caroline’s labia seem positively tiny, she thought, though hers were by no stretch the smallest, and a number of women showed only a girlish crease between their outer lips.  
  
None of this was terribly new to any of the girls, who had been to enough gyms and shower blocks in school and uni to be aware that vulvas all looked different, though they had never seen so many on display at once. Caroline (at least) was mostly fascinated by the penises, however. Though she tried not to be obvious, she soon realised that she had been checking out the penis of nearly every man she saw, even the old, fat or ugly ones. It was a revelation to her that there was not really any correlation between the attractiveness of a man’s penis and the rest of his body. She saw cute, athletic young men with tiny or misshapen penises she did not want to see again, and she saw pasty-faced geeks who were hung like donkeys. She saw young men with wrinkled, sorry-looking tackle and she saw older men with beautifully smooth and well-proportioned organs, and she saw every combination in between.  
  
Then she spotted him again – the athletic young man with Mike’s build but the perfect penis. What’s more, she saw Becky walk right up to him and start talking! She watched in amazement as her friend chatted casually in her underwear with a complete stranger who was stark naked. Her eyes were irresistibly drawn back to his genitals, admiring again their perfect proportion and smooth, regular shape. She took a sharp intake of breath as the man gestured widely with his arm, pointing into the distance. As he turned his torso to do so, his lovely penis was sent swinging gently back and forth like a hypnotist’s pendulum. Caroline was so transfixed, at first she didn’t notice Becky walking up to her.  
  
“Here,” she said to Caroline, handing her a green WNBR seat cover. “I just bought these for all of us from that guy over there. You’ve got to meet him, Caroline. Come with me.” She started to take Caroline by the elbow.   
  
“Thanks, but I’m enjoying the view from here.”  
  
“Oh, him? Yes, he’s gorgeous. Why do you think I chose him to ask about these rides So come over and enjoy the view up close.”  
  
“Honestly, Becky, I don’t see how you can carry on a conversation without being distracted by that … by that … penis.”  
  
Becky stopped and turned to her friend. “First of all, Caroline, don’t say ‘penis.’ It’s a cock. Cock and balls. Tits, pussy or fanny and arse,” she said as she pointed out on her own body before clapping her hands firmly behind her on her buttocks. Second of all, I can hardly look at it when I’m looking him in the face and talking.”  
  
“That’s what I mean,” quipped Caroline. “You do the talking, and I’ll enjoy the view from here.”  
  
Becky looked at Caroline, whose large sunglasses rested on the top of her head. Becky pulled them down over her friend’s eyes. “Here, knock yourself out.” She dragged Caroline by the elbow and gestured to Prudence to join them, but Prudence just shook her head with a worried expression.  
  
Becky had the man explain again that he was from London and had been at the ride there the day before. Becky asked him to explain all the details of Caroline’s benefit. Caroline was not listening, though. She smiled and nodded from time to time, but her eyes, hidden behind her sunglasses, were focussed on the man’s penis. It jiggled and swayed as he spoke and gestured, showing no signs of self-consciousness at all. Finally, he excused himself and went to join some friends, and Caroline watched and admired his muscular buttocks as he strode away. She waited until he joined his friends and turned around again so she could enjoy the sight of his beautiful penis one more time.

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- Preparations part 4**

Caroline’s reminisces on the train were interrupted when she became aware that the male cyclist sitting opposite kept looking at her. He had been reading something on his tablet, but his eyes repeatedly darted up at Caroline, though never as high as her face. She looked down at her T-shirt and saw that her nipples were standing to full attention and that it was obvious she was braless underneath. She blushed to realise that her arousal was so evident. 'Does he know I was on the World Naked Bike Ride?' she thought. 'Did he see me? Was he on the ride himself?' Caroline looked at his face. She didn’t recognise it, but then she realised that if he’d been on the ride she would be much more likely to recognise his penis than his face. She blushed even deeper. What a strange thought – that she might have seen this man repeatedly during the course of the afternoon but not recognise him with his clothes on. She laughed to herself at this, and her embarrassment subsided a little. 'So what if he saw me scantily clad? And so what if he notices I am braless under my T-shirt?' There wasn’t anything she could do about it anyway without giving up her seat on the crowded train. She decided she would rather have someone glancing at her erect nipples than stand all the way to London – only to have someone else notice her nipples no doubt. Finally, she relaxed and resumed her warm recollections of the day.

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- The Ride part 1**

Just as the middle-aged woman they spoke to had warned, the start of the ride was a scrum of spectators and photographers. They crowded the paths of the park that eight hundred cyclists had to squeeze through, often single file. Unlike the painting area where like-minded participants milled about freely, paying little attention to each other, this was like a slow parade through clothed onlookers straining inwards for a better view. The girls all blushed from all the attention and cameras snapping away, until they noticed that the cameras were indeed trained more on the naked people around them than on them in their underwear (or bikini in Prudence’s case).  
  
Once her initial embarrassment subsided, though, Caroline discovered a new one. While Becky and Prudence were still somewhat embarrassed to receive even a bit of attention in their semi-clad state, Caroline was actually feeling self-conscious that she was not as completely naked as almost everyone around them seemed to be. She noticed that many of the semi-clad riders she had seen before the ride started had stripped off just before setting out, and she was worried that she and her friends stood out for not having done the same. In her immediate surroundings, the only other riders she could see who were still wearing anything were a group of two women and a man all wearing just Hawaiian-style grass skirts. Though their genitals were effectively covered, it seemed from the fleeting gaps as the skirts swung to and fro that they wore nothing underneath, and the women were both topless, so they were all less dressed than Caroline and her friends. It felt like a reversal of the old stereotypical dream of being the only one naked in school or work. She worried that she stood out because she was wearing too much. ‘I can’t believe I just thought that – Mike would kill me if he knew how little I was wearing’, she thought. ‘But people here must think I’m a total coward. No one else seems to have any problem letting everyone see their … bits.’  
  
Just then, she spotted two other girls in bras and knickers just ahead and felt a sense of relief. It seemed more acceptable not to be alone in doing the ride in underwear. As the ride filtered slowly through the encroaching onlookers, Caroline managed to edge her bike closer to these other girls, and Becky and Prudence trailed behind. As the riders around her got to the end of the most constricted part and managed to break free, Caroline, with her friends close behind, was able to come up alongside them. When the front of the ride then paused on the path circling the park to let the riders behind catch up, Caroline and her friends stood next to them, and Caroline hoped to enjoy a bit of clothed solidarity with these two.  
  
“Wow! That was really freaky,” she said to the nearer one of them, hoping to strike up a conversation.   
  
“Oh, that was pretty typical,” she replied. “So this must be your first ride, then?”  
  
Caroline and her friends all nodded.  
  
“Well, take it from a couple of old hands – that was the worst of it. It’s all fun from here. I’m Beth, by the way, and this is my friend Mary.”  
  
“So you’ve done this before?” chimed in Prudence. “I don’t know how you – or any of these women – could get used to all those men staring at them.”  
  
“Yeah, men are pigs. No man is going to pass up the opportunity to see a pussy, but only the perverts stare. But not even the worst pervert can stare at four hundred c\*\*ts at once.” Caroline thought to herself that surely there weren’t quite four hundred … pussies there (she could accept Becky’s term, but she really didn’t like Beth’s) as men outnumbered women somewhat. Did that mean there were more than four hundred … cocks? Eight hundred balls? She smiled at the thought.  
  
Her pleasant surprise at finding and befriending two other underwear-clad riders soon vanished, however, as Beth and then Mary both got off their bikes, leaning them on the ground, and began undressing. Beth casually pulled her knickers down first and then undid her bra, while Mary did it the other way round. Either way, both were quickly completely naked, and Caroline noticed that neither wore even shoes or helmet.  
  
“Oh, I thought we’d found a couple more members of our underwear brigade,” she said.  
  
“Oh, no,” said Mary this time. “We just wear them for the start. That’s where you get the most creeps sticking cameras into your crotch. We learned that the hard way. As soon as the coast is clear, though, we chuck them off.”  
  
“But aren’t you uncomfortable letting everyone see you stark naked?” asked Becky.  
  
Beth and Mary looked at each other before Beth replied.  
  
“Why should we be? What’s the big surprise? Everyone’s got sex organs. Besides, how much can anyone see of a naked body whizzing by on a bicycle?” The irony was that as she said this, Beth was not whizzing anywhere but standing next to her bicycle as was Mary, and anyone around could see every bit of their naked bodies, including the fact that they both had similar nipple rings and clitoral studs. (Ouch, thought Caroline, and Yuck, thought Prudence.) Mary’s vulva was completely shaved or waxed, but except for the stud peeking out, her outer lips met in a tidy slit concealing everything else from view. Beth’s hood and labia minora, however, protruded even more than the sun-painted woman’s and were not obscured by Mary’s short growth of dark stubble.  
  
“I just can’t believe all you … I mean, all these people can just get naked in public like this,” said Prudence. “I mean, it’s just crazy.”  
  
“Sorry about our friend,” interjected Caroline. “She doesn’t mean you’re crazy. It’s just that all this still seems pretty bizarre to us.”  
  
“Oh, that’s OK,” said Mary. “The ride wouldn’t work very well as a mass protest to raise awareness of cycling and environmental issues if there weren’t lots of people happy to get naked in public and a lot more people who find it bizarre. Anyway, don’t worry; you’re not exactly the only ones riding dressed. And thanks for supporting us even if you’re in the second group.”  
  
Caroline was no longer so sure she was entirely in the second group, but she wondered about her what her friends were thinking. Prudence was just shaking her head slowly in disbelief, but Caroline couldn’t read Becky’s thoughts.  
  
Just then, the ride started to move off again, and as all five of them set off together, Mary, who was nearest the front, turned, leant forward over her handlebars and she swung her right leg back and up over her bicycle seat (which Caroline thought was set a bit too high for her). As she did so, Caroline, Becky and Prudence were treated to a view straight up between her legs at her hairless pussy. At her leg’s farthest reach, her outer labia suddenly parted to reveal her delicate, pink inner lips and the darkest pink of the mouth of her vagina. Prudence spluttered and nearly collided with Becky. ‘You certainly never see anything like that in the showers at the gym or school,’ she thought. Caroline was surprised as well, but kept her composure as she watched in wonder. Beth had taken a moment to push off, and as Caroline glanced back to make sure Beth was with them, she saw Beth mounting her lady’s bike by lifting her right leg forward over the pedals, showing the full extent of her prominent labia from top to bottom. Caroline had never realised just what a naked woman on a bicycle might reveal.  
  
For the most part, though, Beth was right that there was a limit to what you could see of a naked person on a bicycle. It wasn’t just the whizzing past – quite often, they weren’t whizzing at all but moving slowly in a thick crowd – it was also that, depending on how her seat was positioned and how big it was, a woman cyclist planted on her seat might not show anything more than her pubic hair (or the place where it would have been). Caroline noticed that a woman sitting upright with no or sparse public hair might, however, show most of her labia while cycling, but as her legs were usually moving up and down as she pedalled, an onlooker could get a fleeting glance at best. Of course, if a woman stopped and set one foot down, or slipped forward off her seat and planted both feet, or rose up while pedalling uphill, it was a different story. It also made a difference what their pubic hair or vulvas were like. As Caroline had noticed, far more women than she had supposed had protruding inner lips like hers, but many such women were also shaved. Caroline realised that even if she were not wearing knickers, she would be exposing a bit more of her most intimate anatomy than some women, she but she still would probably not be among the most exposed women there.  
  
Caroline hadn’t thought much before about different types and styles of pubic hair and what they exposed or not, but she began to take note. She saw two women who were stopped, feet planted astride their bikes. Both had full pubic hair, only trimmed at the edges, but while one seemed to be completely and opaquely covered, revealing scarcely more skin showing than some bikinis, the other’s large labia were plainly visible though the hair. Neither showed any signs of caring. With other women, despite apparently full bushes, the outline of their vulvas and their clefts were clearly discernible even if not much skin was.  
  
Although she was in underwear, Caroline began wondering how much of it she was showing in different positions and from different angles. As a woman, she was accustomed to avoiding flashes of her knickers when wearing a skirt and thought she was very aware of what she was or wasn’t showing. Now that she was only wearing knickers down below, of course, that didn’t matter, but she began thinking about exactly what she would be showing if she weren’t covered by the flimsy lace. ‘Would my entire vulva be pressed down into my seat and out of view, as with some of the naked women here? Or would the top of my labia and hood be visible from the front? If so, how much would my pubic hair obscure? If I rose out of my seat, leaning forward to cycle uphill, would someone directly behind me have a clear view of the bottom of my labia? Would the opening of my vagina be visible?’

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- The Ride part 2**

As Caroline continued to study the women cyclists, trying to learn useful lessons for herself, she also continued to notice the men. Unlike with many of the women, a bicycle seat did nothing to hide a man’s genitals … cock and balls. Also unlike the women, almost all of the men were completely naked, so Caroline was surrounded by penises … cocks, flopping back and forth as thighs rose and fell pumping at the pedals, or hung free as when the ride stopped briefly. When this happened, Caroline noticed that some of the naked women stayed astride their bikes, perhaps even rolling their hips forward so that their vulvas were pressed into their seats out of view. The men didn’t have this option, and as their seats were often higher, they had to slip forward and plant their feet on the ground astride their bikes. Caroline liked how sometimes their balls rested across their crossbars while their cocks flopped to one side or the other.  
  
This was by no means the only thing Caroline thought about. She was also enjoying the ride with her friends, chatting with other riders. There was a constantly changing set of fellow riders around the girls progressing at different paces, so that they might be riding and chatting with some for maybe a few hundred metres before someone dropped back or moved on to be replaced with someone new. She noticed how friendly the other riders were and how unconcerned they were with whether anyone was dressed or not, how receptive and supportive the cheering bystanders were (mostly clothed, though the girls did see one man standing by the road pull his shorts and briefs down and off and wave them over his head like pom-poms, cheering), and she simply enjoyed the beautiful weather and gentle sea breeze. But she still found time to notice all the cocks – big and small, knobbly and smooth, ugly and beautiful.  
  
While cycling, of course, the girls had to pay attention to the road. There were several long rest stops, however, when everyone stopped cycling, piled their bikes in a big heap or many little ones and relaxed. At the first one, by the seaside, the girls weren’t sure what to do and whether to stay with their bikes, but when they saw others wandering off, they reckoned it was safe to do the same. Naked men and women, or sometimes mixed groups of naked and clothed, would meet up with others, chat or even hug and move on.  
  
The girls were glad to see public toilets, and they joined the queue for the women’s. A number of the other women in the queue were standing completely naked (and others topless) seemingly without a care in the world as clothed beachgoers strolled by. The men’s queue opposite was almost all naked. Across the path, other naked or semi-naked men and women queued for ice cream from a kiosk. The girls saw a clothed family strolling up, a mum, dad, boy about 10 and girl about 8 and a toddler in a pushchair, and Caroline wondered with some apprehension what their reaction would be.  
  
As the family approached, though, they stopped and the mother leant over to the boy and girl and pointed to the nudes. They all had a little laugh, and the children looked a bit longer than their parents, but then they just continued on their way towards the nudes and through them on the path. Then they stopped as the father joined the ice cream queue behind a young naked woman and a topless one, with an elderly naked man joining in behind him, while his young family stood nearby and watched. By the time the father returned with ice creams for all, the children’s attention had entirely moved on from the naked people.  
  
When the girls made their way back to find their bikes, they passed a group who were dancing to music from a nearby boom-box. Every one of them was completed naked, and most of them seemed no older than the girls’ age. There were more women than men, and while none of them did anything that would remotely be considered lewd or suggestive, some of them playfully shook their breasts or buttocks briefly, to the amusement of the small crowd circled round them. Above all, they seemed sublimely unselfconscious and unperturbed by the many onlookers, many of whom were snapping away with their camera phones or more serious-looking cameras. As the girls stopped briefly to watch, Prudence was predictably baffled and incredulous. Becky, who was usually the most adventurous (up to a point) actually thought it looked fun and wanted to join in (keeping her bra and knickers on, of course), but was deterred by the cameras.  
  
Caroline was mesmerised. She desperately wanted to join in, even despite the cameras, but she was acutely aware that all the girls dancing were naked and she was in bra and knickers. She would stand out like a sore thumb, but worse, she would feel like a fraud. She desperately wished she could strip off and join them, even fingering the straps of her bra, but she just couldn’t bring herself to do it. ‘What would my friends think? What would Mike think if he ever saw one of those pictures online? What would I think of myself? Would I feel like a brazen hussy if I did it?’ (None of the girls dancing seemed to feel that way.) ‘Or will I feel like a coward if I don’t?’  
  
Unfortunately, she never got to make that choice, as the ride began to move off just then, and the dancing stopped as everyone scrambled back to untangle their bikes. Caroline was stuck feeling like a coward.  
  
At the next stop, in a city park, she thought she might get another chance, but while some splashed in a fountain, the girls did not see more dancing. They did enjoy mingling with the crowd again, this time queuing themselves for ice cream from a café in the park. They were bracketed front and back in the queue by naked men – one their age, one ten or fifteen years older – each with a really cute cock and balls, Caroline thought. Slyly, she slipped on her sunglasses and chatted with both of them in turn, though not very coherently, and they both thought she didn’t seem to be following the thread of their conversations. When the queuing girls made it to the doors of the café, they might have thought it strange to see naked people standing at a counter ordering takeaway coffee or ice cream from a clothed girl who looked still to be of school age while clothed customers ate at nearby tables, but by now none of this seemed strange any more to Caroline. Even Prudence, who still thought it was all weird, had long since stopped reacting with shock. Becky was positively enjoying herself, safe in the confines of her sexy red bra and knickers. Caroline, whose outfit was even sexier, though, found herself itching to peel it off.  
  
As the ride moved off on its final leg, Caroline was in anguish. She was really feeling like a coward now, but she was afraid, not least of what her friends would think. ‘We have all been surrounded by naked bodies for hours now, but would they still be shocked if I stripped?’ she thought, but she was embarrassed even to ask them. As the ride began to go up its steepest hill yet (lots of bottoms lifted off seats, as they all noticed), Prudence asked a rider next to her, “Do you know how much longer we have to ride?”  
  
“Only about another mile,” the rider replied, hoping to reassure, but when she heard this, Caroline really began to panic. She realised the ride was almost over and time was running out. She had to do something to see what it felt like, though she was still wary of her friends’ reactions. With a sigh but a pounding heart, she reached behind her back with one hand and began to wrestle with the clasp of her bra strap. It was hard to cycle uphill with one hand while undoing a bra, so it took a few moments, but suddenly the clasp came undone. As her bra sprung loose and slipped forward onto her arms, Caroline felt sunshine and a fresh breeze wash across her bare breasts for the first time. Overcome with a warm glow, she felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from her.  
  
“Caroline, what are you doing?” shouted Prudence when she saw. She no longer reacted to the hundreds of other bare breasts around her, but her mind was still very much thinking in ‘them’ and ‘us’ terms, and Caroline had just become one of ‘them.’  
  
“All right, you go, girl!” exclaimed Becky, surprised but actually delighted at Caroline’s boldness.  
  
“So why don’t you join me, then?” asked Caroline, hoping for some moral support and solidarity in her giant, brave step. “You’ve always bragged that you’ve been topless on the beach in France and Spain.”  
  
“Oh no, that was different. This is so public, and I’m not a … I mean, I just couldn’t bring myself to do it. But you go for it. Shake those puppies!”  
  
Caroline wasn’t about to shake her puppies for anything in the world, but she appreciated Becky’s encouragement. ‘What did she start to say? ‘I’m not like THAT’? ‘I’m not one of THEM’? ‘I’m not an EXHIBITIONIST or a HUSSY’? What does Becky really think?’  
  
Caroline did not have long to dwell on this, as she realised her bra was still hanging from her arms. She lifted first one hand off the handlebars, then the other, to slip her bra off, grasping it in one hand. She thought it would be an easy matter to reach back and down and slip it into the outer pocket of her pannier without stopping, but as she did so her bike suddenly lurched to a stop, almost causing a collision with the rider behind. Caroline called to her friends to stop for a minute as she lifted her immobilised bike onto the pavement. She crouched beside it and saw with dismay that her bra had got wrapped around the rear axle. The good news was that it wasn’t so entangled with the gears and chain that it couldn’t be extracted by simply reversing the wheel’s direction. The bad news is that the lacy bra was badly torn – one cup was practically shredded, and there were greasy black stains all over it.  
  
“Well, that’s a write off,” she said to Becky and Prudence, who were now standing next to her, their mouths gaping in shock and disbelief. Caroline looked around and spotted a rubbish bin about ten metres ahead on the pavement. She was unaware of her friends’ amazement as she left her bike, walked to the bin and dropped the ruined garment in, not really conscious of the fact that she was now walking topless on a busy city street. She was jolted into this reality when the diners at an open-fronted café she had walked past and was about to pass again on the way back suddenly burst into applause. Startled, Caroline turned to face them, only then fully realising for the first time that she was showing her bare breasts to strangers. Flustered, she blushed, and not knowing what else to do, took a little bow. As she straightened up, she held her arms up by her side, palms forward and shook her hands, as she might have done with a ‘Ta-da!,’ though in fact she was too flustered to speak.  
  
She was still blushing as she re-joined her friends, asking, “What do you think that was all about?”  
  
“Maybe they thought it was a feminist gesture,” ventured Becky. “Or maybe they just appreciated the view! Your tits are definitely in the top ten on show today.”  
  
Caroline laughed at this and relaxed a bit. “You mean top ten tits, or top ten pairs?”  
  
“Oh, tits, of course. You’re definitely in the top five pairs.”  
  
The girls laughed, even Prudence, and re-joined the ride continuing up the hill. Cycling topless felt very different to Caroline. All along the roadside, spectators stood or sat in other open cafés watching and cheering as the unclad and partially clad cyclists rolled slowly by, and Caroline now felt more than ever that she was one of them. She sat as upright as she could while struggling slightly uphill and pushed her chest out, conscious that she was baring her breasts to dozens, maybe hundreds, of people. She thought less about what parts of the other cyclists she could see and for the first time focussed on what everyone could see of her. She wondered what it would be like to be completely naked, but it was not practical to stop and remove her knickers, nor would she yet have had the courage to do so – but she liked imagining it. Many of the spectators were waving at the riders, and Caroline began waving back and smiling.  
  
At the top of the hill, the ride turned and proceeded downhill, picking up speed as they rolled past wave after wave of spectators. They turned briefly along the promenade that ran along the cliffs overlooking the sea before making a sharp turn and rolling down a steep road leading to the seafront below. More spectators and photographers watched as the cyclists made another sharp turn to the left. Caroline waved again as she was rounding the turn, when she noticed several large camera lenses pointed directly at her. She flushed slightly at the realisation that they were focussed on her and her naked breasts, but she made no effort to hide them and continued on her way.  
  
After a few hundred metres, the ride turned in at a car park, and riders began dismounting. Some locked their bikes to railings or fences, which quickly filled up, while others, including the girls, pushed their bikes along the walkway. They passed a small building where mostly naked men and women were queuing for the loos, while others queued for ice cream from a nearby van. Most kept going a little further until the walkway ended and a few steps led down onto the pebbly beach, and a long stream of people, many still pushing bikes, trailed along the pebbles toward the sea.  
  
“What’s this?” Caroline asked a couple who were standing by the steps.  
  
“The nude beach. Time to relax and unwind,” they replied.

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- The Ride part 3**

“Nude beach? You must be kidding,” said Prudence. “I’m not going there.”  
  
“It’s OK, Prudence, it’s clothing optional,” reassured Becky. “Anyway, you’re already dressed for the beach,” she added reproachfully. “Look – I brought a beach picnic.” Becky opened her pannier to reveal three large beach towels, snacks and two bottles of wine.  
  
“You knew about this?” asked Caroline. “I can’t believe you didn’t say anything.”  
  
“Yeah, well, you know what Miss Daring here would have said. Anyway, I’ve heard about this beach ever since we moved to Brighton a year ago but I’ve never had the guts to visit. There was no way I was going by myself, and old Prudence here …”  
  
“Stop blaming me for everything,” protested Prudence, “and I’m not old. Anyway, you’ve got plenty of company today,” she continued, gesturing towards the hundreds of cyclists, “and I guess it won’t be any worse than cycling with them through the streets, so let’s go.”  
  
With that, they joined the trailing cyclists and made their way to the beach. They passed several of the people they had chatted to during the ride, including Beth and Mary, who were already sitting near the shoreline, lying back on their elbows and looking out at the sea.  
  
“Hey, did you two have a good ride” asked Caroline.  
  
“One of the best ever,” replied Beth. “Glad to see one of you joining in.”  
  
Becky started to protest and splutter an explanation, but Beth cut her off saying, “Don’t worry. You girls are fine, and it’s better to have you in underwear than not at all. There are a couple of girls who were real regulars here and on some other rides. They were totally fine being naked and didn’t mind the cameras. But then they found out there was a whole page dedicated to them on some voyeur photo website, which even gave their names. That really freaked them out and they stopped coming. Anyway, you’re not alone.” The girls were reassured to see that there were indeed still quite a number of women (and a few men) in their underwear or bathing costumes. They did not want to intrude on Beth and Mary, so they continued a little further to find an empty space.  
  
After laying their bikes down, Becky got out the beach towels and the three girls spread them out and made themselves as comfortable as possible on the pebbles. Everyone around was smiling and chatting, as usual not showing any sign of concern or even noticing whether their groups were all naked, mixed naked and clothed, men or women. The girls were somewhat surprised and a little concerned, though, to see that many of the women who had been cycling in knickers like Caroline and Becky or bikinis like Prudence were now peeling them off and scurrying into the water naked. Many of them had noticeable tan lines, suggesting that running around naked outdoors was not a regular pastime. More and more were going in for a swim, and there were soon hundreds splashing about happily.  
  
Caroline suddenly realised that she had not applied sunscreen to all of the skin that was now bare, and even though it was now late afternoon she thought she needed to apply more. She felt extremely self-conscious, so, as quickly and unobtrusively as possible, she slapped some on and rubbed it into her pale white breasts. It felt particularly pleasurable to rub it into her nipples – but it was embarrassing to do so in plain view.  
  
The girls also noticed that not all of the women stripped off. Some just went into the water in their knickers and bras (except those who, like Caroline, were only in knickers to begin with). Caroline wanted to swim, but she was mulling whether she could bring herself to shed her last remaining item of clothing. She was still worried what her friends would think, so she tried to elicit their thoughts.  
  
“So, anyone for a swim?” she asked her friends. Prudence just shrugged and started to get up, of course still in her bikini.  
  
Becky stayed put and just looked at Caroline and asked, “Surely you’re not taking your knickers off, are you?” Caroline was disappointed. If Becky had dared her to do it, or even if her tone had sounded a bit more encouraging, she would have pulled her knickers off in an instant. As it was, she thought she heard something mildly disapproving in Becky’s tone.  
  
“No, I guess I’ll leave my knickers on. It seems fine to swim in underwear. Are you coming in?”  
  
“No way,” said Becky. “These are my best bra and knickers. I’m not ruining them in seawater. You two have fun while I guard our things.” Caroline looked disappointed that the supposedly impetuous Becky was being so hesitant. Becky noticed Caroline’s reaction and, after a brief pause, said, “I will join you this far at least.” With that she sat up, crossed her legs Indian style, and reached behind her back with one hand, stretching the other across her sexy red bra. She undid the clasp and slipped it off, keeping her arm firmly across her breasts, and blushed deep red. It did not take long for Becky to realise that she looked rather ridiculous awkwardly covering her breasts while she was surrounded by hundreds of mostly naked people who were neither paying attention to her nor at all likely to take any notice let alone offense if she took her arm away. In fact, she realised, she was more likely to draw attention to herself by seeming coy or embarrassed, so, looking Caroline in the eye, she slowly lowered her arm and planted both palms on her towel.  
  
Caroline beamed a smile of approval and thanks, then took Prudence by the hand and led her down to the water. It was difficult picking their way across the large pebbles, and finding a safe foothold was especially difficult in the water. Caroline felt rather awkward teetering this way, especially as she was only wearing knickers, so as soon as the water was deep enough she plunged forward and swam free.  
  
If the unaccustomed feeling of sunshine and fresh air on her bare breasts was wonderful, the feeling of the water on them was incredible. Caroline swam out as far as she could before turning back to see Prudence still knee-deep, picking her was forward across the pebbly bottom. She swam back in until her feet found the bottom again and then stood and waved to Prudence. Prudence stopped and gaped to see just the top half of Caroline’s torso sticking out of the water, which came to just below Caroline’s bare breasts. As the sea rippled and flowed, it would lap across her breasts, covering them for a moment before falling away. And Caroline just stood there, waving and smiling the biggest smile Prudence had ever seen her with. At that moment, Prudence went from feeling embarrassed to be with a topless friend (after all, it did seem a bit ridiculous to remain embarrassed by that, given what was all around her), to feeling glad her friend was obviously so happy. She even wished she could feel that happy herself, though taking her own top off seemed the last way to achieve it.  
  
For twenty minutes, the two girls swam together happily, chatting away as Prudence become increasingly relaxed, before they realised they ought to get back to Becky, who had been sitting alone and topless all that time. Picking their way out of the water across the pebbles was even more difficult than going in, but if Caroline was more aware of her semi-nudity as she teetered back the other way, this time facing everyone on the beach, she didn’t show it. As soon as she had a firm footing on dry land, she stood up tall. She was surprised to notice that Becky was nowhere to be seen at their beach towels. She and Prudence made their way there and scanned the crowded beach in vain for a minute until they spotted Becky, still just wearing her scarlet knickers, walking slowly towards them (running across the pebbles was not really possible with bare feet) and smiling broadly.  
  
“I’ve just been over there talking to Beth and Mary,” she called out as soon as she was near enough, “and you wouldn’t believe what they told me …” Then she stopped dead in her tracks and gasped, “Caroline, your … your …” She waited until she was right next to Caroline and Prudence so she wouldn’t be overheard. “Your knickers are transparent!”  
  
Caroline looked down and saw that indeed her wet knickers were clinging to her and were, if not completely transparent, certainly more so than they had been. She realised, though, that she found this more exciting than alarming.  
  
“Oh, they’re not that bad, as if it makes any difference anyway,” she said calmly.  
  
“But you can see your pubes!” whispered Prudence. Although the girls had noted before that Caroline’s pubic hair was faintly discernible through her lacy knickers, the effect of the wetness was both that her knickers became semi-transparent and that her sandy-blonde pubic hair was noticeably darker. Even from a considerable distance, it was indeed possible to make out a dark triangle through her wet knickers.  
  
“Well, I still don’t see what the big deal is. It just means people will know … Shock! … Horror! … that I have pubic hair. So what? So does everyone else.”  
  
Becky raised her eyebrows and cast her eyes around the crowd, and Caroline picked up on her point right away. “OK, so many of the people here DON’T have pubic hair any more. The point is, look at those who do.” Caroline looked around to find a woman with a full bush of public hair. She gestured discreetly to a young woman five metres away who was standing and talking to a man in briefs. The woman’s bush was not particularly thick or overgrown – in fact it looked to be trimmed tidily at the edges – but nonetheless it looked natural and normal (whatever that meant any more). “So look at her – but don’t make it obvious. All you can see is a dark triangle of hair. Big whoop. Behind it is a fanny. But the same could be said for Prudence’s bikini or any other clothes for that matter. Other than highlighting where that fanny is, as if we didn’t know, her bush hides it as effectively as any clothes. There is no chance anyone could actually see her fanny unless she did a cartwheel.”  
  
Becky laughed at this thought. Caroline was aware, of course, from noticing it all afternoon and thinking a great deal about it, that there were other movements short of cartwheels that might show fleeting views of a woman’s genitals in more detail, and she was also aware that her own pubic hair was lighter in colour and more sparse than this woman’s, but she still felt the general point was valid. Just because a woman is naked does not mean her sexual parts are on display. “Compared to some of these women with little or no public hair, a woman who just shows that she has hair looks positively modest!” Caroline was also starting to think a great deal about whether or not it was a big deal even if her sexual parts were on display, but she didn’t think Becky was ready to think about that yet.  
  
Becky took the point, at least for the time being, and the girls settled down to enjoy the lovely evening, eating, sipping wine and chatting amongst themselves and with others around them. Several more times, Caroline and Prudence went in for a dip while Becky kept her knickers dry, but she and Caroline did stay topless for the rest of their time.  
  
Eventually, as the sun set and the light began to fade and the crowd on the beach thinned out, Caroline realised she had to go to catch her train. With a sigh, she pulled her T-shirt out of her pannier and pulled it over her head. She then realised that although her bare torso had dried quickly in the air, her knickers were still damp from her last dip in the sea. Not wanting sit on a train with clammy, wet knickers all the way back to London, she stood up, hooked her thumbs into the lacy waistband and nonchalantly pulled them down and kicked them aside. As she stood up, her T-shirt did not reach down quite far enough to cover all of her essentials. At the back, it was long enough that it might have covered the top half of her cheeks, but in fact it was resting on her hips and not covering them at all. At the front, it only covered half of Caroline’s sandy-blonde pubic hair, now drier but still slightly damp. Beneath the hem and through the wispy light hair, Becky and Prudence, who were still sitting looking up at her, had a clear view of her labia minora sticking out between her outer lips.  
  
Having studied the subject all afternoon, Caroline was fully aware of exactly what Becky and Prudence could see. But she was trying to make a point. (And, she realised, it was sort of fun.) Prudence just stared in astonishment, as Becky spluttered … “But, … but …”  
  
“Relax,” said Caroline. “Now stand up.” They did. “What can you see now?”  
  
Becky realised that standing a few feet away, she could no longer see anything under the hem of Caroline’s T-shirt. She also realised that she wouldn’t see much more standing at a greater distance with her eyes at normal eye-level. It still didn’t seem right, though.  
  
Caroline bent over, fished out her shorts and wiggled them on. With hugs all around, the girls said their good-byes, promising to meet again soon, and Caroline walked her bike back across the beach as the others gathered their things to make their own way home.

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- A Mad Idea part 1**

As Caroline’s train pulled into Victoria Station, she still didn’t know what to make of her experience that day. She had clearly enjoyed it, but she couldn’t single out a reason why. Of course she had enjoyed promoting a good cause, and cycling about on a beautiful day had been great – but what to make of all the nudity? She had enjoyed that too, but was it watching others or actually stripping down herself? First, as for seeing others naked, she was of course fascinated by the men. It’s not that she found it sexually stimulating in itself – but why, then was it so obvious to her and the man sitting opposite that her nipples were standing to attention under her thin T-shirt?  
  
Of course there was the novelty of seeing so many different penises – cocks and balls – having experience only of Mike’s. She couldn’t believe how many different sizes and shapes there were. Most of them, she had to admit, she did not find attractive at all to look at. But a few of them … mmm, she was still thinking about them. She could not help wondering how big they got and … what they felt like. On balance, though, it did not feel particularly sexy looking at naked men, though it did inspire some thoughts of a sexual nature.  
  
The naked women were another matter. Caroline was not at all sexually attracted by them, but she was also utterly fascinated to see them all. It wasn’t seeing the variety in their appearance; she knew perfectly well how women’s sex organs varied in size and prominence of labia and clitoral hoods, and she had seen all permutations of shaving and trimming in the showers at the gym, though she had never seen bright pink pubic hair before today. And of course she had seen breasts in all shapes and sizes. What fascinated her about the women was the unsuspected ways the most intimate details of a woman’s vulva might be completely hidden by a bicycle seat (or not), and especially how different but perfectly ordinary and innocent movements on a bicycle might suddenly expose a hidden part – albeit sometimes only for an instant.  
  
On the beach, too, she’d noticed a couple of girls – they seemed her age – having come in from a quick naked swim, sitting in a way that suggested they were still shy about showing their bodies; they were sitting with their knees up, leaning forward with their arms wrapped around their knees and their breasts pressed against them. Caroline supposed that this posture was to hide their bare breasts from view, but then she noticed (as certainly did every man sitting or passing nearby) that this position not only exposed each girl’s entire vulva, but neatly framed it between her upper thighs and the space made by the tapering of her calves to her ankles. Anyone approaching from the water or sitting nearby to the side could see. ‘Did these girls suppose that their legs were clamped together, shielding their privates from view?’ she thought. ‘They must have felt the flow of the sea breeze on them, though. Perhaps their posture was just for warmth after swimming. Did they just think that their ankles provided a visual barrier? Or did they perhaps know exactly what was on view but not care?’ Caroline had noticed that a few women tried to cover their breasts when walking on the beach but made no effort to hide their genitals, even if they were clean-shaven and completely exposed. Caroline could not understand this as she was much more afraid of exposing her sex than her breasts. She didn’t think she could ever sit like that on the beach, but if she had not seen the other girls she was pretty sure she would have had no idea what she was showing. Whether they were aware or not, Caroline knew that she would have to be careful if she ever did sit like that.  
  
Caroline wasn’t turned on by seeing these unintentional (or even intentional) acts of exposure – at least, she wasn’t turned on by seeing another woman’s most private parts. But it made her think about what it meant for herself. What would she be exposing if she weren’t wearing knickers? How would it feel to expose parts of her no man except Mike and her doctor had seen? She couldn’t let go of this nagging curiosity, and a large part of her wished she had had the courage to try it and find out. She admired the women who had been brave enough to bare all, even – or perhaps especially – those whose posture and tan lines suggested they were still shy about too much public exposure, and she was really annoyed with herself for chickening out. She vowed she would definitely do the ride again in the altogether … next year. A year away. That seemed so long. She cursed herself for wasting the opportunity, and wondered how she could wait.  
  
By now, her train had arrived. She and the man opposite her both retrieved their bikes and went off in opposite directions at the ticket gates. With her head still turning over all these thoughts, Caroline walked her bike across the busy road next to the station and headed toward the quiet backstreet she usually took on her daily bicycle commute. She came across a quiet little square and turned in just to give herself some peace and quiet in which to collect herself. She was struck by how deserted the square was; there was only one man a short distance away smoking a cigarette. The side streets were also deserted. Caroline usually went this way during the busy morning and evening commute hours, but it was now nearly ten o’clock on a Sunday night, and practically no one was about.  
  
She noticed that her bike was still covered in WNBR posters and the green seat cover. ‘Oh my god,’ she thought. ‘What if the other cyclist on the train noticed them? There is nothing to be ashamed of in the ride,’ she reminded herself, ‘especially to another cyclist. Far from it. Anything to promote cycle safety and remind the public how invisible cyclists usually are is a good thing.’   
  
Suddenly, she had an idea that was so mad she tried to dismiss it right off – but it wouldn’t go away. She tried to imagine how few people were likely to see her on her ride home at this hour – possibly even none. Could she …? Was she just still affected by all the wine on the beach with her friends? The smoker was looking over at her now and again, so she began to fiddle in her pannier to give herself something to do, and to seem to have a reason for loitering. She saw her still damp knickers wadded up in the bottom of her pannier and remembered she was only wearing two things besides shoes and helmet. Could she …? She got out her lights and adjusted them on her bike, for longer than was necessary. Eventually, the smoker stubbed out his cigarette and disappeared around the corner. This was it. The moment of decision. Could she? Would she?  
  
She had to. She wouldn’t forgive herself for chickening out again. Quickly, she shimmied out of her shorts and was naked from the waist down (as far as her shoes, anyway), just by a usually busy London street. Just as quickly, she pulled her T-shirt up and over … damn! She had forgotten to take her helmet off first. Her T-shirt was up and over her head, covering her face, but her arms were tangled in the sleeves and she couldn’t get her helmeted head through the neck hole. She was flailing about, virtually stark naked on a busy London street, and she couldn’t even see if the smoker or another pedestrian came by!  
  
It seemed an eternity but was probably only half a minute, but she finally managed to unbuckle her helmet and remove it and the shirt together. She extracted the helmet and put it back on. She looked down at her naked body and felt a surge of excitement tinged with fear. She was really doing it! But what if someone did see her? What if someone recognised her? She fished out her large sunglasses and put them on, hoping that would be enough of a disguise. The streets were well-enough lit that she could see even in sunglasses, but it was dark enough out that her shadowy naked figure wouldn’t be obvious to anyone from a distance, or so she hoped.  
  
She looked at her bike and asked herself, for the first time that it was particularly relevant, whether she should lift her leg forward and over the bar or swing it back and over the seat. There was no one around to see either way, so she did what she usually did and swung her leg back. She planted her foot on the pedal and pushed off. She was hardly 100 metres from Victoria Station and cycling starkers, all by herself. For the first half mile or so along her usual daily commuting route, she saw no pedestrians or cars on the road.   
  
Then she saw a pedestrian ahead on the opposite side, walking in the same direction with his or her back to her. Feeling a bit giddy with the thrill of riding naked (and perhaps still with the wine), she simply sped up and zipped past. She was close enough that the pedestrian must have noticed a cyclist passing, but had he or she noticed that she was naked? Would an average pedestrian even bother to look up at a passing cyclist? Given that Caroline herself couldn’t tell if the pedestrian was male or female, what would the pedestrian have noticed even if he or she had looked up? Caroline certainly heard no reaction, so she assumed she’d got away with it and let out a little sigh of relief.  
  
She soon arrived next to the small triangular park where her quiet side street merged into a much busier road. Caroline suddenly panicked that the upcoming stretch would be too exposed. Quickly, she hopped off her bike and ducked into the park to give herself time to think. She often visited the farmers market there on weekends, and it felt strange and thrilling to be standing there naked. Though there were a few trees, the park did not really provide any shelter to speak of other than being a bit darker than the roads. Caroline tried to think of the most suitable back streets to divert into, though this would mean leaving her direct commuting route. A car passed, but Caroline did not think the driver could have seen her.  
  
After that, though, it was quiet again, and Caroline realised the main road was much less trafficked at that hour than she expected. She realised that she was enjoying not just the marvellous sense that she was cycling stark naked, but that she was doing so on the route she followed daily, and she didn’t want to leave it. So she mounted her bike again and charged straight ahead along the main road. There were still no cars or pedestrians. Wow,she thought.  
  
She approached a junction. She had a green light, but there was a taxi stopped at the red light on the crossing street. Caroline would either have to cycle straight on and right in front of the taxi, or stop and wait in hope that it would move on without the driver seeing her. This would mean waiting by the side of the road for a minute or two for the lights to change, however, and it was just as likely another car (or more than one) would come along either on her road or the one crossing. She decided that flying by one taxi was better than the risk of standing around in view of several, so she dashed across the junction. The driver must have seen something as it flashed through his headlamps, and this time Caroline was less sure he was unlikely to notice that it was a naked woman. Still, the world did not come to an end.  
  
She was soon past the junction and speeding along the usually busy but now deserted road and approaching a turnoff she often took on the way home if she needed to stop by a minimarket along the way. Her ‘usual’ daily route therefore actually had two alternative versions. It was definitely quieter to go past the minimarket – which would be closed now – so Caroline turned and found herself in a quiet residential street. She slowed her pace a little and caught her breath. Though the market was closed, there was a pub this way and it would still be open. She just hoped she would pass before closing time, when all the customers would be filing out.  
  
She made it before closing time, but as luck would have it there were two customers coming out anyway as she passed. They saw Caroline and cheered. Slightly embarrassed, she pointed to the WNBR posters on the back of her bicycle, hoping that would explain what she was doing cycling naked. In fact, though, the men weren’t even wondering what her motivation was – they were just happy to admire the view.  
  
Once past the pub, Caroline took the opportunity to look down at her naked body properly for the first time since she’d started cycling. She looked particularly at her crotch to see what was visible above her bicycle seat.  
  
Caroline’s bike was configured between the very upright stance of some of the women she’d seen in Brighton and the nearly horizontal racing stance of some others. Her torso leant forward when her hands rested on the handlebars, but not very much. A spectator in front would have a full-on view of breasts and tummy (and she noticed with pride how flat and toned it looked). Below that, Caroline could see virtually all of her sandy-blonde pubic hair, which obscured her view of what was underneath. She could only just see the nose of her saddle – with its bright green cover – sticking out between her thighs as they moved up and down. Caroline had a lady’s seat, so it was shorter in front than the ‘men’s’ seats even some women used. This meant there was not a long expanse of seat for her vulva to rest on hidden from view, though with her semi-upright posture it wouldn’t have done so anyway unless she had rolled her lower torso very far forward.  
  
Curious to see how much was potentially exposed, she reached down and gingerly parted her moderately sparse pubic hair with two fingers, exposing not only the entire top half of her labia, but also her two-inch long clitoral hood. Both were enlarged and flushed dark pink, and her hood was partially retracted. ‘Oh, my!’ she thought. Then she reached down with her middle finger and felt the mouth of her vagina, which was sopping wet. ‘Oh MY!’ She was glad the pub wasn’t her local and that she hadn’t recognised anyone. ‘This isn’t supposed to be about sex, it is supposed to be about cycling and independence. Why am I so aroused?’

**Caroline's Naked Ride -- A Mad Idea part 2 (conclusion)**

After another half mile winding through side streets, Caroline was nearing home. Between her and her front door was a street to cross that was usually busy, and beyond that lay her street, which was apt to be even busier even at that hour, not to mention the bus stop in front of the door to the a block of flats where she lived. Though she knew the street and bus stop would be less busy late on a Sunday than at other times, there were still bound to be some cars and people around and she didn’t dare run the risk of being recognised by a neighbour or even seen entering her block by someone who might recognise her later. Reluctantly, she brought her mad, naked ride to an end about a quarter mile from home. She dismounted in a deserted street, retrieved her clothes from her pannier and put them on before finishing her journey.  
  
While she was riding that last, clothed quarter mile, though, there were far fewer people and cars than she had feared – probably no more than had seen her fly past already that night. Even more surprisingly, there was actually no one in sight when she arrived at her front door. As she unlocked it and pushed her bike into the block, she realised she could have made it all the way completely naked without being seen by more than a couple more people and that she would not have been recognised or even seen entering her front door. ‘Oh, well, maybe another time,’ she thought with a laugh, ‘as if that will ever happen.’  
  
She wheeled her bike to the back and through the door to the light well where bicycles were stored. Looking up, she saw that the windows of her flat were all dark and realised that Mike must have gone to bed early as he had to get to work very early the next day. Still flushed with the thrill of having been naked in unaccustomed places and disappointed it had all ended so soon, she had another mischievous idea and slipped her clothes off again. She felt a tingle of excitement over every inch of her bare skin, especially those most sensitive areas of her nipples and sex. ‘What if someone catches me on the stairs?’ she thought. She thrilled at the danger.  
  
This time she removed her shoes and helmet as well and stuffed everything into her pannier along with her long-neglected knickers. She added her sunglasses and the little gold pendant she usually wore, locked the door to the bike storage and padded silently and breathlessly up the stairs to her flat, as completely naked as it was possible to be, her pannier in one hand and her keys in the other. She was unlikely to meet a neighbour on the stairs at that hour, and if she heard anyone coming she could duck around a corner on one of the landings, but it still seemed slightly dangerous … and thrilling.  
  
When she got to her flat door several flights up, she peeked through the letter slot and, seeing no sign of lights or movement, she very quietly turned her key in the lock, opened her door and slipped in. Closing the door silently behind her, she leant against it and realised she had been holding her breath. She breathed out and in a few times. There should have been nothing remarkable about being naked in her own flat, but if Mike suddenly found her like that he would wonder what the hell was going on. Quietly, she put down her pannier and hung up her keys and then tip-toed down the corridor, past her closed bedroom door. She went into the bathroom, closed the door and turned on the light. Her eyes were overwhelmed by the sudden brightness, but also by the sight of herself in the full length mirror. Being stark naked in her own bathroom was even less remarkable, but thinking back to what she had just done, she was exhilarated. She also thought her naked body looked stunning. ‘Maybe I should let more people enjoy the sight sometime,’ she thought. ‘One step at a time, though.’  
  
With that, she turned off the light and crept across to her bedroom door and silently turned the handle. Inside, she could hear Mike gently snoring. She tip-toed up to the bed, lifted the covers and slipped under them. Mike felt her arrive and mumbled something, half asleep. Caroline had no intention of going quietly to sleep, however, and she reached under the waistband of Mike’s boxer shorts and took his penis … his cock in her hands. As she slowly massaged it with her fingers, it seemed to stir to wakefulness faster than Mike, though he soon grunted something inarticulate and vaguely appreciative. Caroline took her hand out and with both hands pulled his boxers down and off. He was now awake and wondering what was going on. Then she straddled Mike’s thighs and resumed massaging his cock until – in very little time at all – it was fully erect. Caroline moved her pelvis forward and slowly lowered herself down onto him as Mike, though surprised, put up no resistance.  
  
Caroline moved up and down, slowly at first, and then with increasing speed. She imagined she was on her bicycle, pumping furiously, speeding stark naked through the crowded streets. She closed her eyes and remembered all the feelings stirred up when she first saw the ride participants naked and getting painted, then the terrifying thrill of stripping to her bra and knickers. She saw the man with the lovely, perfect cock. She relived all the remarkable moments of the ride itself, the fear of the pushy spectators at the start, then the free fun as the ride took off and especially when she shed her bra. She felt the sun, air and sea caressing her bare skin. Finally, she remembered her daring, mad naked ride through London – the fear of being seen, the playful challenge of avoiding it, and then the rush of finally being seen by a handful of bystanders.  
  
She cried out and came faster and stronger than ever before, but still she kept pumping. She ran her fingers through Mike’s chest hair and leaned forward, as if straining uphill on her bike. She tried to imagine how her change in posture affected what she would expose from behind. Her head swam with conflicting recollections or embarrassment and pride, a swirling mix of anticipation, fear, excitement, exhilaration and arousal. Pleasure radiated throughout her body. She was well on her way to a second orgasm – it would have been the first time that had happened – when Mike began groaning and then, with a grunt, exploded inside her. Finally, she rolled off him and onto her back beside him, spent. She could just reach over to grab some tissues and clean herself up as best she could without getting up, as she no longer felt capable of doing so.  
  
“What was all that ab–” Mike started to ask, but Caroline just touched his lips with her finger.  
  
“I’ll tell you tomorrow.” ‘What on earth will I say tomorrow?’ she wondered, but soon she drifted off into a blissful sleep.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
The sun was streaming in the window by their bed the next morning when Caroline looked up to see Mike, fully dressed and buckling his cycle helmet.  
  
“I was afraid you’d oversleep,” he said. “That was some surprise last night. You’ll have to tell me tonight what you spent all your time talking about with Becky and Prudence. Bye,” and he headed out the door.  
  
As Caroline heard her flat door close shut, she sat bolt upright and threw off the covers. “The posters!” she cried. She had just remembered that her bicycle, next to Mike’s in the rack, was still covered with World Naked Bike Ride posters and the green seat cover. She could never explain those to Mike! She jumped out of bed and ran down the corridor, grabbing her keys and dashing out the door and down the stairs. She was startled to meet her downstairs neighbour, Mrs. Lawton, a widow of sixty, on the landing below. Mrs. Lawton was even more startled, as Caroline was still stark naked.  
  
“My goodness, dear. Look what you’ve done!” she said, with a tone of sympathy. Caroline suddenly realised what she meant and tried covering herself with her hands, though in her flustered state she kept switching the hands trying to cover her breasts and her groin and so didn’t do a very good job of covering either. “Oh don’t bother with that – you don’t have anything an old woman like me hasn’t seen hundreds of times before. And don’t be embarrassed. It’s happened to all of us at one time or another. Have you locked yourself out? Come have a cup of tea while we sort you out.”  
  
“Oh, no, thank you. I’ve got my keys,” replied Caroline, extremely relieved to find that was the case. There was no way she could have tea in her neighbour’s flat completely naked. ‘And what about Mike and the posters?’ she thought. ‘Oh well, it’s probably too late now, and I can hardly go down to meet him like this’. “Thank you for the offer, though. Maybe another time. When I’ve got clothes on!”  
  
“As you wish, dear. You’re welcome any time. I hope you’ll always feel as comfortable in my home as you do in yours!”  
  
‘What did she mean by that?’ Caroline thought. ‘Does she think I run around my own flat naked? And did she mean …?’  
  
“Thanks,” was all Caroline could say as she dashed back up the stairs, hoping not to meet another neighbour on the way. She fumbled with her keys at the door, first inserting the wrong one. It seemed to take ages, but finally she threw open the door and ran in, slamming it safely behind her. Catching her breath, she ran to the bathroom to throw water in her face, which was hot with embarrassment. In the bathroom, she caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror again and was horrified to see a big, white blotch on the inside of her right thigh. Oh my god, she thought. ‘Did Mrs Lawton notice that?’ She grabbed a flannel and began feverishly trying to rub it off, before realising there was no urgency any more. What was done was done. With a sigh, she turned on the shower and though to herself, ‘That’s it. I’m never going to be naked again!’ But it wasn’t going to be that simple.