City Dress Rip-off

Part 1

**jaynee**

Mon May 4, 2009 14:06

67.83.159.224

The day of the streak arrived and as usual I was nervous but heavily excited. It was a bit cold out as it was a very early saturday morning. I chose saturday morning because it is generally very quiet.

I soaked in my tub for 1/2 hour fantasizing about my plan. I worked out all kinds of ways to make it more exciting, scary scenarios, thought about being arrested and handcuffed naked and walked to the closest police station, etc.

While in the tub, I shaved myself down to my favorites landing strip, that would soon be my only attire.

I started driving to the city at 7:30 am. I made it into the financial area by 8:30 and found a parking spot on a small side street within 15 minutes.

I didn't see to many people out, so I still felt good about my plan.

I stepped out of my car.

I forgot to describe my attire...

I had on a whispy spaghetti strapped dress, as planned. It was floral patterned. I had on a pair of heels, covered toe, since it was a bit cold - 55 degrees

If someone was in front of my car as I stepped out, they would have had a show. The wind hustled up my skirt exposing me to the street.

I quickly looked around at my parking spot, noting the street signs on either corner and the name of the street I was on.

I started walking off toward where I had seen a subway stop on my way down.

My heart was pounding as I was thinking about what it will be like later having to traverse these streets in nothing but my heels. As I was lost in though and when I rounded the corner, another huge gust of wind blew my dress up against my face.....that meant everything was on display below!!!!!

I quickly brushed it down and continued walking toward the subway.

As I got to the subway, I noticed I had walked about 3 blocks from my car. Was this far enough, should I push on further to find a more daring spot to streak from? Did I need to really look for another spot, the roads were pretty square, I could easily find my way back to my car if I was dropped off two blocks up and one more block over. Should I scout it out?? Seems like the streets are loaded with parked cars, and the city is not yet awake, I better get further downtown quickly so I can get a cab and get the plan started.

With that I entered the subway and was immediately able to get on a downtown train. As I sat down, I was careful not to sit directly across form anyone in case I might flash them.

As the train came up about 3 stops later, I figured this was a good neighborhood to get out and hail a cab. There was a really old man in front of m getting out of the subway, I waited forever for him and started walking out, as I did, the doors pushed closed right behind me, and suddenly I was stopped in my tracks...oh no!!!!

City Dress Rip-off Part 2

Mon May 4, 2009 14:30

67.83.159.224

I couldn't believe it, if this train takes off, I'll be naked 30+ blocks from my car, and I have no more subway change, I'll have to go to the booth and buy another token...

Then, the doors opened, I jumped away, and they immediately reclosed. whew!!

While I was scared out of my mind, my naughty side was secretly enjoying the moment.

On a technical note, I had loosened the seems on this dress in preparation for the big ripoff, and this stunt with the subway ripped half of the seems on either side of my waist. I had to walk with my arms at my sides to prevent exposure of my ribs and anything else.

I walked carefully up the steps to street level, holding my dress down and in, especially against the predatory wind. It was chilly, especially when the wind ran right along my stomach, I already felt so naked and exposed.

I continued walking down one of the main aves and made a left down a side street. This street was lined with parked cars, trees, and brownstones. It was deserted. I walked in another block, crossing a smaller street identical to this street, again, no-one was around. Everyone must be hung-over???

Again, now extremely turned on by my almost forced nudity on the subway and now near nudity with 1/2 of my sides split open and a near useless now left should spaghetti strap, i thought this would be a good place for a mini-dare. What should I do??? I could run naked ot the end of the block and back, but not in these heels, they are echoing already and would draw attention to me.

I found a huge garbage can, and squatted next to it, I wanted to get naked here, but I couldn't do it. My body was asking me to go for it, my nipples were poking against the sundress to teh point they were causing me pain, but I couldn't just take it off. So, still hunched over, I slipped my heels off. Oh god, that delicious feeling of my naked feet against the cold concrete was too much. It was so naughty to be barefoot in the city, 50 degrees, public sidewalk, so I couldn't take it anymore and I stripped my dress off over my head, while still crouched.

Now I was totally naked, my delicate dress bunched up in my hands and my heels in front of me. I hadn't planned this, so I didn't know yet what to do. I wanted to leave my clothes behind, but where? I didn't want to leave them against hte trash, someone would take them thinking they were trash...so I left my heels on the stoop of the brownstone behind me. I tucked my dress underneath so it wouldn't blow away. Then I sprinted down the sidewalk. I ran towards the corner, all I could hear was the wind. I stoped just shy of the corner and took stock of my situation.

I'm totally naked, 60 yards from my clothes in a major city. If my clothes are stolen, I'm easily 30 blocks away form my car and I live easily 50 miles from the city..

I jumped across the street and began walking up back towards the brownstone. At this point I noticed 3 girls coming in the opposite direction across the street. I squatted and continued walking toward my clothes, hidden behind a line of parked cars.

I saw them stop, to my horror, in front of my clothes and shoes. Not good.

They picked up my shoes!!!!

I think they are trying them on?? Who does that??

Then I shuttered, they picked up my crinkled dress and held it up, it looked as if they like it. The red haired girl pointed at the hole in the side, please don;t rip it more. I saw them looking at the dress in disapproval, one put her arms up in an "oh well" signal, hen they proceeded to walk off with my dress and my shoes!!!!!!

The red haired girl then dumped the dress in the waste basket, but kept my shoes!!!

I waited, crouched between two parked cars, now totally sweating but frigidly cold. My feet were burning form the cold concrete, but my whole body was in a cold scared sweat. Why did I do this. I had to get to that trash bin, get my dress, I hope it isn't full of trash, and then hail that cab to get back to my car asap!!!

I ran over to the trash can and found my dress on top of some newspaper, well at least something went right.

I quickly put it on, I noticed on strap was severed form the dress and the right side was connected by 2 stitches, I had to be careful walking back a few blocks to where I could catch a cab.

City Dress Rip-off Part 3

Tue May 5, 2009 20:59

67.83.159.224

I walked careful steps toward a main ave to have the best chance to catch a cab. It was difficult to keep my dress on, closed at the hip, while watching out for glass, gum, and other typical city sidewalk hazards.

My feet were so cold. When teh wind blew through my skirt, I felt so cold, my nipples were on edge, i had goosebumps, yet I was hot and alive inside.

The slow walk toward the main ave just heightened my arousal. Plus, the anticipation of being left naked in this city was all I could think about.

As people walked toward me , I kept out of their way, generally favoring the street side.

About 50 feet or so form the main ave, I passed a couple with a dog. Not wanting the dog to get a sniff of my arousal I walked over towards the curb, brushing up against a no parking sign. Immediately I felt a tug and stopped in my tracks. I was caught on the sign and I had ripped the left side of my skirt form teh hem up to the armpit. Another step and I'd be separated from my dress and it would be nothing more than a protest sign.

I quickly stepped back and freed myself form the sign. Now I had a lot to worry about but at least when the cab took my skirt, there would be no safety issue with me getting dragged by the cab. In fact, I bet a good breeze could strip me bare. Oooh the thought of that made my knees weak as I continues toward the main ave.

Finally at one of the main avenues, I started hailing a cab. It took just a few minutes, but one arrives.

I jumped in and immediately felt my bare bottom stick against the vinal interior of the back seat as I tried to scootch across the seat to get in.

I asked the cab driver to go towards teh financial district. I wasn;t sure what ave this would turn into down there, the streets become a bit curvy and I'm not too familar with them.

City Dress Rip-off Part 4

Tue May 5, 2009 21:08

67.83.159.224

As we drove downtown I couldn't help but play with myself. I hope this isn't too much for the board and I won't go into detail.

But I needed the heightened arousal to have the guts to get naked. The built up fantasy, the proximity to total nudity and humiliation I felt so far today, and the tease my dress turned into put me into a frenzy and I needed to turn it up a notch to let this cab drive off with my only clothes in a busy city.

Right as I was near climax, the cabbie told me we were in the financial district and asked me where I wanted to be dropped off.

I looked around, but horns were blaring behind us. The driver became inpatient, I told him to let me off the left side of the ave, since we seemed to be on the opposite side of the ave where my car was. I couldn't exactly tell where we were, but based on some of the taller buildings, I knew we were within 5 blocks in either direction of my car. Normally I would have asked the cabbie to keep going, but I was so near orgasm that I needed to be out of the cab to get this plan going before I climaxed and had to chicken out, I lose my nerves after I go.

I paid the cabbie and scooted over to the other side of the cab to get out. As I got out I started to close the door on my dress per my plan, but I suddenly realised I wasn't sure where I was, while I was in near orgasmic bliss, I lost track of a turn or 2 of the cab and couldn't orient myself as to where I needed to run to my car.

As I reached ot re-open the door, the cabbie gunned it, ripping my dress from my body. Holy shit. Plan executed, but I was frozen, totally naked and barefoot in the middle of the city, not knowing where to run.