Hiding in Plain Sight

Joan had been reading some of these stories and seen a couple of NIP movies. She was intrigued. She had been raised Christian fundamentalist, was not a year out of a very limiting marriage. At this time in her life, she is looking to make up for lost time and adventure. We had taken a walk in the desert and she had tried walking nude for a portion. In no time, she took to nudity around her house, and then got a thrill venturing outside and into her backyard. Next, she slid into her pool. Nude sun bathing lying in the middle of her trampoline began after that. She was thoroughly
enjoying the freedom and risk of being discovered in situations that before had been inappropriate.

She wanted to try a longer nude walk. I suggested my fantasy of
body paint and a bike ride along the river park under full
moonlight. One evening, I painted a black sport bra and stretch bike
style pants on her as she stood talking on the phone. Her pubic hair
stood out rather obviously. She was giggling in delighted approval
when she looked into the full length mirror. She was ready to go for
it. With a deep breath, she boldly strode out her front door and
down the drive to the sidewalk. We walked around the corner to the
more traveled street in her neighborhood. Barely a minute went by
without another car coming at us with blaring daylight making
headlights. Each time we would hug, hiding her pubic hair with my
body. The side view was the most presented. She was loving being
nude in a public setting.

After walking around the area we decided to go where she
wasn't known and to find some excitement. The local grocery store
shopping mall was on the list, because she had a letter that needed
to be dropped off in the postbox. I pulled up to the curb in front
of the stores and the curb side mail box, which was about 40 feet
from the open grocery's large front door. She got out and walked the
brightly lit ten or twelve feet to the mailbox. We had not planned
on her being in any light but dim, because it would be just too
evident that she was actually totally nude. She commented, "Okay,
now I'm scared." with a gulp. She looked out at a group of people
conversing in the parking lot in front of the grocery store with
direct sight of her complete exposer. She was so visibly excited and
turned on. We figured there wasn't much chance of fooling these
people. They were her audience. She tried; the key word is "tried,"
to act casual and natural. We drove around the parking lot watching
the "audience" to see if they were watching us or pointing.

We decided to drive to another part of town and find a
neighborhood to walk in. I had taken some walks in one area a couple of years before, and thought it a moderately traveled and lit area.
Murphy's Law, it wasn't that night. Immediately after we got out of
the car and locked it, the porch lights on the house next door were
on and someone was coming out of the front door. She denied my
caution to leave and start elsewhere. We walked right past two guys
standing on their front porch, as its front light shown out on us.
She walked with me between them, obscuring their complete view and exposed to the street. We walked on, down the street, having to hug to hide from two cars head lights. We arrived at the corner. There we got trapped with two cars at the same time, coming from different directions. One stopped at the intersection a few feet from us. They could see most of her body, but it seemed that they weren't seeing the paint as paint, but mistaking it for skin tight clothes.

We continued down the street. There was a lot of traffic for
the area and more bright porch lights than I remembered. People were out walking on this warm night. It was busy. At one point we had three people walking down in the street on our side toward us. We had no choice but to walk right up to them and pass. Joan kept
extremely cool and walked using my body as a bit of a block as they
approached with a car's headlights shinning on her from behind their
backs. The car passed as a telephone pole sat in just the correct
spot, at just the correct time. We passed close to these three and
greeted them with, "Good evening". I guess people expect someone to be wearing skin tight clothes and not paint. They see what they
expect to see. It was amazing. Dozens of people saw most of her butt
naked body but didn't believe it.

I thought of another neighborhood where I knew a nudist
couple. We parked in front of their house in case we needed to make a quick hideout and our car wouldn't look strange or suspicious. We
walked down the street. This neighborhood was no where near as busy as the last location, but at the end of the street we turned and
walked down a major street with three lanes going each way. We were locked along a long bare wall about 40 feet from the road lanes. It kept us somewhat obscure, but there was no ability to hug, to hide
from the light and passing cars. I had noticed that Joan's paint job
on her butt had worn down from sitting in the car. It looked like
her pants had worn to a very, I mean very, threadbare state. I was
nervous about this, especially because there was more possibility of
an observant patrol car cruising by. Joan, bless her, was undaunted.
Of course she couldn't appreciate the view of her threadbare paint
and may have felt quite different, if she could really see herself.

Note from Joan: I was really nervous at first. As we passed several
people, I came to realize that the other people really were just
assuming I had on workout clothes. I found myself wanting to find
more and more people to see me in my unclothes. I thought it was
quite an adventure.

We finally reached the next block about a short quarter mile
up the road and turned back into the residential area, to my relief.
We walked and hugged for a couple of miles through that
neighborhood. We had about a dozen more encounters with headlights that evening. She was nude and thoroughly enjoying her freedom; I was dressed and my nerves were being stretched. Yes, a police car finally did drive down the street just a few feet next to us. The paint thing with the teamwork paid off.

I realized a new side of Joan developing. On the way back we thought we would do a Taco Bell drive through. We were both pretty thirsty.
Joan had a wild turned on look in her eye, was feeling bold, and
wanted to go through without covering. I had to explain that that
was a potential bust. Yea, I suppose you readers are thinking I was
a killjoy, but this one is a true story. We had to come up with
something else. She had gone from going secretly nude in public, to
wanting to expose herself. A brazen exhibitionist was budding.

We loved this. Everyone was summer hot in clothing. She strolled
along very comfortable, but was being hot in other ways. I was hot
in every which way.

The Next Week: She Blooms

The next week, after her successful paint adventure, Joan took to
fantasies and planning a legal exhibitionist plot with enthusiasm.
She had shortened a few of her skirts. One already short skirt was
an emerald green lace cover over a satin slip. She had cut out the
slip and wanted to go out in just the lace. Wow, it looked sexy, but
it was totally see-through. Everything was evident. She would be
just the same as being nude in public. It was an obvious arrest. I
suggested a brief flesh colored set of underwear, just enough to
make it legal. Joan had nothing to fit the bill. She had gone from
conservative Grandma knickers to wearing nothing a few months before.
She consequently had nothing appropriately inappropriate. We went
to Fredrick's and Victoria's Secret in the mall to find some
underwear. We found a nude set of bra and G string knickers. They
were small, but enough to cover the nipples and genitals. The panty
is stringy and has a very small V opening with an emblem at the top
of the front panels "V". It was just enough to cover her pubic hair
except for the mini V with the emblem. She put on the lace dress and
modeled. She was pretty much going out in the smallest of nude
colored underwear. I thought that sense, or some modesty would hit
her when she looked in the mirror, but evident delight took over her
face. She enthusiastically said, "Let's go" as she strutted bravely
out the front door to dinner. Suddenly, she stumbled out of her
glide whispering, "Oh shit, what if the neighbors see me!" She
walked around the front of my car, which was waiting in the
driveway, without any chance meetings with her neighbors.

We decided on our favorite vegetarian restaurant in the
middle of the college bar/bohemian area of town, where it wasn't
likely we would see anyone we knew. I found a place to park right in
front, on the curb. She appreciated the short quick trip into the
restaurant. We asked to be set at our table and were led through the
place. We had to walk around the belly dancer that every patron was
watching, and then arrived at our destination. No ones jaw dropped.
I only saw casual notice, except one guy in the main lobby that
might have twisted his neck a little too much. You see, his head
spun around following her cute bare ass (did I ever mention her very
cute ass and the great walk she has).

We had a fine dinner, enjoyed the belly dancer and her balancing
tricks, and then strolled out on the town. Joan was comfortable
now. For the next while, we strolled arm in arm, hip to hip, down
the Ave. We looked in store windows and watched the people. I
enjoyed watching people watching Joan. There was reggae music
blaring out of a bar with its own sand box beach and umbrellas out
front. We decided to go for it. We spent the next hour or more
swaying to the beat, making out, and generally enjoying ourselves.
There were blacklights here and there and I noticed how they would
accent the underwear, leaving no doubts about what Joan was wearing.
When we went out on the dance floor, all eyes were following her.
People were smiling and stirring. They came out and joined us
catching our liberated vibe.

We left after an hour or more, and then found ourselves in a hippie
shop. I think it is called The Hippie Shop. It was well lit, so the
dress was absolutely see-through and we spent long enough to close
the place at midnight. We were looking at the posters, and bending
over, looking at the racks of bumper stickers. At one point Joan was
able to check herself out in the full mirror in the open dressing
room and was delighted once more. No adjustments necessary.

As we strolled on, we made a turnoff from the main street, and into
an old residential area. We found a dark area by a tree on the side
walk, about a block and a half down, and began to smooch. There were cars passing taking short cuts from the bars that would light things up from time to time. As we held each other and romantically
expressed our love, I began to lift her dress and caress her body.
After a long heated session, I undid her bra and we slipped it
through and out of her dress and into my pocket. She looked both
ways. She had that look about her eyes. The inevitable happened,
although we hadn't anticipated or planned on it. I slipped her
knickers down and off of her. She was sooo wet, and then suddenly, I
was holding her weight up with my arms, as her shaking legs were
giving out from under her. We continued, and she was dripping, and I
was rubbing her button, and it went on forever.

A note from Joan:
Oh. My. Gosh. I was so freakin excited when we were making out
right there on the street with my underwear and bra in Johnny's
pocket and my dress riding up where Johnny was caressing me. There I was with my bare butt, seeing people walking down the street. I could see them and feel the air all over me, but they couldn't see me. Or so I thought. I was really really wet and excited and
wanted to jump all over Johnny (which I couldn't do, because I
couldn't even really stand up on my own).

It was time to go. We took off down the sidewalk. Two couples got
into their cars on the other side of the street. Then, we saw a
gathering of teenagers or young people that had accumulated in front
of us. There were around twenty people there, gathered and chatting, around and on the sidewalk. We had to a walk between them and through the crowd. We did. We walked by the sidewalk tables where people were sitting and staring at Joan. We arrived at the corner, and now had to walk down the main business sidewalk to get to the car. The bar there was popping, there was a line outside and people hanging out. A girl in a rakish disheveled skirt and her nipples hanging out of her top sat on the planter in front of the bar. She looked amazed to be outdone. A drunk said loudly, "Hey, your dress is totally see-through. Buddy, I hope you know karate or
something, `cause I may have to hit you up the head and get me some of that." I said to Joan, "Yep, that was a little weird. Don't look
back, just walk for the car". We did. I looked back, after holding
the car door for my "lady," and saw this guy stop following us,
about fifteen feet away. I got in and we drove off. Joan with a
reflective amazed look in her eye, told me. "Well, now I've done it.
I've walked down a major public street pretty much completely nude".

A note from Joan:
It was really panicky for me when that big guy asked if I knew my
dress was "totally see through." I lamely said, "oh really?" I had
to stop myself from breaking into a run to the safety of the car. I
had thought the darkness would hide me a bit more, even on the main drag.

We weren't a block down the road, when Joan insisted we find a place to park and started giving me directions. How could I argue? She directed us to park about two blocks down from that bar, right on the main drag. She had her shoes and lace dress off and was climbing into the back seat butt-nekkid and looking out of the rear window. I followed her; eventually the foggy windows gave us a little
cover….