**Kim's Naked Adventure**

by[1000dreams](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1041670&page=submissions)©

"Riiiing, Riiiing, Riiing!"  
  
When the fire alarm rang out, Kim had been undergoing a series of tests in the medical offices. She had been hopping from room-to-room in nothing but the paper medical gown and slippers that had been provided to her by the nurse.  
  
"Riiiing, Riiiing, Riiing!"  
  
It was no fire drill!   
  
The smoke was already filling the hallway when the young woman peaked out of the room.  
  
She had to get out of there, there was no other choice.   
  
Time was of the essence.  
  
She did not even think about her clothes and her other personal belongings on the other side of the building.  
  
Even if she had wanted to, there was just no way to get to them.   
  
Her survival instinct and a rush of adrenaline kicked in.   
  
She fled as fast as her legs would carry her.  
  
Everybody was rushing out, scared for their lives.  
  
They made it down the long staircase and out of the building. She found herself in a crowd on the other side of the busy mid-town Manhattan street as the fire trucks started arriving.  
  
The emergency personnel rushed to tend to the victims.  
  
Kim was clearly low on the totem pole as she stood without any visible signs of injury.   
  
For a while, the shock of what was transpiring kept her motionless as she stared in a trance at the firemen rushing into the smoke-filled entrance.  
  
After some time, her brain started working again.  
  
The first sensation that she felt as she came back from her dazed state was the freezing cold.   
  
She stood shivering and shaking from the shock.  
  
Finally, she averted her eyes away from the hypnotic blaze.   
  
As she brought them down to take a quick inventory of her situation, her heart stopped.  
  
A formidable fright took over once again.  
  
She had been too distracted to notice that it had been raining during the warm evening hours of the Indian summer and by now she was completely soaked.   
  
The paper gown had become completely transparent and her nude form was showing completely through the now see-through material.  
  
Her worst nightmare was becoming real.  
  
Her eyes darted around the crowd.  
  
No one had noticed her yet.  
  
Everyone was too busy tending to the pressing needs of the people who had been hurt to notice her naked body.  
  
She should have just walked over to the crews distributing those silver blankets and the story would have ended there.  
  
But, in her panic, she was not thinking clearly.  
  
In her mind, the crowd gathered around the ambulances was too thick and too dense for her to get the cover she needed.  
  
Surely, someone would see her nude figure then.  
  
And so, her flight instinct took hold of her.  
  
She felt an urge to get away as she leapt into action.  
  
As she began running towards a less populated area, she made a check list of the things she needed to do to get back home.  
  
She lived in a three-level brownstone in the upper west side not so far away from here.  
  
And fortunately, she thought, the years spent running every morning rain-or-shine, would help her escape this mortifying experience.  
  
She was now just a few blocks south of Central Park.   
  
"Maybe, she could reach her apartment if she cut through the park?" she thought as she started mapping possible itineraries to get home.  
  
As she processed all these mental calculations, her strenuous physical activity began ruining the flimsy hospital gown.  
  
Within a matter of a few steps the paper slippers had disintegrated leaving her barefoot.  
  
The waterlogged paper dress was beginning to dissolve.  
  
She tried to hold it together as she felt the fabric crumbling into patches, but the material's integrity could no longer be maintained.  
  
In horror, she saw the pieces fall to the ground as she made her way towards the park.  
  
At first, she attempted to cover herself with an arm in front of her chest and a hand in front of her pubic area.  
  
However, this posture was slowing her down a great deal.   
  
After some hesitation, she decided that speed was more important than modesty.   
  
Central Park was close and it offered so many places to hide with its plants and bushes and all its dark corners. That idea appealed to her.   
  
She needed to get there as fast as possible and from there she would make her way home by going up the park hidden and unseen. Or so she hoped.  
  
As all these thoughts were going through her mind, she reached the end of the block leading to 6th Avenue.   
  
52nd Street had been sparsely populated, and, between her quick pace and the dusk, passersby could not really see what was going on. If anything, by the time their brains had registered that the woman running by them was in her birthday suit, she was already long gone.  
  
Now, the hard part was about to begin.  
  
6th Avenue, also known as Avenue of the Americas, was bright and very crowded.  
  
The streets between the park and Rockefeller Center were always busy at all hours of the day.  
  
The sidewalks were packed, crammed and inundated with tourists.  
  
Kim paused and hid in a darkened doorway for a minute to think.  
  
As she peered onto the avenue, her mind still in a whirlwind from her fear and her compulsion to escape, the only plan she could form was that she needed to run as fast as possible.  
  
In her fright, the only solution that came to her was to run on the street to avoid being trapped by the crowds.  
  
She could not stop now. She could not talk. She could not ask for help. She wanted the safety of home. There was no other solution in her opinion.  
  
Resolved, she jumped into action and began running along the cars up the avenue.  
  
She ran in the center of the street naked from head to toe.  
  
She did not go unnoticed and soon she began to feel tens, if not hundreds, of eyes turning toward her.  
  
Her fear grew ten-folds. Were people taking out their smartphone to film her?   
  
She put her hands up on each side of her face to preserve her anonymity.  
  
What a sight she was.  
  
The young nude petite Latina with her curly dark mane, her green eyes, her honey colored skin, her tight lithe body, her bulbous curvy posterior and her perky b-cups began attracting the stares of the onlookers.  
  
Traffic stopped to a halt as her distracting display caused a crash behind her.  
  
As Kim's heart began pounding in her head, it felt as if the crowd fell silent.  
  
From there, things got even worst.  
  
A police siren began blaring behind her.  
  
The car could not pass because of the accident.  
  
But, as the young woman turned her head to see what was going on behind her, two police officers got out of the vehicle and began chasing after her.  
  
She accelerated her pace but, by then, she had been running for some time and her feet were hurting as they smacked onto the pavement.  
  
The officers were in a dead sprint and catching up to her fast as she heard the sound of their steps getting closer.  
  
They were now almost within arm's reach.  
  
All of a sudden, she jumped into the crowd for cover.  
  
Her bare body pressed, bumped, stroked and rubbed against the onlookers.  
  
In a desperate attempt to get away from the police, she wiggled this way and that to get out of their reach and out of their sight.  
  
As she weaved thought the human obstacles, she felt the wandering hands of some anonymous strangers. Her tits and ass were being groped as she made her way through the multitudes.  
  
Some of these hands were getting bolder trying to reach between her legs.  
  
She could not yell out her outrage as she feared attracting the attention of the law officers in pursuit after her.  
  
She was revolted.  
  
The adrenaline gave her a second wind.  
  
She zigzagged quickly and managed to build some distance between herself and her pursuers.  
  
The cops were gasping behind her and running out of air. The portly pigs were clearly unfit to pursue her much longer.  
  
When she was convinced that they could no longer run, she jumped back onto the street and went into a dead run towards the park.  
  
She was only a few blocks away now and it did not take long for her to get there.  
  
The daylight had fizzled out and the relative darkness of her surroundings reassured her.  
  
She had entered through one of the southern entrances and had walked towards the Heckscher Playground. At that time of the day, she knew that this area would be mostly deserted, and she was right.  
  
When she was sure that there was no one around to see her, she picked the thickest and densest group of bushes to take refuge.  
  
She needed to rest. Her feet were killing her. Her energy was depleted.  
  
Shivering, Kim crouched motionless for some time.  
  
Two unfortunate events were conflating at once: the air temperature was dropping now that the sun had disappeared and her own body was cooling down from its hectic workout.  
  
Mechanically, Kim began rubbing her bare skin in an attempt to stay warm.  
  
As her hands moved from her arms to her chest, she became fully aware of her nudity.  
  
Now that the rush of hormones that had guided her escape was dissipating through her system, her cognitive senses were returning.  
  
A deep burning shame instantly gripped her guts to replace the fear that had taken over her mind.  
  
She was naked!   
  
She was outdoors without a stitch of clothing!  
  
She could not believe what was happening to her as she huddled in her damp hideout.  
  
The breeze passing through the hedges swirled around her.  
  
Every inch of her skin was caressed by the zephyr.  
  
The foliage around her was also shaken by the gust of air and the motion of the leaves scratched and tickled her; sending shivers down her spine.  
  
The young woman had always been rather shy and modest, she had never shown much to anyone; always opting for the long skirts and the one-piece bathing suits.  
  
Even with her boyfriends, she had always preferred the absolute darkness. She liked sex and enjoyed a healthy sex-life, she just did not like to be seen.  
  
The only time she was ever truly nude was in her shower and she never lingered there.   
  
She now felt so exposed.  
  
The sensations coursing through her were foreign and unnerving.  
  
As she kept on trying to warm herself with the friction of her hands on her skin, she reached her erect nipples.  
  
They were hard as pebbles and overly sensitive.  
  
"Ooh!" faintly escaped her lips as the unexpected pleasure of that stroke surprised her.  
  
She moved her hand away quickly shocked by her own body's reaction.  
  
All the nerves in her body were tingling.  
  
"Clack! Clack! Clack!" her teeth emitted as she quivered.   
  
Huddled in a squatting position, she made herself into a small ball in an attempt to keep as much heat as possible.  
  
Again, she began scrubbing herself vigorously to generate more warmth.  
  
This time she started at her ankles trying to avoid her erogenous zones.  
  
But as she worked her way up her thighs she lost her balance and fell backwards onto the cold rocks and dirt beneath her.  
  
Her naked bum and her most intimate flesh made contact with the ground.  
  
"Aw!" she exclaimed.  
  
She was horrified!  
  
An unexpected small wave of pleasure had spread through her nervous system from that impact on her intimate spot.  
  
Some of the soil stuck to her skin.   
  
With the tip of her fingers she brushed it away quickly.  
  
But, as she reached between her legs to remove the last of the muck, she discovered that a gooey liquid had pooled on her thighs past the trimmed hair of her pubes.  
  
What was happening?  
  
With her extended index, she timidly touched the delicate petal of her labia.  
  
"Oh!" she murmured.  
  
She was so wet and so hot. It felt so good.  
  
She still had to brush away the last of the dirt that was stuck in the hairy patch around her sex.  
  
And without realizing it, her fingers began tracing the contour of her tender folds.  
  
"Ah!" she exhaled as she reached her clitoral hood.  
  
How humiliating!  
  
Why was her body reacting this way? She had nearly climaxed from that soft touch.  
  
"Is anybody there!" a deep male voice shouted in her direction.  
  
Kim froze in a panic.  
  
She had attracted the attention of a passerby with her shout.  
  
The bush started shaking as the man began poking it.  
  
The young woman needed to get out of there stat!  
  
Fortunately, the shrub offered several opportunities for escape.  
  
As the man stepped into the vegetation to explore where the noise was coming from, Kim was able to evade him unseen.  
  
She scampered towards another dark corner of the park.  
  
But she could no longer run as her bare feet were blistered from her run on the hard pavement.  
  
Earlier, the rush of adrenaline had allowed her to run through the pain.  
  
The cool grass of the lawn had soothed the ache some, but now that she was walking again a pain coming from each of her battered legs shot up her spine.  
  
She pitter-pattered from one foot to the next biting her tongue in an attempt to keep quiet.  
  
As she stumbled awkwardly into another hedge for cover, she realized in horror that her great plan for escape had just hit a road block.  
  
Her fast run home had turned into a slow crawl.  
  
And to add to her despair, what confounded her and bothered her further was that the fire in her loins had not fizzled away.  
  
As she squatted in the shrubbery, a powerful magnetic force attracted her hand directly to her hungry sex. She could not recall having ever been this excited.  
  
It felt so good to have her hand there. It felt reassuring and comforting somehow.   
  
Her mind needed an escape, a way to release all the fear and tension that had built up.  
  
Her senses had been awakened. Kim was on edge and it seemed that her nervous system had ratcheted up the sensations at her core.  
  
Yet, she was conflicted.   
  
What was happening to her?  
  
Something deep inside sought relief, solace and pleasure.   
  
An animal part of her wanted to escape this dreadful feeling through sexual stimulation.  
  
But her rational center did not want to be caught. She did not want to attract the attention of anyone to her desperate situation.  
  
"Hhh! Hhh! Hhh!" she started panting.   
  
Her digits had kept on digging into depths of her steamy wet love canal of their own volition.  
  
"Oh! No!" she screamed internally as she forced her hand away from her enthralling pursuit.  
  
She could not do this there and now.  
  
She tried to calm herself down as she looked out onto the walkways to see if it was safe for her to proceed to her next hideout.  
  
Everything seemed to be calm and deserted.  
  
On her hands and knees, using the cover of darkness, she crept towards the next big group of plants.  
  
She did so every so often; progressing methodically up the park.  
  
It was a long and laborious process and she was still below the Sheep Meadow at 65th Street. At this rate, it would take hours!  
  
When she came close to that part of the park, she began panicking once again.  
  
The crowds were still very thick and numerous in these parts.  
  
She was surprised considering the hour.  
  
Then it hit her like a thunderbolt!  
  
She turned pale as she felt the blood leave her face.  
  
The Concert!  
  
She had forgotten all about it.  
  
Thousands of people were about to fill the park for the biggest event in decades.  
  
Kim wanted to cry.  
  
She had to hurry and find a way out of here fast or she would be trapped all night. The crowds were growing thicker by the minute.  
  
A free concert in Central Park would attract hundreds of thousands of fans.  
  
A sense of doom and despair invaded her mind. There was no way that she would be able to go any further unseen. Her little bush no longer felt safe.  
  
So, she quickly probed the horizon for a safer spot.  
  
Nothing seemed to fit the bill.  
  
She needed to get moving fast if she had any hope of making it home before the throngs arrived.  
  
Even her deserted part of the grounds was starting to buzz with excitement. She had to act.  
  
She looked left and right before crawling out of her spot.  
  
A thicker and denser bush a few yards away seemed like a safer bet if she needed to extend her stay.  
  
As she ventured towards this new refuge, a sound in the distance alerted her to the presence of a huge group of concert goers headed her way.  
  
Despite the pain, she got to her feet and went into a dead sprint towards her target.  
  
She closed her eyes to protect them from being poked by the branches and jumped head first into the dense vegetation.  
  
"Phew!" she thought. For a fraction of a second, she thought that she had escaped being detected.  
  
The relief was short lived.  
  
"Dude!  
  
Oh, hello!  
  
Welcome!  
  
Man, am I dreaming?" four voices exclaimed in unison.  
  
Kim opened her eyes in shock.  
  
The bush that she had picked had been turned into a makeshift pot den by four old hippies who looked like Cheech and Chong. A faint blue glow that she had not detected from the outside was emanating from some sort of electric lantern and lighting the group as they sat listening to some old psychedelic tunes on a boombox.  
  
Her flight instinct kicked in. She immediately began backing away from the spot.  
  
"No, babe don't go!" complained one of the stoners.  
  
Alas, as she peaked out of the shrub to escape, she noticed that the huge group she had spotted earlier had approached and was now close. Other groups were converging towards the same spot too.  
  
She would be seen for sure.  
  
She needed to make a choice.  
  
Four seemed less scary than twenty or more.  
  
So, reluctantly she went back into the drug den.  
  
"Dudes!" a collective shout of happiness was expressed by the four men.  
  
"There she is!  
  
That's cool!  
  
We got a party girl in our midst.  
  
Yay man! Just like Woodstock, do you remember?" said the guys.  
  
Kim looked at them wide eyed as she brought up her arms to cover her nudity.  
  
"Don't be shy man!  
  
We are all free here.  
  
Are you looking for a little ganja?  
  
You wanna sit with us and have at it?" they said.  
  
Kim did not know what to do.  
  
She was between a rock and a hard place.  
  
It was four against one in this situation or one against twenty or maybe even hundreds if she ventured back out.  
  
The guys did not seem offensive. With their bong, their grey long hairs, their potbellies and their colored glasses they looked like they had traveled in time from the seventies. They seemed mellow and welcoming.  
  
Now that she paid closer attention to their faces and features, she saw the wrinkles and thin grey hairs. These guys were in their sixties easily, maybe more. That fact seemed to reassure her.  
  
How should she play it?

Maybe if she sympathized with them and hung out for a bit they would give her a t-shirt to wear eventually? This way she'd make it home safely.  
  
"Be cool! Play along," she told herself.  
  
"Hey guys, I'm Kim, can I join you?" she said with a smile and a shaky voice.  
  
"Our weed is your weed," answered one of them.  
  
"Why don't you sit on the straw mat?" offered another one as he pointed to a spot in the middle of their circle next to the bong.  
  
The young woman looked at the seat he had pointed to hesitantly. She did not want to be the center of attention but on the other hand she had no other place to squat. The four guys were seated on tiny foldable fabric travel stools and the shrubbery in this bush was too thick and prickly for her to put her bum on the ground.  
  
With her heart in a vise, she reluctantly took her seat by crisscrossing her legs in the center of the circle between all the guys. She hoped that her instincts had been right about them and that they would not assault her because, in that position, she would not be able to escape.  
  
"Here you are honey," said one of them as he extended the bong to her mouth.  
  
Kim smiled timidly. It had been years since she had taken a hit. The last one dated back to her college days five or six years earlier.  
  
She looked around as all of them encouraged her with a smile.  
  
She inhaled a small puff and coughed her lungs out.  
  
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" they laughed in unison as they urged her to take a bigger puff.  
  
She took another much longer puff and held it in, as directed by the guys.  
  
They were happy and grabbed the bong to pass it around after she was done.  
  
Each of them took two or three puffs at a time.  
  
All of a sudden it hit her. Time began to stand still as she started to relax and her anxiety began to leave her body.   
  
A comforting warmth enrobed her.  
  
She had no built up tolerance to the potent cannabis and it was affecting her as her soul began to float.  
  
The music and the conversation became a blur as the group of men stopped making sense around her.  
  
A gentle breeze was passing through the leaves and caressed her thus adding to the feeling of being suspended in the air.  
  
She closed her eyes and let herself be transported.  
  
She was having a sensorial trip and the men's deep voices, their laughter, and their psychedelic music in the background melted into a calming and hypnotic sound that made her feel safe and protected.  
  
All her senses were affected.  
  
Her hands began wandering about; at first suspended above her as she enjoyed the sensation of the wind blowing about her arms as it caressed and tingled her. She slowly waved and twirled her upper limbs to the rhythm of the music like some sort Bollywood, Flamenco or belly dancer.  
  
She felt sexy and more comfortable in her own skin than she ever had.  
  
Due to her utter timidity, she had never taken the time to discover and enjoy the pleasurable sensations that her naked skin could provide. The wind and her own slow motion provided a sweet gratification that had been unknown to her up that point.  
  
As she waved her arms about, she could feel her skin moving and swaying freely as well as the gentle roll of her small breasts. Every inch of her being was alive and alert.  
  
The world around her had dissipated and disappeared.  
  
She was in the moment.  
  
She wanted to feel more.  
  
She slowly brought her fingers to her hair enjoying its softness and the waviness of her curls. She felt every single strand on her skull as her curly mass moved under her touch sending chills down her spine.  
  
She then moved down to her face and her ears with a feathery touch.  
  
It was soft and delicious, and she did not want to stop as she made her way down her downy soft neck.  
  
"Hhh!"  
  
She shivered and quivered all over when her nail brushed her erect nipple.  
  
She was making a spectacle of herself.  
  
She was young, nubile and beautiful and a sight for sore eyes to the older men who were watching in awe this most intimate display.  
  
By then, they had stopped talking enthralled by the sensual dance that Kim was giving her audience.  
  
Kim was in her own trance as she continued to explore every inch of her own body.  
  
Her hands moved from her chest to her belly and slowly made their way down to the curly patch of hair that was covering her sex.  
  
"Argh!" her fiery green eyes shot open.  
  
She was unprepared for the sensation.  
  
Her index had touched her honey pot and it was oozing with the nectar of her excitement.  
  
She was so hot, soft, and liquid to the touch and oh so very sensitive.  
  
The hunger from earlier had grown ravenous.  
  
All that mattered now was her need to cum.  
  
She laid herself back and rested her head on the knees of one of the portly hippies behind her.  
  
She unfurled her legs and brought them up in the air. She used the man on each side of her for support as she hooked her ankles to their necks thus stretching herself open in the lewdest manner imaginable.  
  
She needed to have free access to her deepest depth.  
  
The fourth hairy hippie was left to stare into the liquid pinkness of her most intimate flesh.  
  
Once she had settled in a comfortable position her hands began rubbing, massaging, probing and digging into her wet opening.  
  
She wanted to fill the void that was calling her to her loins. She stretched her hungry labia with her left hand as she dug one finger of her right hand into herself, then another and another until all fingers but her thumb were penetrating her profoundly.  
  
But it was not enough.  
  
She needed more but her little hole was too tight.  
  
She reached up to the big manly hands of the hippie sitting in front of her. She placed them on each of her inner thighs close to her mons pubis and invited him to spread her flesh further apart.  
  
When she did that, she summoned the three other men to join the fun by grabbing each of their hands one by one and placing them on her exposed inflamed epidermis.  
  
The men started feeling her timidly at first, but their touch turned to patting, massaging, rubbing, petting and fondling all the bits of her honey colored body as Kim resumed her deep penetration.  
  
With the help of the man, she stretched herself as much as her tender flesh would allow.  
  
It hurt, but it hurt good.  
  
Her heart was pounding in her chest and in her pussy. She could feel her own pulse in the taut tissue of her stretched vulva.  
  
Kim continued with her insertion as she started working all four fingers in and out. She kept on working her vagina with her fingers squeezed in the shape of a cone.  
  
At some point, she felt the need to add her thumb into the mix.   
  
She wanted and needed more.  
  
All five fingers were pulled together to form pointy probe. She was working her hand into her pussy up to the knuckles. In and out, in and out; keeping her fingers completely inserted into her vagina for longer and longer amounts of time with each penetration.   
  
After some time, she just left her hand inserted as deep as she could, just before the hand reached its widest part. She tried to relax as she pulled herself open further.  
  
Time stood still as she let her flesh get used to the pressure.  
  
She tried to loosen herself more to accommodate her small hand.  
  
When the initial sting and burn had dissipated, she applied a final push into herself and fully inserted the rest of her fist.  
  
"Ooh!" she raised her hips onto the invading limb and started humping her hips into a frenzy.  
  
"Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!" she screamed in delight as her universe exploded in a mixture of noise and colors just before she passed out from the overwhelming orgasm.  
  
The men retrieved their hands from her sweaty body giving her time to rest and recover.  
  
They had never witnessed anything as beautiful as this young lady abandoning herself without inhibitions to the throws of passion.  
  
She slowly emerged from her blissful state and a deep burn of humiliation overtook her.  
  
The men were staring at her with huge grins on their faces  
  
What had she done?  
  
"Dude! That was cool!  
  
Yeah man! She was so free!  
  
It was so Zen and transcendental!  
  
Yeah like she reached Nirvana or something!" they opinionated in turn.  
  
For some reason these words made her feel at ease immediately. There was no judgement here.  
  
"Dudes! We are going to miss the beginning of the show!" interrupted one of the men.  
  
"Let's go! You comin' sweetie?" offered another.  
  
Kim accepted. The potent drugs in her system were still keeping her inhibitions at bay.  
  
She walked out of the drug den in her birthday suit and did not even think to ask for any form of cover.  
  
She felt safe. The four men surrounded her and offered her protection from the onlookers.  
  
When they finally reached the wide-open space of the Sheep Meadow, where the concert was being held, she was surprised to discover that a few other girls were also in the nude.  
  
It was a Phish and Grateful Dead event after all and the grounds were essentially populated with several generations of free loving, nonconformist, flower child, Bohemian, free spirited, long-hair hippies.  
  
The men led her to their larger group which included men and women of the same generation. She was by far the youngest thing in the group. And within a few minutes she had become the granddaughter of the bunch. They welcomed her with open arms.  
  
Her nakedness did not shock anyone. It was natural to them and part of their lifestyle. And so, no one even thought to ask her if she needed to cover up.  
  
They offered her a seat on one of the many blankets along with some food and drinks.  
  
As the tunes started blaring on the sound system, and thanks in part to the weed, Kim had never felt so at ease.  
  
She spent the next few hours talking, eating and drinking with her newfound friends.  
  
As the effect of the ganja dissipated, she became more aware of her own nudity, but she seemed to be the only one to notice it.  
  
As her wits and inhibitions returned, the deep burning shame that she had experienced earlier returned too.  
  
Should she try to get home now? A part of her mind began telling her that it was time to go.  
  
Yet, something else was happening too. She felt different in their presence. Her nudity had peeled off so many layers and, for the first time in her life, she was showing these strangers who she really was physically, emotionally and behaviorally.  
  
There were no masks and no pretenses in this group.  
  
She felt strange to be talking to these strangers in this state of undress and it felt even stranger that this open-minded bunch of people had accepted her, in all her glory, as she was.  
  
On a completely unrelated level, the unwarranted burning sexual arousal she had felt at the beginning of her adventure had returned with a vengeance as her embarrassment grew.  
  
She felt a perverse sense of pleasure to be bare for all to see.  
  
But this time, the weed was not there to release her inhibitions, and she was too reticent to do anything to quell her hunger openly.  
  
She could not masturbate out here in front of everyone as she had done before.  
  
So instead, as she swayed to the rhythm of the music, she began grinding her pelvis into the blanket for stimulation.  
  
She practiced her Kegel exercises by contracting and releasing her vaginal muscles as she ground with more resolve into the ground.  
  
She could not believe that she was about to bring herself off in this sea of people.  
  
She loved it!  
  
The rhythm of the music accelerated as the band went into a more energetic tune and it provided the cover that she needed to hasten her own libidinous cadence.  
  
When she finally reached her climax, she bit her lips to avoid making too much noise.  
  
It was heavenly!  
  
"You ok there, sweetie?" asked one of the grandmotherly figures as she winked at her knowingly.  
  
Kim's face turned beet red; she had been found out.  
  
But the old flower child who was sitting nearby reached out and extended her arms around her to give her a warm comforting hug. There was no judgement here either.  
  
When the concert finally came to an end, the welcoming group asked Kim if she wanted to join them on their vacation in the large farm that they rented upstate every year during the Indian summer.  
  
Kim was perplexed by the generous offer.  
  
Her sex clenched and contracted as she considered the proposition.  
  
This whole experience had been one of self-discovery.  
  
For once, she had truly felt at home in her own skin. She had also discovered things about her body that she had never suspected. What would her sexual breakthroughs be in the weeks to come? She needed to find out.  
  
The opportunity to explore this unknown side of herself seemed too important to pass up.  
  
She did not need to think about it for very long.  
  
She had a few weeks of vacations saved up that she needed to take by year's end anyway.  
  
And so, the young woman accepted their invitation.  
  
She did not even go home to retrieve any clothing.   
  
She followed them to their van and rode straight to their retreat in the nude.  
  
She stayed that way for the entire length of her stay, which lasted about two weeks after the concert. Her adventure ended when the temperatures dropped, and when she finally felt the need to cover up.