**Me Naked**

Hi everyone--   
   
   
lundi soir   
   
Over Spring Break my French class went to Paris.  We stayed in this little hotel in the Latin Quarter (there were only 10 of us, plus the teacher and her husband).  I first discovered this site in March, just a few weeks before Spring Break, and needless to say I was (still am) obsessed with it.  I can't get the stories out of my head, especially Celestine's and Leah's, and some of Hooked6's.  Honestly, even as we were taking the cab from the airport to the hotel, all I was thinking about was Leah walking naked around her house.   
   
The hotel was 5 stories tall.  Each floor was small, with just three rooms.  There was an awesome rickety old elevator with an iron grate you had to pull across the door, and a big round stair case that went all the way from the top to the bottom.  When we got to the hotel it was 9PM, and we were all super tired so we went straight to bed.  Even though we're in French, none of us really know how to say anything, but our teacher checked us in and gave us our keys.  French keys are awesome!  They are like skeleton keys!  They couldn't put us all together.  The twelve of us were in six rooms.  My roommate (Natasha) and I were on the fourth floor, one floor from the top.  Two other girls were in another room on our floor, and two guys were in the third room.  The third floor had one pair of girls and one pair of boys, and on the second floor were our teacher Mme Webster and her husband.  I didn't know if the other rooms were full.   
   
Anyway, Natasha and I went into our room and got ready for bed.  The room was very small, with two small lumpy twin beds and a sink.  (Each floor only had one bathroom that we all had to share.)  Natasha brushed her teeth first and jumped into bed, then I did.  By the time I finished she was already asleep.  Our teacher (Mme Webster) came by a few minutes later to check on us and say good night.  I turned out the light and lay there thinking about Leah, and was asleep in no time.   
   
   
la nuit de lundi à mardi   
   
Sometime later I woke up, suddenly wide awake.  My watch said 2AM.  The hotel was completely quiet.  A small yellow light shown in the window from outside.  My mind immediately flew back to Leah.  Where I had left her in my head when I fell asleep, she had just run across the busy street next to her house.  Natasha was sound asleep beside me.  It was so quiet.  I wanted to be naked.  Immediately I started to tingle as a rush of adrenaline shot through me.   
   
I sat up in bed as quietly as I could, but the old bed squeaked with every tiny move.  I stared into the dark at Natasha, but her breathing was still heavy.  I very slowly pushed myself off the bed until I was standing up.  My eyes were adjusting to the dark, and I could see Natasha now.  She was on her side, facing me.  I took one step closer so I was right next to her bed, her face just a few inches from my thighs.  I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down, exposing my pussy right in front of her sleeping face.  I stood still there like that for several seconds, then pulled my shorts back up, grabbed the key, and moved to the door.   
   
I quietly opened the door and looked out; it was quiet.  I stepped outside and pulled the door until it clicked quietly.  I pushed on it to test it; it was latched.  I didn't know what to do now.  I didn't want to take off my clothes in front of my door.  I thought about the bathroom but didn't want to do that either.  It was only a few feet from my door, and if someone found my clothes I thought they would somehow know they were mine.   
   
I stepped quickly to the stairs and looked up.  It was quiet up there too.  That bathroom would be better--none of us were on the fifth floor.  If someone found my clothes they wouldn't know whose they were.  Even before I acknowledged it consciously I knew what I was going to do: walk from the bathroom back to my room naked. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.   
   
I climbed half way up so I could see the floor above; no one.  I quickly climbed to the top.  The three doors were closed--I didn't know if anyone was behind them.  I went to the bathroom to look.  It was small, just a toilet and a shower.  I went back to the middle of the hall at the top of the stairs and looked over the balcony.  I had the whole hotel to myself.  I could feel the heat on my blushing face, and my heart was pounding.  I looked again at the three doors, and staring at them, I reached up under my shirt again, and hooked my thumbs in the waist of my shorts.  Breathing hard, I pulled them down to my thighs then let them fall to the floor.

My shirt was not long, it did not cover my crotch.  But I still had my panties on.  Like this it would still look like I was just going to the bathroom.  I looked again over the balcony, trying to see below me to my floor.  I reached up and pulled my panties down and they fell to the floor also.  I suddenly wanted to go all the way and quickly pulled my shirt off too, so I was standing there in the hotel hallway completely naked!  I was shaking with fear.  But still, I thought, if I heard someone open their door, I could jump to the bathroom probably before anyone saw me.   
   
I picked up my shorts and panties and balled them all up together with the key in one hand.  I went into the bathroom.  I knew what I wanted to do--I wanted to walk down the stairs and back to my room naked.  But what could I do with my clothes?  I didn't want to carry them with me, but if I left them up here I would have to come back and get them.  That would be lame.  The shower had a rod for the curtain.  I decided to drape my clothes over the rod.  No one on this floor knew me; if anyone found them it would just look like someone had forgotten them after a shower.  I threw them up over the rod, and stepped back into the hallway.   
   
It was still completely silent.  Now I was feeling a little more confident.  I'd been there for fifteen minutes and no one had stirred.  I was still sweating, but I was not breathing quite as hard.  I walked slowly down the stairs, ready to bolt if I heard anyone.  But I didn't, and I made it all the way back to my room.   
   
The only danger now was what if I woke up Natasha!  I decided, you know what?  So what?  Half wishing I would wake her up, I clicked open the door and walked in.  Coming in from the lighted hallway I couldn't see anything, but I could hear from her breathing she was still asleep.  I lay down on my bed still naked, on top of the covers, to think about what I had done.  I was still breathing hard.  I lay on my back, my legs spread out flat in front of me, staring at the ceiling, thinking about what I had just done.  I hadn't done enough.  I wanted to go out again, but it was probably already 3 o'clock.  I needed to go to sleep.  I put my hand between my legs and made myself come while Natasha slept beside me.  I actually fell asleep like that, naked on the covers, one hand on my pussy, but woke up some time later and crawled under the covers.   
   
The next morning I woke up to Natasha brushing her teeth.  I was still completely naked under the sheets.  I couldn't believe what I had done last night.  I was so pleased with myself I could hardly contain myself.  I couldn't get up while Natasha was standing there.  I had to wait for her to go to the bathroom.  I was on my side with my hand resting between my thighs.  I thought I should masturbate again as I stared at her from under the sheets, completely naked, to seal what I had done last night.  It would be a good little secret to have for the day, to know that I had masturbated while staring at her brushing her teeth.  I moved my hand up to my pussy and slowly pushed on my clitoris.  I almost giggled watching her ass jiggle back and forth as she brushed, but then it started to feel good.  I rubbed hard, and made myself come quietly before she even finished at the sink.  I resolved I would masturbate in front of her every morning we were in Paris.

mardi matin   
   
Natasha finally went to the bathroom and I leapt out of bed and threw on some clothes.  My clothes from last night were still in the bathroom upstairs, hopefully.  With Natasha in the bathroom on our floor, it was a perfect excuse for me to go to the bathroom above.   
   
The clothes had been moved, and were now in a pile on the window sill.  That gave me a small thrill that someone had touched them, including my panties.  I took a quick shower.  Standing there naked, I wanted to go out again!  But I couldn't possibly, I had already heard people stirring in the floors below.  I did open the door a crack and listened; this floor was still quiet.  I opened the door wide, still no sound.  I quickly stepped out into the hall and stood there to a count of five before jumping back in the bathroom.  I dried off and got dressed and opened the door again.  There on the floor were two unmistakable wet footprints where I had stood just a second ago.  That was so exciting--someone would see that someone had stood there naked!  I grabbed the pile of clothes and hurried back downstairs, where just a few hours before I had been completely naked.  I was going to have trouble concentrating today!   
   
Natasha had not come back yet.  I picked a short skirt and a t-shirt.  I considered not wearing panties, but I couldn't bring myself to do that.  We'd be out all day.  That was just too much risk of serious embarrassment.  I put on my bra and the shirt and considered that I really could go without the bra.  My boobs are really small.  But my nipples really stick out, and they would be so obvious under the shirt.  I chickened out again.   
   
Mme Webster gathered us all together, and we were off.  Oh my God, Paris! we were all thinking as we piled out into the narrow alley where our hotel was located.  Little did the rest of my class realize that to that exclamation I was adding "I wish I were naked!"   
   
Mme Webster has been to Paris many times, so she knows exactly where to go.  We started with a stop at a brasserie for café au lait and slices of bread with butter.  (Don't order café au lait in France!  They'll know you're a tourist.  They say café crème, or just "un crème."  And, a slice of bread with butter is a "tartine de beurre"!)   
   
Then it was off to Notre Dame, which is not far from our hotel, just across the river.  Notre Dame is amazing, and to think they built it 1000 years ago, really mind-boggling.  There was such a throng of people everywhere, no privacy at all.  More than once some guy "accidentally" brushed the back of his hand against my thigh as we looked at the stained glass and the statues, but that happens so often it doesn't even bother me.  I think it's kind of funny, the guy thinks he's being so surreptitious, like we don't realize there's a hairy paw rubbing against us.   
   
When we finished inside, Mme Webster took us around the corner to a small doorway on the side, where we got to climb the stairs all the way to the top of the towers!  That was amazing.  Natasha and I agreed to count all the steps.  They are very steep and made of stone, and twist sharply around as you climb.  Natasha and I were the last in our group.  She was right in front of me, so her ass was right at the level of my face.  She had worn a short skirt also, and as she climbed, I caught glimpses of her panties.  Right behind me was this hot guy in his 20s.  If I could see Natasha's panties, that meant he could see mine!   
   
At first I thought I'm glad I wore them! but as we climbed, I started imagining if I hadn't.  He would have an unobstructed view of my naked ass as we climbed.  I was getting so turned on thinking about that.  Then the stairs came out into this room that had a gift shop.  We were still only about half way up.   
   
The shop was crowded with people and with stands of postcards and rosaries and things.  There was no place with the least bit of privacy.  Finally I noticed there were two doors at one end, the one we had come in, and another.  The door we'd come in had a "guard," a young woman reading a book, she looked like a student.  I worked my way over to the other door and glanced in.  It was made of the same medieval limestone as the rest of the room and the stairs.  It was a small alcove with a door on the other side.  We clearly weren't supposed to be in there, and it didn't go anywhere anyway.  I looked over my shoulder, which was probably a mistake.  Everyone was busy looking at the postcards and things, but even I know the worst thing you can do is look guilty--people notice it.   
   
I went into the alcove and pressed myself against the wall.  From here just a tiny bit of the shop was visible.  I quickly reached under my skirt and pulled down my panties.  I stepped out of them and knelt down to grab them.  When I stood back up, the girl from the other door was in the doorway!  My face flushed so much!  I bunched my panties into my hand and only prayed she hadn't seen them, but I knew she had.  I pointed at the door and asked her what was in it.  She said in a lovely French accent that it was an office, and I needed to come back to the main room.  I could hardly even swallow.  I moved past her back out into the shop, trying to stuff my panties into my purse as I did.  EVERYONE in the shop was looking at me!  I shoved my hand further into my purse.  I almost whimpered.  I stepped to the nearest case and pretended to look at the books, trying desperately to calm myself down.  I hadn't even had time to adjust my skirt, suddenly I imagined my ass was visible under the hem.   
   
Natasha came over and asked me what happened, and that helped to calm me down.  I told her nothing, I just wanted to see what was in that alcove.  Then Mme Webster announced it was time to continue.   
   
I lagged back to make sure I was last in line, and we continued up the stairs.  As we started to climb I was so hyper aware of the line of the hem of my skirt against my legs, and that it was not tight against my butt, and my naked ass was visible from below.  I forced myself not to look at who was next behind me.  As I thought about my bare ass just inches from the person behind me I was so excited my legs were weak; I could hardly make it up the stairs.  I stared at Natasha's butt, and imagined her with no panties, and imagined that was the view someone was getting of my own butt.  And it was all secret--the guy below me (I imagined it was the guy from before) couldn't say anything or he'd be in trouble too.   
   
We reached the top of the stairs, which is half way up the towers, on the walkway at the top of the part between, above the main door.  The view was amazing.  We could see the tourists below, the Eiffel Tower in the distance.  The railing was ancient gothic stone cut in fleur-de-lis.  I stood with my legs apart.  From this angle my pussy was wide open and visible to everyone below.  I knew it was impossible for anyone to see anything, we were far up and the openings in the railing were small, but it didn't matter.  I even felt a light breeze on my pussy.  It was so exciting and empowering.   
   
I was still embarrassed to see who had followed me up the stairs.  By the time I glanced to my right out of the corner of my eye, several people had come out of the stairway.  The guy from before was there, but it was impossible to tell if it had been him.

We continued to the other tower for the last set of stairs up to the very top.  I wasn't able to maneuver myself behind Natasha, and she ended up following me up the last steps.  I stopped and lamely said, "you go first."  She pushed me ahead and said, "just go."  That was so dumb of me!  Now it looked like I was trying to hide something, and she was surely going to see my naked ass!  I'm so stupid, that's twice where my own guilty-looking actions gave me away.  I quickly pulled my skirt down as low as I could and started up the stairs.  My skin was on fire as we climbed, with my naked ass just a few inches from Natasha's face.   
   
Natasha and I are friendly, but we're not really friends.  We got stuck together as roommates.  She's not uncool, there's just something a little off about her.  She's friendly, but doesn't seem to really make friends with the other girls.  I didn't think she was a prude, but she didn't seem like she probably thought about sex much either.  That was why I had enjoyed masturbating in the room this morning.  It was my own little secret against her.  It was a little annoying that she wasn't more open to others, so it was fun to do things secretly from her too.  But now she was going to be staring right at my bare ass!  Hopefully, I thought, she's more discreet than I, and will look down, not right up my skirt, so she won't even notice.  Still, being exposed to her like that wasn't exciting, I just wished it weren't happening.  I didn't think she would tell anyone, but I didn't like her knowing a secret.   
   
At the top of the stairs I quickly moved away from her.  All the way around the edge of the square tower is a walkway.  There were not a lot of people this high, and for moments I was relatively isolated, and Natasha must have gone the other way.  I could still feel my naked pussy under my skirt.  I reached into my purse and felt my panties, thinking I should put them back on, but not wanting this excitement to end.  Without thinking about what I was doing, I pulled the ball of panties out of my purse and held it tightly in my hand.  Every moment I was thinking about when I would put them on again.  I reached my hand through the fence and opened my fingers, dropping the panties off of the tower.  The wind caught them and carried them away from the church toward the river.   
   
Just as my panties were hanging in midair a few feet past the ledge, Natasha came around the corner.  I turned quickly and guiltily toward her and tried to smile.   "Can I ask you something?" she asked me shyly, which was unusual for her.  I nodded furtively.  "Are you not wearing panties?"  I don't know why--this was what I was dreading, I didn't want her to know about my secret--but at that moment I wanted to tell her.  I think I had been in such a state of excitement the last several hours I was about to burst, and I think because she's so stand-offish, my opinion suddenly switched, and I thought she might actually be a good confidante.   
   
I pointed over the side of the wall toward the river.  I couldn't see them right away.  "What?" she said, not seeing anything special.  I searched a moment and finally I saw them on the gravel roadway a few feet from the edge of the quai.  I pointed, "do you see that thing on the road down there?"  She squinted her eyes, then nodded.  "Yeah?"   "Can you keep a secret?" I asked her.  She nodded vigorously, her eyes wide.  I leaned in, so my lips were almost brushing her ear: "that's my panties!" I whispered.   
   
She pulled back and looked at me with a combination of shock and amusement, then grabbed my forearm and almost squealed, "really?!"  I took a step back.  We were alone in this corner of the tower.  I grabbed the hem of my skirt and raised it up for half a second, flashing my pussy to Natasha.  Then we both giggled.  A rush of relief flooded over me to have a coconspirator now.   
   
Mme Webster apparently heard us shrieking and came around the corner--"What are you girls doing?  Come here, I'm pointing out all the landmarks we're going to see."  "Oui, madame!" we both cried in unison.   
   
"You have to do it too!" I told her, but she exclaimed "no way!"  She quickly continued, "but don't worry!  I won't tell anyone.  I think it's awesome."   
   
We hurried back to Mme Webster and the group at the far corner of the tower.

mardi après midi   
   
After Mme Webster pointed out all the landmarks to us, we headed back down the stairs, this time with Natasha right in front of me.  More than once she turned around and looked right up at my exposed pussy.  My impression was not that she was attracted to me, but that she was totally getting off on seeing me exposed.   
   
When we got to the bottom of the stairs Natasha turned around and grinned at me, then looked back out at the road.  Not twenty feet away, my panties lay on the road.  Only Natasha and I knew what they were, to everyone else they just looked like a discarded rag.   
   
For lunch Mme Webster led us to a bakery for quiches.  Knowing that Natasha knew I was naked under my skirt relaxed me, and I didn't think much about it for a while.  After lunch Mme Webster let us loose in the Latin Quarter for the afternoon.  She told us to be back at the hotel at 5PM.   
   
As soon as Natasha and I were alone she barraged me with questions.  Have you ever done this before?  How does it feel?  Why did you do it?  I told her how I could see her panties, and about the guy behind me, and how thrilling it was to have him looking at my bare butt, knowing he could not touch me.  I told her again she should do it too but again she demurred.  But then she said, "we should do more."   
   
"What do you mean?" I asked.   
   
"Don't you want to feel that thrill again?  It's kind of boring just walking around, you might as well have panties on."   
   
"Well, what should we do?"  I was getting wet.  It was so fantastic to have someone else lead, to just be told what to do.   
   
Suddenly Natasha's eyes fell to my breasts.  "Are you wearing a bra?  You don't even have panties on," she said way too loud--two girls walking by actually looked our direction!  "How can you wear a bra with no panties?"   
   
I looked around.  "Where should we go?"   
   
"Just do it here.  You won't be exposing anything."  I looked around.  We were standing in the middle of an intersection of two narrow alleys.  Both the roads were crowded with tourist shops and different walk-up food stalls, like crèpes and gyros.  Both streets were a throng of people.  As I looked around, I noticed a couple of the guys running the food stalls were staring right at us, two cute young American girls in short skirts standing still in the middle of the street as the rest of the tourists milled by.   
   
"I can't!  Those guys are staring right at us."  I know, here I was suddenly protesting that guys were staring!  But protesting and being talked into it made it that much more delicious.  I knew as soon as she said "bra" that I had to take it off, but resisting her was turning me on to know end.   
   
"Who cares?  Come on."   
   
"Okay," I said, "but I want you to do it for me."  I turned my back to her and lifted up my hair.  I expected her to just squeeze the hooks through my shirt, but instead she lifted the back of my shirt way up, and put her hands underneath!  I thought I was going to die.  People still walked by, but I noticed some young boys had stopped on the curb and were watching.  Fortunately none of them were from our group!   
   
She ran her hand up my spine and deftly unhooked the bra.  She turned me around, and pulled the bra strap first through one arm hole then the other, then she reached up under my shirt from the front, grabbed the bra, her fingers brushing the skin between my small breasts, and pulled the bra down so the straps came back through the arm holes of my shirt and down the front.   
   
I now stood there in the middle of the intersection wearing only a thin t-shirt and short skirt.  As I predicted, I could feel my nipples pressing against the material obscenely.  I reached out to grab the bra but Natasha snatched it away.  "No way!  We have to get rid of this same as the panties."  Suddenly she walked away from me to the gyro stand and handed it to the guy behind the counter who had been watching!  The guy across the alley at the crèpe stand yelled something to him in a language I didn't understand, and the gyro guy held up the bra and called back.  I couldn't believe it.  Natasha laughed and came back to where I was standing.  She put her arm through mine and snuggled against me.  "How do you feel now?"  To an outsider her mannerisms must have seemed like we were just best friends since third grade.  But I wasn't so sure myself.  It dawned on me that although she seemed to be sharing in my excitement, I was now standing in the street half naked, while she was still fully clothed.  I didn't care, it turned me on immensely.   
   
In my excited state I lost all inhibition toward her.  I whispered, leaning against her, "I am so turned on I can hardly stand it."   
   
Natasha had now adopted an attitude of complete control.  "Hm.  Next stop, we need to get you some relief."  I couldn't believe what I was hearing.  Natasha looked in each direction, then said, "let's go this way."  She pulled my arm through hers and led me back toward the river.   
   
The alleys twisted and turned, and the crowds bustled by.  I hugged her arm for all I was worth.  My nipples were so erect they were sore, and the thin cotton t-shirt was like nothing at all.  My left nipple pressed firmly against her arm as we walked, sliding up and down with each step.  She must have felt it as well, but she didn't let on.   
   
We emerged from the alley onto the wide street that ran along the Seine.  Across the river was Notre Dame (and, surely, my panties!).  Just to our left was a bookstore we had read about, Shakespeare & Company, the most famous English language bookstore in Paris.  "Oh cool!" we said in unison.  "Let's go in here," Natasha added.   
   
The store is utterly stuffed with books.  Two people have to turn sideways to pass in the aisles.  We walked slowly through the store, and at the back found some stairs.  "Go up here," Natasha said.  She nudged me ahead of her.  Once again I was in front of Natasha on the stairs, and her face was just inches from my bare ass.  This time I wasn't embarrassed, and I turn back to look down at her.  She was staring right at my ass, and when I paused she reached up under my skirt and cupped my bare ass cheek and nudged me forward!  I looked furtively back out at the store, but in this labyrinth of books, although many people were in the store, none were in this little corner to see.  I bent over slightly and spread my knees.  I couldn't believe I was exposing my pussy to her! but it was the most natural thing in the world.  I still did not feel like we were attracted to each other.  It was more like we were both in such a state of arousal from the circumstances we were latching onto each other out of need.

We climbed the rest of the creaking stairs.  Through another doorway, nestled in a cave of books, was a big, overstuffed, ancient leather chair.  "Perfect!" Natasha said.  "Sit there."   
   
I did as I was told.  Natasha quickly looked around all the corners and down the cramped aisles.  We were alone up here.  Behind the chair past the stacks of books was a railing, beyond which was the first floor of the store that we had just come from.  We were in a kind of balcony or loft above the store.      
   
Natasha came back, pushed open my legs, and knelt in front of me between my knees.  My pussy was now open to her, but she didn't seem to notice.  I was shy again, and wanted to close my legs, but there was no way to without pushing her away.  She didn't seem to notice my pussy at all.  She put her hands on my thighs and looked into my eyes.  "We're all alone up here.  Are you still excited?"  I nodded.  "Okay, then, do it.  Masturbate."   
   
I didn't move, and she rolled her eyes and grabbed my hand and moved it to my pussy.  "Come on, don't be shy now.  I know how excited you must be."  Almost involuntarily my fingers began to move over my clitoris.   
   
Suddenly it was like a light went off in her head.  "You know what?  You heard how squeaky the stairs were?  We can totally hear if anyone comes up the stairs."  "Yeah?"  "So sit up and lift your arms."  I did as I was told, in a daze.  Natasha lifted my t-shirt over my head.  I was being undressed by a girl in the middle of a bookstore in the middle of the day in the middle of Paris.  "Okay, lean back," she said, slightly annoyed at having to tell me what was so obvious.  I complied.  "Now lift your hips," she said, and pulled my skirt down to the floor.   
   
My shirt and skirt were now in a pile at Natasha's knees, and I was completely nude in the leather chair, with Natasha kneeling between my legs.  With a sudden shock of horror I realized that Natasha could now easily grab my clothes and run away, and I would be more fucked than anyone has ever been fucked, naked, nowhere to hide, not even speaking the language.   
   
Realizing how truly vulnerable I was--I hardly even knew Natasha four hours ago--rather than grabbing my clothes, as any normal person would do, I became even more turned on.  My juices were running down my ass like a fountain.  I pushed back into the chair, scooted my ass even closer to the edge, my pussy closer to Natasha, spread my legs wide, and moved both my hands to my pussy.  My pussy was so wet several of my fingers slipped right in, and I spread my juices over my clitoris and began to rub it.  I slid one hand over my stomach to my breasts and rubbed my nipple, the one that had been rubbing against Natasha's arm.   
   
Natasha surprised me then by standing up.  Rather than staying close, between my legs where I wanted her, she moved several feet away so she could look at me entirely, my naked body sprawled out on the chair, the customers coming and going past my head.  In just a few seconds I came so hard I almost called out.  My legs clamped together around my hand.  Natasha grinned broadly and moved toward me, but I wanted one more orgasm.  I opened my legs again and continued to rub with one hand.  With the other I reached out to her.  She came over and grabbed my hand and sat down between my legs to watch me finger my pussy.  In no time I came again.   
   
"Okay, you'd better stop now," she whispered.  "Someone will come up here eventually."   
   
"So what," I responded.  "Let them see."   
   
"No, come on, baby," she replied and stood up.  She pulled me up so I was standing there naked in front of her.  I realized that standing there, if anyone downstairs looked up they would see my bare back.  I knew Natasha knew that too, and if she didn't care than I didn't.  She picked up my shirt, untangled it, and dressed me like a child, first pulling my head through the hole, then pushing through one arm then the other.  Then she had me step into the skirt and pulled it up as well.   
   
I was still only half as dressed as she was.  And she still had not done a single risky thing.  "It's your turn now, Natasha," I pleaded.   
   
"No, we have to go," she replied.   
   
"Please?" I begged.  "You don't have to take off your clothes, you can do it over your panties."   
   
"Not now, baby.  Maybe next time."  It was amazing how she had jumped into the role of "master" to my "servant"!  I loved it, and I hadn't even told her everything.  She still didn't know I slept naked, or masturbated while she brushed her teeth, or ran around the hotel naked after she went to bed.  A part of me still wanted to be the "master," and I decided I would still keep those things secret.

mardi soir   
   
It had suddenly become very late and we were due back at the hotel.  Natasha seemed to just know her way around, so I hugged her arm to me and let her lead me.  I had had enough excitement for one day, and was planning on going up to my room to put on more clothes, but the whole group was waiting for us in front of the hotel!  I pushed myself away from Natasha so it didn't look like we'd been walking arm in arm (which, of course, we had been), but I immediately felt hyper-exposed--my bare pussy just inches above the hem of my skirt, my nipples jutting out obscenely in front of me.   
   
"Here they are," Bobby, one of the boys, told Mme Webster.   
   
"Another minute and you'd have been late, girls," she said.   
   
At dinner every time Natasha put her hands under the table to wipe them on her napkin she would lightly hook the hem of my skirt with her pinky and try to pull it up to expose my pussy.  The first time she did it I involuntarily jerked my hand under the table and slapped her hand away.  We were in a long booth, and I was against the wall, so no one could see, but my slapping her hand did make people look up.  When everyone looked at us I had just grabbed her hand to push it away, but I froze, my hand on hers.  The glares made me feel defiant, and as I met each stare from across the table, I pushed her palm onto my bare thigh.  Finally when everyone went back to eating I moved her hand back to her own lap and hissed "stop it!"   
   
She got trickier, and waited until I had my water glass in my hand before reaching under the table and grabbing my hem again.  I couldn't slam the glass down, and she lifted my hem all the way up and tucked it into my waistband before I could stop her!   
   
"What is wrong with you two over there?" Mme Webster said from the far end of the table.   
   
"Madame, Natasha won't leave me alone!" I complained like a five-year-old, the hem of my skirt still tucked into the waistband above my exposed pussy.   
   
"Okay, I'll stop!" Natasha said to Mme Webster.   
   
I whispered to her through clenched teeth, "stop it, or I'm not hanging out with you tomorrow!"  I think she believed me (of course it wasn't true), because for the most part she stopped after that.   
   
After dinner we walked along the Seine back to the hotel.  Natasha didn't touch me or say anything to me the rest of the way.  She was pouting, but I think she was just acting, so I ignored it.  In this tight group walking along the sidewalk, I finally relaxed for the first time the whole day.  So close, no one could see up my skirt.  I felt the cool night air blow on my pussy, and reveled in the feeling of being almost naked, but in a casual way.  Maybe I was just worn out from the long day.  Everyone was still jetlagged, and we were all in our rooms by 10 o'clock.   
   
In our room we both collapsed on our beds.  I looked over at Natasha, and she was staring at me with a wide smile on her face.  "That was so amazing today, Candace," she said.  "Do you realize you got completely naked in the bookstore?"   
   
"Yeah, so?" I said.  "You realize you watched me masturbate?"   
   
"So what.  You were so turned on I couldn't have stopped you if I'd tried," she laughed.   
   
"Whatever."  She was on her side, looking at me.  I lay on my back, my head turned toward her.  My eyes were getting heavy.   
   
"Were you turned on watching me?" I asked her.  I nodded off momentarily, and I didn't hear her response.  When I opened my eyes again, her eyes were closed.  I nodded off longer, and when I opened my eyes again she was on her back, her eyes closed, one hand inside her panties.  I could see her middle finger move up and down over her clitoris.  I smiled and watched her until I fell asleep again.

Clarification: I realized I've been sloppy about what floor we were on.  In France the floors start at zero (the "rez-de-chaussée," or "RC").  So we push "4" to go to our floor, but it's actually the fifth floor of the building.  The building is actually six floors high, so the elevator buttons go to 5.   
   
   
la nuit de mardi à mercredi   
   
I awoke again suddenly.  All the lights were out and I could feel that it was the middle of the night.  Natasha's silhouette was visible under her covers.  She had pulled my blanket over me as well.  I was wide awake.  My watch in the yellow light of the streetlamp said 3 o'clock.  I listened to the hotel; all was silent but Natasha's light breathing.   
   
I threw off the cover and sat up.  I was still wearing my skirt and t-shirt and nothing else.  I had to pee.  I didn't want to bring the key with me, so I tiptoed out to the hallway and rested the door against the jam so it didn't lock.  Everything was as quiet as the night before.   
   
I sat on the toilet peeing and contemplating the situation.  I thought about the stairs, the lobby, the elevator.  I wiped and stood up.  The flush made an enormous noise and I regretted pushing the button.  It must have woken up the whole hotel.  I went into the hall and stood at the balcony looking down the stairwell to the floor of the lobby five flights below, listening.  Nothing stirred.  Standing there my stomach started tingling.  I pulled off my shirt and pushed my skirt down over my bare feet.  I thought about last night, when I had put my clothes in the fifth floor bathroom.  I didn't want to climb those stairs again naked.  I had already done that, and it would be much more dangerous to leave them in the fourth floor bathroom.  I left them in a pile on the back of the toilet where no one could miss them if they went to the bathroom, and walked back to the landing naked.   
   
At this point, I realized, I had been wandering back and forth for several minutes completely naked in front of the rooms hardly thinking twice about it!  It's amazing how comfortable I got so quickly.  I looked over the railing to the floor far below again.  Could I make it all the way down there?  Five flights was a long way!   
   
If I walked down the stairs I would have to walk back up, and that would be retracing my steps.  The trip back I knew would be really anti-climactic.  It's weird, isn't it?  I wasn't doing it consciously, but there seems to be a common experience of walking naked.  Retracing my steps would have been a huge let-down.   
   
How could I come up a different way?  The elevator.  But I realized immediately that sucked too, because the hard part would be going down the stairs, and once I got on the elevator it would just deliver me back to my room.  Anti-climactic.  The right thing to do was go down in the elevator and walk back up.   
   
I looked over the balcony again, and tried to remember what the lobby was like.  Going out the elevator, the front desk was directly to the left.  Straight ahead was the door outside, and to the right was a little lobby with some chairs and a sofa and a desk.  There were also some doors that must have gone back to the hotel offices.  The real question was what was down there now?  As I imagined standing in the elevator and opening the door into the lobby, I could feel my pussy getting wet.   
   
I pushed the call button on the elevator.     
Was there a night clerk, was he at the front desk, was he asleep?  It clanked loudly; again I was sure I woke up the whole hotel, and tiptoed quickly back to the bathroom in case someone came out.  Even from there I could hear the carriage moving slowly up, and the clanking it made when it arrived.  It was loud!  Nothing stirred.  Truth is, I didn't wait as long as I probably should have, but my mind was focused forward, not on the room doors directly in front of me, which anyone could have come out of at any moment without warning.   
   
I went back to the landing and looked in the elevator door window.  The carriage was there, lighted up.  I looked down the stairwell again and listened to the quiet.  I tried to remember if the inside of the elevator was visible from the front desk.  Maybe I could just ride down and back without getting out and no one would see me.   
   
The adrenaline coursed through me.  I would be too vulnerable, no place to hide.  Trying to think of something I could do instead, my mind immediately went through the same thought process it had originally--if I walked down the stairs I would just have to walk back up.  What's the worst that could happen? I asked myself ludicrously.   
   
I pulled open the heavy door and the metal gate (this was a really old elevator with doors you had to open by hand, and inside one of those metal gates to pull across the opening) and stepped in.  The door closed behind me, and I pushed the gate closed across the opening.  Naked, the metal grate felt very dangerous, like I could easily pinch something if I were not careful.  I stepped back from the metal grate and stood there.  The light in the elevator was harsh, lighting up my breasts and nipples.  The elevator was tiny, maybe the size of two phone booths together.  I was closed in that tiny box completely naked.  If someone had wanted to use the elevator right then I was trapped.  I was having trouble catching my breath, and the tingling in my stomach was almost unbearable.  I could still get out.  But I forced myself to do it.  I pushed the "RC," the elevator clanged again and started its slow descent.   
   
This was a mistake.  Insane.  I didn't even know what was down there, or who.  And there would be utterly nowhere for me to hide, utterly no excuse for me to make.  It was only our first day here.  Oh my god the idea of having to face Mme Webster, get lectured by her, the whispering of the other students!  I almost wanted to cry.  The elevator lurched to a stop and all was quiet again.   
   
The door didn't open, I would have to open it myself.  I tried to look out the window in the door.  I could only see the front door to the outside.  It didn't dawn on me till just then that not only was there the front desk and the lobby, there was a huge glass door!  Anyone walking by would see me as well.  I couldn't see the front desk.  And the door opened to the left, so there was no way for me to open it a crack.  I pushed open the grate, again with an irrational fear it would pinch my nipples, and opened the door, and peaked around it to the front desk.  No one seemed to be there.

This was insane.  Totally unlike the landing upstairs, where I was two steps away from the safety of the bathroom.  This was a large open space.  There were chairs to the right in the lobby, but no walls, no alcove.  Directly in front was a glass door to the outside.  I was immensely excited.  At the moment I still felt a little safe--I could close the elevator door and at least go back up to my floor.  Once I stepped away from the door, I had no cover at all.  I looked again.  I couldn't see over the counter, but there didn't seem to be anyone there.  I stepped to the right and pushed the elevator door closed, and that was it. I was naked, in the middle of the lobby.  The nearest tiny place to hide was a small chair ten feet away.   
   
I stood on my tiptoes but still couldn't see over the counter.  I took one step closer, feeling the cool stone tiles against my bare feet, then another, until I was right up against the desk and could see the empty chair.   
   
Suddenly I heard movement to my left!  I had been so focused on the chair directly behind the counter, it hadn't even occurred to me someone might be in the office behind that.  Out of the corner of my eye I saw a woman walk out of the doorway!  I almost cried out, and dropped to my knees.  She had been looking down at a piece of paper she had just printed.  I was naked, crouched on the ground directly under the front desk, and night clerk directly above me, trapped.  There was nowhere for me to go.  If I moved away from the desk she would surely see me.  If I stayed there long enough someone was surely to come in or come down, or at least walk by.   
   
There was NOWHERE to go.  I could feel her, literally just a few inches above my head.  I could hear her shuffling papers, stapling something.  What could I do?  Just run?   
   
I knelt down on my hands and knees, my ass against my feet, and looked around.  The lobby in front of me was wide open, and I was hunched down nude on the floor.  If I moved more than a couple feet in any direction she would be able to see me.  All I could do was wait, but if I did that eventually someone would come in, or come down stairs.  The elevator was a few feet away, but now the door was closed.  The stairs were past that, maybe 15 feet away.   
   
I wanted to cry.  I was so frustrated and scared.  I decided it would be far worse to have someone walk in from the street and see me there kneeling naked on the floor.  If I just stood up, of course she would see me, but what could she do?  She'd be startled, but it's not like she'd call the police or something.  If I just walked quickly to the stairs and up.  How many women were staying in the hotel?  Would she be able to tell from my naked back and ass how old I am?  Would she deduce I'm with the group of American kids?  Even worse, now I could not do it nonchalantly.  I could not walk with purpose like I thought it was not a big deal.  I'd been hiding naked under her nose for five minutes!  Without a doubt she would tell her coworkers.  I was so embarrassed.  The fact I had been hiding, ashamed of myself, made it ten times worse.  But I had to.  If someone came in, the shame would be unbearable.  I had to try to run upstairs and hopefully escape into my anonymous room.   
   
I breathed in and out deeply, and crouched almost like a sprinter in the starting blocks.  My nipples pressed against my knees, one heel was lodged against my pussy and asshole.  I still heard her rustling papers above me.  I wasn't going to run, but walk quickly.  As stupid as it was, I was going to try to act like I was not ashamed.   
   
I counted down from ten, and when I reached zero I stood straight up, every nerve ending on fire.  I quickly strode across the lobby to the stairs forcing myself not to run.  "Eh!" she yelled after me, of course.  When I reached the stairs I bound up them two at a time and didn't stop until the second floor (two floors up).  I finally felt I a little safer, a significant distance between me and the lobby.  I stopped and looked over the railing, completely out of breath from the adrenalin and exertion.  My heart was pounding so heard I couldn't believe I didn't keel over.  She was half way up the first flight of stairs, looking right at me!  And insanely I didn't duck out of sight!  I just stared down at her.  She was pretty, and young, probably a college student.  We looked at each other for what seemed like at least 30 seconds, before I pushed myself away from the railing and continued up the stairs.  What had I just done?  Now she knew exactly what I looked like.  What would happen next time she saw me, in the middle of the group?   
   
At the next landing I peeked over the railing again.  She was still standing in the same spot!  I think she caught a glimpse of me, but I did duck out of sight this time.  I continued up the stairs away from the railing.  Half way between the third and fourth floors I couldn't go on.  As I got farther away from her and the danger subsided, the feeling was replaced my an overwhelming excitement.  Fear and ecstasy seem to be closely linked.  The fear subsides but not the excitement with it.  I was only two floors below my room.  Amazingly, I was back in a zone of comfort.  These top floors were mine to wander naked as I pleased.  I didn't want to wait till I got back to the room before I masturbated.  I sat on the stairs and peeked through the railing.  She still had not moved, but I was directly above her now so she couldn't see me.  I was confident she was not going to move, and I lay back, spreading my legs obscenely, stared up the stairwell to the darkened skylight high above, and threw my hands between my legs.  I was not wet at all--I had been too scared--but I was intensely excited nonetheless.  I came almost immediately with a completely overpowering orgasm, there on the stairs.   
   
I couldn't believe how much I had masturbated in the last two days, and it was just making me want more and more.  I tiptoed up the last one and a half flights of stairs to my door, which was still open just a crack, and I stepped inside and collapsed again on my bed, asleep before my head hit the pillow.

mercredi matin   
   
I awoke the next morning to the sound of Natasha brushing her teeth once again.  I was naked on top of the cover, but it had been pulled over me.  I had no memory of doing that last night--had Natasha done it for me?  Memories of what I had done last night came crashing in.  In the daylight all my fear was gone, replaced by immense pride and excitement at what I had done.  The woman had seen me naked!  I had been naked in the middle of the lobby, that we would all be walking through in just a little while!  I had masturbated on the steps!   
   
I was wet again, and honored my promise to do it every morning.  As I had the day before, I watched Natasha's ass wiggle as she brushed her teeth as my fingers found my clitoris.  Shit!  She stopped brushing her teeth before I finished!  Then she looked to the left and caught my eye in the mirror.  She smiled and turned toward me.  I continued to rub myself under the covers.   
   
"Hi.  I was wondering if you were ever going to wake up."  She sat down next to me on the bed, allowing me to turn onto my back, staying wrapped up.  I was close to coming--could I do it without letting on?  I had to keep her talking so I didn't have to.   
   
"Are you ready for another day of adventure?"  My orgasm hit me suddenly, unexpectedly.  It took every fiber of my will to control my breathing and keep my legs from moving as it coursed through me.  I wasn't able to talk, and just stared at her through half closed eyes for an uncomfortable period of time as she waited for me to answer.  That felt good, though, and it was really nice having her sit right next to me as I did it.   
   
The truth was, though, my thoughts were so consumed with what I had done last night that the furthest thing from my mind was a repeat of yesterday.  I wanted a relaxing day of jean-clad comfort before I figured out what I would do tonight.  (I knew already I would go out again tonight.  Even if just to walk to the bathroom and back; I had to venture out again naked.)   
   
A cursory knock on the door and Mme Webster burst into the room!  Wasn't it locked?  "Candace, what are you doing?  Let's go!  Be downstairs in 5 minutes."  Back in Highland Park I loved Mme Webster, but she was becoming really annoying this trip!  She disappeared back out the door.   
   
I didn't have time to wait for Natasha to leave so I could get up.  I started to get nervous about throwing back the covers and revealing my nudity to her, but realized even if she were to be shocked, she had no reason to be.  In fact, I was being kind of silly.  I felt a shyness between us after what we had shared yesterday, was it a one-time thing?  Natasha obviously didn't want it to be.  I kicked off the covers and looked up at her, naked.   
   
She didn't seem to be fazed at all.  "You'd better hurry before she comes back!"  I stood up and went to my suitcase and rummaged through it for some panties.  There were none!  "I was afraid you would be nervous about going without panties today, so I hid them."  She pulled down the corners of her mouth in a reverse "uh-oh" grin, trying to make light of what she had just said.  But I couldn't believe it!  Then as I stood there stark naked next to my suitcase, Mme Webster burst into the room AGAIN!  I was so shocked I didn't even react, I just stared at her blankly.  "Candace, hurry up!  Now!"  "Oui, madame," I mumbled.  Mme Webster slammed the door again, and Natasha fell over on the bed howling with laughter.   
   
"Come on, Natasha, this isn't funny.  I don't want to today.  It's totally uncool."   
   
Natasha got more serious and said, "We don't have time to argue about it now.  You'd better hurry."  She stood up and grabbed two things from my suitcase.  "Here, wear these.  I picked them out while you were asleep."  The first was a very short skirt.  Very short.  When I positioned the waist so just the top of the crack of my butt was visible, it was just long enough to cover the "half moons" where my ass met my thighs.  That is when I was home looking in the mirror, not moving.  I had never intended to wear this skirt, I just bought it to dress up in and look at myself in the mirror.  I don't even know why I brought it with me to Paris.  (Why DID I bring it to Paris?)   
   
The top was a standard ribbed tank top, except it was cut oddly.  The arm holes and neck were too big.  It was very tight, and it only came to my waist, just below my belly button.  The triangles that cover your breasts in a normal tank top started right at my nipples in this thing.  Like the skirt, I had never worn this top in my life, only when I was home admiring myself in the mirror.   
   
Of course I started to protest, to say "I can't!" but then I stopped.  There was something so appealing to me about being in Natasha's hands, just doing what she told me to do.  If she wanted me to walk down to the lobby like that, it felt to me like it was her responsibility, not mine.  She was the one who would be shamed by reproachful looks.  I would just be her show thing--expressing her desires not my own.  In just a few short minutes this morning I was more in her sway than I had been even yesterday.  Last night's adventure was completely forgotten.  And I was immensely turned on.   
   
I put my arms and head into the top and pulled it down taught.  The shoulder strips were out of alignment with my nipples, hooking both of them from underneath.  I had to position each strip directly over each nipple.  The cloth of the shoulder strips are kind of stiff.  The "hems" of the armholes and neck (I don't think "hem" is the right word?) were a thicker folded over material, so the strips that went over the shoulder were only the thick stuff, no soft ribbed cotton between.  Just a normal tank top, except as I said, the shoulder part was too long--the soft ribbed cotton started too low.  My nipples stick out so far, I literally had to balance the stiff strip on top of them.   The strips wanted to fall to one side or the other of each nipple.  I tried as best I could to adjust so the triangles were high enough that the hems went to either side of the nipple, but then shoulders were too loose, and the whole triangle was in danger of peeling away from my breast.  (I don't really have breasts, just the tiniest swells.)  Still, I finally got it fairly secured around my nipples.  Natasha, of course, just stood there watching me completely unhelpful.   
   
I was still nude from the waist down, and I stepped into the skirt and pulled it up.  I'm more comfortable pulling a skirt up toward my waist, but this was so narrow it had to be worn very very low down on the hips, right at the hip bone.  It was simply insane for me to go outside this way.  Suddenly Mme Webster seemed my likely savior.  I would go downstairs dressed like this, she would take one look at me and tell me to get the hell upstairs and put some clothes on, and that would be it.  They might shake their head at one more young girl wearing clothes too revealing, like adults always do.  (But this outfit was not even in the same league as what normally gets teachers mad at school.)  It would be chalked up to youthful indiscretion, and the whole ordeal would be over.

mercredi matin   
   
When the elevator thumped to a stop, we were shocked to discover the lobby was empty!  The guy behind the front desk (not the woman from last night!) said, "Mesdemoiselles," and beckoned us over.  I stayed a step behind Natasha.  "Pour vous," he said, handing Natasha a note.  It was from Mme Webster telling us they were going to the same café as yesterday and we should hurry there.  I hadn't expected I was going to have to actually leave like this!   
   
"Hurry!" Natasha said, grabbing my hand and pulling me toward the door.  I resisted, but then she pulled for real.  "Come on, they'll be really mad if they have to come looking for us."  I relented and let her pull me out the door marked "POUSSEZ."  I loved that word.  It means "push" in French, but it sounds like a Harlem pimp saying "pussy" in some old movie--"pussay."  Poussez, indeed, I thought as I followed Natasha out the door, my own poussez all but exposed under my skirt.   
   
She kept a hold of my hand and ran down the street to the left toward Boulevard Saint Germaine.  "Slow down!" I pleaded, trying to wrench my hand out of her vice-like grip.  She is much taller than I, and a light jog for her had me running almost full speed.  She finally stopped just before the corner, and spun around to look at me.  I looked down at myself.  My tank top had twisted, and my skirt had ridden several inches up my hips.  My pussy, ass, and nipples were all exposed!  Natasha was grinning from ear to ear, and I realized that was the whole reason she had made me run, to see if I would stay covered!  I was developing a huge crush on Natasha, but sometimes she was downright mean!  But then she reached up and adjusted my top for me, pulling the strips back over my nipples, then she grabbed the bottom of my skirt and pulled it back down.  She took a step closer and ran her hand over my ass and down to my thighs, feeling where the hem stopped.  "There, you're covered now," she said softly.   
   
I swear she was playing me like a violin.  She seemed to be some evil master manipulator of my feelings!  She exposed me, got me angry, but before I even had time to react she babied me, making me melt in her hands.  Now she abruptly stepped back, putting a horrible distance of a couple of feet between us and said, "Okay, let's go."  She left me aching to nuzzle up against her and have her touch me again.  I knew, without really actively deciding, that whatever she told me to do today I would do.   
   
The café was down the street to the left.  It was a wonderful morning, hazy, damp, and cool.  I could tell it would be hot out before long.  The streets were populated but not crowded.  A woman walked by us pushing a baby carriage.  Natasha started toward the café and I hurried after her.

mercredi matin   
   
At the café no one had even gotten their tartines or crèmes yet, so they must have only left a couple minutes before us.  (Which means as we ran toward them with my skirt riding up over my ass and my nipples falling out of my top, they might have been right around the corner!)  They were sitting outside, and I tried to hide behind Natasha as much as I could until we sat down.   
   
Mme Webster told us today was museum day.  We were starting at the Louvre, then an exhibition of "Victor Hugo's Paris" at the "Musée de l'Histoire de Paris."  The Victor Hugo tour would be in French for us to practice.  Although all I had done for the last 36 hours was expose myself and masturbate, I really am a good student, we all were, and we were very excited about seeing the Louvre.   
   
Then Mme Webster handed out a piece of paper with a map to the hotel and the phone number.  She said she should have given these to us yesterday but we were all too excited and she forgot.  "Okay, class, memorize the number!" she said.  "If you ever get stuck, call the hotel.  They know our group, and they will help you, and they speak English."  Then she told us about a secret French payphone thing--if you dial "03" first, then you can call a Paris number for free!  "I want everyone to memorize the number right now," she said, and pointed to us one by one.  "43, 42, 90, 05" we each said.  "I've taken many groups to Paris now," she continued, "and without fail at some point one of you is going to do something dumb."  Ridiculously, Natasha and I looked at each other as the cool morning breeze blew against my bare pussy beneath the table.   
   
Next she handed each of us three small white tickets with a magnetic stripe down one side.  "These are for the métro.  We'll ride to the Louvre, then to the Paris museum, then back here.  Got it?"  I didn't realize till that moment that I had not brought a purse this morning.  I had nothing on me, no money, no ID.  I had a small shirt, a smaller skirt, and two sandals.  That was everything on my person, to prepare for a whole day of touring Paris.  Natasha looked at me and held out her hand under the table and I handed her my three billets to hold.  When it came time to pay the waiter, she paid for mine without even a glance in my direction.  Without a word spoken between us it became clear I was going to be entirely in her care the whole day.   
   
"Allons-y!" Mme Webster exclaimed, and we filed out of the café and toward the métro stop.  As I had the night before while walking home from dinner, I began to relax.  In the middle of the group, walking casually, I felt safe.  I sensed my legs bare all the way up to my crotch, my bare tummy and hips.  For the moment I didn't feel exposed, but confident, sexual.  Natasha and I had not touched one another for over 30 minutes; I think we were thinking about the exciting day ahead of us.   
   
The métro is amazing.  It has all these long narrow pedestrian tunnels, and in the stations are these enormous 20-foot high posters of movies and things.  And then, some of the trains are on tires instead of steel wheels.  The funniest thing is that to open a door, you have to turn a handle.  We're all used to the L in Chicago, so when our train arrived we just stood there waiting for the door to open automatically.  Finally a Parisian woman had to force her way past us and flip the handle to open the door.  She was really annoyed; we could tell we weren't the first group of dumb Americans unable to figure out how to ride their subway.   
   
The cars are cool too.  Each one has three sets of doors on each side.  Between each pair of doors, on either side, are four seats that face each other, almost like a diner booth without a table.  When you sit down your knees are almost touching the person opposite you.   
   
Natasha sat across from me against the window.  When she sat down I spread my legs slightly to show her my pussy, and she smiled, but then a couple sat down next to us, the guy next to me, the girl next to Natasha.  I snapped my knees closed and kept my hands in my lap the rest of the trip, which was short, only three stops from Odéon to Châtelet on the 4 ligne, direction Porte de Clignancourt.  (I really liked the métro, it's fun to talk about the lines and directions and stations.  I know you're reading this to hear about me naked, but I was a regular tourist also!)   
   
As the train approached Châtelet, Mme Webster called out to us that this was our stop.  Natasha stood up and climbed over the couple's knees first, then me.  I tried to pull down my skirt as I stood up, but then I had to climb over the guy's knees, and in order to do that I had to spread my legs wide apart, so I was practically straddling him.  As I did this my spread thighs pushed the skirt higher, so the bottom of my bare ass was right in his face.  Then the train lurched, and I fell into his lap, my legs spread wide!  His girlfriend looked right down at my pussy spread open on her boyfriend's lap.  I had fallen back so far I couldn't jump back up, and I couldn't close my legs because his legs were between mine.  I had to push myself all the way forward to get my balance, and as I did I my ass was spread open right to his face.  The train lurched again as it came to a complete stop and I almost lost my balance again, but managed at last to get my legs together and my skirt pulled down again.  Fortunately all my group (including Natasha) were looking out the door waiting for the train to stop, and no one had seen what just happened.   
   
As I manoeuvered my way to the door I heard the woman's disgusted voice prattle to her boyfriend.  I didn't understand what she was saying, but I could imagine.  I just wanted to get out of there.  I was the last to step off the train.  Our class was headed toward the end of the platform to the left, but Natasha waited for me outside the door.  When she saw me her eyes grew huge and she lunged toward my breasts to cover me.  I realized then that in the fall my top had twisted completely out of shape, and my breasts were entirely exposed.  The left shoulder cuff was half way between my breasts, the right was all the way under my arm.  My jutting pink nipples seemed almost to reach out toward Natasha they were so extended.  She quickly twisted my top back around to cover my nipples.  She tugged on the back of the top to try to move the triangles up a little more to give me a little more protection, but my nipples, barely covered once again, strained against the thin cotton.  Natasha sort of grimaced, grabbed my arm, and said, "Come on, let's go."   
   
It kind of turned me on that even Natasha seemed to be a little unready for the blatant exposure of my nipples on the subway platform (for which she was of course to blame!), and she hadn't even seen the vulgar show I had just given the two in the train!  It had happened so quickly, and I was so off balance, I had reacted instinctively to right myself and get out of there.  I hadn't even had time to be embarrassed.  Now as the train rumbled past us out of the station, the feeling in my memory of that guy's face mere inches from my spread open ass got me excited.  As we hurried after our group down the tunnel to the next platform, I imagined one more lurch from the train knocking me backward and landing my pussy squarely on the man's mouth.  By the time we caught up with the class, I could feel the wetness between my legs growing.

mercredi midi   
   
The next train was the 7 ligne toward La Courneuve 8 Mai 1945 (cool, isn't it?  They name places after dates!  There is also Quatre Septembre, a place du 14 Juillet, and a place du 19 Mars 1962).  To avoid a repeat of last time, I stood near the door.  I realized, though, that subway trains are a very difficult to place to go pantiless.  They are pretty much designed for maximum face-to-crotch exposure.  Fortunately in the Paris trains, the seats next to the doors fold up, so I leaned against one of the folded up chairs (they are on the other side of the diner-booth seats) and no one could sit next to me.  Natasha reached past me to hold onto the back of the seat I was leaning against, and stayed like that, her big breasts rubbing against my shoulder, the whole ride.   
   
It's impossible to describe how big the Louvre is.  It's shaped like a sideways U.  The bottom of the U is a square building one block on a side (not solid, but like a square, with an open area in the middle), then extending out from that square to the west are the two arms of the U, each one FOUR BLOCKS LONG.  Most of our classmates wanted to head straight for the Mona Lisa, but Natasha and I wanted to go through the entire museum systematically.  It's an almost impossible task.  It's not just one 12-block long journey, the museum is three stories high!  But we wanted to see as much as we could, even if only for 2 seconds per painting.  It was 10AM when we arrived, and Mme Webster told us we had until 2PM, when we had to meet back at the glass pyramid.   
   
Where we started was about half way down the northern leg of the U.  We hurried from room to room.  Whenever one of us paused to long at a painting the other would drag her along.  Even with thousands of tourists, the museum is so big that periodically we'd find ourselves in a corner somewhere alone and Natasha would tell me to lift my skirt, or lower my shoulder cuffs to expose my nipples, but always just for a second, we were never alone for more than that.  I became quite comfortable as we walked through the museum.  People stared at me wherever we went, and I definitely caught myself swinging my hips more than I normally do.  I was in a state of very pleasurable low-grade throbbing excitement the whole morning.  She only told me the first few times we were alone to expose myself to her.  After that it was routine, like christening each room, just a quick flash whenever no one was looking.   
   
At one point she said to me, "Give me your shoes."  I started to protest, but remembered what I had told myself this morning about obeying her, and reached down and handed her my flipflops.  I immediately felt twice as naked as I had.  It has something to do with deniability.  Dressed as I was, people might still whisper, "do you think she realizes she's almost naked?"  But without shoes it's a whole other ballgame.  Now rather than hardly clothed I really was almost naked.  When we didn't have a room to ourselves I would stand next to other people looking at the paintings with my feet shoulder length apart.  Natasha and I were well aware how naked I was just under the skirt.  A couple times in a room there'd only be two or three people, all facing the same direction looking at some painting, and when we walked in the room behind them Natasha would signal for me to flash her, and I exposed myself to her right behind them!   
   
My bare feet got more disapproving stares, mostly from older women.  There were so many people, all engrossed in the art, that none glanced at me for more than a few seconds.  I pictured myself, little me moving through this enormous building, all but naked.  Natasha and I played our little game the whole afternoon.   
   
At 2PM she gave me back my shoes and we regrouped out at the pyramid and headed back to the métro.  I was feeling quite comfortable, quite powerful.  As we walked Natasha looked at me expectantly and whispered, "wasn't that exciting?"  She was trying to recreate the excitement we had felt the day before, and I knew I had her.  "I got kind of bored," I told her, and watched with satisfaction as her expression turned crestfallen.

mercredi après midi   
   
We rode back on ligne 1 toward Château de Vincennes to St. Paul, three stops away.  For lunch we each bought food at a grocery store called Monoprix just outside the métro stop.  The Paris History Museum was just a few blocks away, up some more narrow twisty alleys like the ones in the Latin Quarter, except these weren't overflowing with tourists like those are.   
   
I was surprised how cool the museum was.  It was in some huge old building.  I guess I shouldn't have been surprised; I should have figured out by now everything in Paris is in a huge old building.  Mme Webster got us our tickets, and we went down the hall and up the stairs and down the hall to the Victor Hugo exhibit.  As always Natasha and I were last.   
   
I haven't read Les Misérables (I don't think I have had time in my lifetime--it's 1400 pages long!), but I've seen the musical, so I know the characters.  The wall at the entrance to the exhibit was very cool.  It looked almost like a subway map, with different color lines.  Each line represented the life of one of the characters.  It mapped out how all their lives intertwined.  While we looked at that, Mme Webster greeted our tour guide and she started talking to us, in French.  I can read and write French about the best in the class, but I can't understand it when it's spoken!  It's really irritating to me that some of my classmates seemed to actually understand what she was saying.  She led us into the first room.  Each room was just drawings and books and things that represented Paris in the time of Les Misérables.  Natasha pulled my arm and whispered, "Let's go."  We were still at the back of the crowd, and it was easy to step backward and out the door without anyone missing us.   
   
When outside the exhibition area, we ran quickly up the grand staircase to get out of sight.  "Give me your sandals," Natasha said, and without hesitating I pulled them off my feet and she put them in her purse.  The area we were in, the landing at the top of the stairs, was a small square with glass doors in two directions.  Through the glass we could see a distance both directions.  The museum, it seemed, was a series of rooms along the lengths of the sides of the building (all Parisian buildings, it seems, form polygons with a garden in the middle).   
   
Natasha pushed me into one corner.  On the opposite sides of the corner, in one direction was one of the glass doors, in the other was the stairway.  Just to my right were the other glass doors, the hinges about two feet from the corner.  From the glass doors directly to my right I couldn't be seen at all (although Natasha, more in the middle of the room, could), and she stood in front of me blocking my view of the other glass doors as well.  The stairs were opposite the landing, to my left and Natasha's right.   
   
She reached down and pulled my skirt up over my hips until the hem was all the way up at my waist, exposing my hips and pussy completely.  Then she reached up and pulled the shoulder straps off my shoulders to my elbows, peeling the triangles away from my nipples.  My top and skirt were bunched around my middle, and my pussy and breasts were entirely exposed.  I hated having the clothes still around my middle; I really wanted to pull them off entirely.  She looked to her left through the glass door and motioned for me to cover myself.  I expected someone to come bursting through the door but no one did.  The museum was really quiet; we had not bumped into anyone in the five minutes we had been standing there.  I was getting excited at the idea we could really explore this place without much interference.   
   
We went through the doors just to my right and sure enough, in the next room down, coming this way, were two older women.  They eyed me, but not, I thought, disapprovingly.  This area was a very long hallway.  On the left side of the hallway as we went through the glass doors was a long row of windows looking down into the courtyard below.  The hallway did not have a wall at all to the right.  To the right was a series of rooms, except they had no fourth wall.  They were a series of three-sided rooms each entirely open to the hall.  Each room was dressed to represent life in some certain time.  Some of the displays went back many hundreds of years.  Each item of furniture had a small placard describing what it was.  As the ladies walked past us I read the cards--the stuff in this room was from the 1600s.  All the delicate little chairs had ribbons across the seats and signs reading "Prière de ne pas toucher"--please don't touch.  I looked over my shoulder.  We were alone.  Natasha was peering out the glass door after the women.  I leaned down and ran my hand over the fabric to see what it felt like.  The material was silky, with delicate embroidery on it.   
   
Suddenly Natasha hissed, "Candace, come here!"  Now she was peering the other way down the long hall.  "Keep an eye out the glass door, I'll be right back."  With that she tiptoed quickly down the hallway, the wooden floor creaking loudly at each step despite her stealth.  I went to the glass door and glanced out but I was much more interested in what she was doing.  The hallway must have been close to 200 feet long, with ten or fifteen of these rooms.  I glanced out the glass doors again, then turned back to Natasha.  She stopped about half way down and seemed to be listening, then hurried back to me, almost running.  She looked over my shoulder out the glass doors again, then moved me back into the first room and whispered, "give me your clothes!"   
   
"What do you mean?  No!"   
   
"There's no one in this whole wing.  Inside the rooms no one can see you at all.  If someone comes from either direction, we'll have plenty of time."  She made a scallop-shaped line with her finger.  "You just have to jump around the wall and back into the next room.  I think you can go the whole way with no one seeing you!"  My mouth moved but nothing came out.  "Come on," she said, and grabbed my shirt.  I lifted my arms compliantly as she pulled it off over my head and stuffed it in her purse.  She glanced again out the door then jumped back to me, her hands fumbling to straighten my shirt and shove it in my hands at the same time, while trying to position herself between me and the door.  Someone was coming!  My heart pounded in my throat as I fumbled with the shirt, I only had my arms through and had just pulled it over my head when the door opened.  The whole shirt was still at my shoulders, well above my breasts, my whole front was completely bare.  By the time I got it pulled down all the way they were disappearing down the hallway.  They were middle-aged men wearing suits, and I glimpsed ID badges on their lapels.  They seemed to be museum employees.

Natasha stepped back to the hall and looked to her left after them, holding out her hand to me to wait.  In only a few seconds--they can't have gotten more than two rooms farther on, she hissed, "okay, come on!"  What was she talking about?!  I felt like I was hyperventilating.  My hands were shaking, my heart was beating so hard my whole body was jerking with it.  She looked at me.  "They're gone!"  She stepped forward again and pulled my shirt off my head.  Again I just lifted my arms and complied  This time, the shirt still in her hands, she hooked her fingers in the waistband of my skirt and pushed it to the floor.  I lifted one leg then the other so she could pick it up, and I was now completely naked.  We were still standing only five feet from the glass door.  I ran to the far wall and peeked down the hall.  The men were a little farther now, about four rooms down.  I quickly stepped into the hallway and back into the next room.  Natasha disappeared.  I peered back around the wall and saw her looking out the glass door.   
   
"Come on!" I hissed at her.  She hurried after me, stuffing my clothes into her purse.  I felt slightly safer now that we were farther from the door, but I was sweating profusely.  I could feel it running down my legs.  I ran my hand between my boobs and it came away wet.  I took deep breaths and calmed down a little.  I went to the far wall, quickly glanced over my shoulder to see no one was coming through the door, then looked down the hallway again after the men.  They had only made it one more room away!  They were not paying attention to the displays, but they were walking really slowly.  I couldn't go fast because I would catch up to them and they'd hear me!   
   
I stepped quickly around the wall and into the third room.  I quickly crossed it and stepped around one more wall.  I was now four rooms down, a significant distance from the glass doors.  It finally began to click what Natasha had seen.  Every room we crossed without anyone coming through the doors meant that much more safety for us.  I wasn't safe, but the distance was comforting.  Natasha stayed in the hallway looking back and fourth.  Still no one.  I looked around the corner toward the two men again; they were farther.  This time I didn't jump, but walked casually out into the hall and into the next room, and actually noticed the furniture again for the first time.  Natasha stayed vigilant in the hallway, and I took my time, I even read a couple of the placards, before walking around the corner into the next room, now about half way from either end of the hall.   
   
The men had finally reached the glass doors at their end and left the hallway, and we were now completely alone again, 80 feet from either door.  I was completely naked, and completely safe, surrounded by 17th century furniture.  I stood in the middle of the room and looked at Natasha and spun around.  She grinned back.  "Sit on one of the chairs!" she said.  What a great idea!  Naked or not, those "do not touch" signs are always an enormous temptation to reach out and touch something you would have had no interest in touching minus the sign.   
   
I looked around.  This room was like an office, with desk chairs and small chairs at a small table.  There was only one chair similar to the one I had touched in the first room, with a stuffed seat and back and arms covered with cushion, all covered by the same kind of embroidered silk.  The chair had a piece of ribbon hanging loosely over the seat.  I didn't want to disturb the ribbon, so I bent forward with my feet together, then slowly bent my knees until my ass was touching the seat.  Bent forward like that I felt my whole pussy press against the silk, from my clitoris to my vagina.  The coolness of the silk felt really good, and I slid my pussy over the smooth material.  I leaned back, slowly lowering my full weight onto the chair.  It creaked precariously, and I could feel it wobble.  It wasn't very sturdy.  I looked up at Natasha.  She was watching me, her lips parted.  From here she looked really turned on.  It dawned on me I was really turned on too, and had just rubbed my pussy juice over the 400-year-old chair!  Nothing I could do about it now!  Looking at Natasha seductively, I leaned back and spread my legs, putting one leg over each of the arms of the chair, so my pussy was spread wide and my legs bent way back.  We were just gazing at each other when a loud crash made us each jump almost out of our skins.  One of the glass doors had opened with a bang!   
   
I jerked violently trying to jump out of the chair, but with my legs pinned back that way I couldn't push myself up.  As I lifted my legs off the arms of the chair it squeaked violently, and I realized I needed to be delicate.  By the time I got up I was amazed that Natasha had not rushed into the room to give me my clothes.  She hadn't even reached in her purse for them!  "Give me my clothes!" I hissed.   
   
She waved her hand at me urgently, indicating for me to be quiet, then after a pause waved me toward her.  "They're tourists," she half-whispered at me.  "They're taking their time.  You can still make it!"   
   
"NO!" I hissed and stepped toward her, grabbing for her purse.   
   
"Yes, it will be fine!" she hissed back, holding me at arm's length with her hand right between my boobs.  Then out of the corner of my eye I saw someone appear from the first room into the hallway, and I was standing there struggling with Natasha, completely naked!  I leapt back into the room with a whimper.  Natasha stood still facing me, but her head turned to the right staring down toward the glass doors.  Then she hissed at me again, "They didn't see you.  Come ON!"  I ran into the hallway and back into the next room, gasping for breath once again.  I peeked back around the wall then ran straight to the next room.   
   
I realized suddenly I was now only about three more rooms from the far end of the hallway, where another set of glass doors awaited.  We didn't even know what was on the other side of those doors, and now I was in the same predicament I had started with--if someone came through those doors I'd be dead.  "Come on, baby, you're almost done," Natasha said in a suddenly much more soothing voice.  She held up her hand to wait while the tourists moved to the next room.  I could hear them talking not far away.  Then she motioned for me to continue again.  I was entirely in her hands, and didn't even look myself; I just ran to the next room.

Just two rooms from the end.  Natasha motioned for me to stay there, and disappeared around the corner toward the doors.  The voices of the tourists seamed closer, only a few rooms away.  I heard one open.  The blood roared in my ears as I stood there in the middle of the room completely naked waiting to see what would appear around the corner first, the tourists, a museum employee, or Natasha.  The seconds ticked by.  It should have happened already!  What was she doing!  She finally appeared around the corner like an angel and motioned for me to continue.  I ran into the last room.  I expected her to give me my clothes but instead she went to the glass doors and held them open for me!  Too overwhelmed to protest again, I just ran blindly through the door.   
   
With a flood of relief I took in this new room.  It was also the landing of a stairway, but it was very small, and the stairs were old, wooden, and rickety rather than the majestic marble stairs at the far end.  Instead she motioned me to the doorway at the left.  She came up behind me and wrapped her arms around me.  I leaned against her.  She leaned her head over my shoulder and spoke quietly into my ear.  "Look," she nodded toward the sign on the wall, "this whole wing is closed for remodeling."  Indeed the lights in this hallway were off.  It was darker but light still came in through the windows.  Only a velvet rope draped across the doorway prevented us from entering.   
   
She nudged me, I stepped over the rope, and she followed.  She glanced behind her, then we both walked through the hallway.  This was apparently the ancient history section.  It was darker, and instead of furniture there were display cases with swords and shields.   
   
The fourth room down just had one case, and against the walls were some regular modern chairs and a sofa.  At last.  I rushed to the sofa and collapsed on it, face down.  I rolled over, my head propped against the arm and looked up at Natasha.   
   
This area was completely quiet.  We shouldn't have been there, but no one else had any reason to be there.  "How do you feel?" she asked me, sitting down at the far end of the sofa.  She lifted my one leg into her lap, the other was draped off the edge of the sofa.   
   
"Horny," I whispered.   
   
She lifted my leg over her head so it was now on the cushion behind her, spreading my pussy open.  "Can I watch again?" she asked.   
   
"Natasha?"  "Yes?"  "Would you please do it with me?"  She nodded and stood up again.  She stepped out of her sandals, then pushed her skirt up over her hips and pulled her panties down to the floor.  I got to see her beautiful pussy for the first time.  Natasha has an absolutely beautiful body.  She is far more womanly than I am, with very wide hips.  Not an ounce of fat, but she is shapely, grown-up looking, not skinny like I am.  She actually had pubic hair, a very small patch above her lips.  (I am shaved completely.)  She sat down again on the sofa, her skirt still up around her waist, and I pushed myself up so I was more propped up, my shoulders on the arms of the sofa.   
   
She put her right leg over my left against the cushions, and wedged her bare foot between my ribs and the sofa.  She scooted down so her shoulders were also resting on the arm and our pussies were about two feet apart.  I was already rubbing above my clitoris as I watched her settle in.  I had been wanting this for two days now.  "I love you, Natasha," I said her as I pulled back the hood to expose my clitoris.  "I love you too, Candace," she replied, then her eyes moved down from my face to my pussy, and she watched I began to rub.  She reached down pushed two fingers into her hole then up over her clitoris and started rubbing as well.   
   
I was so excited to get to watch her come, so happy she was doing this for me.  I wanted her to come first, but I was so ragged with excitement I felt an orgasm begin to crawl up my legs almost immediately.  I was so happy when I felt her foot twitch against my side and I realized she was close to coming as well!  With that I stopped worrying about it and just rubbed until I felt my orgasm explode inside me.  My legs writhed back and forth against her sides and I called out.  Many waves hit me before it slowed down and I opened my eyes, just in time to see her orgasm hit her.  She arched her back and clamped her legs around her hand and breathed heavily over and over as she came.   
   
We lay there for a minute, each still rubbing herself, staring at each other.  It was amazing.  We were in this cordoned off area of the museum.  There was not the slightest chance we would get caught.  We could probably live here if we wanted.  It crossed my mind to wonder if we hid, if we'd be able to spend the night here?  Suddenly it hit me that the group might be looking for us!  "We have to get back!" I exclaimed.  I had no idea how long we had been gone, nor how long the tour was going to be.  She sat up too, and grabbed her panties off the floor.  I got my clothes out of her purse and donned them quickly, including my sandals.  She pulled up her panties and smoothed her skirt down over her ass.   
   
"I think we're okay," she said as we hurried back to the glass doors.  "We don't need to run."   
   
"Okay," I replied.  We walked quickly, hand in hand, down the hallway I had traversed naked 20 minutes before.  When we got to the "map" of Les Misérables, no one was there.  But we went around the corner and saw our group at the end of another series of about five rooms.  We hurried to join them, and stopped one room before them and read the displays, as though we had gotten interested in something just before.   
   
In a couple minutes the lady finished up and our classmates filed past us back to the front of the exhibit.  Three or four of them looked at us angrily--clearly some people had noticed our absence.  But so what.  We joined them walking to the back while Mme Webster stayed behind talking to the lady in French.   
   
The painful thing was that it was only 4PM, and the museum didn't close until 5PM.  So Mme Webster told us to take an hour to see the exhibits here.  I groaned like a five-year-old throwing a tantrum before catching myself and stopping.  Natasha moved next to me and whispered, "Give me your shoes," and I slipped them off and handed them to her.   
   
The displays were actually really interesting and we enjoyed looking at them.  I looked closely at the seat where that naked girl had rubbed her pussy 30 minutes before, but could see no evidence of it.  This 17th century furniture was pretty tough after all.

la nuit de mercredi à jeudi   
   
For dinner we went back to the Latin Quarter.  I think Natasha and I were exhausted because we were both very quiet.  After dinner we walked down Blvd. Saint-Germain and looked at all the expensive shops.  By 8PM we really just wanted to go back to the hotel.   
   
Our room had a TV, and we lay down on our beds to watch.  Some of the boys came by to ask us to come down to their room, but we were both hardly awake by that time.  Natasha went to the door and told them to go away, that she was tired, and I was asleep.  I wasn't, but I was curled up on my side facing away from the door.  In that position, if the bottom of my skirt covered my pussy (I never had bothered to put on panties), it did so by mere millimeters.  But I was used to the boys gawking--that is the fun of miniskirts!   
   
I awoke once again in the middle of the night.  I was still wearing my outfit, and I was still on top of the covers.  Natasha was asleep on her bed, also on top of the covers.  My watch said 3AM.  I had to go to the bathroom.  Suddenly I remembered I had never recovered my clothes from the bathroom from last night!  I was now wide awake.  Obviously many people had seen them, but no one had said anything.  Had they casually tossed them aside, as the first night on the fifth floor?  If someone had picked them up, had they noticed there were skirt and shirt, but no panties?  Were they even still there?   
   
Walking across the landing to the bathroom at 3AM was no longer even a challenge.  But for me to go to the bathroom in my clothes at this stage would have seemed like an enormous copout.  As I thought about what to do I realized I hadn't taken a shower tonight because we'd fallen asleep.  I decided to go to the bathroom naked and take one.   
   
I stood up quietly and looked down at Natasha sleeping soundly, and slipped off my skirt and top, letting them fall to the floor between our beds.  I grabbed shampoo and soap and quietly opened the door.  I didn't take a towel--I could dry myself when I got back!   
   
The landing was quiet as always, and I stepped out and rested the door against the jam, slightly ajar.  Not even bothering much to listen first, I sauntered across to the bathroom.  My clothes were gone.  I tried to imagine who found them--did they imply someone walking around naked?  Or just that someone had forgotten them after a shower?  With trepidation, I hoped they had been handed over to Mme Webster as simply "lost."  I turned on the water and considered leaving the door wide open, but decided that wasn't daring--that would somehow feel dangerous rather than exciting.  I'd have plenty of time after my shower.  I hadn't shaved my pussy since before we left Chicago, and was getting a little bit of stubble.  I would need to fix that sometime soon.  When I finished I turned off the water and peaked out the door.  No one.   
   
I was still dripping wet as I stepped into the hallway, immediately soaking two foot-shaped spots on the carpet.  I got really turned on as I realized if I walked back to our room this way, the footsteps would lead directly to our door!  I went out to the landing, but I didn't want to go in yet.  I was thinking about the woman in the lobby the night before, and decided to sneak down and peak around the corner again.  I would just go down the stairs until I caught the smallest glimpse of her, then I would go back to bed.   
   
The hall was warm, but it still takes a long time to dry when you are soaking wet.  I had no fear in the hotel stairs now, it really hardly got me excited.  The only thing that did make me tingle was as I got closer to the woman on the first floor.  She had seen me last night!  If she saw me again I'd be dead.  And surely all she would be thinking about tonight was the naked girl she saw the night before.  I reached the first floor landing (one above the lobby), my body still glistening from the shower.   
   
If I just walked down the stairs, I would be going feet first and she'd see me before I her.  I bent over and went one step at a time, peering as far as I could, until I could see the front desk clearly.  She must have been in the back room because no one at the desk.  I was only five steps from the floor, and I resolved to go to the bottom, stand there for a moment openly facing the desk, then return.   
   
At the bottom of the stairs the floor is tile, and I left two big wet footprints.  I stood there in the middle of the open lobby, naked, and listened but could hear no movement.  I decided I had had enough, I didn't want a repeat of what happened last night, and I jogged back up the stairs to the first floor.   
   
I looked over the balcony, half expecting her to appear again and lock eyes with me as she had the night before, but she didn't.  I jogged up the rest of the stairs, bare-assed, enjoying the feeling of using my thigh and butt muscles while naked, my legs scissoring around my bare pussy.   
   
By the time I reached our floor I was a little out of breath.  Even before I crossed to our door, I saw with horror that it had been closed!  An unbearable shock of adrenaline shot through me.  I broke into a sweat.  What could I do?  If I knocked too loudly, I would wake someone else up.  I went to the door and noticed a tiny post-it next to the doorknob.   
   
"My Dearest Candace--   
   
I woke up and you weren't here, but the door was left open.  I am really tired, but won't feel safe enough to sleep if it's open.  When you get back, if you can't wake me up by knocking, just call the room from the payphone on the corner and I'll let you in.  I hope you remember the number!   
   
Love,   
   
Natasha   
   
PS. I folded the clothes that you left in a pile on the floor and put them back in your suitcase."

I was in utter shock.  She knew!  It didn't say so explicitly but I could tell she knew I was naked.  She knew I was out here naked, and she had locked me out!  And she warned me subtly that if I knocked she would pretend she didn't hear.  If I protested too loudly, she would let me wake the whole hotel before she opened the door.  She was probably awake and looking out at me right now.  I couldn't believe it.  And my nipples were suddenly achingly erect, my pussy dripping wet.   
   
I stood there, naked in front of the door to my room, on the landing, still not yet dry from my shower.  I racked my brains, but there was no way for me to get into the room.  I had no choice but to do what she asked.  She had me trapped.  But how could I?!  Could I hide somewhere?  I could lock myself in the bathroom . . . and what, sleep naked on the floor until the morning?  What if she didn't come out then?  If I didn't do what she said she was perfectly capable of remaining locked in our room until Mme Webster pounded on the door and insisted we both appear.  I had to go back downstairs.   
   
My mind was numb.  I couldn't possibly really do what Natasha wanted me to do, but I couldn't just stand there.  If I started down the stairs, something would surely rescue me.  Natasha would stop me or something.  But it didn't happen.  The hotel was quiet as always, and I had no trouble reaching the first floor.  I stopped again on the landing directly above the lobby, and tried to picture what I was going to do, tried to prepare myself.  Of course I had no idea what the hotel phone number was.  It started with 43, I thought.  Maybe there was a 42?  I was completely lost.  Even if I went outside I couldn't call the hotel.  I couldn't possibly hide.  It must have been 4AM by then.  Not too late, but not getting any earlier.   
   
If the girl was not behind the counter, maybe I could go behind the counter and somehow figure out how to ring the room from there.  It was an absurd idea, but at least a plan.  Standing behind the counter naked trying to figure out how the hotel phone system worked.  But if she wasn't there, I would have no choice.  I couldn't leave anyway without a phone number!  Maybe there would be an extra set of keys behind the counter?   
   
I crept half way down the last flight of stairs, as I had done not thirty minutes before.  Last time I was bold, feeling unstoppable.  This time I felt sick to my stomach.  This wasn't fun.  I was walking directly into trouble.  No matter what I did.  The only choice I had was how to get in the least amount of trouble.  But pushing myself toward trouble turned me on immensely.  I leaned far down and looked toward the front desk, and of course she was standing right there.  My planning had been for naught.   
   
I stood back up and thought.  I was mere feet from the girl, completely naked.  The glass front door was right there to my right, five flights of rooms were above me.  I had to ask her for help; I had no choice.  I had to walk down the stairs naked, walk to the front desk, and calmly ask her to let me into my room.  My pussy was aching with excitement.  Amazingly, that made me remember this afternoon with Natasha, and that made me think of Natasha in our room now, and that just made me more excited.  Somehow doing a dare for Natasha again relieved me of responsibility.  I could deal with the consequences.  I wasn't going to be murdered.  Maybe Mme Webster would even yell at me while I stood before her naked!  I boldly started down the stairs and crossed the open lobby to the front desk.   
   
She heard my feet on the tile and looked up.  She stared at my aching breasts; she stared at my aching pussy.  She showed no expression at all.  She wasn't amused, wasn't friendly, but wasn't angry either.  My whole body was flush with excitement.  My legs were so weak I could hardly will them one in front of the other.  My thighs were slick with sweat and pussy juice.  When I was a step from the counter she looked up into my eyes . . . and I realized I had forgotten to practice what I needed to say to her in my mind!  I suddenly drew a complete blank.  "Parlez-vous anglais?" I croaked.  "Non," she said.  She stood back and crossed her arms under her breasts.   
   
"Je suis . . ." I couldn't remember the word for "room," or "floor," or "key" or "lock" or "help me" (all words I know).  I remembered "five," and said "cinq," raising my arm to point upward and stretching my erect nipple toward her, causing me to flush even more.  I remembered "téléphone," and held my thumb and pinky in a telephone sign to my ear.  "Non," she said--I don't know what she thought I was asking.   
   
My eye was caught by a brochure on the desk, and I saw it had the phone number on it.  I grabbed it and looked over my shoulder at the front door.  I had no recollection of a pay phone on the corner.  I tried to picture what it was going to be like out there, but it was futile.  The outside was like a roaring wall of unknown pushing back at me, and I had to just go through it.  I thought of Natasha.  If she had been there, I thought, I would have done it without hesitation.  I would have done it for her to see.  But she wasn't!  I was going to be outside all alone, not even able to speak the language.   
   
My breathing was ragged, like I had just run a marathon.  The front door looked a mile away, but it was really just a couple steps across the lobby.  The street outside was dark.  I went to the door and pushed it open.  The cool Paris night rushed at my naked body.  I was almost completely dry now, but a cold from the water evaporating from my body, and the cool air raised goose bumps on my arms and breasts, stiffening my nipples even more if that were possible.  The wind blew against the wetness between my legs, making me shudder.   
   
The door is set back from the street, so there is an alcove of relative safety.  The hotel is in a narrow alley with tall buildings on either side.  Except for the alcove I was standing in, there was absolutely no protection, just sheer walls in both directions.  The whole alley was lit by dim yellow street lights far above.  To the right about a hundred yards the alley turned a corner--we had never gone that direction; I didn't know what was down there.  To the left was the way out of the alley.  Maybe fifty yards away the alley opened up into a wider road.  It was still not a large road, but it was significantly more spacious, with sidewalks on either side, parked cars lining both curbs and a lane down the middle.  That road had a lot of furniture and clothing shops, and to the left was the café we always went for breakfast.  In the evening that street was quite bustling with foot traffic and cars.  But at 4AM?  The alley I stood in was deserted, but it was impossible to tell what lie beyond the opening of the alley.  Once I stepped from the alcove I would have absolutely no protection for the whole distance to the street--anyone walking by would see me clearly no matter what I did.   
   
I stood there a long while looking toward the street without seeing a single soul.  I was beginning to shiver already and I was not even out the door yet.  I hugged myself against the cold, my nipples pressing against my forearms, and glanced over my shoulder through the glass to the front desk.  The woman stood there staring at me impassively.  Nothing was going to make it easier, and I stepped out into the middle of the alley.   
   
That wasn't bad; I could still jump back into the hotel if someone came.  But the street was so far away.  My teeth were now starting to chatter.  Focusing intently on that small square at the end of the alley that was the open street, I began to walk toward it.  The sidewalk was a smooth asphalt that felt pleasant against my feet, almost cushiony.  Not ten steps from the hotel a couple walked by!  I jumped to one wall and crouched down, trying to make myself invisible.  That was futile, of course, but they did not look down the alley, and I was not seen.   
   
I determined to move faster, and began walking again.  About half way to the entrance I heard the put-put of a Paris car echoing down the street.  Because of the warning I was not quite so afraid this time, and I moved to the wall, but did not crouch down.  Right before the car appeared I felt a hint of bravery, and stood away from the wall facing toward the street.  The car sped by without slowing.   
   
I continued, but now I was getting very close to the street.  The roaring in my ears increased with each step.  I was finally just a few feet from the corner, on the left side.  I could see quite a ways down the road to the right.  It was well lit, and no one stirred.  Then I heard high heels clicking on the sidewalk to my left.  I was only about five feet from the corner.  I could not hide, and this close the person would see me out of the corner of her eye.  There was nothing I could do!  I stood there with one hand on the wall and waited, trying not to shiver.

A woman about 45, in a fur coat, appeared around the corner and looked right at me.  She paused, mouth open, about to speak.  I couldn't bear to stand there and try to explain to her what I was doing, so I brushed by her, mumbling "excusez-moi," and hurried down the street to the left.  Glancing over my shoulder, I glimpsed her still standing there, staring after me.  I jogged a little further, until I was many yards from the relative safety of my alley, on a big, wide, well-lit, well-traveled street, in the middle of the sidewalk.  Suddenly aware of myself again, I stopped and glanced around, but saw no one.  At the moment, except for the lady behind me, whom I was now ignoring, I was by myself.   
   
In front of me, about thirty yards away, on the other side of the street, was the phone booth.  I marveled that Natasha had seen it before, I had never noticed it.  (I didn't want to contemplate the other possibility, that Natasha had no idea where a phone booth was, and had sent me out blindly to find one.)  I was happy to cross the street to get away from the woman's staring eyes.  I stepped between two cars and into the cobblestone roadway.  The bricks were smooth and cold, and my toes gripped in the wide cracks between them.  For the first time in a long time, I felt a little bit of that feeling of boldness, power.  I was naked in the middle of this street, completely exposed, and completely safe.  There was no one in sight--this street was mine.  I faced one direction, then the other.  Thankfully, the lady had finally stopped staring and was walking away.  I heard a car coming and ducked between two cars.  Rather than go behind the cars onto the sidewalk, I stayed crouched between the bumpers, still visible to the street.  But I knew the car would not see me as it sped by, and it didn't.  As soon as it passed I stepped back into the middle of the street and watched it disappear around the bend.   
   
I began walking down the sidewalk toward the phone booth.  Looking again over my shoulder, I couldn't believe how far I had come.  The alley was now far in the distance on the far side of the street.  The phone booth was still about ten yards away.  I closed the distance quickly and stepped into the booth.  I was so excited to call Natasha and tell her I had done it.  She wouldn't believe me.  I picked up the receiver and studied the phone, when without warning I heard voices as clear as day.  I was so intent on dialing the phone I had stopped looking around me, and now looking up I saw four young men just a few feet from the booth coming right toward me!   
   
My confidence turned to horror.  I whimpered.  I was caught, trapped, they were too close even for me to run.  I only had time to close the glass door before they were upon me.  They surrounded the booth and began taunting me.  I don't know what they were saying, but it was the same tone it would have been in America.  They were on all sides and I could not cover myself.  One of them tried to push his way into the door, and I had to press my back against the door and push back with all my might.  I could imagine how my ass was squished against the glass, and in front of me the other three guys leered at my straining naked front.   
   
Then a frightening scream pierced the quiet, "Laissez-nous!  Allez-vous-en!"  It was so authoritative the guys actually took off!  I looked over my shoulder in the direction of the voice, and there, miraculously, was Natasha!  I squealed with relief and leapt out of the booth and into her arms.  I hugged her as tightly as I could, pressing my naked body into her, wanting to lose myself in her arms.  She hugged me back; I felt her arms wrap around my bare back.  We stood there like that for what seemed like a long time, two girls hugging, one completely naked.  Then she ran her hands down my back and over my ass and squeezed both my ass cheeks almost patronizingly then separated herself from me and smiled down at me.  "I think it's time to go back to the hotel now," she said.  It wasn't until later that I had time to reflect on what had happened, and figure out that she had followed me the whole way.  It made sense--it would not have been fun for her to have me out walking around by myself.  The whole fun for her was watching me naked.  Where did she get that French!  She told me later she had learned it from the French version of Les Misérables, when the sailors are bothering Fantine.  She's amazing!   
   
We walked back to the hotel arm in arm, like any two young lovers on an evening stroll, except of course I was naked.  In her arms again I felt safe.  A car drove by and I instinctively moved to duck behind the cars, but she held me tightly next to her and made me continue strolling as it drove by without slowing.  Just before the alley we met a couple coming the other direction toward us.  "Bon soir," Natasha said amicably.  "Bon soir," they both responded, grinning from ear to ear.  Walking next to her, my whole left side, my hip, my breast, was on fire where it pressed against her, as was my waist where her hand held me tight.  I was intensely turned on by her once again.   
   
In the lobby the woman stared at us, and Natasha said "bon soir" to her brightly.  She walked me to the elevator and closed us inside.  As soon as she pushed the button for five I pressed myself against her, clinging to her and straddling one of her thighs.   
   
My inhibitions were completely gone.  In the room I grabbed at her clothes, pulling her blouse over her head, unhooking her bra, pushing her sweatpants and panties to the floor until she was before me as naked as I was.  I could feel the heat emanating from her body against my skin.  We moved to the bed.  She lay down on her back, and I lay on my side next to her.  I pressed myself against her, resting my head against her beautiful full breasts, half straddling her with my left leg resting on her hip bones, her small patch of pubic hair scraping my inner thigh, my scratchy pussy rubbing against her hip.  She put her left arm around me and rested her hand on my ass.  I slid my left hand up over her stomach to hold her right breast.  My right hand, the one pinned beneath me, I moved between my legs and began rubbing my pussy.  She slid her right hand under my thigh, and the muscles of her forearm moved against my leg as she began to rub her pussy.   
   
I tilted my face upward and met her lips, and we kissed tenderly as we each rubbed our pussies.  She came first this time, and it excited me so much to feel her breath quicken in my mouth, and her body tense against mine, that I came against her leg soon afterward.  "I love you, Natasha," I told her for the second time that day.  "I love you, Candace," she whispered back.  I fell asleep in her arms.

jeudi matin   
   
The next morning we awoke to the usual sound of annoying Mme Webster pounding on our door yelling that we were going to be late.  We had not moved since falling asleep arm in arm a few hours before.   
   
Natasha disentangled herself, pulled on her sweatpants and shirt, and went to the bathroom.  This was my chance.  I jumped up and began rummaging through her suitcase.  I grabbed all her panties, added the pair from the floor, and bunched them all into a ball. She was going to go pantiless with me today!  I looked around the room for where to hide them.  The only thing I could think to do short of tossing them out the window was to stuff them under my mattress.  I did so, then crawled under my covers to wait or her.  Of course my mind flew back to the night before, and I rolled onto my back and played with myself as all the details crowded into my head--the lady behind the front desk, the lady with the fur coat, Natasha rescuing me, sleeping together naked.  I wanted to finish before she got back so I rubbed myself hard and came in just a couple minutes.   
   
She did return shortly.  I was so anxious to see her face when she discovered her panties were missing.  I had trouble suppressing my smile as she came in.  "What am I wearing today?" I asked her.  "I'm thinking that little sun dress you have?"  "Okay."  The shyness I had felt yesterday morning was completely gone.  I pulled back the covers and went to my suitcase to get the dress for her.  Out of the corner of my eye I saw her go to her suitcase, and I turned to watch.  I could not stop from smiling.  She looked through her bag, paused as she realized her panties were gone.  She straightened and glanced at me, then stepped to the head of her bed.  Then looking straight at me, she bent over, slid her hand under her pillow, and pulled out another pair of panties!  She held them up for me to see, then collapsed on her bed laughing hysterically at me for the second morning in a row.  I was so mad!  She was always two steps ahead of me.  I jumped over my bed, still naked, and tried to grab them out of her hand.  I wrestled her to the bed, but she easily kept them out of my reach.  The truth is I wasn't trying very hard.  Although part of me was annoyed I had been foiled, I was turned on by how she could read me and anticipate me.  I was just pretending to be mad for the opportunity to wrestle with her naked.   
   
Mme Webster once again burst into the room, to find me completely naked on top of Natasha, who was fully clothed, reaching for the panties Natasha held out of my reach.  "Candace, what the hell are you DOING?" she yelled.  "GET READY!" and slammed the door shut again.  Natasha screamed with laughter, and rolled around and I thought she was going to die before she caught her breath.  Then she calmed down and looked at me again and collapsed with laughter again.  I sat next to her shoving her and telling her to shut up but that just made her laugh harder until I finally just waited for her to calm down.  "Are you through?"  "Yes, you have to get dressed!"  I grabbed my dress from where it had fallen to the floor and tossed it onto her stomach.   
   
She stood up and beckoned me to stand also.  I stood in front of her, a naked child waiting to be dressed.  She bunched it up and put it over my head, then pulled one arm then the other threw the arm holes.  This dress was a very thin cotton that hung loose on my body.  It had spaghetti straps, but much bigger boob-triangles.  It fell to a few inches below my pussy.  Overall it was much less revealing than the outfit from yesterday, but it was really loose, and my naked body moved freely under it.  I gathered the hem up over my waist and struck a pose for Natasha, then let it drop.  I was actually ready before her today!   
   
She took off her sweatpants and t-shirt with as little inhibition as I felt, and I got a really good look at her naked body for the first time.  She was magnificent.  It was impossible to believe she was a high school student.  She had wide, womanly hips, a flat stomach, and large, perfect breasts.  She was flawless.  She pulled on a skirt, then a bra and a t-shirt.  No panties?!  Yes, she was just teasing me; lastly she pulled up her panties under her skirt and her beautiful body was hidden behind all those clothes.  I wanted to see her naked again.   
   
We left the room, me again with absolutely nothing, no ID, no money, no purse.  Natasha would keep everything I might need with her.  We skipped down the stairs and jumped into the lobby.  I felt good this morning!  "Okay, class, now that Natasha and Candace have joined us, today we're doing all the landmarks, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and Sacré Cœur.  My heart sank, and I looked at Natasha.  She was thinking the same thing--how could we have any privacy at those places?   
   
If you ever go to Paris, skip the Eiffel Tower.  It's impressive, and fun to say you've been there, but the lines are huge and it's not worth it.  We couldn't have any privacy, we just stood in line a long time, and at the top there are people everywhere.  It wasn't like the tower of Notre Dame, where there were only a few people on top at a time.  Natasha was dying to pull up my dress or something, but there were just so many people we both chickened out.   
   
The Arc de Triomphe was cooler; it was more like Notre Dame, a long, narrow stairway up, and there weren't so many people on top.  But that made our third high-up view of Paris; how many does one person need?  (Well, at least one more--we still had Sacré Cœur to see!)  Natasha went behind me up the stairs.  A couple times she reached up and lifted the hem of my dress, but that was all the "action."  At the top, although there were fewer people, there were still a lot, and the roof was a wide-open space.  The good thing about Notre Dame had been that there was just a narrow walkway around the edge at the top of the tower.  Here most everyone was visible.  It was cool to see down the Champs-Élysées (all the way to the Louvre!) and in the opposite direction down la Grande Armée to la Défense.  I wish we'd had time to go to the Defense arch also; I think it's cool that it's like a modern version of the Arc de Triomphe; but we didn't have time.   
   
Overall, this day was the most tame (and boring!) day so far.  In a way it was nice to just relax and wear clothes for a while (just kidding), but at the same time we saw the most boring stuff.  If I have to wear clothes, I'd rather do it at the Louvre or something where there's so much to see.  But because there's so much to see, there are less people so much more opportunity to be naked.  It's such a paradox!  I kept thinking the whole time, what if I just took off my dress?  Would anyone say anything?  After the last couple days I was beginning to think maybe they would not--would it really be possible just to be naked and no one care?  My only real concern was my classmates and especially Mme Webster.  Of course Mme Webster had already seen me naked twice, but it was kind of like "locker room" nudity.  It didn't occur to me until that moment that perhaps Mme Webster was enjoying the shows I was giving her.   
   
That possibility was intriguing.  I became lost in the daydream.  What if we orchestrated further opportunities for Mme Webster to see me naked?  She was really the biggest obstacle to me just ripping off my dress right there on top of the Arc.  If I weren't scared she would tell my parents, or who knows, suspend me or something, I wouldn't have cared.  How interesting it would be to entangle her in a web of public nudity with her teenage students!

jeudi midi   
   
But anyway, I was just fantasizing.  Natasha and I would have so much more fun if we could just explore on our own, but they weren't giving us much rein.  We were tempted to just run away, but of course that would have caused more trouble than it would be worth.   
   
After the Arc we made our way to Montmartre.  All of Paris has hardly a hill, but suddenly out of the blue, in the northwest of the city, is this big mountain with the beautiful Sacré Cœur on top.  The neighborhood is full of steep streets, long stairways, and narrow roads on all sides of the hill.  It was about 2PM when we arrived at the Pigalle métro station, and happily Mme Webster gave us an hour for lunch before we were to meet in front of the church.  (Technically a "basilica.")  Natasha and I practically ran away from the group and into the throng of people.   
   
We headed down Boulevard Montmartre.  Montmartre has sex shows with actual sex!  Uh, wow.  The "theaters" have pictures on the outside next to the doors of people actually having sex, with penises and everything, right there on the street.  We examined them as we went by, but who needs a penis when you have your own naked body under your dress?  I was wishing the street weren't so busy, and I think Natasha was thinking the same thing.   
   
We decided to get off the busy street, and headed up one of the side streets toward the church.  These streets were much quieter, but still had people walking around.  We wandered into this narrow residential street and found the coolest thing.  We were on the side of the hill, and between two apartment buildings was a stone wall, about six feet high.  The cool thing was that there was something like a statue on the wall.  It was a bronze man walking out of the wall, like he was stepping through from another dimension.  His bronze knee stuck out, and one arm, and his face.  Above the statue was a steep stairway that climbed between the apartment buildings.   
   
Natasha looked back and forth, and I became excited in anticipation of what was coming next.  We had not talked about doing anything naked (in fact, we had almost never spoken of what was happening between us), and that really excited me, that our whole naked adventure was an unspoken connection between us.  I knew what she was thinking as surely as myself.  I knew her mind was focused on my naked body beneath my thin dress.  After the scary incident last night, I was happy to be in her care again, where I felt safe.  Still looking down the street to ensure we were alone, she held out her hand toward me.  Forcing myself to trust her, I did not look in either direction before pulling my dress over my head and handing it to her.  "Your shoes too," she said.   
   
The cobblestones felt smooth and cool beneath my bare feet, bringing me back to the night before.  It turned me on so much to do these things for her without thinking.  The anticipation of forcing myself to go naked was excruciating and exciting, but the sudden shock of just doing it, then contemplating what I had just done afterward was even better.  There was no time to reconsider, I had to experience the scariness of what might happen at the same time I felt the excitement of being exposed.   
   
I jumped to the wall and stood next to the bronze man trying to hide myself and looked up and down the street.  No one was coming.  I peeked out over the top of the wall and looked up at the apartments above us.  Some windows were open, but no one was visible.  I didn't really expect to see anyone, and it doesn't mean no one is watching, but one has to check.  Natasha motioned for me to come back to the middle of the street next to her.  It wasn't a wide street, but it sort of fell away in both directions from the statue, and I could see quite far in both directions.  Where we were was in shadow, but the rooftops were lit brightly in the sun.  I felt fantastic.  It was broad daylight, I was completely naked.  I wasn't scared at all.  I felt like I belonged there, that this was my time and my place.  I lifted my hands to the sky and stretched.  Looking at Natasha, with all her clothes on, I even felt that I was the one in control.  "You look silly in all those clothes," I told her.  "This feels amazing."  I ran over to the opening in the wall where the stairs started and climbed up the first flight, which went sideways up behind the wall, landing directly above the bronze man.  There was no railing, so I stood right at the edge, my legs spread.  I put my hands on my hips and looked down at her, my pussy on display.  "Are you coming?"   
   
She moved toward the gap in the wall, and I turned and climbed the next flight.  The stairway was really long, at least a hundred stairs.  At the very top, the last 10 steps or so were in the sunlight.  The stairs were so steep I couldn't see past the top steps.  On the next landing I turned again.  Natasha stood on the first landing watching.  She wanted me to continue on my own.  I was now far above the street below.  I felt completely at ease.  On the street below two men walked by.  I was high above them, and I didn't even try to hide myself, but they passed by without looking up.   
   
About four more flights of stairs remained to the top.  As I started up the next flight, four girls about junior high age appeared at the top of the stairs.  I was right in the middle of the stairway, and Natasha was a whole flight below me with my dress.  There was nowhere I could go to hide.  I could have run down to Natasha and grabbed my dress and we could have run away, but as they paused at the top of the stairs, their mouths open in shock, I saw that they weren't going to do anything.  After staring at each other motionless for a moment, I continued toward them.

Their chattering had completely stopped; they just stared at me, until one of them pulled on another's sleeve, and they started down toward me. My whole body was tingling as I climbed toward them.  Eight eyes were glued to my naked body.  We met two flights from the top.  "Bon jour," I said,  "Ça va?"  They just stared, then one of them said something to me but I didn't understand.  I was frustrated I couldn't talk to them!  I wanted to ask them to join me, but the words escaped me.  I had to say, "Je ne comprends pas," and the leader must have heard my accent because she said, "tu es américaine?"  "Oui," I said, understanding that much.  I took another step toward them so I was now standing in the middle of these four beautiful French girls in their white blouses and navy blue skirts.   
   
"Why are you naked?" the leader asked.  "Because it's very exciting," I said.  "You should try it."  The other three girls giggled, but the leader looked down at Natasha.  She was considering it!  Another jolt of adrenaline coursed through me at the idea of this beautiful girl joining me for a naked walk!  But then the moment was over.  She looked at her friends.  "We must go to school now," she said.  "Au revoir!"  "Au revoir," I replied, and they started down the steps, leaving me exposed again.  The leader looked over her shoulder at me.  I had discovered a kindred spirit.   
   
They walked past Natasha, who beamed at them then jogged up the stairs to me, still grinning.  I was grinning from ear to ear also.  We both watched the girls walking down the stairs.  The leader glanced over her shoulder one more time.  I reached toward Natasha's bag to get my dress, but she said, "We're almost at the top, don't you want to go the whole way?"  She was right; I had enjoyed that encounter so much it just seemed natural to put on my dress, but there was really no reason to.  We were still all alone.  There were two more flights to the top.  The last flight was bathed in sunlight.  I ran up the first flight, turned to check on Natasha, then climbed into the light.  The sun was beautifully warm on my naked skin.  I turned again toward Natasha, who was still in the darkness.  The view of Paris was beautiful, I could see the Eiffel Tower in the distance to my right, and the Tour Montparnasse to my left.  It struck me that I was surveying all of Paris completely naked, completely comfortable.  I had to be the luckiest person in the world.   
   
There were just a few more steps to the top.  I took one more step, and now I could see heads moving back and forth on the street above.  It wasn't some isolated residential street; it was a busy road!  I crouched down and motioned for Natasha to hurry up.  She came up next to me and I whispered to her, "there are people up there!"  She stood and climbed a few more steps.  Now I was hyper-aware of the reality of my situation.  I pressed myself against the concrete steps, the edges pressing into my chest and stomach and thighs.  The sun bore down on my back.  My legs were spread on the steps like Spider-Man climbing a wall, so that my ass and pussy were spread open vulgarly to the stairs below.  I looked up at Natasha, who was now six steps above me, just a couple steps from the top, still with my dress.  What if she chose this moment to force me to expose myself again?  What had been excitement changed quickly to fear.  It was almost irrational, but I was suddenly scared to death of getting caught.  Mercifully Natasha returned and sat down next to me.   
   
"You're not going to believe where we are," she said, pulling my dress out of my bag.  I grabbed it from her and pulled it over my head, still sitting on the steps, some pebbles digging into my butt.  Relief washed over me as the thin cotton that made all the difference between exposure and safety fell down to my thighs.  I stood up, reached under the dress and brushed the grit from my ass.  "Go see," she said.   
   
The mindset of having just done something wrong and doing something wrong is very similar, and although I was now clothed, I still felt I should sneak to the top of the stairs, so crawling up with my hands on the stairs in front of me, I peered over the top step.  This was indeed a very busy road, with tourist shops on either side.  To the left, not 50 yards away, the road opened into a big open space, on the other side of which was the basilica!  I had come close to sauntering naked into big crowd of tourists in front of the church.   
   
Natasha came up beside me.  "It's actually almost time to meet them now anyway."  We stepped up onto the road and turned toward the church, me still in my bare feet.  I grabbed Natasha's hand until we reached the open grounds and saw our group gathering on the steps.

jeudi après midi   
   
I was so horny after our little adventure it was excruciating to have to tear myself away from Natasha, but we had to join the group.  Amazingly we were last once again.  (I say amazing because it seemed like at least one time someone else would be slower than we!)  Mme Webster didn't even acknowledge us this time; in fact, she turned around and the group followed her into the room before we even arrived.   
   
The outside of the Sacré Cœur was beautiful, bright white.  It is out of place in ancient Paris--it is topped with Russian-style onion-shaped domes, not at all gothic, but the basilica was not nearly as old as Notre Dame, only built in the late 19th century, no older than many American churches.  Consequently, while beautiful from the outside, the inside is really not that special, not nearly as detailed as Notre Dame.  Natasha and I lagged quickly behind the group to be alone again.  I was still in my bare feet.  That was surely not allowed, but no one had noticed so far.  The smooth stones felt cool and soothing beneath my feet.   
   
We shuffled slowly around the church.  The route is down the left side across, then back up the right.  It's very dark inside.  There were a lot of people, but not a throng; significant gaps formed between groups of people.  We passed several of the displays with different tombs and paintings and stained glass windows.  I felt Natasha tug on my dress and I turned.   
   
She was standing at the door to a confessional.  It was wooden with three phone-booth-shaped compartments.  I didn't even know what she wanted but my legs started to tingle.  The middle phone booth, where the priest sat, had a door, but the ones on either side didn't.  She pulled me close to her and whispered, "Go in here."  People were milling around.  A few glanced at us--we were obviously conspiring.  "Why?  I can't, I'll get in trouble!"  Insanely, she whispered, "I know you're horny.  Do it in there."  "No!" I almost exclaimed, modulating my voice just in time so it came out a hiss.  It was still loud enough to catch the attention of more people passing by.   
   
"Just go in and see.  It will be fine, I'll stand in the doorway.  No one will see, and I can warn you if anyone is coming."  At that moment there was a significant gap in the crowd and I slipped into the compartment.  Natasha quickly moved in front of the doorway, her back to me.  She was right, her broad shoulders completely covered the narrow doorway.  In the darkness to my left was a metal grating.  Below that at the floor was a cushion where confessors kneel, and behind me was a low bench against the rear wall to sit on.   
   
I stood there behind Natasha.  Through the cracks between her arms and the doorjamb, I could just glimpse people walking by.  I moved my hands to my thighs and up under my dress and touched my pussy.  I wasn't really going to do this, it was too crazy, but just so I could tell myself I had done it, I spread my legs against either side of the booth and moved one hand between my legs.  My pussy was really wet, and I put my fingers inside then up over my clitoris.  It felt so good.  I looked behind me at the bench and sat down.  It was very low; my eyes were now lower than Natasha's ass.  Her bare legs of course didn't fill the doorway like her torso did, and I could see clearly out into the nave.  The only thing I could see passing by past Natasha's legs were the tourists' legs and feet.   
   
I leaned back and spread my legs as wide as they would go, one knee touching each side of the compartment.  I put one hand between my legs and the other on one breast.  Almost in a daze, I wanted a little more freedom.  I lifted my ass off the bench and pulled my dress up so it was around my waist.  The smooth wood felt cool against my ass.  With just one more movement I could be completely naked.  I had to do it, if just for a second.  I leaned forward and swept the dress over my head and was now completely naked in a confessional at the Sacré Cœur.  Instead of letting it fall to the floor, I leaned forward and touched Natasha's elbow, pulling down on the forearm so she would hold her hand at her side, and I pressed the dress into her hand.  I knew that would get to her.  She glanced down at it and her shoulders moved as she stuffed it into her purse.   
   
I was so turned on I thought I was going to pass out.  I was sweating with fear and excitement.  I lifted my knees and rubbed my dripping pussy with both hands, sliding my forefingers on either side of my clitoris, over my lips and into my hole and back.  Then staring at Natasha's ass, wishing I could see it naked, I rubbed until an orgasm tore through me.  My breath was ragged, and I wanted to lean back and relax, but after my orgasm I came to my senses and stood up.  I whispered in Natasha's ear, "May I have my dress, please?" and she handed it back to me through the doorway.  I quickly slipped it over my head.  I think I was still having an orgasm, because I could hardly stand, but I gently nudged Natasha, who stepped away from the door, and I staggered back into the walkway.   
   
"Here," I said, wiping my glistening hand all over her mouth.  I couldn't believe I did that, but it seemed like the appropriate thing to do.  I looked back into the dark compartment where I had just made myself come, and thought to myself, if I come here 30 years from now I will still remember where I did that.   
   
"You don't really want to see the rest of this dumb church, do you?" Natasha asked me.  "Uh, no?" I replied, and grabbing her arm we walked against the flow of traffic back to the front door to wait for the rest of our group.  My flip-flops slapped against the stone as Natasha tossed them on the ground for me, and I slid my feet into them, relatively clothed once again.  My legs were still rubbery and my breathing shallow, but I was starting to calm down.

jeudi soir   
   
The rest of the group soon joined us, and we headed back down the hill to the Métro stop.  It was late afternoon now, and we were heading to Les Halles for dinner then shopping.  We ate dinner at a restaurant near the mall.  (Les Halles is a very strange place.  It's a sprawling mall, but the whole thing is underground.  From the surface it looks like a big park, but under that are several levels of shops.)  After Dinner Mme Webster told us we could explore the mall, but to meet back there by 9PM.   
   
We went with the group into the mall and spread out.  Natasha and I went into some clothing stores and looked at stuff, but it was really crowded, and the mall was just like anything we would see in America, so we decided to walk around the area outside instead.  Mme Webster had told us explicitly not to, which of course made it all the more irresistible.   
   
We wandered around outside.  There is a cool big church (Saint Eustache de Paris), but we couldn't go inside.  The streets in this area are tiny--this is the oldest part of Paris--and eventually we ended up on a street called rue St. Denis, which turned out to have nothing but sex shops!  No wonder Mme Webster wanted us to stay in the mall.  We walked by one of those places with the mannequins wearing leather straps and crotchless panties, and of course Natasha said, "Let's go in!"  I followed her in with resignation.   
   
The place wasn't that bad.  I don't know what I was expecting, but this was actually something like a clothing store.  The only person in the store was a creepy Arab guy sitting behind the counter at the front.  (He wasn't creepy because he was Arab, he was simply creepy and Arab.)  Other than him we appeared to be the only ones there.  Along the wall there were shoes with enormous clear plastic soles, and leather stuff like in the window.  On racks toward the back there were also skirts and dresses.  Natasha led me to them and we started looking through.   
   
The skirts here were even smaller than what I had worn the first day.  I swear they weren't more than four inches from top to bottom.  They weren't really skirts, just strips of cloth.  Then we found some dresses that actually looked pretty nice.  They were solid colors, and seemed fairly normal.  Natasha, I think, knew better.  She picked two, a blue one and a red one.  She pointed me toward the makeshift changing room in the back.   
   
The only thing resembling a door to the changing room was a ratty piece of cloth hanging from a wire.  It was too small to cover the door, and the wire drooped in the middle so the sides always slid back to the middle anyway.  I looked past Natasha's shoulder.  The guy in the front was at least pretending not to notice us, although I'm sure he was looking out of the corner of his eye.  Still he was on the other side of the store.  I went into the cubicle, and Natasha stood at the doorway, with one shoulder on the jamb and the other holding back the curtain.   
   
A feeling of modesty did still cross my mind occasionally, and it occurred to me how odd it was for her to just watch me take my clothes off, and for me to just do it.  But by this point we were far beyond a point where I could protest, so I pulled my dress over my head and held out my hand for one of the dresses, naked in just my sandals.   
   
She handed me the blue one.  The dress had been deceptive on the rack.  The material was very thin and very stretchy.  Holding it up in front of me, there was not enough material even to cover myself; it looked like a hand towel.  I pulled on the material and figured out where the head and arms were, and pulled it over my head.  It was so tight I had to roll it down my body, until it ended, millimeters below my crotch.  The thing was skintight, and so thin it looked painted on.  I could see the indentation of my bellybutton, my hip bones, it even went inward a little where my thighs met my abdomen.  There was only one mirror, so I couldn't see my ass, but I could imagine.  My nipples jutted out.  Natasha said, "Perfect!  You can wear this tomorrow."  I thought about it.  Although it was insanely tight and thin, in a way it was more acceptable than some of the things I had been wearing.  I could imagine wearing it at a club or something.  The biggest problem was how hard it was to take on and off.  It took two tries to work my fingers between the hem and my thighs so I could pull it back over my head.  I held out my hand to try the other one, but Natasha said, "Nevermind, I'm sure it's fine too."   
   
She turned and walked toward the front of the store, leaving me standing there naked in the booth.  I wasn't about to let that guy see me naked.  But what if she left the store!  A second later she came back and said, "ha ha."  I grabbed my dress and said "ha ha" back to her sarcastically.   
   
She paid for the dresses (which seemed cheap to me, only 20 euro each), and we headed back out onto rue St. Denis.

jeudi soir   
   
Across the street, open only to foot traffic, from the clothing store we saw a very cute, very young Asian girl standing in front of a doorway next to a sign that read, in English, "Thai massage, 30 euro."  When she saw us she beckoned excitedly for us to come over.  As we approached she ran out and grabbed both our hands and pulled us toward the doorway.   
   
That doorway was really seedy.  It was a glass door, between two XXX DVD shops, with a threadbare red drape on the inside.  Through the drape I could see a single, uncovered light bulb hanging from the ceiling.  But the girl was so cute!  Very short, not more than five feet tall, with long pigtails flowing down over her ears, tied with rubber bands with white plastic balls on either side of the part.  She was wearing low-cut jeans and a halter top so her tummy showed.  She might have been our age, but could have been far younger.  All I know is she was cute.  Natasha glanced at me, and I glanced at Natasha.  The girl pushed a button next to the door and called out something that was neither French nor English, and the door unlocked with a loud buzz.   
   
Immediately inside the door descended a steep flight of stairs.  Nothing was visible at the bottom, just a blank wall.  We could see nothing beyond that around the corner.  Both of us hesitated; this was probably more than we had bargained for, but Natasha looked at me again, and typically, seeing my own hesitation was enough to make her want to continue, even though she had just been feeling the same way.  We grabbed each other's hand and started down the steps.  The girl was already halfway down, and turned, flipping her pigtails around her shoulders, and called up sweetly, "venez!"   
   
At the bottom of the stairs a dim, narrow hallway went off to the left.  Through the first door on the left was a small, very dim waiting room.  On one side was a counter with a small television, and lining the other walls were several of those stackable hotel conference room chairs.  The warped wood paneling of the walls had no decoration at all, except a calendar with red trim and Vietnamese writing in gold.  Vietnamese?  What happened to Thai?   
   
Five or six Asian women of different ages sat in the chairs in lingerie.  Some were at least 40, but they all were much older than us.  Most wore black or red lace nighties, two were just wearing bra and panties and stockings.  I felt a surge of adrenaline that was not excitement but much closer to fear.  They all looked up at us expectantly then burst into chatter and laughter.  They seemed to be making fun of our girl for bringing us down.  She yelled back at them, then grabbed Natasha's hand and pulled us farther into the darkness.   
   
The hallway past the waiting room had no light at all.  The only illumination was from the very dim waiting room behind us.  I could make out that it wasn't a real hallway at all.  Rather the "wall" consisted of sheets of rough, unfinished plywood nailed to upright two-by-fours, arranged so the top edge was about six feet off the floor, leaving a full two-foot gap at the bottom, more like a bathroom stall than a wall.  Every few feet along the wall was a gap with another red drape stretched across.  As we were led slowly down the hallway I heard a man moan on the other side of the plywood.  I whimpered.  I did not want to be there.  I squeezed Natasha's hand tight, and she pulled me closer to her, but she continued following the girl into the darkness.  A woman purred in response to the man's moans.   
   
As my eyes adjusted I could see that there actually was light coming from under the gap.  Two doorways past the moaning man the girl pulled us under the drape and into a cubicle.  It was about 5 feet deep and 10 feet long.  In the center was a high table or bed, like in a doctor's office.  My eyes were starting to get used to the light, and a small lamp in a corner provided enough illumination to make out details, though there weren't very many.  On a small table next to the lamp were several bottles and a decorative box.  In the far corner was a small plastic platform with a drain and hanging from the wall above that a handheld shower nozzle.  Against the wall near the shower was another stackable chair.   
   
"Natasha," I started to say, "what are we doing here?"  But to my dismay I saw in the gloom that a change had come over Natasha.  She no longer shared my fear of the situation.  Curiosity and the danger had gotten to her, and she looked expectantly at our host to see what was next.  I realized then that somehow, imperceptibly, Natasha had moved to the girl's side, and I was standing alone facing them.  No one had spoken a word, but Natasha had communicated to the girl that we were here for me, not her.  "Douche?" the girl said to me, motioning toward the shower.  She wasn't asking me, though, she was telling me this was the next step.   
   
I stood there motionless.  I was starting to feel that despite the two-foot gap at the floor, and the thin drape not completely covering the door, it was safe here with these two.  Sort of like at the beach, or in a dressing room--anyone could come in but somehow you have confidence they won't.   
   
Natasha put her hand on the girl's shoulder and said to her in broken French, "prends sa robe."  The girl looked at her and Natasha mimed pulling off a dress, then pointed at me with one hand and pushed on the girl's shoulder with the other.  "Ahh!" the girl said, as though suddenly understanding much more than "take the dress" could possibly mean.  "Oui," she said to Natasha, then motioned for her to sit in the chair.   
   
Natasha sat, and the girl came over to me.  She was several inches shorter than me, the balls of the rubber bands in her hair reaching to my nose.  She had a very girlish manner about her, her voice high and effusive, and she moved energetically, like a junior high aerobics instructor with too much energy.  She grabbed the sides of my dress and pulled a little, then nodded wide-eyed up at me, "okay?"  Natasha sat with her legs crossed, watching us.  Standing before this girl began to turn me on.  I nodded, and she slowly pulled the dress up over my hips, by breasts, my shoulders.  I had to bend down till my face was right next to her ear so she could get it over my head. She tossed it on the table and hugged me to her, her soft bare abdomen pressing warmly against my stubbly pussy.  She pulled back, hands resting on my waist, and looked at naked body.  "Oh, chouette!  Si jolie!"   
   
She reached past me, one hand still holding me by the waist, and twisted the knob on the shower.  She felt the temperature, adjusted, then pushed me toward it.  "Allez," she said.   
   
I stood there naked in the middle of this plywood room.  The light was dim, the door was only half-covered with a thin curtain, Natasha, with the girl now standing next to her, one hand on Natasha's shoulder, sat staring at me.  I looked at the shower.  It was a plastic square maybe two feet on a side with a drain in the middle, and a hand-held nozzle attached to the wall.  I was scared.  If I got myself wet I would just be that much more vulnerable.  I looked toward the table, and my dress was already gone.  One of them had taken it.  Of course Natasha felt she was in control of everything, but for the first time I didn't feel she was at all.  But I had put myself in this situation, and if I fought, I honestly didn't know what she would do--there was a possibility she would walk out, with my dress.

I stepped onto the plastic and took the nozzle from the wall and felt the water streaming out with my other hand.  It was very warm and soothing.  I ran the nozzle up that arm to my shoulder then across my chest.  I turned toward them.  They were both staring at me enrapt.  I shifted hands to wet my other arm, then quickly sprayed my back then down my stomach and my legs.   
   
Using the nozzle I had been slightly preoccupied.  But in order to wash myself I was going to have to put the nozzle back on the wall, and stand there, wet, and rub the soap over my entire body while they watched.  I took the soap from the dish.  It was hard and rough.  It would not work to go quickly, they would just make me do it again, so I deliberately ran the soap over one arm, then the other, then my breasts, stomach, shoulders, back, legs.  I couldn't not do it, and I finally started to gain back a little of the defiance that made exposing myself so fun.  Without anymore hesitation I rubbed my hand with the soap then ran it over my pussy and between my legs, bending my knees to spread it open more, running my fingers along my outer lips, inside my outer lips, back to my butthole.  I stared at a spot on the wall between them vacantly as I did.  Then turning around I washed my butt, sliding my hand down my crack and over my butthole again, until I was clean everywhere.  Putting the soap back in the tray, I quickly ran the nozzle over my body to rinse off the soap, then turned the handle to shut off the water.   
   
I stood there dripping until the girl came over with a giant towel and wrapped it around me, knotting it in back.  She nudged me toward the table.  I had had a massage before, so I was at least a little more comfortable now.  I climbed onto the table and lay down facedown, with my head turned away from Natasha and my arms at my sides, and closed my eyes.   
   
"Bien," the girl said.  I felt her small hand on my bare shoulder.  It slid down to the towel and unknotted it, then tucked one side under my arm so it draped off the side of the table, then the other.  I was now naked again, my bare ass exposed.  My skin felt cool as the water evaporated.   
   
The girl's hand disappeared, then I flinched as I felt a cold oil dribble onto my back.  Her hands returned as she began spreading the oil over my back and up over my shoulders.  She worked on my shoulders for a minute, then moved her way down my back, pressing on the muscles of my spine.  It was actually surprisingly relaxing.  Her hands continued lower, to the small of my back.  I tensed as they slid over my ass but they continued to my leg, and she began to massage my thigh.   
   
Then I felt the table creak slightly as without warning the girl climbed on top of me.  I felt her bare thighs against my sides, and one of her hands on each of my thighs slid down toward my knees.  As her hands moved farther down, she bent forward more until I felt her nipples press against my ass and I realized with shock that she was completely naked.  It was impossible, when had she taken her clothes off?  I forced myself not to move, to play possum.  When her hands had reached the backs of my knees, she slid them back up my thighs, lifting her chest away from me again.  Now as her hands continued to slide up my legs, her thighs pressed against my back until I realized she had to be pressing her pussy against my back, between my shoulders, not that far from my face turned to one side.  My back was still slick from the oil, and I felt her thighs tighten and her crotch slide minutely against my skin.  I fought the urge to look at Natasha, to protest in any way.  I was going to act dead, like I didn't even notice.   
   
She again slid her hands down over my thighs until her breasts pressed against my ass.  This time she kept lowering herself until her entire body, pussy to breasts, was pressed against my back and ass.  Again she slid her hands up my thighs and over my ass.  Instead of moving back down, they stayed on my ass, starting at the small of my back and moving in circles over my ass, each time spreading my ass open a little more.  The sensation of this girl's pussy resting on my back, and her hands spreading open my ass cheeks, had made me very excited.  Now I had to fight the urge not to lift my ass, or spread my legs.  Or moan.   
   
One of her fingers slipped between my ass cheeks, and slid slowly down until I felt it slide over my asshole.  I bit off a gasp that escaped my lips.  The sensation of her skin on mine was overwhelming; I couldn't always tell exactly what she was doing.  Her hands slid back down my legs, but seemed to stay on my ass at the same time.  Her hands gently pushed apart my knees, and I complied, spreading them even further.  Her hands moved to my inner thighs and slid up until her hands were over my pussy.  My pussy was so wet, I could not tell what was from me and what was from the oil, and the hands began to slide over me, from my asshole over my vagina to my clitoris and back.  I felt fingers slide inside me and push down, as more fingers slid more forcefully over my clitoris.  The feeling was so intense.  I squeezed the girl's knees with my arms against my sides, and pushed my ass and pussy into the air.  The fingers slid all over me until an orgasm exploded inside me.  I spread my legs open wide, pushed my pussy against the fingers inside me and on my ass and clitoris, and came over and over.  I panted heavily as the orgasm ran through me, careful not to moan.   
   
Finally the fingers stopped moving, and my ass quit bucking, and I relaxed.  The fingers were still inside me, but they finally withdrew.  I was completely drained.  I couldn't move.  I felt the girl slide off me.  In a few moments she brushed my hair away from my face and kissed me on the cheek.  I wanted to pass out, but she gently shook my shoulders.  "Tu dois partir maintenant," she said.  "Tu ne peux pas rester."   
   
I forced myself up so my feet dangled off the edge of the table and open my eyes.  Natasha was sitting in exactly the same position as before, and the girl was standing next to the table, clothed, holding out a towel for me.   
   
I slid off the table onto my feet and grabbed the towel.  The girl helped me rub the towel over my skin to remove the oil.  Then she said, "voilà," and handed me my dress.  My skin was still moist and tacky from the oil, and the thin material of the dress stuck to my body.  I tried to pluck it away but it was impossible.  It just stuck again like tissue paper sticks to static electricity.   
   
Natasha smiled wryly and stood up.  She put her arm around me and led me into the hallway as if she was rescuing me from a car crash.  "Trente euros, s'il te plait," the girl said as she followed us into the hall.   
   
For some reason that irritated the hell out of me.  "Fuck you," I said, rather loudly.  Natasha laughed but shushed me, and dug into her purse for the money.  "It was worth it," she whispered to me.   
   
As we passed the waiting room all the women called out after us again, mocking and giggling.  We ignored them and climbed the stairs.  The girl followed us out to the street.  We turned to say bye to her, but just as we did two sailors walked by and she called for them, ran past us and grabbed their hands, and dragged them after her back through the doorway.  The little girl disappeared down the stairs between the two hulking men, cooing to them in French.

jeudi soir   
   
In the puddles of lurid color spilt onto the pavement by the throbbing neon light emanating from the damp openings of the stores lining rue St. Denis, I picked my dress out of the crack of my ass.  The oil on my skin was not going to evaporate quickly, and my dress clung to me, accentuating every crack, fold, curve.  Natasha slapped my hand.  "Stop picking at it, you look fine if you'd leave it alone."   
   
We shuffled back to Les Halles and found Mme Webster.  We managed for the first time to arrive 30 minutes early, and we begged her to let us go back to the hotel on our own, as we were exhausted.  She relented, and we gratefully made our way down to the Métro platform.   
   
Fortunately the train came immediately.  Our car was almost empty.  No one at our end, just one old couple at the far end.  We sat next to each other in the seats that face each other and I collapsed against her, closing my eyes and wanting to sleep.   
   
She must have been fired up from watching the massage, because as soon as we sat down her hand went to my thigh.  I decided to play possum again, evincing no reaction at all.  She pushed my knees apart quite far, and slid her hand up my leg until it cupped my pussy.  The part of my mind that catalogues these experiences noted that this was the first time she had touched me there, but after what had just happened in the Thai massage parlor, the part that gets excited by such things was too tired to respond.   
   
My pussy was still quite oily and slippery, and she slid her hand over it, not fingering my clitoris, but massaging the whole thing.  It felt nice, of course, and any other time I would have been insane with passion, but I had just had a humiliating and mind-blowing orgasm.  I really was worn out.  More importantly, truth be told, the third part of my mind, the part that wants to be in control no matter how much the second part enjoys being the object of whatever degradation she can find, recognized this as one of the rare moments when Natasha indicated weakness in her desire for me, and wanted to torture her with a taste of her own medicine.   
   
St-Michel is only two stops from Châtelet, so we weren't on the train long.  I heard the doors open at Cité, and forced my eyes to stay shut and my muscles limp.  Natasha could cover me up if she felt it was appropriate--I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of caring.   
   
Of course for me, remaining dispassionate with my legs spread on the Métro was a fool's errand.  As soon as the doors opened at Cité I felt my face begin to burn, my nerves radiate outward in the exquisite heightened awareness I felt when I was naked.  Having my eyes closed multiplied that feeling tenfold.  The doors closed and the train rumbled out of the station.  Could I feel someone sit beside us?  Did I sense someone staring?  One of the windows in the car was slightly open, and the loud clacking racket from the tracks drowned out all other sound.  Not only was I blind, I was deaf as well.  The only sense I had left was my nerves, the minute fluctuations of the air on the bare skin of my inner thighs.   
   
Natasha's hand sliding over my pussy felt too good, and my hips subtly, involuntarily, moved against her hand.  She felt it, because the rhythm of her hand changed, became more focused and intent.  It was so irritating!  I had not been able to remain aloof for more than two minutes before she overwhelmed me again.  I gave in, and spread my legs for her, keeping my eyes closed.   
   
I could feel an orgasm within reach, but the train began to slow down.  Natasha's hand withdrew, and I closed my knees.  My eyes had been closed for five minutes now.  I didn't want to open them!  Embarrassment only becomes embarrassment in the faces of others.  As I wrestled with how to open my eyes slowly to minimize the shame, the train lurched to a stop and my eyes flew open onto the bright train car.   
   
Sitting on one of the fold-down chairs next to the middle door, in direct sight line from my seat through the narrow aisle, was a plain girl in her mid-twenties reading a book.  She was the only new person between us and the old couple.  I really had gone insane: she looked up at me as we passed by, and I lifted the hem of my dress, flashing her.  Her eyes fell to my glistening pussy, then rose back to my face, her expression blank.   
   
As we stepped off the train I glanced over my shoulder, back to the seats we had just occupied.  Staring at us was a fat, balding, gross, clammy, sweating guy, the kind that lives in his parents' basement.  He was standing directly behind where I had just been sitting with my legs spread.  The doors closed and the train started out of the station.  The fat guy and I stared at each other through the windows as the train rolled past.   
   
Natasha and I walked quickly through the crowds that were still out in the Latin Quarter.  Of course I was imagining ripping off my dress, and I am sure Natasha was thinking the same thing.  But we kept my clothes on and wound our way through the small streets to the hotel.  It was about 9:30, and the hotel was quiet.  The man behind the counter did not look up as we went into the elevator.

As soon as the gate closed Natasha grabbed my dress and yanked it over my head then pressed herself against me and kissed me.  I was naked in the elevator, a few floors from our room.  Of course it could have stopped on any floor, but I couldn't have cared less.  It was amazing how the danger of being naked did not change, but my comfort did.  This was my hotel as surely as my bedroom in Chicago, and I could walk anywhere I pleased in any state of undress.  As she kissed me I pulled at her clothes too.  I yanked at the zipper of her skirt, then pushed it and her panties to the ground.  I was surprised she didn't resist.  I felt her ass, then slid my hands up under her shirt and unhooked her bra as the elevator stopped on our floor.  The shirt was quite long and I saw I hadn't managed to actually expose her at all.  I knelt down and grabbed her clothes and we went to the door, me naked.  As she unlocked the door I lifted the back of her shirt and pressed myself against her bare ass.   
   
In the room we fell onto her bed.  I helped her pull off her shirt and bra and fell back on to my back.  She lay half on top of me and kissed me again, her hands all over me, my breasts, my stomach, my pussy.  I wanted to lie back and let her touch me.  Her hand found my clitoris and I opened my legs more as she kissed me and rubbed me.  I could feel an orgasm approaching already, and I broke from her kiss to relax against the pillow and concentrate on the feeling of Natasha's body pressed against mine, her hand between my legs.  I think I was in some kind of emotional overload.  I must have had 20 orgasms in the last three days, and it wasn't enough.  I always already needed another.  I held her to me, my hand on her ass, between her cheeks, my pinky resting on her warm asshole, and my orgasm tore through me.  I called out in ecstasy as the waves hit me.   
   
She continued to rub me until the orgasm subsided, then she slid two fingers into me then lifted them to our faces.  She lightly touched her glistening fingers to my lips, spreading my juices over my lips like lip gloss.  I opened my mouth and sucked them in.  She pulled them out of my mouth and slid them into hers, then pulled them out and kissed me, our tongues swirling around each other, tasting my juices between them.   
   
She lay back and I nestled against her, my head resting on her breasts.  "I love you," I told her.  I wondered if she wanted me to touch her too.  I would have, but I didn't want to then.  I don't know if it was nervousness or I was tired.  But without saying a word, her own hand, the one still glistening with my juices, moved down between her legs and slid up and down over her clitoris.  "I love you so much," I told her again as her rubbing quickened.  Soon her legs were moving back and forth, and her own huge orgasm hit her.  She didn't call out, but panted heavily as she came.  She hugged me to her, her hand on my ass now, one of her fingers resting on my asshole.  As she came she pressed with that finger, and I thought she was going to try to slide it in, but there wasn't enough moisture there, and she just pressed on it.   
   
When her orgasm subsided I pushed myself up and kissed her on the mouth then rested my head back on her chest and fell asleep immediately.

la nuit de jeudi à vendredi   
   
I opened my eyes at three o'clock to see Natasha standing beside the bed in the yellow light wearing her t-shirt and skirt.  This surprised me into alertness and I rubbed my eyes and looked again.  She was looking down at me, holding my shirt in her hands.  I was still naked on her bed.   
   
"I want to go with you tonight," she whispered.  It took a moment for this to soak in, and I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the bed.  She put the shirt over my head, and I absently pushed my arms through the armholes.  On the one hand, this was supposed to be my time alone; on the other hand I really didn't have any reason not to want her to come.  I stood and pulled up the skirt she handed to me.   
   
Last evening had been so overwhelming I had not even had any conscious thoughts of going out tonight, so I had not made any plans, but my internal naked clock had woken me anyway.  "I want to go outside," she whispered.  With clothes? I thought.  I was warming to this idea.  Walking around with Natasha in the middle of a Parisian night sounded wonderful.  Maybe we wouldn't even have to take our clothes off to have fun.  (What's that saying about the most fun you can have with your clothes on?  I had never tried that!)   
   
She grabbed the key from the desk and put her hand on the doorknob.  "Ready?"  I slipped on my flip-flops and nodded.  She opened the door a crack, peeked out, and opened it wide.  Even fully clothed, just seeing that hallway at 3AM made butterflies flutter in my stomach.  I love that feeling so much.  I followed her out and we shut the door quietly behind us.   
   
We tiptoed quickly down the five flights of stairs to the lobby and peeked around to the front desk.  Of course, if the lady hadn't said anything seeing me naked, she wasn't going to say anything seeing us clothed, but we were relieved nonetheless to see she was in the back room once again.  We crossed the lobby quickly and exited to the alley.   
   
As I described before, to the right the alley went around a corner, and we had never been that direction.  To the left was the way I had gone the night before, the bigger street about fifty yards away.  Natasha grabbed my hand, but she didn't choose either of those directions.  Instead she pulled me directly across the alley to an iron gate across a high archway.  She pushed it open and pulled me inside.  The pathway continued about thirty feet through the building then opened into a courtyard.  As far as I could remember Natasha had not been out of my sight for one second the entire trip, yet somehow she knew about this place I had never even noticed before, let alone explored.   
   
The courtyard was very dark, and we stood there a moment, Natasha's hand on my arm, as our vision adjusted.  I could soon make out the tops of the buildings all around against the glow of the Paris night.  This was some kind of private park, nestled in the middle of these buildings!  It was quite large, probably twenty-five yards on a side, with several large trees in the middle, with benches and a few tables and chairs.  During the day it must have been beautiful.  "This is amazing!" I whispered to her.  She grinned in the gloom and led me to a table under the nearest tree.   
   
Of course I knew what was coming next.  This spot was so idyllic, so quiet and private, I was anxious to take my clothes off.  It was so isolated, I felt there was no chance of being seen; this really wouldn't be an adventure at all, just a pleasant naked stroll.  Without waiting for her instructions I pulled my shirt over my head, exposing my breasts to Natasha and the chilly night air.  I pushed my skirt to the ground and was naked in this secret place.  "I knew you would like it here," she whispered to me.  Something passed between us and I knew that here, finally, she would get naked with me.  I stepped toward her and pulled her shirt over her head, and she did not resist.  Then I pushed her skirt to the ground, and there we were, two girls naked in some secret park in the middle of Paris.   
   
She looked fantastic, and I stepped back to soak her in.  She stood still for just a moment, before kicking off her sandals and in a burst of energy started off under the trees to the far end of the park.  I kicked off my shoes, grabbed our skirts off the ground and piled the clothes onto the table.  I saw the key glint in the dim light where she must have laid it on the table.  Was it safe there?  Now with both of us naked there was no one to hold our things.  I wasn't about to start.  She wanted to be utterly naked too, not even a key in her hand.  So be it.  I laid the key on top of the pile of clothes and jogged after her.  For the next several minutes we strolled around the perimeter of the park, naked and completely casual.  We could see quite well now, and could see the many, many windows above us, several floors of them.  We could not decide if they were apartments, or offices, or a mixture of both.   
   
I thought to myself that this must be the feeling nudists are after--the ones who go to nudist colonies and play volleyball.  Not the intense thrill of being naked where you're not supposed to be, but the feeling of nudity being completely natural.  Not thrilling, just comfortable.   
   
We reached the opening in the wall that led back to the iron gate out to the alley.  We turned and crept through the tunnel toward the gate.  We could actually see the front door of the hotel across the alley.  We reached the iron bars and pressed ourselves against them like naked prisoners, each of our four breasts pushing through a different gap.  Our hands grabbed the bars and our faces pushed through the gaps, straining to see up and down the alley.  All was quiet.  I looked at Natasha, then slowly pulled open the gate, and we both slipped through into the barren alley with no place to hide.  Nudists might be content with the feeling of casual nudity; I was not.

la nuit de jeudi à vendredi   
   
We were standing right in front of the hotel, naked, but couldn't see inside.  We looked up at the windows above us, wondering if any of our classmates were looking down at us, then started up the alley toward the street, the same direction I had gone the night before.   
   
This was, of course, Natasha's first time naked in public.  I was impressed she had even agreed to go into the alley.  The alley was extremely quiet, as it had been the night before, and we could see it open up onto the street ahead.  As we walked she crouched slightly behind me, peering over my shoulder, keeping her naked body hidden behind my own.  In a strange way it made me feel less naked, like my job there was to shield her rather than expose myself, although I was of course as naked as she.   
   
Same as the night before, as we approached, a woman crossed the alley in front of us.  Feeling my obligation to shield Natasha more than my need to hide, I didn't jump to the wall, but stayed where I was, in the middle of the sidewalk.  The woman did not turn and did not see us.  I could hear Natasha's ragged breathing in my ear and knew how exciting this must be for her.  It was so exciting to me that she was naked too it took my mind off my own nudity.   
   
"How do you feel?" I whispered to her.   
   
"I'm so scared, I can hardly breathe!" she whispered back.  I could tell she was already starting to savor the feeling.  "Keep going," she said.   
   
At the corner we poked our heads out into the street and looked both directions.  The night before I had gone to the left.  "Let's go this way," I said, pointing to the right.  The street was completely quiet as far as we could see.  Cars lined both sides of the one-lane road, street lights lit the sidewalks with the soft yellow glow.  I stepped onto the sidewalk and stood straight, pulling Natasha up next to me so we were side-by-side.   
   
We started up the street, and Natasha was getting more comfortable by the minute.  Only twenty yards or so up the street we came to another iron grate across a passageway.  "Let's go in here," Natasha said.  We had now been walking in the street for probably ten minutes without seeing a single soul since the first lady had crossed the alley in front of us.  It was dark in the tunnel, but Natasha dragged me inside.   
   
This was amazing.  We were no longer going on a naked walk, we were simply exploring Paris, while naked.  Unlike the archway that had led to the park where we had undressed, this passageway did not end.  It continued into the blackness.  We took several steps and turned to look where we had come from.  The entrance to the tunnel was getting farther away, but still not too far.  When we looked back I could see there were actually shops lining the passage.  This was some kind of tunnel or alley, but apparently through the buildings rather than between them.  We were completely naked, pale, we probably stood out even in the dark.  For all I knew a homeless person could be laying right at our feet.  We clung to each other's arms and crept down the middle of the passage.  Only by looking over our shoulders could we see anything at all.  The shops themselves seemed nice, at least their façades were, but it was so late, and so isolated, and so dark.   
   
Each step was harder than the last.  "Let's go back.  I'm scared," I said.  Natasha put her arm around my waist and pulled me tight against her.  Like me she was cold, and her jutting nipple poked into my breast.  I hugged her to me, my hand pressing against the goosebumps on her hip.   
   
"Just a little further.  Let's see where it goes!  We can still see the doorway behind us."  It was so dark now I had my eyes open as big as saucers to try to let in more light, to no avail.  I could feel Natasha's hair brush against my cheek but could not see her at all.  We continued into the darkness one small step at a time, our breasts, hips, and cheeks pressed together, our thighs sliding against each other awkwardly as we shuffled forward.  Occasionally one of us would step on the other's foot.  Why were we even doing this?!   
   
"Look!" Natasha exclaimed.  I was sure she actually pointed, and I almost laughed at the absurd gesture in the pitch darkness, but then I saw out of the corner of my eye what she was pointing at.  Far in the distance, but ahead of us slightly to the left, was light!  I looked behind us again, at the small patch of light in the distance, then again toward the small patch in front of us.  We had reached the half way point.  The passage made a slight left turn midway, just enough that we could not see the far end when we entered the tunnel, but standing here at the turn we could see both ends.  A huge wave of relief washed over me.  This wasn't so bad after all.  Natasha screamed as loud as she could to hear it echo in the tunnel.   
   
"Shut up!" I yelled at her, almost as loud.  She giggled but thankfully didn't do it again.   
   
As pointless as it was, of course we couldn't turn around now, before we reached the end of the tunnel.  We walked quickly toward the light, relieved, even relaxed, holding hands but no longer clinging to each other.   
   
We had now been naked at least 45 minutes, maybe more.  As scary as that had been, there had been virtually no chance of being seen.  What an unbelievable experience to be walking through these tiny ancient passageways of the Latin Quarter of Paris!  Notre Dame was just a few blocks away, the Sorbonne in the other direction.  Who knows but Gavroche or Éponine walked through this same passage?  Maybe Éponine was even naked!  (In the lost naked chapter of Les Misérables.)  The feeling of walking naked down this passage that had likely been there for a thousand years was ineffable.  I felt tingling in my stomach, but it wasn't from fear.  My connection to the history of Paris made my nakedness even bigger, more powerful.  I was having a perfect naked moment.

We reached the gateway, and Natasha stepped out without looking either way.  She must have been feeling something similar to me.  I followed.  We were in a very narrow street.  It had no parking on either side, and only one lane for cars.  The buildings were tall on either side, and it was lit by the same soft yellow glow.  We had the street all to ourselves, and stepped off the curb into the middle of the pavement.  "I wonder where we are," I said.   
   
"I have no idea.  We can't actually be that far from the hotel," Natasha replied.   
   
"Well, we probably should be getting back, huh?" I said as gently as I could.  I couldn't let her think I wanted to go back more than she did.   
   
"Yeah, but which direction?" she replied.  "You don't want to go back through the tunnel?" I asked.  "I think we should go around the block."  "But we have no idea how far it is, or where it goes!"  That just popped out, but I knew now it was a contest.  I tried to cover my tracks.  "Which way do you think we should go?"   
   
"I think we have to go right.  We've only turned right so far.  If we start turning left we could get lost."  "Uh," I replied, "I think we're already lost."  "No, we're fine.  The hotel must be right over there," she said, waving vaguely through a solid wall of granite.   
   
It was so quiet we had lost all sense of being careful.  We walked down the middle of the street, two girls completely naked, hand in hand.  After just a few yards we reached an intersection.  It was actually somewhat open, with what looked like a fruit stand on one side, closed for the night.  We had still not seen a single person or car, and were now feeling completely invulnerable.  We walked to the middle of the intersection, looked all four directions.  Natasha went over to explore the fruit stand while I watched from the middle of the road.  She joined me again and for a brief terrifying moment we couldn't remember from which way we had come.  But we got our bearings again.   
   
This corner seemed like the point of no return.  We were still within sight of the passageway, and although it was far, it was easy to imagine running back through and to the hotel.  If we continued to the right we would be farther and farther from our alley.  For all we knew this way ended in a dead end and we would have to retrace our steps.  I calculated quickly.  We had woken up at 3AM.  It had taken maybe 15 minutes to get downstairs.  Another 15 minutes in the park, at least 45 minutes since then.  It had to be close to 4:30.  If this way did not work out, Paris would be waking up before we could get back to the hotel.  If that happened we might never get back.   
   
Suddenly headlights appeared from the direction we were supposed to be heading.  We had been out so long we were not even that worried about it, but we were not brave enough to stand there in the open.  We jogged over to the fruit stand, and stood behind it, not covering ourselves, until the car appeared at the intersection.  It turned to its left, toward the passageway, and as soon as it made the corner we both walked back to the middle of the intersection and watched it move away down the street, daring the driver to see us.  It disappeared around the corner, and we started down the street it had come from.   
   
We stayed in the middle of the street.  In the dim streetlights I could see that this street was extremely long.  At least 200 yards, maybe more, and it seemed to open up at the end.  It had some cars parked on one side, nothing on the other, just one monolithic wall with periodic barred windows along the way.  Sensing what I was thinking, Natasha said, "Let's just go a little way.  We can turn around if it gets to be too much."   
   
The narrow road was one way toward us, so we would be able to see a car coming a long way away.  I nodded, and we started off.  Natasha walked in the street, I walked on the left sidewalk along the wall, on the opposite side from the cars.  "How do you feel?" I asked her, a dumb question, just to say something as we walked.  "Fucking amazing!" she exclaimed.   
   
We had walked casually along for 150 yards when suddenly a car turned into the road.  We panicked and ran to the other side of the road to hide behind the cars.  Sometimes, it seems, when you are surprised, your instincts take over and you hide, even when you otherwise might have stood there and let them see.  We crouched behind a car, me in front of Natasha, both of us facing toward the sound of the approaching car.  I was crouched down so my ass was resting on my heels, my knees spread and my hands on the sidewalk in front of me, as though I were playing leapfrog.  Natasha was crouched down right behind me, her right hand resting on my back, her left hand steadying herself on the car.   
   
Then as I crouched there Natasha slid her hand down over my spine, turning it so the fingers pointed downward, and slid it down the small of my back, over my tailbone, and down over my ass until her middle finder slid right down the crack of my ass and over my asshole.  In the position I was in, my ass was spread wide open.  I couldn't believe she was doing this, a car bearing down on us, crouched on the open sidewalk.  But there was nothing I could do.  The car was moving slowly up the street, almost as though looking for an address, and we were stuck until it passed.  I couldn't move away from her or the car would see me.  In that position, even closing my legs would not restrict her access.  If I tried to push her hand away I was afraid I would fall over.   
   
Her middle finger rubbed over my asshole, first on one side, then the other, then pressed right in the middle.  The truth was of course it felt amazing and I didn't want her to stop.  In fact, what I wished as we knelt there next to that car was that her finger were wet and she would slide it into my asshole.  I had never felt or wanted that before in my life but it was what I wished she would do now.  She pressed against the opening of my ass as the car drew near.  I moaned, and as though reading my mind, she slid her fingers further forward, and pushed them deep into my dripping pussy.  Crouched down like that my pussy was not just spread but was stretched open, and I felt three fingers slide easily in.  "Oh my god," I murmured as she worked her fingers in and out of my gaping pussy.  She pulled her dripping fingers out of my pussy and back over my asshole, covering it with my slippery juices.  I thought I was going to pass out from the blood rushing to my head as I realized she was going to do it, and I had to steady myself with one hand against the car.  I wanted her to invade me, to violate my most private part, even more so than my pussy, right there squatting on that dirty Paris sidewalk.   
   
Insanely, at that moment the car came to a stop directly on the other side of the car we were kneeling behind.  They must have had their windows down, because we could hear a man and woman in the car speaking quite clearly.  We both held our breath, were they looking for an address?  Was he dropping her off after a date?  But Natasha did not care.  She slid her finger over my asshole again then firmly pushed it in.  I almost screamed.  She paused with her middle finger in my ass up to the first knuckle, whispering "Oh, yeah, Candace," then pushed again until her middle finger was in my asshole as far as it would go, so her palm was pushing against my ass.  She worked her finger in and out of my ass two more times, then unbelievably, curled her first finger up and pushed it in as well, so that two of Natasha's fingers now slid in and out of my tight asshole.  Fucked my asshole.  I was screaming silently with pleasure.  It took every ounce of my willpower not to collapse there on the pavement.  It felt so good.  It was so dirty.  Until this week I had never even thought about my butthole, and now this girl had two fingers buried inside it.  Naked on a Parisian sidewalk.  Not three feet away from an unsuspecting couple.  I wished they could have watched Natasha fuck my asshole with her fingers.  I wanted that so bad.

At that moment the car door opened and closed again.  Someone had gotten out!  We were so dead.  Natasha's fingers unceremoniously disappeared from my ass.  We had only seconds to think before someone would be coming around the back of the car to discover two naked girls crouching there.  Both of us concluded, without thought or discussion, that in such a situation it was slightly better to jump up and show ourselves than to be discovered, and we both stood up, startling the pretty young woman who was so close we could have reached out and touched her.  She yelped.  "Excuse us!" I exclaimed, forgetting all my French, and with Natasha crowding behind me we ran down the sidewalk away from the car, toward the end of the road.   
   
We stopped after thirty yards (just twenty yards from the end of the street) and turned around.  Of course the young woman was staring after us, and her boyfriend was now standing beside her on the sidewalk staring at us too.  We were now a safe distance, and they were not doing anything to sound some alarm, so we relaxed, and waved at them.  The woman smiled and waved back.   
   
We looked in front of us again, toward the corner just a few yards away.  Where the fuck were we?  With a sickening feeling it dawned on me.  In front of us at the corner was a stop light.  Cars went speeding by.  Trees lined the far side of the road, and past that . . . nothing.  In the far distance were more buildings.  Between the trees and those buildings, I realized, was the Seine.  We had emerged from the maze of tiny alleyways of the Latin Quarter to the quai on the left bank of the Seine.  The river was lined on both sides by major traffic arteries.  Continuing in that direction was impossible.  We would be walking stark naked along a major thoroughfare, which even at 5AM was busy with traffic.  And worse yet, we had no idea where we were.  How far along the quai would we have to go before we could go back into the relative safety of the small streets?  But we could not retrace our steps either.  The couple, still staring at us, would be the least of our problems; we were at least an hour from the hotel in that direction.  I began to realize that we had really done it.  Every minute brought us closer to disaster.  The sun would be up before we found the hotel again, with us wandering around as the shopkeepers opened their shops.  We were dead.   
   
Natasha was thinking the same thing, but she had more resolve.  "We have to keep going.  We have no choice."  She grabbed my hand and led me to the last edge of the buildings on our right.  We peered around the corner and surveyed the area.  I had guessed right, just past this wide road over the wall and down the embankment was the Seine.  Cars sped by, oblivious, for the time-being, to our nudity.  To the right just a few yards down was a bridge that led over the Seine.  A steady stream of cars poured from the bridge onto this road along the river and past us.  There was no reprieve in the traffic.  In the distance past the bridge I could see the same tower of Notre Dame where I had tossed my panties into the wind so long ago, the act that had led me to the impossible situation I found myself in now, naked, far from my clothes, just before daylight, cars whizzing by, the feeling of Natasha's fingers buried deep in my ass still fresh in my mind.  Was the cathedral's impassive façade mocking my foolishness, or encouraging me to go further?   
   
There was nothing to do but do it.  Every minute we wasted would only make things worse.  I grabbed Natasha's hand and stepped around the corner into the oncoming headlights.  The passing cars began to honk, but none slowed.  The next roadway was just a few steps away, not more than twenty feet.  This alley was tiny, hardly the width of a car, with a high archway overhead.  Another twenty feet beyond that was a bigger road, the one in line with the bridge.  The sidewalk here was quite wide, as the roads converging on the bridge made a semicircle.   
   
The cars continued to stream by.  The feeling was unbelievable.  Now there was no doubt we were being seen, by dozens of motorists, fully nude, hand in hand.  It was fantastic.  We walked the twenty feet to the narrow alleyway and stopped to savor this moment and watch the traffic go by.  Just like that the feeling had gone from one of impending doom to security and power.  We stood there for several seconds watching the passing cars and waving when they honked, when Natasha did something amazing.  She drew me to her and kissed me, right there on the sidewalk.  As the cars sped by, we wrapped our arms around each other and kissed.  I was still so excited from what had just happened, I moved my hands down over her ass and squeezed, spreading her ass and running my finger over her asshole.  She did the same to me.  I remembered what I had thought just a moment before, about that couple watching Natasha fuck my ass, and I pushed my ass against her fingers.  Both were still wet from my pussy juice, and Natasha once again pushed a finger into my ass as we stood there naked, our tongues exploring each other's mouths.  Our eyes were closed but I could hear the cars speed by, and my wish had come true, Natasha had a finger in my ass in front of every car that drove by.  It felt so good!  Through my closed eyes I registered a flashing blue light, then heard the unmistakable clear loud tone of a Paris police car.  We looked, and there just leaving the bridge and heading straight toward us, its blue lights flashing and now its two-tone siren blaring, was a little orange-and-white Paris police car.   
   
I screamed and ran.  It was purely instinctual.  I felt sick; if I hadn't been running I am sure I would have thrown up.  I could hear Natasha just behind me.  I didn't think what to do, I just ran away from the policeman, and straight under the arch into the tiny alley.  It was the dumbest place we could have gone.  It was just like some movie where the guy is chased down an alley exactly the size of the car, sparks flying from its bumper as it scrapes against one wall then the other.  I have never run so fast in my life, my legs pinwheeling almost out of control.  The police car chased us into the alley, and its headlights threw our ghoulish shadows ahead of us.  This was insanity, but until he forced us to stop I was going to keep running.  About fifty yards up, the alley made a sharp left turn, so sharp the police car had trouble manoeuvering around it, which allowed us to get a bit of a lead.

Then a naked miracle happened.  Right there to the left was our hotel, and to the right was the iron gate leading to the park.  We had just rounded the corner at the far end of the alley our hotel was on, the corner in the direction we had never explored.  We leaped through the gate and through the passage to the park.  The clothes were on the table right where we had left them.  My hands shook so badly I could not get my skirt untangled, and I had to force myself to calm down.  I was still naked from the waist down when we heard the radio of the police car in the alley crackle and its wheels crunch as it rolled up the alley.  He had lost us!  I stood there with my skirt in my hands as his searchlight shown through the passage and right onto my face.  The only explanation I have for how he did not see us is that we were too far inside the park, or maybe the ghost of naked Éponine was still watching over us, but the little car did not stop, and first the searchlight and the blue flashing lights then the taillights floated steadily past.  I yanked my skirt up and grabbed the key and my sandals.  Natasha had managed to get her clothes on too, and we tiptoed back to the gate.  The police car was stopped at the end of the alley.  We did not want to stand one more second outside, and risking that he would see us, we jumped across the alley and into the lobby of the hotel.  Without even glancing at the front desk we ran headlong up the five flights of stairs and into our room.   
   
I was overcome with emotion, and threw myself onto Natasha's bed face first and bawled into her pillow.  It was just an overwhelming release of emotions--fear, excitement, humiliation, and the sudden safety of our room.  Natasha collapsed half on top of me, one leg over my ass and one arm across my back, stroking my hair and whispering "shhh" into my ear.  I calmed down and looked through my hair matted against my wet cheeks and out the window.  The sky past the yellow streetlight was just beginning to lighten.   
   
I was ready to fall asleep with Natasha's arm around me, but she was relentless--insatiable.  She ran her hand down my back and over my skirt, cupping it against my ass.  She sat up and yanked my skirt down over my hips.  I lifted my hips, then shifted my knees so she could get it off, then helped her with my shirt, and lay back down in the same position, face down, turned away from her.  Her hand slid down over my ass and between my legs.  This time I spread my knees far apart and pushed my ass into the air.  And she did it to me one more time.  She slid her fingers into my still sopping wet pussy, then up, and pushed two fingers into my ass once more.  I moaned and gyrated my hips in rhythm as she worked her fingers in and out of my ass.  It felt so amazing.  It was not the feeling itself.  It felt good, but not like the pussy.  But it was the idea of Natasha violating me in this way that was so overwhelming.  To have this girl fucking my ass with her fingers was so dirty, so degrading, so intense, I just wanted more and more.  Her other hand slid under my belly and found my clitoris, and with the fingers of one hand rubbing my clitoris, the other working in and out of my ass, I came in a matter of seconds.  She continued to work her fingers in and out as my orgasm subsided until I reached behind me and pushed her hand away.  I fell asleep without a thought of returning Natasha's favor, and thus ended our last night in Paris.

vendredi matin   
   
The sound of Natasha coming in the room after a shower woke me, still naked in her bed.  The sky was bright in the window.  "Is anyone in the shower?"  She shook her head.  An awkwardness hung heavy between us, and avoiding eye contact, I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around myself.  I had brought a full-length robe with me to wear to the shower, but after this week, wearing a short towel across my breasts that barely covered my pussy felt as conservative as an Amish woman's heavy wool dress.   
   
I couldn't think of anything else to say right then, so grabbed my shampoo and soap and headed for the shower.  When I returned, the blue dress Natasha had bought for me yesterday was laying on my bed.  "Oh, Natasha, I don't know.  After last night, I think I've had enough."  "I understand," she replied.  "If you can find something else to wear go ahead."  There was something a little cold, a little snippy about her response that I didn't like.  I half lifted the top of my suitcase, knowing full well what I would find.  It was completely empty.  I looked around the room but knew it would be futile to even try to find the clothes.  Natasha had some quality that made me feel like a small child with a grown-up.  She was capable of things that simply baffled me.  Whether she was magic, or just operating on a plane that was alien to me, I don't know.  But I knew if she wanted me to wear that dress today, I would be wearing it.  Of course, as always, I did not need much persuasion.   
   
I picked up the dress, put it over my head, and rolled it down over my breasts and hips.  It reminded me of how a condom is rolled over a cock.  I might as well have just painted my bare skin blue.  The material was not just tight, but so thin.  As in the store, the indentation of my belly button was clearly visible.  We had figured out how to arrange the mirror on the bathroom door so we could see our backsides in the mirror next to the front door, and my ass, honestly, looked amazing.  I could see the dimples in the small of my back, and exactly where the crack of my ass began.  I wished the material outlined the crack of my ass more, but it stretched across it--the only place on my whole body where the material wasn't touching my skin.  My nipples, of course, were jutting out, and the shape of my breasts and my ribcage was clearly visible.  It even clung to my front so the crease where my hips met my abdomen was clearly visible.  The hem ended approximately one millimeter below my pussy lips.  I was, basically, naked but legal.   
   
Needless to say, by the time I finished examining the dress in the mirror I was tingling all over.   
   
"Ready?" she asked.  "Ready," I replied.  The awkwardness still hung between us.  It made me nervous.  It would not be good if Natasha was mad at me while she was leading me around naked!   
   
She grabbed the key, my naked necessities, her bag, and we left the room.  She was wearing jeans and a blouse, and neither of us commented on it.  Something was definitely going on.  I had been building day by day to the adventure we had last night--she had gone from zero to sixty in the space of an hour.  Her feelings must have been in turmoil.  Still, I don't know how to explain it, but something changed in me as well.  I think for the whole week I had wanted to get her naked with me.  I finally accomplished my goal, and now my mind had moved on.  I think the same happened with her.  She may have even wished I had suggested she joined me, but I didn't feel like making the effort today.  It felt like my blue dress was more of a formality than something she desired of me.  I think both of us that morning were searching for a new purpose after last night's climactic events, and it was causing tension between us.  She may have wanted me to ask her to join me in wearing something risqué today, but after last night my mind was, temporarily at least, not interested.   
   
When we emerged from the elevator, one of the boys whispered to the other one, "holy shit," nudging the other and nodding toward me.  "What the fuck are you looking at," Natasha hissed at them, and they turned away.  It just took that small moment for me to warm up to Natasha again.  I hoped she felt the same.  I put my arm through hers and squeezed in thanks.  She ignored me but I could tell she was softening too.  We manoeuvred once again to the back of the crowd so Mme Webster would not see me and make me change.   
   
This was our last day in Paris.  Our plane left for Chicago at midnight tonight, so we had to be back at the hotel by 4PM at the latest so we could leave for the airport by eight.  Of course we had not yet seen one tenth of the things to see in Paris, so for this last day Mme Webster was allowing us to split up into groups to do whatever we most wanted to see.  Either I am a bit of a hippy, or I am the only one of my classmates with any taste, but I was the only one who wanted to see Père Lachaise, where Jim Morrison is buried.  Natasha had of course agreed to go with me, so she and I were on our own this morning.  Mme Webster went down the list to verify where each group was going.  "Natasha, Candace, still going to Pére Lachaise?"  "Oui, Madame."  "You know how to get there?"  "Oui, Madame."  "Alors, allons-y!" and she led the group out the hotel's front door for the penultimate time.   
   
The whole group went to the left, same as always.  We could not possibly start the day without revisiting the scenes of our many crimes--a crime spree, really!--from the night before, so we jumped quickly across the alley into the gate that led to the park.  I looked quickly down the alley to see if anyone had noticed we weren't with them, but they were all engaged in their own conversations, oblivious.   
   
We stood at the far end of the passage and surveyed the park where we had strolled naked the night before.  Both of us were lost momentarily in our own thoughts as we relived it.  "Let's go look at that tunnel," Natasha finally said.   
   
The group had gone to the left at the end of the alley, so by the time we got there they were out of sight.  We traced our route to the right.  The tunnel was indeed lined with shops.  It was actually quite nice.  A bakery, a cheese shop (yes in Paris they actually have cheese shops), a travel agent.  We went in the bakery to get some breakfast.  The tight dress's constant pressure on my skin was a constant reminder that I was clothed, and I had forgotten I might as well have been nude.  The woman behind the counter in the bakery clucked her tongue when we entered, causing all the patrons to turn to look as well.  Their disapproving stares made my stomach tingle again, and my nipples hardened against the material.  It was so obvious they all noticed it!  That turned me on even more.  This was going to be a good day.  I still felt embarrassed and shy, but that feeling, especially when I actually was clothed, was much dimmer than it would have been a week ago.   
   
The woman behind the counter disapproved but sold us both tartines de beurre nonetheless.  Back outside, we saw that the tunnel was not as long as it had seemed naked and in the pitch dark.  We walked to the left-hand jog, then out into the adjoining street, again lost in our memories of the night before.  I grabbed Natasha's arm as I had the night before, and I was happy to feel her squeeze back.

We continued to the corner and headed down the long street that ended in the quai.  My legs were getting more tingly each step we took toward the place where we had knelt behind the car.  When we reached that place, I finally felt the last vestige of the wall between us melt away, in my mind at least.  I hugged her arm against my body and whispered to her, "Natasha, you put your fingers in my ass here last night!"  She reached around and hugged me to her.  "I know.  You're so fucking sexy, Candace."  "And you were completely naked too, Natasha."  "I know.  I can't believe I did that."  "Do you want to do that again?"  "Maybe.  But I think I like it better this way.  Me clothed, and you my little naked slave."   
   
That was the first time we had used that strong word.  I had been thinking that how it turned me on to do what she had said, and I had considered words like "submissive."  But was I really her slave?  Adrenalin coursed through my body and I knew that I was indeed her slave.  The admission excited me.  Until then I had done what she told me almost without question, but still with some sense of will.  I realized then that if I gave in to her, without any reservation or thought for my own well-being whatever, and trusted my safety to her completely, it would be that much more exciting for me.  I whispered to her, with such butterflies in my stomach I could hardly get the words out, "Yes, Natasha, I am your slave."   
   
"That's a good girl," Natasha replied, patting me on the ass.  "Now give me your dress and walk to the corner and back."  I did as she asked, again having to try twice to get my fingers between the hem and my thigh.  I peeled it off and handed it to her.  This little street was quiet even during the day, but the corner was even more busy.  Dozens of people were crossing the street on the quai, and even more cars.  This was not like anything we had done before (until last night).  Even the group of school girls on the stairs yesterday had been isolated and controlled in some way.  And Natasha had said, "and back": she was not coming with me!   
   
I started down the sidewalk, my skin on fire, the blood roaring in my ears.  A car turned up the road.  I forced myself not to duck.  I was on the other side of the parked cars, and I am not sure he saw me, but he passed by.   
   
I was about half way to the corner before any of the pedestrians saw me. Finally two European college guys saw me and started calling out to me. They took out their cameras and started taking pictures.  Of course this made others turn and look too.  Some went on, many stopped.  By the time I got close to the corner a small crowd had formed.  I could feel how flushed my face was, but again, as last night, nothing bad was happening, and I forced myself to continue.  It was like walking through mud in a dream, or even like walking into the dark last night, I had to force myself to continue.  They were all looking at me, naked.  I felt their eyes, or imagined I did, crawl over my body.  My nipples, every bump and wrinkle of my nipples were seen, my pussy, the hood of my clitoris sticking out between my legs.   
   
I finally reached the corner.  The first two guys had stopped right at the corner, just a couple feet away.  I had to walk right up to them in order to wrap my hand around the stone corner of the building, face to face with both of them.  The rest of the crowd was slightly behind them.  He could have reached out and touched my bare breasts or my naked pussy.  I probably wouldn't have stopped him.  But he got nervous and said nothing when I was close enough to kiss.  Then I turned around.  Natasha had not moved.  She stood there watching, the small ball of fabric that became my dress when I stretched it over my body in her hand, waiting or me to return.   
   
I had finally lost my nerve and jogged quickly back toward her, only slowing down when I was many yards away from the corner.  I was afraid to look over my shoulder to see who was still watching, but took the dress from her hands, and after many agonizing seconds of untangling it, finally rolled it again down over my hips like a condom.  "Nice," she said, and kissed me on the mouth.  I turned around at last to see the crowd had hardly dissipated at all.  And, that was still the direction we needed to go to get on the métro.

vendredi midi   
   
Once again there was nothing we could do but go on.  I put my arm through Natasha’s and we started toward the corner and the waiting crowd.  We all just stared at each other.  They didn’t say anything; it seemed they literally didn’t know what to make of us.  The two guys were still standing in the front of the crowd.  As we approached no one made a move to open a space for us, but Natasha, as she always did at the right time, took care of me.  She walked a step in front, and holding my hand pulled me through the crowd.  “Get out of the way!” she said to the two guys in English.  That caused murmurs in the crowd, and some shuffling, and we emerged from the crowd onto the corner where we had made out naked the night before.  I had completely forgotten about everything we had done last night and my thighs tingled as I remembered.  I squeezed Natasha’s hand, and she looked over her shoulder.  I stepped up to her, and we kissed again, just as we had the night before, except with me slightly more dressed and her fully dressed.  She ran her hands down my back and over my ass, reminding me again what had happened last night. Then she pulled away and said, “Come on, let’s go.”  I looked over my shoulder at the crowd, who was now more animated and clucking their tongues.   
   
We actually had quite a ways to go to get to the Saint-Michel Métro station, and we hurried down the quais in that direction.  I of course got many stares, but as always I soon grew accustomed to it, and in this state, after what I had been through the last few days, being clothed in a skintight dress that left nothing to the imagination quickly became not a big deal.  We reached the station and skipped down the wide winding stairs.  This station appeared as though it had been made with a huge boring machine.  It is a perfectly round tube perhaps forty feet across that goes straight into the ground.  There is an elevator, but much more fun are the stairs that wind down the inner surface of the giant tube, landing at one end of the platform.  We walked along the platform the length of one train car and stopped.  There were not many people on the platform.  On our side were about four people farther up.  On the opposite side were a few more, separated from us by the tracks.   
   
“Give me your dress,” Natasha said.  How many times in the last week had I said, “Are you crazy?!”  I didn’t even bother this time.  This was our last day in Paris and I had pretty much decided to do whatever she told me.  I looked her shoulder up the platform once again.  No one was looking this direction, but why would they?  They soon would be, I was sure.  I slid my hand up the inside of my thigh (it had dawned on me that the way to get my fingers under the hem was to start at my crotch) until my finger pressed against one outer lip, then slid it up over my hip, pushing the dress up with it.  I pulled it over my head and handed it to her, and stood there naked on the train platform.   
   
This actually felt amazing!  Even though the tunnel was actually quite open and spacious, and there were several people just a few feet further up the platform, and many more just ten feet across the tracks, something about the atmosphere felt almost cozy.  The subdued lighting and the subdued voices.  I sensed immediately no one was going to bother me.  I grinned at Natasha and stepped away from her, walking back to the end of the platform.  I love being naked so much!  I felt truly free.  For a change I didn’t feel like my nudity was a challenge to those around me, down here everyone was just doing their own thing.   
   
The warm air began to move across my bare nipples and cool my wet pussy.  Far into the tunnel the headlights of the approaching train reflected off the tracks.  I turned to face the onrushing air caressing my entirely naked body.  It felt so good.  I smiled at the thought of the engineer about to see a flash of a naked girl as he blasted into the station, when I heard many animated voices above me to the right.  I turned toward the voices coming down the stairs across the tracks just as Mme Webster emerged from the stairs onto the platform and stared right at me.  My hands were spread against the rushing wind, my legs were far apart so my glistening pussy was open to the bracing air, my back was arched, pressing my breasts forward.  My whole body was on vulgar display.  Natasha was at least twenty feet behind me.  Mme Webster and I simply stared at each other across that small space between the platforms when the train burst into the station and clattered between us. In the brief moment before she could find me again through the train’s speeding windows I came to my senses and crouched down on the platform as low as I could go.   
   
The train came to a stop and the doors opened.  Natasha was still a full car length ahead of me!  The doors would close before I could make it to her, and I couldn’t stay on the platform.  I had no choice but to jump onto the train, completely naked and completely alone.  The doors closed behind me and the train started to move.  I had no idea if Natasha had gotten on the train or not.

vendredi midi (cont’d)   
   
There I was, in a Paris subway completely naked with no identification of any kind, and with no idea where my clothes even were.  The car was about half full.  Empty would have been better, but at least there was room to move.  I was at the very end of the car (the last car).  If Natasha had gotten on the train, she would be in the next car up.  I concentrated on that, willing myself not even to think about what I was going to do if she was not in the next car.  What would I do?  I was really scared--if I was really lucky I might only be picked up by the police.  Raped and murdered and dumped in the Seine might be more likely.  As I have thought back on it since then I have seen how unclearly I was thinking.  All I could think of was actually walking back to the hotel, across the bridge, all the way through the Latin Quarter in broad daylight.  But I have realized since then that the best thing to do would probably have been to run into the nearest clothing store and beg some dress or something from them.  Still might end up with the police being called, but at least would not entail walking for miles through the streets.   
   
Sitting right at the doorway was an older woman, probably sixty, sitting in one of the fold-down seats.  Her face was right at the level of my crotch, and she just stared at my bare pussy.  I looked down at her but she didn’t even look up!  What in the world she was thinking I don’t know, she seemed to be mildly disgusted, but I wasn’t sure.  On the other side of the car four teenage boys stared at me unabashedly.  I averted my eyes but could feel my nipples harden at their gaze.   
   
I looked down the car at all the staring faces.  No one said a word.  Why was that?  Did they think this was a prank?  Or did they not care?  Were they getting off on watching the helpless girl in distress?  The truth is that thought turned me on too.  I put my hand on the seat back behind the woman’s head and moved between the diner-booth seats.  I stared at the ground in front of me and tried to move quickly past the people sitting there, but finally someone spoke.  “Qu’est-ce que vous faîtes?” asked a smartly dressed woman in her thirties sitting on the aisle.  “What are you doing?”  Her tone was half concerned half accusatory.  I could not remain silent, yet I knew what would come next.  “Rien,” I said, “nothing.”  I mustered all my will to say the short word in a French accent, but immediately even more heads snapped around.  “Américain!” I heard several say.  Many clucked their tongues.  Someone even called out some insult that I could not understand.  My fear doubled--they were angry at me!   
   
I hurried across the middle door vestibule and between the second set of seats when I felt a hand slide between my legs from behind.  My thighs were slick with pussy juice and the hand slid up against my crotch.  “Ah, sa chatte est humide!  Qu’est-ce qu’un putain de salope!”  I actually understood that and I couldn’t believe it.  That was really nasty language.  He had said, “her pussy is wet!  What a fucking slut!”  And he said it as he slid his hand between my legs, while a whole train car full of people watched.  Were some sneering?  I whimpered.  I am ashamed by what I did next; it was involuntary.  I couldn’t believe I did it, but I pushed my ass backward onto his hand, pressing my knees apart against the sides of the seats.  His wet fingers slid over my clitoris and I came to my senses as I just knew he was about to thrust a finger into me.  I jumped forward into the last door vestibule, the one at the far end of the car.   
   
There are doors at the end of the cars.  The door handle mocked me.  If it was unlocked I could move quickly to the next car, and if Natasha was there it would be over.  But if it was locked I would only be more humiliated, and I sensed that would invite more ridicule, maybe even assault.  I could not make myself try it.  I didn’t want to turn back to the center of the car, but I didn’t want to stand there with my face to the wall.   
   
I did turn around, and was relieved to see another group of wide-eyed school girls.  Just the same as the last school girls I had met (while I was naked), in this group most of the girls were shy, but one looked right at me with fascination.  I recognized a kindred spirit.  I pleaded with my eyes, and she reached out and pulled me into their group.   
   
At that moment, at long last, the train lurched as it began its deceleration into the next stop.  I looked over my shoulder as the doors opened and without thinking leapt out onto the next platform, without even looking what was out there.  No matter what, I didn’t want to be stuck on another car.   
   
I actually screamed with joy and relief when Natasha stepped onto the platform from the next car and handed me my dress.  As passengers milled by us, entering and exiting the train I quickly rolled the dress down over my naked, sweating, shaking body.  I collapsed against Natasha, who shocked me by dragging me right back onto the train!  I pulled against her hand but she yanked me onboard.  As the doors closed she reminded me that we couldn’t stand there on the platform, what if Mme Webster was on the next train!  With that I did collapse against her, then started to tell her what had happened in the other car.  She told me she had watched the whole thing through the windows between the cars.  The familiar feeling of anger and excitement returned.  Mme Webster had to have been as big a surprise for her has she had been for me, but it was almost as though the whole incident had been just another of Natasha’s little games.   
   
“Don’t forget we still have to go to Père Lachaise!” she told me.  Something told me my day wasn’t over.

vendredi après-midi   
   
The front gate of Père Lachaise was abutted by two foreboding, gray French walls that curve in from the street.  Along the walls, from the street all the way to the gate, were small arrows handwritten in chalk, with legends like “this way to Jim Morrison’s grave” in English, French, Italian, and Slavic languages.  Before even entering through the gate the juxtaposition of ancient graves, 1960s counter-culture (dead), and contemporary graffiti in several languages struck me as very post-modern.  This was going to be cool.   
   
The guard only gave me the briefest disapproving glance.  I fell in love with this place the moment we passed through the gate.  The cemetery is ancient, and the gravestones are not slabs of marble like in America.  Rather, each is like a miniature mausoleum, crammed together in long lines like the row houses in Chicago.  The cemetery is hilly also, so decaying stone steps lead from one row to the next.  The graves are all two or three hundred years old, crumbling with age and green with moss.  We plunged into the rows of tombs, and though the cemetery is a busy tourist destination, were instantly out of sight of any other (living!) human being.   
   
We strolled down one of the deserted rows, hand in hand, under a canopy of trees.  It was beautiful and peaceful.  Cemeteries occupy a strange position between soothing tranquility and creepiness.  Whether one imagines these souls resting peacefully or clawing to get out depended on one’s mood.  For me then it was almost romantic.  We walked all the way to the end of the row without seeing another person.  Even after the nerve-racking events on the subway, I had a desire to peel off my dress and wander with Natasha naked under the trees.  I was actually quite surprised Natasha had not told me herself to take off my dress.  I felt so close to her, so in love with her truthfully, that I had no desire to make any move on my own.  I wanted only to do her bidding.   
   
The almost pastoral quiet must have had the same effect on her, as I saw the same relaxed smile on her face I felt on my own.  We came to the end of the row, which intersected with a major lane across the cemetery.  To our right we could see all the way down the hill to the sea of tourists with their baseball caps and their sweaters tied around their waists milling around the front gate.  We crossed the lane and back into the seclusion of our narrow row of tombs.  Natasha stopped and examined the map she had in her purse.  “It looks like Jim Morrison’s grave is this way,” she said, pointing ahead of us.   
   
She put her arm around my waist and slid her palm down over my hip, sending tingles up my spine.  As we walked we looked to our left and right, looking for the oldest grave we could find.  Her hand slid up and down over the smooth material of the dress, caressing my ass.  Then her hand went lower, to my bare thighs.  She hooked her fingers under the tight hem and pulled upward, sliding the dress up over my hips, first one ass cheek then the other.  My chest tightened as her hand kneaded my now-bare ass.   
   
My feelings overwhelmed me and I turned her toward me and kissed her hard on the mouth.  We hugged each other tightly as we kissed.  Her tongue explored my mouth, even running between my lips and my teeth which drove me wild.  Both her hands squeezed my bare ass.  I shifted my legs slightly so her leg was between mine and pressed my pussy against her jeans.  She slid one finger down the crack of my ass.  I remembered last night and moaned in anticipation.  The sensation of her fingers exploring my ass on that filthy sidewalk had been overpowering, and I clutched at her desperately as I awaited the degrading penetration of her probing fingers again.   
   
With a gentle but abrupt push she disengaged from me.  “Let’s go find Jim Morrison’s grave!” she stated.  I looked up and down the aisle, we were still alone.  I looked back at her meaningfully but she shook her head, “Come on.”  As we started walking she even pulled the hem of my dress back down over my hips.  My mind reeled with the sudden change of mood.  I realized then that she was torturing me on purpose, same as always.  That knowledge did nothing to alleviate the spinning in my head and stomach.  In fact, I realized a moment later, that she had that control over herself and over me just turned me on more.  Her manipulation of my emotions and bodily sensations was so overwhelming my mind felt full of fog.   
   
We crossed one more large path, then came to a small clearing with a tall white statue.  “Look, it’s Chopin!” exclaimed.  “Neat,” Natasha agreed. The monument was a beautiful, clean white, a seated woman with a harp in her hand.  Her head was bowed, contemplating the harp sadly.  On the pedestal was a profile relief of Chopin.  It moved me to see that people paid their respects with flowers to a musician who had died 150 years ago.  We stood before the grave, arm in arm, and contemplated the tomb quietly for a moment before moving on.   
   
According to Natasha’s map we had one more section of graves to cross before reaching Morrison’s grave.  We crossed the lane just past Chopin’s tomb, walked silently along another narrow row of graves, and came out onto the intersection of two more lanes.  Across the intersection, we observed that every tomb was covered with graffiti such as “this is the end,” and arrows pointing the way to his tomb.  One might have found this desecration to be offensive, even shameful, but somehow I did not think so.  I felt it made Jim’s gravesite a living monument, its own kind of vibrant worship that was quite fitting.   
   
We followed the arrows between the tombs.  As we approached we could see a dozen or so people milling around.  We had not yet reached the tomb itself when Natasha pulled me into a space between two graves. “Give me your dress,” I expected her to give me her usual command.  My thighs slid against each other with the pussy juice coating them already. Instead she said, “Are you ready?”  That caught me off guard--what did she mean?  She knew I was ready, which meant, . . . ready for what?  I swallowed.  “Yes,” I croaked, then nodded in case the “yes” had been inaudible.  “I want you to masturbate in front of all these people.”  I clamped my mouth shut around the “Are you crazy!” that once again burst out of me.  There was no point.  I whimpered, and tears came to my eyes, but they weren’t tears of apprehension.  The fog and static in my head was just too much to bear.  I nodded again, holding Natasha’s eyes with my own.

I turned away from Natasha and continued in the direction the arrows pointed.  Soon the small clearing opened in the tombs, revealing a circle of people standing shoulder to shoulder with their heads bowed.  They were looking down at the grave of Jim Morrison, who had died of unknown causes in a Paris apartment on July 3, 1971, at the age of 27.   
   
I nudged my way between two guys and looked down at the grave.  I was disappointed to see metal police barriers all around the grave to keep the onlookers at a small distance.  The gravestone had a simple bronze plaque affixed.  The grave itself had a stone verge delineating its boundaries.  Inside the verge was a sunken area where had been thrown all manner of commemoration--flowers mainly, a 45, a candle.   
   
I looked to the left and right and saw a gap between the barrier and the next tomb.  I took a step back and edged my way to the end of the line of well-wishers.  The last person in line, in front of the gap, was a thin woman in her forties with a white baseball cap, a pink blouse, white shorts, and white sneakers.  She looked like somebody’s severe mother.  “Excuse me,” I said to the back of her head.  She looked back at me then begrudgingly moved aside about four inches.  Rather than ask again, I pushed my body against her, wedging her upper arm between my breasts.  I know she felt my erect nipple against her arm through the sheer material of my dress.  She moved over more to allow me to wedge in sideways at the end of the line.  I looked down the row of people.  Many were young men and women in their 20s, but several, like this lady, were much older.  I saw no one my age, and one girl about ten years old, looking bored, holding her mom’s hand.  On the other side of the tomb I was pressed against was another row of people I could not see.  I looked to my left again at the stone rectangle demarcating Jim’s grave.  I tried to plan what I was going to do but it was hopeless; my mind was still all static.  I glanced to my right, behind the crowd, but could not see Natasha.   
   
I stepped out of my sandals so I was barefoot on the gravel.  Letting the static take over so I did not have any opportunity to chicken out, I slid past the barrier and into the open before the people.  I was instantly aware of the ridiculously tight dress I was wearing.  In two steps I stepped onto a large stone on the ground, then onto the stone border of Jim’s grave opposite the headstone.  I heard murmuring behind me but no one said anything directly to me.  I looked down at the plaque with his name, the years of his birth and death, and a Greek inscription meaning roughly, “True to his own spirit,” then below that at the sunken grave covered with dried bouquets of flowers.  The rough stone was warm on my feet from the sun beating down.  Bending down slightly, I slid my hand between my thighs and lifted, pulling my dress once again over my hips.  Keeping it hooked in my finger I continued to pull till it lifted over my head and off.  I dropped it beside me on the stone verge, and that was it, I was naked, standing at the edge of Jim Morrison’s grave while a dozen onlookers gazed.  I felt the sun on my shoulders, saw my shadow fall across the flowers.  My knees shaking wildly, I squatted down, leaned forward to place one hand on either side of the grave, then shifted my feet to place my knees wide apart on the stone edge of the grave.  Aware of my bald pussy spread open and exposed to those people, my puckered asshole stretched open above that, I arched my back as far as I could, till my nipples pointed toward the marker and my inner lips began to part despite the sticky juice oozing between them.   
   
The roaring in my ears drowned out whatever protests the crowd may have been making.  Taking my hands from the edge, I lowered myself into the sunken grave and rolled myself over on the flowers.  The sunken part was shorter than one would have thought, and with my head directly below the grave stone, my ass was only a few inches from the far end.  The sunken part was low enough that with my knees up and my legs spread wide open, my calves rested comfortably on the stone edge.   
   
With my left hand I pulled on my nipples while my right hand slid between my legs.  Throwing my head back I saw Jim’s headstone from below, upside down and backward.  My fingers found my slippery clitoris and began rubbing it up and down.  I imagined Jim in those tight leather pants as I slid my other hand over my pussy too.  I pictured where I was, lying inside a grave, just a few feet above the bones or still-decaying body of Jim Morrison--more close to him actually than most women ever were or ever would be, and somehow reveling in this disgusting, disgraceful display only turned me on more.  Staring at his tombstone, imagining his body below me, I plunged my fingers into my pussy and fucked myself wildly as I rubbed my clitoris fiercely.  My ass and my pussy thrust into the air as my legs tensed and I came.  I screamed as I came.  I didn’t care.  As the spasms subsided I lifted my knees to my breasts and pushed both my forefingers into my own asshole.  I slid them in once, twice, three times, stretching the tight muscles open further each time.  What I did next, . . . I know it is something girls only do in porn movies, but I needed to do it too.  As I stood up in the sunken well of Jim Morrison’s grave, I looked through my sweaty hair at the crowd of disgusted onlookers, disgusted by me, disgusted by my performance, and I pushed my glistening fingers into my mouth and licked them clean.   
   
I felt two hands on my shoulders and knew without looking that it was my lover and mistress Natasha.  “You are so fucking hot,” she whispered in my ear.  “Let’s get you out of here, sweetheart,” she said, but than rather than help me put on my dress, she guided me naked out through the shocked and disturbed crowd.  It was not until we reached the alcove where she had told me to go masturbate that she held out my dress knotted in a ball.  She did not help me with it at all, but stood there and watched as I tried to untangle it myself.  Several of the young men, apparently Italian by their speech, had followed us, and called out demeaning-sounding remarks as I struggled with the dress.  “Vaffanculo!” Natasha hissed.  What in the world was that, and how did she know it?!  Whatever it was, it subdued the young men, and I succeeded in rolling the dress down over my still sweaty body.  Amazing as always, Natasha tossed my sandals on the ground by my feet for me.  We hurried back through the narrow passages of tombs.  No one stopped us as we exited, and we hurried down the street back to the métro station.