**Melissa’s Journey Home**

by Juncker

22 year old Melissa stepped off the subway train and sighed. Another gruelling week at the office was over. She was at her stop, of the NYC subway, so all that was left for her now was the twenty minute walk back to her apartment in Brooklyn. After that she’d be able to cook some dinner, pour a heavy drink for herself and soak in the bath for the night. Hell, her work week had been so rough this week she felt she deserved to get a bit naughty and have a masturbation session with the greatest hits of her magazines’ male underwear models.

“Christ, I need a boyfriend.” She remarked internally, her blonde, wavy bob cut bouncing subtly just above her shoulders to the same rhythm as her D cup breasts as she walked towards the subway exit...before coming to an abrupt stops and falling flat on her backside. Looking back over her shoulder, Melissa could see that her beige felt long jacket had gotten caught in the doors of the train.

Looking around the platform, Melissa despaired that nobody else seemed to be aware of her predicament, seeing not even a single stranger return her glances, much less help her out. Inevitably, she felt herself moving backwards on the platform as the train set off for its next stop, those aboard none the wiser of the unlucky 5’1” lady that it was trying to take with it. Melissa had to sort this out herself.

And she had to do so quickly. Soon she’d be dragged into the subway tunnels, and she didn’t need her middle class education to tell her that this wouldn’t end well for her, assuming she lived to tell the tale. With no other option, Melissa quickly slipped her leather handbag off her shoulder and set about pulling her arms out of her sleeves. This was no mean feat, given that the dragging had pulled her jacket taught and her arms back, but somehow Melissa saved herself with time to spare before she was taken on a wild ride.

“Just a shame I couldn’t save the jacket, that’s my favourite one.” She grimly noted to herself as she sat on her side, propped up by her left arm as she watched the subway’s darkness swallow up said jacket. Melissa pouted a bit but ultimately for over it; she knew where the next stop was, she’d most likely be able to find her jacket in the lost and found there over the weekend. Right now she just wanted to get home.

Turning her attention to the rest of the world, Melissa was startled by the boy that was squatted in front of her, a concerned look decorating his face. “You okay, miss?” He asked in a manner far too polite for a kid who looked no older than 16. “Uh, yeah, I’m fine, kid. Just had a bit of a wobble. I suppose you’re the knight in shining armour, here to help a lady back onto her feet?” The boy chuckled, scratching the back of his head, his braided hair thrashing about as he did so. “Haha, something like that.” He replied bashfully as he gently helped Melissa up before retrieving her bag for her.

After declining his insistence that he call on some staff for assistance, Melissa rewarded the young man with a $10 note before making her way towards the subway steps. With her jacket claimed by the metro’s ether, she was left in her white blouse, charcoal pencil skirt, honey yellow sweat, dark tights and black heels. Thankfully it was a pleasant autumn evening, so she wasn’t going to freeze without the jacket, but Melissa picked up her pace regardless, keen to get home and unwind.

After a couple more minutes of walking, Melissa found herself in trouble again when one of heels became wedged into a grate on the pavement. Thankfully she managed to avoid twisting an ankle, but she couldn’t help but sigh nevertheless. This really had been a shit week, hadn’t it? After spending a few moments trying to dislodge her shoe the discreet way without success, Melissa relented and removed her foot from it before position herself to its front to get a better grip and pull it out by hand. However, the heel still resisted. Growing frustrated, Melissa began putting more and more strength into her pulls, which seemed to be a working. With one last mighty tug, she freed the shoe...and watched helplessly as she lost her grip and it flew across the street, crashing through the window of a cop car stopped on the other side.

Melissa’s eyes widened in terror. Thinking quickly, she whipped off her other heel and threw it in a nearby trash can before dashing into a back alley. She didn’t know if there had been an officer in the car, but she wasn’t about to stick around and find out, and walking around sans footwear in the immediate vicinity would only highlight her guilt. Realising she’d have to take a different route, Melissa was thankful that she knew Brooklyn like the back of her hand.

Of course, this didn’t make things any less frustrating when Melissa found an eight foot tall wire fence at the end of her path. There were no other routes through the alley, and she certainly wasn’t returning to the scene of her crime, so Melissa reluctantly started climbing. By this point, she’d absolutely decided she’d be touching herself tonight. Not because she was getting off on her usual evening commute becoming an adventure, but simply because she had taken enough shit by now and needed to get \*something\* out of all this.

Swinging her legs round to vault over the other side, Melissa began to drop down to the other side before she snagged her sweater on the top of the fence. “Are you freaking serious?!” She cried, too exasperated to care that she was talking to herself. Well she’d had enough at this point. Melissa was \*not\* going to lose such a nice sweater. She’d free herself from the fence and sew her sweater over the weekend - or so she thought. In reality, her struggling to reach behind her to unhook the sweater from the fence only served to wriggle her out of the garment, leading to a rather undignified landing that ended up with the young lady in a heap on the floor.

Picking herself up and exiting the alley, Melissa got herself back on track and picked up the pace again. Now she was worried. The jacket and shoes were bad luck. The loss of her sweater was a pattern emerging, and she didn’t fancy taking the time to let it play out further. Unfortunately, the city seemed to be against Melissa, as no sooner had she returned to her original route did she discover that one of the streets had been cordoned off due to a traffic pile up, meaning she’d have to take a trip through a nearby park.

Maybe this was what she needed though; to calm herself down by spending a bit of time in the serenity of nature. And for a while, things were pretty chill. It was nice, feeling her almost bare feet on the grass for the first time in what she figured was years. Melissa let a contented sigh escape her lips as she looked around at the scene before her. Old men were playing chess, children were running around after each other, and dogs were chasing balls and sticks, excepting for the one that was running at full tilt towards Melissa, its eyes full of intent.

Oh, God. Where was its owner? Why wasn’t this thing on a leash?! Shitshitshit. No time to think about that stuff now, Melissa had to put as much distance between her and that mutt as possible, so she took off like a rocket. Unfortunately, this only encouraged the dog with the thrill of the hunt, causing it to pick up its pace. Realising that she didn’t have the stamina or pace to keep away from her assailant, Melissa decided she’d have to stay out of reach another way and set her sights on a nearby tree.

Just as she jumped up towards a branch, the dog snapped at her feet. Miraculously, it just missed biting off one of Melissa’s toes, but it didn’t manage to get a grip on her tights. “Bad mutt! Get off me!” She demanded as she attempted to kick the pooch that dangled below her. Unsurprisingly, this simply caused the tights to peel down Melissa’s legs, with her being unable to grab and stop them without forsaking her grip on the tree branch and falling to the ground below. Once the dog had hit the ground, it simply stood, stared and snarled at Melissa, chewing on her tights and prompting her to pull herself up to sit on the branch and wait things out.

Finally, a loud whistle could be heard in the distance, and the dog dutifully scampered away with Melissa’s tights in tow. At this point the sky was turning a pinkish orange and Melissa was starting to feel the chill of an autumn night rolling in without her sweater or tights; she knew she had to hurry up and get home before she got too cold. However, she was only now realising how high up she’d been able to jump as she’d been spurred on by fear and adrenaline. Jumping down was a bit of a risk, but fortunately the branch she was on was fairly long and seemed to be plenty sturdy. The safest option would be for Melissa to make her way to the end of the branch and let her weight bend it downwards until it was at a safe height for her to fall off of, so she began to shimmy along.

However, Melissa found herself unprepared for just how quickly the branch would lower and lost her grip in a panic, sliding the rest of the way towards the ground. As she slid, the branch managed to catch the zipper on the side of her skirt before pulling it all the way down. As it snagged at the bottom, the resulting jolt not only evicted Melissa from her skirt, but also caused her to somersault off of the branch line in quite a spectacular manner, leaving the office lady flat on her back, lying on the grass and looking up venomously at the skirt that had refused to follow her.

It was by some stroke of luck that the park was now pretty much empty enough that if Melissa kept her distance from everybody, nobody who saw her would be able to make out the face of this mysterious young woman who was running through the park in only a white blouse and lacy, royal blue thong. Regardless, people could see her and that was more than enough to humiliate her. Now powerwalking, Melissa ensured that her blouse was pulled down to cover her lingerie and perky ass that it couldn’t hope to conceal. Although better than nothing, this manoeuvre didn’t do anything to hide her toned thighs, which drew catcalls and wolf whistles from those left in the park that caused Melissa’s cheeks to flush a deep red.

With this embarrassment came another peculiar feeling however. Melissa could feel butterflies; a stirring excitement in her chest and and a dull throb in her panties. Jesus, was this turning on? Was she really getting off on the thought of being seen in her blouse and thong by Brooklyn’s leches? Soon Melissa realised the answer to this was in fact “yes”, as her realisation that the rest of her route would take her down busy streets was accompanied by the throbbing in her nether regions growing strong.

Melissa was relieved to see the streets were in fact packed with crowds making their way home from work and school. Sure, she’d in a state of undress around a load of people, but if she could get into the crowd without being seen she may be able to get home unnoticed. Thankfully this proved to be the least eventful part of her journey, as she was able to force herself into the crowd without those around her any the wise her to near complete nudity.

Of course, it wasn’t long before Melissa lost her next garment. As she turned the street corner with the crowd, she heard a high pitched shriek. She whipped her head around in a panic. Had she been caught? Was the crowd about to disperse before her, revealing this scantily clad victim of circumstance? Yes and no. It turns out some high profile TV star had been spotted exiting a near by restaurant, and now everybody was rushing at him for an autograph. However, this rush quickly turned into a mob, a flurry of pushes and grabbing hands, one of which established a death grip on Melissa’s blouse. Before she’d even had time to react, the hand had began to pull ferociously, trying to drag her backwards into the chaos.

And while Melissa didn’t get taken, her blouse did, its buttons popping off in quick success before the top was pulled away, never to be seen again. In its place, an ample rack contained in a royal blue, lacy D cup bra that matched Melissa’s thong was now exposed. Now Melissa was becoming very embarrassed and rather damp at the crotch. Brooklyn could see her as it had never seen her before, if only they’d bothered to look. Melissa decided to take advantage of the fact that she was only the second most unusual sight on the street and began to run down the avenue until she reached a plaza - the worst place to be when you’re undressed in a public.

There were no huge crowds here. There was enough space for people to walk around leisurely, which meant Melissa had no hope of blending in. Very quickly, people began to notice her, then point her out to those who hadn’t, and before long the whole square had their eyes on Melissa, trying to make her way home in just her laces.

As she walked, her ears burned as all conversation turned to her.

“Mommy, look, that lady’s almost naked!”

“Is she going to a pride parade or something?”

“I didn’t think we got whores in this part of the borough...”

“Should we call the police?”

As well as turning her face hotter, all this attention was make Melissa’s pussy wetter. Without even thinking, she gave her panties a quick pat and was startled by just how damp they were. Jesus, was she going to cum in public? Without even touching herself?

Melissa had tried to complete this journey with some dignity, but there was little left for her now; it was time to cut her losses and just run for home. As she picked up her feet and ran through the crowds, her magnificent rack bounced up and down, swaying slightly from side to side too. The bra did its best to keep things contained, but it couldn’t last. This was lingerie; a sports bra it wasn’t. As Melissa continued to run home, the bouncing became too much for the poor straps, until eventually they relented, and with a loud snap Melissa’s perfect D cups were released with a climactic bounce and jiggle for all the world to see, the shock causing her to come to a halt in the street while slapping her arms over her erect, pink nipples.

However, this pause didn’t last long, as it turns out the crowd from the place had followed her as she fled, enthralled by Brooklyn’s latest streaker. In one last push, Melissa sprinted the last 100m to her classy apartment building. Only when she was on the steps to the entrance did she realise her door key was in her coat that she lost on the subway platform! Looking around desperately, Melissa was blessed with one final opportunity; an open window on the ground level! It wasn’t a huge gap but she’d be able to fit through it.

As she forced herself through, Melissa lost her last shred of dignity as her thong was pushed down her legs and fell off her feet just before she brought them inside. Standing up, Melissa could see the lobby was far from empty. In that moment, it seemed the whole complex had crammed into that reception, as if they’d known that Melissa would come back without a stitch on her that evening. Almost everyone in the building could now see every inch of her naked body.

Her perfect and huge boobs. The butterfly tattoo under her right tit. The mole just above her pubic mound. And finally, her dripping wet pussy, covered by a brown bush that was trimmed to sit just within her bikini lines.

With all eyes and no clothing on her, Melissa could hold it back no longer. Without so much as putting two fingers together, Melissa released a stream of cum all over her inner thighs and into a puddle on the lobby floor.