**Mishy and Clara: A Chance Encounter**

by Anonegg

You know how most couples have a really cute story about how they met? One of them dropped a purse that the other picked up, or the coffee shop was busy so the two strangers decided to share a table and fell in love. Even if it wasn't all that cute they'll add a few bells and whistles to make it seem more 'Hollywood'. Like they didn't just meet in a bar; instead her favourite song began playing, the crowd parted, and there he was, haloed in a spotlight. How I met Mishy... it's not really the sort of story you want to tell people. Not regular, 'look them in the face while you tell them' kind of people anyway.  
  
My name's Clara, and I'm not ashamed to admit that I'm an exhibitionist. I suppose some small part of that is due to how I look. I'm 26 now, but I'm only 5'4, and a little bit flat chested. I'm an a-cup. I guess... I guess I love showing myself off because when I do that, when people are looking at me, it makes me feel like I'm sexier than the body nature has given me, you know? That's how I started, but I've been with Michelle for three years now, and that time together has done a lot for my confidence. Now I just do it for the sexual thrill, usually with Mishy at my side.  
  
But I'm getting ahead of myself.   
  
Three years ago I was single, nervous, and about to try my most daring public display to date... which is to say that I'd spent a lot of time scouting out a location to make sure nobody would see me do it. The warm spring sun shone down upon me as I walked anxiously down the park's main pathway. I wasn't naked yet - my outfit consisted of an old t-shirt, a pair of shorts and a pair of flip flops - but I felt as if every eye was watching me, as if they knew what I was going to do. Which was silly, of course; nobody could possibly know. The weather had attracted a lot of people, and as I approached the park's main field - literally just a huge square of grass surrounded on all sides by concrete pathways and trees - I could see hundreds of people enjoying the day. I slowed to a stop besides a huge, seven foot tall hedgerow. I made a mental note of the tree that stood behind it before making my move. I reached into my pocket and withdrew my car keys. Clutching them in my fist I stretched my arms, let out a sigh of satisfaction, let go of the keys and discreetly back-heeled them beneath the hedge. Pretending as if nothing had happened I strolled onwards, continuing down the pathway.  
  
You see behind the hedgerow I knew that there was a small enclosed public garden. Nobody ever went there, however, because the overgrowth of the trees blocked out the sun. There was only one entrance; a break in the hedge just before the pathway reached the next corner of the main field. I slipped through the gap hoping desperately that nobody would get curious and follow me in.   
  
Inside the air was damp and musty. Despite the heat of the day the shade above made the garden feel cool. The ground was slightly muddy beneath my flip flops, although a layer of winter's leaves still lay upon the ground. The sounds of the crowd were muffled by the hedge so that only a murmur of laughter and cheer could be heard. I headed for the nearest tree which was a huge, squat beast of a thing that must have been four feet wide. After making sure it wasn't visible from the entrance, I crept around to the far side of it so that I was further hidden from view. Then I stripped.  
  
It's so crazy to think how little actually stands between us and public nudity. My t-shirt was over my head, my shorts down to my ankles, and as I pushed them the rest of the way my flip flops fell off too. Just two quick movements and I was completely naked in public. I neatly folded my outfit and placed it on top of my shoes to prevent them getting dirty. Then I stood up and looked around, savouring the feeling of being naked in public. My slight chest heaved up and down as I breathed in the earthy fragrance of the woods. My hands ran themselves over my bare hips as if of their own volition, my fingers creeping inwards to stroke at the smooth, hairless skin around my pussy. I ran my hands back up my body, over my stomach, faintly caressing my nipples, before running them through the short, pixie-ish hair upon my head.  
  
Time to get moving. I thought to myself.  
  
After my first few steps I was glad that I'd decided to use my keys as a motivational ploy. If there had been nothing driving me forward then I would probably have panicked within a few seconds and ran back to my clothes, but as it was I knew that I had to go fetch my keys, and since I was doing it I might as well stay naked. It's a difficult thing to explain to other people, but it's how I was able to rationalise it to myself. The ground felt good beneath my feet; soft and yielding. Pillars of light broke through the foliage, making the whole thing seem magical, unreal. How could anyone ignore this place just to go and sit in the sun with everybody else?  
  
"-totally get a Frisbee!"  
  
My heart almost leapt out of my chest. The voice - a boy's voice - was so loud that it was like he was standing right next to me. I placed my hands over my beating heart as I looked frantically around the forest. I couldn't see anyone! Had they seen me?  
  
"-it's really nice for this time-"  
  
A different voice; a woman's voice. I realised that the sound was coming through the hedge. There were cracks - little more than slithers - to the world beyond the hedge. Tiny chunks of sound were able to get through those cracks so that the utter silence was occasionally punctuated by somebody talking. I quickened my pace. The thought of actually being caught by somebody was beginning to feel very real, and I wanted this little escapade over as quickly as I could. I reached my 'marker' tree where I knew I had dropped the keys. I crouched down onto my haunches and looked around. The foliage of the hedge started about an inch from the ground, meaning that beneath there were only roots and branches. The keys should have come through to the other side without a problem, but for some reason I couldn't see them.  
  
Maybe they got caught underneath? I thought to myself.  
  
Grimacing, I lowered myself down onto the ground so that I was laying flat upon it. The earth felt cold and slightly moist against my bare skin. Rather worryingly, however, I could still see no sign of my keys. With a growl of frustration I climbed back to my feet, and spent a few moments brushing mud from my body. Now I'd have to get dressed, go back to the path and try to root around on the other side! My sexy secret plan had now deteriorated into trying to find a set of lost keys. It was such an anti-climax. No longer able to enjoy the sensuality of public nudity, I stormed back to the big, bulky tree where I'd left my outfit.  
  
"Great," I growled to myself "Where are my clothes?"  
  
I circled the tree, my anger shielding me from the situation. Where were the bloody things? I'd left them here, hadn't I? I stopped and stood still, glaring menacingly at the forest floor. Keys lost, clothes gone, what else could go wrong?  
  
It took me a moment, but then realisation dawned upon me. My clothes. Gone. My eyes widened in horror. I was naked in public, and I have nothing to cover myself with. My hands involuntarily reached up and cupped my breasts. I looked around once again, this time in desperation, hoping that somehow I'd missed them in my haste. I hadn't. Only trees, dead leaves and mud were with me in the garden. I lowered my head into my hands and fought the urge to cry. I wasn't ready for this. I'd planned to start off small, just a little bit of hidden public nudity, and then work my way up to streaking in public. Now I found myself facing the horrible truth. I'd have to run out of here, past hundreds of people staring at me, laughing at me, try to get back to my car, and... and...  
  
I didn't have my car keys.  
  
A wave of red hot horror washed over me as I realised I only had two options; scrabble around on the floor naked in front of them all trying desperately to find my keys, or else walk all the way home dressed as I was now. I began to tremble. My mind felt numb. I'm not really sure why, but I found myself wandering the nearby area, hoping to find some sort of solution to my problem. I vaguely remember thinking that perhaps squirrels had come down from the trees and scattered my clothing, and all I had to do was find them again. I don't know why I thought that - like I said, I wasn't really thinking. I got the fright of my life, however, when somebody stepped out of the trees to confront me.  
  
She was blonde. And tall. And she had a wicked grin upon her face. I don't think my mind registered much else because it was too busy focusing on the fact that she was dressed and I was naked. I covered myself as best I could.  
  
"My, we've certainly been naughty today, haven't we?" she asked in a voice dripping with malice.  
  
I felt a wave of arousal shoot through me. I remember being confused by the reaction at the time.  
  
"Please." I said. "Can you help me? I've, um, lost my, um..."  
  
"Oh, you didn't lose them." The girl walked towards me until she was looming over me. She placed an accusing finger on the bare skin of my breast. "You took your clothes off willingly."  
  
"How-?"  
  
"I was watching you."  
  
Unable to control myself, I began fingering my pussy.  
  
"What- what are you going to do?" I asked breathlessly.  
  
"Maybe I'll tell you where your clothes are." Her hand reached up and stroked my hair. "Or then again, maybe I'll make you walk home like this."  
  
My legs buckled as an orgasm washed over me. I fell forward, and the girl folded her arms around me. I only remember my vision flashing black and red as the intensity of it blocked out everything else. Michelle told me afterwards that I moaned into her chest, although I have no recollection of that. It was just as well, I suppose; apparently it also muffled the sound, so nobody came to investigate.  
  
Awareness gradually returned to me. I began to hear the faint laughter of people in the distance. My eyes saw the dark forest and the curve of this girl's breast. I breathed in her flowery fragrance and beneath it the sweet smell of my dripping sex. Her arms were still around me, and I could feel her hand rubbing up and down my bare back. I gently pulled away from her, keeping my hands over my pussy. Now that my sexual energy had been released, I was suddenly feeling very self conscious and ashamed at my lack of clothing. To my surprise the girl was smiling at me, and not in a malicious way.  
  
"That was fun." she said.  
  
I fidgeted my feet against the solid muddy ground. "Um... yeah."  
  
The girl gently lifted my chin and looked me in the eyes. "Listen... I wasn't really going to do that, you know. Make you walk home naked."  
  
"What? Then why...?"  
  
"I've got a feeling you might know this, so... you know Lisa, from the Erica stories?"  
  
My eyes widened in recognition. "Yeah."  
  
"I thought so. Well, I know that I've often fantasized about having a mean bitch like her taking my clothes, so when I came in here to return your keys and saw you taking your clothes off... well, I couldn't resist a little make believe."  
  
"You have my keys?"  
  
"Oh yeah. Clothes too."  
  
"Great. I'm feeling a little bit embarrassed right now, so if you don't mind..."  
  
"Oh, you can have them back if you want. Although I do have a rather fun alternative, if you're interested."  
  
Although I desperately wanted to get dressed again, the offer intrigued me. "Go on."  
  
"If you want, I can give you your clothes back and we each go our separate ways, no questions asked. Or alternatively I can give you my vest and your flip flops - nothing else - and we'll head back to your car. And then..." she blushed at this point "...back to your place?"  
  
That certainly caught me off guard. Up until that point I hadn't really looked at her, properly looked at her, because I was too focused on myself. What I saw pleased me. She was tall and blonde, and busty with it. A pair of double Ds rested beneath her vest top, and a pair of long, toned legs stuck out of her daisy dukes. She had a pretty face, too, and a very warm smile.  
  
"And..." I gulped. "And what would you wear?"  
  
Her smile widened. "Your top, of course. Provided it fits. What do you say?"  
  
Well, what could I say?  
  
As soon as she had my answer, Michelle pulled off her vest top. She wore nothing underneath. I found myself gawping as I accepted the garment from her. She made no attempt to cover up.  
  
"It's impolite to stare." she chided.  
  
Blushing, I looked away briefly in order to slip her top over my head. It was sky blue in colour, and while it had been figure hugging on Michelle it hung like a dress on my smaller frame. The hem of the top ended just below my crotch. I raised my arms in the air experimentally and I felt the material ride up ever so slightly.  
  
"Can you see anything?" I asked.  
  
"I can just about see your pussy peeking out."  
  
I nodded, and smoothed the material back into place. Meanwhile, Michelle was busy wrestling herself into my white t-shirt. She'd managed to squeeze her head and arms through the appropriate holes, although the sleeves looked painfully tight. It was like an arm girdle. The front of the t-shirt was having a hard time covering her breasts, however. Her hands were shaking with the effort of pushing it down; it was stuck just above her nipples.  
  
"Little... help...?" she grunted.  
  
Without really thinking about what I was doing, I grabbed a handful of her breasts and tried to push them into the top. With a final grunt she managed to force the top downwards, trapping my hands in place. We stood there for a moment, Michelle panting with exertion. I blushed as I felt the tips of her nipples beneath the palms of my hands.  
  
"You can grab them all you want later." Michelle said to me. "For now, let's go model our new outfits, okay?"  
  
I nodded, and with a bit of help managed to slide my hands from underneath the shirt. It looked both sexy and ridiculous on her, the material stretched tightly over her breasts so that the nipples were clearly visible underneath. It didn't even reach down to cover the entirety of her breasts; she was showing under-boob.  
  
We spent a moment or two to discuss the clothing we were going to leave behind, namely my shorts, and who was going to carry our keys. In truth I think we just needed the time to calm down and come to terms with our outrageous outfits. In the end I decided to abandon the shorts, and Michelle was able to carry the keys in her pocket.  
  
Unable to stall any further, we made our way out of the private garden and onto the pathway by the huge, busy field. Almost immediately the attention of those nearby were drawn to us. Two teenage boys walking towards us stopped dead, and their eyes seemed glued to Michelle's bulging chest. I felt her hand reach out to mine and grip it tightly. I squeezed back, showing my support, although to be honest I was a bit disappointed that she was getting all the attention. We made our way down the path, towards the car park, and as we passed the two boys I had a sudden flash of inspiration. With my free hand I reached behind myself and raised up my vest top, making a show of scratching my lower back.  
  
"Woah, nice ass..." I heard one of the boys mutter.  
  
I smiled to myself, thinking about how clever I was... until I noticed an elderly woman walking towards us with a baby in a pram. Her mouth was agape, and she was staring at my crotch - which I belatedly realised was now completely on display! I hurriedly smoothed the vest back into place. My face was burning with shame as we passed her. I kept my gaze solidly on the ground, not trusting myself to look her in the eye. Michelle gave my hand a squeeze.  
  
"That was awesome." she whispered.  
  
Although I couldn't stop the blushing and I daren't look up, I was unable to stop a smile creeping onto my face at the compliment.  
  
We passed the crowds, and eventually found ourselves on the empty pathway heading back to the car park. A dense thicket of trees surrounded us on either side, meaning that the only way was forward. About halfway down the path, Michelle stopped and looked around. I wasn't really sure what she was up to, but I looked around as well. We were alone. It was nearly one in the afternoon, so it looked like everyone who was coming to the park would have done so by now.  
  
"Hold these for a sec." she said as she withdrew both my keys and her keys from her short pocket.  
  
"Sure. Why-" I managed before she unbuttoned her shorts, lowered the zip and dropped them to her ankles. Beneath it she wore a pair of thong panties; a feisty purple colour. She kicked her shorts into the trees. I stared at her openly. With the top straining to cover her breasts and the meagre material of the thong covering her lower half, she was barely wearing anything at all. Her white sneakers just served to highlight her lack of clothing. She took my hand, but rather than holding it she placed it over her ass cheek.  
  
"You hold that," she said to me "And I'll hold the keys."  
  
We carried on walking, and although we didn't encounter anyone on the way I felt my heart racing a mile a minute. We were wearing three items of clothes between the two of us in a very public place. If anyone saw us, if any late comers came our way, then there'd be no doubt that we were some kind of exhibitionist lovers. That's when it struck me; that's what we were about to be. As I felt her bare flesh gyrating beneath my hand, her words from earlier came back to me:  
  
"And then... back to your place?"  
  
We made our way into the car park, and as I led her over to my car my mind was awhirl. I was an exhibitionist, but that didn't mean I was a hussy who just fell into bed with the first woman she met. I mean... I wanted to, but... so soon...  
  
"Listen," I mumbled as I unlocked the car "What you said earlier. If you don't want to sleep with me then I understand. I mean I know I'm not-"  
  
Before I knew what was happening I found myself pressed up against the car, the cold metal touching my bare bottom as Michelle's hands began to caress me. Our lips met, and it was electric. I sank into the kiss, my own hands wandering towards her top. I was no longer in control of myself, and I don't think Michelle was either. Her hands crept upwards, and as she broke off the kiss something blue came between us. I didn't know what it was, but as soon as it was out of the way Michelle began kissing me again.  
  
I'm not sure how much time passed, but this time when the kiss broke up we stood holding one another, panting, trying to catch our breaths. The blue thing lay on the floor, just in the corner of my eye. Awareness began to return to me. I could feel the cool breeze stroking my bare skin. The blue thing, I realised, was the vest top.  
  
I was naked.  
  
Michelle took a step backwards and looked down. It seems as if my own hands had been busy. Her panties lay in a bundle on the floor.  
  
My trepidation was gone now. So was hers. She struggled out of her t-shirt, and we threw all of our clothes into the front seat of the car. We took a moment to kiss, both of us nude in a public car park, before we climbed into the back seat together.  
  
...  
  
I'm afraid that is where I will have to end this story.  
  
I've spoken to Michelle about this, and... while we're comfortable talking about our exhibitionist exploits, we've decided not to share details of our sex lives with other people. Neither of us were comfortable with the idea. As for the rest of the story, well... like I said, it's not a cute-meet story that you want to share with your friends and family, is it?