**My first B2B**

**By juliec**

This story is about the day I left my heart in San Francisco.    
   
I left an uptight background in the Bible Belt and came to California to have fun and get naked.  It’s been a battle with my hangups but my looser side is winning and I’ve been having a ball. When I’m not working in the ER that is.   I did have a side job as a stripper in Nevada that was a lot more fun, but I got tired of getting ripped off.   
   
May of last year after I had already started a mad non-stop work life in the middle of nowhere my friend Bert from the Bay Area called me up.  Asked me if I wanted to be in a foot race.  That was a bit hard to imagine until he told me we’d be running naked all the way across San Francisco. He had entered us both in Bay to Breakers. So Goddamn!  I was interested!  I did the unthinkable and took a weekend off.   
   
Bert came down during the week before, so we could drive back on Saturday.  But he’s limping.  Nothing he says.  Just tripped.  Well I took a look at it and got him to a doctor friend.  It wasn’t bad but needed time so we put him on crutches.  Bert convinces me I can do B to B on my own so I go with him to San Francisco where we stay in this nice hotel just a few blocks from the start.   
   
As many of you know, the race is supposed to start at 8AM but there are so damn many people and they start getting there real early.  Even if you’re way early you’ve gotta be pretty damn pushy to get within two blocks of the start.  This all means a lot of waiting around in a crowd early in the morning.  Bert tells me that lots of people just cut a hole in a garbage bag and put it over their head to keep warm until the start.  So that’s what I do. Doesn’t look good but I can just throw it away.   
   
The morning of the race I’m walking down the streets with Bert on crutches.  I’m wearing running shoes and a garbage bag - period.  Oh yes a cell phone  and race number on my arm.  The streets are filled with people in running gear, costumes, and garbage bags.  Some of them could be naked too. You can’t really tell.  It gets pretty dense to the point where Bert has to head back promising to pick me up at the end of the run.   
   
God! All of a sudden I’m standing in the biggest crowd I ever saw in my life, naked under a Goddamn garbage bag.  How the Hell did I get in this position?  I can’t decide if I’m scared to death or having fun. God for all I know I could be the only one naked.  Are other people naked under those bags?  Are other people gonna strip?  Will everyone be laughing at the naked little blonde girl from out of town?  I admit it I was really really god damn scared. Excited too.   
   
And by the way people are tossing tortillas around like Frisbees. Where the hell am I?   
   
So you could hear them announce the start of the race. God knows how far in front of  me.  Nothing moves.  A few garbage bags come off to reveal running clothes. Shit!  Not a naked person in sight.   
   
I was lucky that it wasn’t really that cold. Imagine how it feels to be sweating in a plastic garbage bag. Creepy, clammy, sticky feeling. I knew I needed to get some air in there.  When the crowd started to move I made mine. As I came by a big pile of other peoples garbage bags etc I pulled  off my garbage bag and tossed it.  Goddamn point of no return. Julie naked in a big goddamn crowd for the first time in world history.   
   
Everyone around me is wearing clothes of some kind including weird costumes.  They’re whooping it up but few of them really pay that much attention to me.  Appreciative looks from some guys. None trying to come on to me.  A few shouts “Go for it girl.”  “Yes!”  “Take it off.”  “First nude girl!” “Show ‘em, sister.”  (That last was a girl’s voice.)   
   
God I thought. This might work out nice. We’re moving forward and I’m looking around. Finally after about two blocks being alone and naked I see a couple of naked guys.  Good looking guys.  They’re starting to run so I work my way over to them.  Everyone’s nice about letting the naked lady through and no one grabs.  God what a cool crowd!  (I’m definitely not at home  where I would have gotten jeered at, arrested then run out of town not to mentioned probably raped somewhere in there.)   
   
There turn out to be 4 naked guys and they welcome me into their group.  They’re big, handsome and totally gay.  I feel safe and run with them a couple of miles seeing all kinds of costumes and a few more naked people.  A lot of them are from some nudist group wearing yellow hats.  Most of them older guys with a few ladies.  Hope I have the guts to run around naked when my body looks like that.   
   
The gay guys got to be too fast for me and I let them go at the bottom of  Hayes Hill which I had to walk up. I was tired and god did my tits hurt.    
   
Bert had told me not to keep the same speed, walk, run, and even stop, otherwise you just hang with the same people and miss the show.  Almost all of the naked people were walking, so going slower I had a chance to talk to them.  At the top of the hill I just stopped for about a half hour to watch the madness go by and to get checked out.  That was nice!   
   
I walked mostly, ran some, stopped a lot and tried to check out the crowd. I walked with guys sometimes, always making sure that none of them monopolized me. There were several stretches where I was the only naked one in sight.  Probably less than 1% of the participants were naked and not that many of those were girls. I didn’t see any other girls alone, so I felt brave.     
   
One time I stopped and lined up for a portable toilet with people in clothes.  They all looked me over and I struck up a conversation with a couple of guys but no one even mentioned me being naked.  Only in San Francisco!!   
   
I had been told that when you got to the finish line that you needed to dress right away. Every naked person I saw was carrying clothes, but I was counting on Bert to pick me up.  But Goddamn! he wasn’t there.   
   
I stood around at the finish line trying to call him.  I walked over to the beach and sat naked on the sand for awhile until I got the evil eye from some sweet family.  I was getting concerned but the idea of being stuck naked, alone in a big city was the kind of thing I often dreamed of.  I’m telling myself to enjoy showing my body. Live out the fantasy!   
   
So I went back to the finish area and a cop tells me I need to get dressed.  When I tell him my story he calls a female cop who puts me in the back of a squad car offering me a blanket.  Now I’m scared.  I put the blanket over me because she wanted me to, but it’s itchy and God I’m still naked in the back seat of a police car maybe going to jail.   
   
So she comes back with several male cops (who just seem to be there to look me over) and asks if I’d had any luck reaching Bert.  It seems they need the squad car for some accident call and I can’t have the blanket either (city property).  She suggests that I just go sit in the bushes and try to call Bert.  She did say that she’d have to “take me in” if I was still here when she got back.   
   
There’s a big party in Golden Gate Park about a mile from the race finish that a big crowd was walking to.  So I cut through the bushes and when the cops weren’t  looking anymore I cut over and blended into the crowd going to the party.  People were nice but told me that nudity was no longer allowed. (Duh! I’d just been in a squad car!)  Also that they wouldn’t let me into the party area naked.  I tried anyway but sure enough didn’t get in.  So I cut through the bushes again and sneaked in easy.   
   
I got away with being naked at the party by staying on the edges hiding in the trees if I saw anyone that looked like security.  Some guys brought me food. Some of them had snuck in some beer so I had some of that too.    
   
Looking back on this it was fun but God I was worried about naked me in the big city alone and if something had happened to poor Bert. Of course looking back I wish I could of relaxed and enjoyed it more.  I’ve masturbated more than once while running the memories through my head.   
   
Finally, finally I get a call from Bert with a stupid story.  He had dropped his phone and it wasn’t working.  All the pay phones he could find had been vandalized.  It was tough getting to them on crutches.  Finally was able to borrow a phone.  Yada yada.  Have I mentioned that he’s a flake? I tore into him about how long it had been but in the end I had to admit I’d had fun.   
   
So he still had his race number and managed to get into the party.  Didn’t bring me any clothes, though. I was expecting my clothes but I don’t think I really wanted them yet. So I walked right through the middle of the crowd with him in tow on his crutches.  No reason to care about being kicked out anymore.  I loved strutting through the crowd wearing nothing and got some nice compliments.  When we got to the car I even took off my shoes and rode all the way back home  to the desert totally completely wonderfully naked.  Loved the Hell out of it.    
   
Bert had to stop for gas on the way and I needed to use the little girls room. I was so up about being naked that I just walked over to it the way I was. Everyone looked.  No one tried to stop me. We ate at a drive-through fast food where the kid at the window got an eyeful.    
   
Out on a lonely stretch of highway I put my feet up on the dash and attacked my own pussy.  God what a release. Felt like I came 100 times.  I did hear a truck horn when I was at a point where there was no stopping and didn’t care who saw.   
   
I live in San Francisco now, so I do have some more stories of naughty things I've done locally. (Don't bother looking me up - this is not my real name.)   
   
Julie