**My Flagrant Public Nudity**

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**My Flagrant Public Nudity Ch. 01**

My exhibition goes horribly wrong. Or does it?

I was sitting in my apartment late one Wednesday evening, having a glass of wine and talking on the phone to my oldest and dearest friend, Susan. I rarely drink alone but felt I needed a little artificial prompting for this conversation.

After high school, Susan had gone on to college in Southern California where she was starting her senior year. I had remained in our dull, provincial, midwestern hometown, helping to run my parents' flourishing educational software business. Susan and I had grown up in the same affluent neighborhood, were preternaturally close and had always shared everything, including several (in retrospect pretty tame) exhibitionist adventures. We remained in constant touch, talking almost daily.

We were chatting idly when I blurted, "Susan, I really need to talk to you about something."

"Sure. Is everything okay, Liz?"

"Well, I don't know. Remember when we took those middle-of-the-night, naked walks around our neighborhood?"

"Of course. I remember them fondly. I think of that as our budding exhibitionist period, but we totally got away with it so what's the problem? You haven't started up again without me, have you?"

"No, no," I said. "The problem is that we never did get caught. I know it was risky and exciting back then, but we weren't really exhibitionists if no one saw us. We were just nibbling around the edges. We were like artists without canvases."

Susan laughed at that and said, "Right. Like a golfer who makes a hole-in-one playing alone. Or the proverbial tree falling in the forest with no one around to hear it. What's this all about?"

"I realize now how much I actually wanted to get caught. I've been wasting an unhealthy amount of time on all kinds of exhibitionist fantasies. I fantasize about getting caught in situations that end up with my being paraded around the town naked or forced to publicly masturbate or staked out naked on the courthouse square so anyone can come and look at me. The kind of punishments they might have dreamed up in Salem in the 1690s. Susan, I'm just consumed with this aching desire to be sexually thrilled and humiliated at the same time. It's becoming the overarching focus of my life."

There was a long pause, and Susan said, "Wow. Look, I'm not trying to sound dismissive here, but why not just go out and get yourself busted?"

"First of all, I wouldn't want to do that here, and second, it's got to look unintentional. Or forced. Not like something some crazy exhibitionist just did by herself. I don't think I'm ready for anything so obviously of my own doing. Plus, it's sometimes hotter when people think they're seeing something they weren't meant to see rather than just having it shown to them."

She said, "You really have been giving this a lot of thought, haven't you?"

"Way, way, way too much thought. That's what I was telling you. It's actually affecting my work. And even my dreams. The other night I dreamed I was giving a speech at some kind of convention in front of a full auditorium, and I was naked, and in the middle of the speech, I started masturbating and had an orgasm. Which turned out to be a real-life orgasm. I woke up with my hand between my legs, gasping in mortification from my dream and in pleasure from my hand."

"Damn, Girl, you're making me wet! Listen up. I need to think about this, but I just may be able to set something up for you. My involvement would have to be secret, for your own sake and for mine. If everyone knew I was colluding with you, they'd know it was intentional. Plus, I might end up in some trouble. I'll try to call you back tomorrow night."

She hung up, and I sat there thinking about what a wonderful friend she is, but I was also uneasy about what I might be getting myself into. I was feeling excited but also a little panicked.

I walked into the bedroom, dropped my robe and looked at myself naked in the mirror. Men are always telling me I'm beautiful, but knowing men, I think a lot of that can be chalked up to my breasts. I'm pleased enough with them. They're all mine, and they're full and round and firm but not porny or cartoonishly pneumatic. Of course, they often attract the wrong kind of attention. Not the anonymous, exhibitionist attention that I've been craving but that of sleazy, lounge-lizard types. What I like most about them, though, which I first learned on our naked walks, is that it makes you feel even more naked when you've got something extra bouncing around up there. Something more to show.

Actually, when I am naked, they are by no means my most eye-catching feature. I have a fairly (okay, exceptionally) prominent clitoris, made even more noticeable by a recent Brazilian wax. I'm not saying you could see it from the moon, at least not with the unaided eye, but on infrequent vacation visits to nude beaches, it invariably attracted shocked double-takes. From both men and women. And in the girls' communal showers after high school gym, I was teased mercilessly. Susan was a great one for cheerfully embarrassing me in front of other girls by suddenly asking, "Have you seen Liz's dick?" I'm 5'8" and weigh 127 pounds, a natural blonde with medium-length, wavy hair.

I don't know why I have these blatantly exhibitionist desires and tendencies. Nothing in my everyday life is designed to draw attention to myself. My car is practical and far more modest than I could afford. I dress like a slacker, mostly in sweat pants, oversized tees, flannel shirts and sneakers. In group conversations I'm the quiet one. But my fantasy life is a whole different kettle of fish.

I went to bed around midnight and barely slept. I kept wondering what she would come up with, but Susan being Susan, I had an inkling that it would be perfect. (That was a majestically wrong inkling.)

Sure enough, Susan called Thursday night. The first thing she said was, "Okay, a couple of pretty important questions. One, do you really want to do this? And two, do you really want to crank it up a notch?"

"Yes and yes," I whispered."

"Good," she said, "because I've already booked you on United Flight 322 at six-forty tomorrow evening. You have a reservation at the Sheraton. The weather forecast for Saturday is hot and sunny, pretty normal for September. I spent all day scoping out the campus and found a promising location. The necessary props will be put in place during the middle of the night on Friday. You have to be there just before daybreak. I'll pick you up in front of the hotel at five-thirty in the morning. Wear a sundress and sandals. No underwear, no jewelry and no watch. You are going to be completely naked with no place to run and no place to hide. Any questions?"

"Yes. Do you know anyone who still wears a watch?" She burst out laughing, and I said, "It sounds like you've really got this nailed down. So what's the plan?"

"I just told you the plan, Liz."

"Yeah, but what's going to happen, and what am I supposed to do?"

"What's going to happen is a surprise. That will be half the thrill. And what you have to do is absolutely nothing."

"Oh, God! Thank you so much for this, Susan."

"Well, maybe you better not thank me until we see how it works out. But I think this is so cool, and I'm really jealous of you. The next time I talk to you will be when I pick you up Saturday morning."

I was relieved that Susan had acted so quickly but filled, not only with sexual titillation, but more than little apprehension. That night, however, I slept well.

The trip was uneventful, and at five o'clock Saturday morning when my alarm went off, I awoke with a start and no idea what was in store for me in just a couple of hours. I was ready and out front just before Susan pulled up and jumped out of her car to give me a hug.

We sped off toward the campus a few minutes away. "Okay," she said, "very shortly you're going to be unable to back out of your grand exhibition. So it's now or never."

"Can't you give me some clue about this?"

"Not on your life. One last, important instruction is that if anyone asks you what's going on, just say, 'My fucking sorority sisters.'"

Susan wheeled the car into the parking lot behind the back row of dorms on the quad, chose a space at the farthest end of the lot, killed the engine and said, "Lose the dress and sandals and come with me."

I unquestioningly stripped naked, tossing them in the car. She took my hand and led me along the right side of the quad. It had dormitories on the three sides to our left. To our right was a tall, thick hedge, running the length of the quad and, about fifty feet inside it, a long row of young cherry trees. About halfway along the dimly lit quad, Susan, still holding my hand, stopped and said, "You're home, Liz." She pulled my right arm over my head and out to the side and snapped on a handcuff that had already been secured to a tree limb.

"Susan!" I gasped. Working rapidly, she repeated the move with my left arm, stretching it to the adjacent tree. She cuffed both ankles to the slender trunks of the saplings, leaving me spread-eagle, my legs as far apart as possible without it being painful. I also noted that the cuffs on my ankles were little forward of the ones on my wrists. Since my arms were pulled backward a bit, to maintain my center of gravity, I had to thrust my pelvis forward, further drawing attention to my mons and genitals. If intentional (and I rather suspect that it was), that really was a deft touch. I was now facing the quad in a state of pointedly graphic nudity, and the sky was beginning to brighten in the east.

"The key is under the doormat of the dorm directly across from you," Susan whispered. "This place is going to be coming alive soon. Especially so today, I think. I gotta go."

"Susan, no!" I hissed.

She went trotting off. It's hard to describe what happened to me next. I may have been experiencing real, clinical shock. My heart was pounding so hard and fast that I thought it would burst. My adrenal glands must have dumped all their adrenaline into my bloodstream. I lost control of my bladder and peed all over the ground. At least no one saw that.

My legs began to tremble as I grasped the inevitability of what was about to happen. Someone would come out of one of the dorms or look out a window, and a great hue and cry would arise. Shouts of "Naked woman on the quad." Students pouring out of the dorms and racing across the grass. Followed by my excruciating humiliation. The only question was when. The anticipation was agonizing.

To have called my position compromising would have been the mother of all understatements. Displayed there helplessly, I tried to sort through my conflicting thoughts, but I couldn't get a handle on them. They were all over the place. All I could be sure of was that the slight, early morning chill was dissipating, and it was becoming light really fast.

At first, I was angry at Susan for doing this to me, but I had to admit that I'd done it to myself. I'd told her all about how my fantasies were compelling me toward something very much like this, and I'd readily accepted the help she'd offered. But there is such a world of difference between the fantasy and the reality.

I realized that this was probably part and parcel of Susan's plan. Here I was with nothing at all unpleasant actually happening, but I was faced with the abject certainty that I would soon be experiencing the most embarrassing, exposed and vulnerable moment of my life. (If only that had been the case.)

And yet, in spite of my fear, my vagina was becoming warm and moist. I felt my labia engorging and my clitoris swelling even farther out of its hood. I suddenly thought of a massive ship at sea that, through some navigational error, sets herself on an irreversible collision course. No change in speed or direction can save her as the poor captain stands on the bridge, watching the slow-motion catastrophe of his career about to go up in flames.

And then it happened. Someone shouted exactly, "Naked woman on the quad," and it was quickly repeated throughout the dorms. Within a minute they all began to empty. The initial trickle soon became a flood as, like the tributaries of a great river, they began to merge as they flowed in my direction. Somehow, the fact that they were all right around my own age made this even more intimidating. Those first to arrive in front of me reached some imaginary line that stopped them about twenty-five feet away, and the crowd started to build behind them.

A few students did circle around behind me with their cameras. That struck me as particularly erotic. I visualized myself as seen from the rear, my arms and legs splayed so widely, my body exhibited so explicitly but the crowd now visible in all of those shots. Something about that image, all of those eyes staring at me, the pictures not actually revealing (but unmistakably conveying) what was fully on display to those in front of me and my bare buttocks now centered in the viewfinders behind me; it was all so profoundly hot. I wished that I could have asked them for some copies.

And, as I certainly should have expected, they weren't the only ones with cameras. Almost all the students were brandishing them, taking snapshots or, far more likely, making videos of the scene. There were hundreds of them, clapping and cheering and spreading out before me. The kids near me even began kneeling or sitting after those behind them starting shouting, "Down in front." Mindlessly, I labored against my restraints but quickly discovered that it only resulted in gyrating hips, undulating breasts and more cheers.

One of the guys yelled, "Look at those tits!" and one of the women shouted, "Forget the tits. Mine are that big. Check out that clit." Several of the women seemed to simultaneously exclaim, "Oh, my God," and I could see them activating their zoom lenses.

At this point, I was literally sucking wind, and my mouth was so dry I thought I may have lost the ability to speak. Even so, I was incredibly aroused. Ever since puberty, I've had what I assume is the normal reaction to arousal. I'd be having an erotic daydream and feel that predictable moistening in my vagina. This felt different, though, and I knew for sure it was different when one of the women screamed, "Look, she's dripping!" More fiddling with their zooms.

Finally, someone mercifully shouted, "Who did this to you?" I croaked, "My fucking sorority sisters," but no one heard me. One of the women stepped up to me and put an ear to my mouth. I repeated my response, and she shouted to the crowd, "She's being hazed by her sorority sisters!" This elicited another cheer from the crowd, and I understood that Greek hazing, no matter how extreme, was acceptable, even admirable, to them.

"Please help me," I said.

"How?" she asked.

I told her where the key was, and she said, "Okay, Honey. Be right back." I didn't like the sound of that "Honey." Meanwhile, the kids in the back had been forming into something like columns, circling around the crowd and passing in front of it to get a closer look at me as they slowly, almost reverentially, filed by. Their gazes were fixed on my clitoris and the fluid that seeped down my glazed inner thighs or dripped steadily on the grass below. Their lingering stares and the ceaseless attention of their cameras only made me wetter. I saw Susan pass by, grinning from ear to ear.

At long last, the woman returned with the key. She came up to me and asked, "Are you right-handed or left-handed, Honey?"

I thought, "What the hell?" but just mumbled, "Right-handed."

She immediately unlocked the handcuff on my right wrist, shoved the key in her pocket and began walking away.

"Wait, where are you going?"

She turned to face me and said, "Sorry, Honey, but you gotta earn your way out of this predicament."

"How?" I said. "I can't even move."

She said, "Look. You're stuck there immobilized, naked to all the world, but you have one free hand. Now, what is the only thing you could possibly do with that hand to earn your way to freedom? And I'm not talking about writing a check."

I felt my face, and probably my whole body, turn crimson. I glanced over where Susan was now standing, and, although she is exclusively heterosexual and has seen me naked numberless times, she was really giving my body the once over. When she looked up and met my eye, she only lifted her brows as if to ask, "What now, Girlfriend?"

I turned back to my tormentor and told her that there was no way I would do that. She said, "Not a problem. I'll just leave you here. We could make a day of it. Get out some blankets, some sodas and snacks, maybe start talking among ourselves or listening to our iPods, but we'll always be able to keep an eye on the main attraction. I gotta go get breakfast and find a place to lose this key. See you later."

"Wait. Please wait."

She returned to my side and leaned in. She started nodding her head and, even though I had as yet to say anything, turned to the crowd, pumped a fist in the air and shouted, "She's going to masturbate for her freedom!"

A raucous cheer went up from the crowd, and they began chanting, "Yes, yes, yes!" That's when I had what turned out to be a really bad idea. I was just seconds from an orgasm anyway, so I thought that if I just went ahead with it, my ordeal would be over in no time. I moved my hand to my vulva, spreading apart my labia, sliding two fingers in and out of my vagina and frantically rubbing my thumb over my clitoris, which was beginning to feel like a baseball. Even though they had originally applauded the idea, the students gaped at me like they couldn't believe what they were seeing. And I found myself exhilarated by their reaction.

I was right, too. I shortly sailed into the most intense orgasm of my life and dropped anchor there. I reacted as if there were a cattle prod in my vagina, bucking and squirming and only being held upright by the handcuff on my left wrist.

The crowd roared. My arm fell to my side as the tremors subsided. After I could speak again, I looked imploringly at the woman and could only say, "Okay, okay." She began clapping and shouted, "Bravo! One orgasm, one pair of handcuffs, which we've already unlocked! Just three more orgasms, and she'll be free!"

I was thoroughly defeated. I didn't even protest. I just began to slowly masturbate again, wondering how long it would take. The second one took longer and the third one longer still. But each subsequent orgasm was more powerful than the one before. As I would ascend to an orgasm, my eyes would sweep lovingly over the crowd, reveling in their exuberant appreciation, but as my climaxes began to recede, I would be all too aware that I had just publicly, and on a college campus no less, staged a show that was unlikely in the boldest of strip clubs.

The fourth orgasm seemed to take forever, but the crowd certainly never lost interest, yelling out encouragements like, "You can do it!" and, "You go, Girl!" As I was on the verge of that last and most powerful orgasm, I saw four cops, two real cops and two who were obviously campus security, pushing through the crowd. I was beyond caring. In fact, the sight of them probably triggered what happened next. As I began to orgasm, I threw my head back and, in the midst of my convulsions, learned that I had just become a squirter. My vagina expelled a stream like a garden hose. It even caused the cops, who had broken through the crowd, to jump aside to protect their uniforms. And the crowd went crazy. One woman shouted, "Drown the pigs!"

When it was reduced to a dribble, the two real cops, one of whom was a woman, stepped forward and, with their own keys, unlocked the remaining handcuffs and released me. But before I could force out a mostly disingenuous, "Thank you, officers," the woman cop spun me around and snapped her own cuffs on my wrists behind my back.

I squawked, "No, you don't understand."

She said, "You can help us understand down at the station, Ma'am."

Nodding to the other cop, evidently her junior, she said, "I'll take her in. Stay here and obtain witness statements from the nearest spectators," spitting out the last word. "Get several of the videos, which we know they have, and email them to the captain. If they give you any resistance, explain obstruction of justice to them and ask them if they'd prefer to have their cameras and cell phones confiscated. At the mention of a confiscated cell phone, most of these kids will start showing symptoms of withdrawal. Call for a squad car to bring you back to the station when you're done. And ask the campus guys if they'll help you collect the videos."

The campus guys agreed to this a little too eagerly if you ask me. The cop held my arm and led me away to her police car. The students, deprived of their unexpected morning's entertainment, booed lustily behind us. I said nothing and offered no resistance as she deposited me in the back seat. I was now legitimately and unequivocally terrified.

She seemed to park the car farther down the street from the station than was strictly necessary and led me along the sidewalk and inside. She plopped me down on a chair in a small, dingy interview room, removed the handcuffs and said, "Sorry, but this may take a while."

I sat there for well over an hour, idiotically hoping that this was just some nightmare sex dream from which I'd shortly awaken. I thought about my perplexingly ambivalent feelings on the quad. How I so wanted it all to end and so wanted it all to last forever. In equal measures. And, although I hadn't the foggiest idea how this would turn out, as the minutes crawled by, I gradually became, not precisely comfortable, but maybe acclimated to the fact that I was nude in a police station. It did have a certain appeal. Finally, the cop came back and said, "The captain wants to see you."

She escorted me to the captain's office and stopped me in front of her desk, still totally naked. The very idea of standing there like that before her in a building humming with fully clothed, uniformed, law enforcement officers was irresistibly delicious. It was such a perfect balance between monumentally humiliating exposure and unimaginable sexual stimulation. It was almost like an out-of-body experience, as if I were looking over her shoulder, drinking in the sight of my own starkly brazen nudity. I was breathing deeply, each breath stirring my breasts and setting them in detectable, delectable motion. My nipples felt hard enough to cut diamonds, and my clitoris seemed to tug against its moorings as if it could slip free and soar away on its own. And although I knew it was crucial not to let any trace of my elation show, it wasn't easy.

The captain was a handsome woman, probably in her forties, who looked me up and down with something of an amused expression. I half-heartedly asked for some jail clothes because I thought she would expect me to, but she said, "No." She stared at my breasts for a moment and said, "I doubt we have anything that would properly contain you." I glanced at her desk and the credenza behind her, both of which were adorned with photos that looked like they were of a husband and kids.

"Look, I can explain . . ."

She held up a palm and said, "Wait. I'm afraid you made a couple of serious mistakes today. According to all of the eyewitnesses, you blamed this on sorority hazing. That was your first mistake. That story may have been sufficient to convince the students what this was all about but not the police. Because if said hazing really were the case, then you would be accusing several women of kidnapping—a serious felony."

I started to speak, but she held up a palm again and said, "Don't. I know exactly what you're going to say: 'Oh, I could never press charges against my sisters.' That won't stop us from interviewing all of them. If they even exist. I've seen the videos. One of the first things I noticed was that when your right hand was freed, you made no attempt, however futile, to cover yourself with it. Nor do you appear inclined to do so now even though you have two of them at your disposal. You deliberately suppressed a reflex that would have been purely instinctive for just about every other woman on earth. I think you set this up yourself, and I think you enjoyed it immensely.

"The second mistake you made was when you escalated this by masturbating repeatedly in front of the whole student body. Not only was that an actual crime, but you turned yet another harmless episode of campus nudity into some videos that, by tomorrow, will not only have gone viral but also have been uploaded to every porn site on the Internet.

"You think we care about campus nudity? We have serious crimes to investigate. Sure, we get the occasional complaint, but we always refer it to campus security, and they always . . . do exactly nothing. The only reason we were even there was that some hysterical student called to report the aftermath of a gang rape. Well, that got our attention, but when we arrived, we found only a spectacular display of public masturbation.

"Indecent exposure. Lewd and lascivious conduct. Obscene public behavior. There are plenty of statutes that could send you to jail for a while. Some pretty stiff fines, too."

"Okay," I said desperately. "I'll tell you the truth. It was . . . I thought it was just going to be like flashing or a naked dare. I didn't know I'd be handcuffed. I didn't know I'd be forced to masturbate."

"Forced? Please. Eventually, the investigative wizards of campus security would have gotten wind of this, set you free and sent you on your way. But when you saw them coming, along with our guys, you not only kept masturbating, but you practically hosed down the cops. That must have been a real trip. You loved this, didn't you."

"No, I didn't. It was the the most humiliating experience of my life."

She looked at me for a long moment before picking up a microphone, pushing a button on it and announcing to the entire station, "Everyone into the squad room except Malloy, O'Brian and Jenkins. You guys cover the phones and the front desk. I'll need you later."

"What are you doing?"

"You're going to go into the squad room. There are about 20 occupied desks in there, but there will be some overflow. The morning shift change is starting, so there will be a lot more cops than usual. Unlucky for you. Or perhaps lucky as the case may be. You're going to move around the room, masturbating continuously and stopping by each desk for one full minute, standing just far enough away so that everyone at the desk can observe your naked self from head to toe. I'll watch the wall clock and tell you when to move on."

"No! You can't make me do that."

"Of course not. We could start booking you now and scheduling your arraignment. While we're doing that, you can begin to envision your trial. Sitting with your family and friends, watching some of those lovely masturbation videos on the big-screen TV in the courtroom. They'll probably have already seen them, but I imagine that watching them together, not to mention earning yourself some jail time, would be insufferable. I'm offering you a way out of this and most likely confirming my [and here she formed air quotes] theory of the crime."

She rose and led me into the squad room. She addressed everyone, saying, "If you don't have a desk, pull up a chair next to the people who do. Please remain silent. Okay, Dear, get to it."

I had no choice. I began masturbating, moving from desk to desk, but I think the captain was waiting for much longer than a minute to usher me along. All of the officers stayed silent but were clearly rapt. I had a shuddering orgasm in front of about every fourth desk, completely carried away by the outrageous sexual novelty of this. I mean, who has ever gotten to have multiple orgasms while masturbating naked in a crowded police squad room? Fortunately, I didn't squirt on anyone's desk, which probably would have been poorly received. Maybe that was just a one-off. Or maybe I was still rearming for the next time.

When I cleared the last desk, despite nearly fainting, I felt ready to start again at the first one, but I kept that thought to myself. The captain marched me back to her office. She left me in front of her desk and sat down behind it. She said, "I've been doing this for a long time. I went to college right here. A major in criminal justice and a minor in behavioral psychology. I know what I'm doing. An innocent victim in that squad room would have been curled up in the fetal position on the floor, sobbing and begging for mercy. But I would never have put an innocent victim in that circumstance. Now, we are going to do one final thing that should prove me right beyond question."

She picked up the microphone and called Malloy, O'Brian and Jenkins into her office. Two men and a woman entered. She invited them to have a seat, turned to me and said, "If I am right, you are an ardent exhibitionist who can have an orgasm without being touched or touching yourself, but merely by being closely examined while you are standing there nude. Put your hands behind your head and spread your legs about shoulder width. We are just going to sit here and talk about your naked body for a while. Those breasts are really something aren't they, Officer Jenkins?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Absolutely lovely. As fine as I've ever seen. Beautifully formed with lovely nipples that swell and harden even as we speak."

"Thank you. Officer Malloy, did you see her ass on the way in?"

"Simply stunning. It couldn't be improved upon. It's firm and high and perfectly curved, but she seems to be clenching it a bit right now."

"Sergeant O'Brian," she asked the woman, "what do you think of that clitoris? I think if I had one that large and protuberant, I'd kind of want to hide it with some pubic hair."

"Well, Ma'am," said O'Brian, leaning in for a closer look, "if I were a serious exhibitionist and really got off on people seeing my clit, and if mine looked anything like hers, I'd wax for damn sure and walk around naked whenever I could. I'm about to turn into a lesbian just from looking at it. Jenkins and Malloy, look closely at this clit. See how engorged it is and how red it's becoming. And I'm sure I don't have to direct your attention to the fluid streaming from her vagina. We're talking a waterfall-grade event here. Best mind your feet."

After a few more minutes of this, my legs began to buckle as yet another orgasm washed over me. It wasn't all that strong, but it was obvious enough.

"What a surprise," said the captain. "You have exercised some extremely poor judgment today, young lady, but you didn't harm anyone but yourself. Go on. Get out of here."

I felt a wave of relief but was still wary. "Ma'am, I'm still naked, and it's miles to the Sheraton. I'll get arrested again."

"Two point four miles north on Roosevelt Avenue. Same street as the station. I'll put the word out that you're not to be picked up between here and there as long as you stay on this street. It's a lovely day for a walk. I hope you learned a lesson. Now go."

I thanked the captain profusely and fled the station, intending to borrow a phone from someone and call Susan to come get me. But as I was walking down the steps, I was struck by unique feeling in my vagina. It wasn't an orgasm. It was more like . . . a realization. It was like my vagina had taken over the thinking for my addled brain. And making a better job of it, too: the captain had just thrown me into the briar patch. I had been given permission to walk naked and unimpeded for over two miles through the city's busy shopping district. Calling Susan would have been another bad idea.

I thought for a moment about the captain. The look of wry amusement on her face. Her caustic but lenient manner. Was it possible that I was about to do something that she had pleasantly daydreamed about but could never, ever do herself? She didn't even demand my name.

I also had an odd thought about the people on the sidewalks staring at me. I'm sure they could have easily entertained the idea of one day seeing a naked woman being hauled into a police station. Those loitering on the nearby benches may have recently seen just that. But who among them could have ever imagined seeing a nude woman leaving a police station unaccompanied and looking like she had just swallowed a flock of canaries?

I strolled along, my freely bouncing breasts and swollen clitoris feeling the warm breeze caress them. In less than a day I had become a different woman. Or become the woman I had always been meant to be. I felt joyously liberated.

I was beginning to attract a crowd, too. Some people who had been walking toward me wheeled around and began to follow me. Traffic slowed to walking speed. My walking speed to be exact. Unsurprisingly, the cars were encouraged to speed up by the blaring horns behind them. Other cars would then move up and instantly commit the very same offense they had just noisily condemned.

The cars' occupants were scrambling for their camera phones, and the expected comments rained down on me. "Great tits! Nice ass! Is that your clit, Lady?" I even got one shouted marriage proposal. People's reactions were overwhelmingly positive and wildly enthusiastic. This was turning out way better than Cercei Lannister's walk of shame. I hoped that I wouldn't cause an accident. But pedestrian collisions were far more likely since most of the people ahead of me were now walking backward and holding out their phones.

The crowd kept growing. A couple of the students who had seen me on the quad yelled out as much and began texting madly. It was an exhibitionist's dream. The only one naked in the the most public of settings with no fear of arrest and so many supportive onlookers. And you can believe that I took my own sweet time with it. I considered browsing in some of the shops, but by veering from the street, I might technically be violating the sole condition of the captain's dispensation.

Instead, I frequently stopped, chatted with people and allowed anyone who requested it to pose for pictures with me, hugging them to me and taking every opportunity to press my breasts up against them. Once, I just had to stop and ask one of the men for a clean handkerchief so I could pat myself dry between my legs. When I returned it to him, he looked at it as if I had just handed him the Holy Grail.

Much later, when I had almost reached the hotel, I stopped stock still, realizing that I was loathe to squander any of my one-day-only free pass. In front of a busy restaurant, I leaned my shoulders back against its cool glass front, spread my legs and began to pleasure myself in front of the ecstatic crowd.

With my back arched and my hips forward, I began running my hands up and down my body, kneading my breasts, pinching my nipples and rubbing my clitoris, both knowing (and showing) that this was all on me. No pretense of accidental nudity or coerced masturbation. This was just me, utterly nude and performing the most intimate of acts on a crowed street, giving up the last shred of my dignity and personal privacy to everyone. Giving them all of me. I tried to look into every pair of eyes that was locked on me as I slowly proceeded to bring myself to an orgasm. Again and again and again. I found, too, that I was still a squirter. I was sexually satiated, and my humiliation was total.

When I could no longer stand it, I staggered into the hotel and asked for a new keycard from the bemused desk clerks. When they asked for a photo ID, I informed them that it was in my room with the old keycard. They said that they'd have to send someone with me to verify my identity. Both of the male clerks volunteered. There was a brief argument over seniority, and the "senior" clerk accompanied me to the room where I showed him my driver's license. He departed somewhat reluctantly, and I crumpled onto the bed in exhaustion.

I saw that the phone's message light was blinking. I knew it was Susan and called her as I lay there. When she answered, I said, "Room 206. Get over here now," and hung up. She got there quickly.

"Oh, Liz, I'm so sorry," she cried as I opened the door. I gestured to one of the chairs, and she sat down. I just stared at her.

"Uh, what happened with the police?"

I told her about everything that went on at the station and about the long, nude walk through the city, saving that last little detail of my walk momentarily.

"Liz, can you ever forgive me. I just took those things you mentioned from your fantasies and dreams—the large numbers of people, the bondage, the public masturbation—and tried to incorporate them into your experience. I had no idea the police would get involved. I thought no place could be safer for this than a college campus."

At that point the phone rang.

"Uh, oh." I said. "That'll be the hotel throwing me out."

When I answered, the voice on the other end said, "Elizabeth London?"

"Yes?" I sensed trouble.

"This is Captain Mona Irving at the 6th Precinct. I saw you this morning." She put a lot of ironic emphasis on that "saw."

"How did you get my . . .?"

"I'm a cop, Elizabeth. I had two plainclothes officers following you on the street, mainly to make sure that you weren't mauled by your adoring fans, but also to make a video record of the proceedings. Recording your every step was the ideal cover; they blended right in with everyone else. But that stunt you pulled by the hotel was truly beyond the pale. I thought I might have taught you a lesson or gotten something out of your system this morning. Silly me. You really are incorrigible, aren't you?"

I knew she was right; that last display was way over the top. Listening to her, I felt like a chastised and chastened child. And I really was a little abashed. I became all contrition and obsequiousness, saying, "I'm so sorry, Ma'am. I know I went completely off the rails today. I just . . ."

"Today? You've never done anything like this before?"

No, Ma'am. Nothing like this. It's kind of like this terrible pressure that's been building up in me for years."

"Well, the boiler finally blew up today and took the rest of the ship with it. It was all my officers could do to refrain from intervening. They called me, and I told them to hold off unless we got a 9-1-1 complaint. Elizabeth, you are really, really lucky that we didn't get one. A few minutes after you entered the hotel, they went up to the front desk, flashed their badges and got a look at your registration. You're a long way from home. Probably your only good idea.

"You know, it's funny. The desk clerks had no trouble at all recalling who we were asking about. I guess a naked woman in a hotel lobby must stand out like a sore thumb. Really incisive police work, don't you think?" I struggled to suppress a laugh.

"I put a file on you in the system. No charges, no description of today's events, just a red flag indicating that if you ever popped up on the radar again, I was to be notified immediately. If you ever pull something like that again on my patch, you will find yourself, to steal a phrase from the late Hunter Thompson, 'fucked, broken and driven across the land.' Is that clear enough?"

"Yes, Ma'am. That's really clear."

"When are you leaving?"

"I have a flight out at six tomorrow evening."

"Until then you are under house arrest. I can't have you wandering around outside your hotel. Or outside your room for that matter. The traffic is still backed up to Panama, by the way. If you get hungry, call room service, which I'm sure will be interesting. Until it's time for you to leave for the airport, you'll just have to settle for masturbating in front of your open drapes." I glanced at them.

"Ma'am, how do you know my drapes are open?"

"Educated guess. Enjoy the rest of your stay."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

"One more thing."

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"Nice clit." She hung up.

I stood there staring at the phone until Susan said, "Police?"

I nodded, and she asked, "Any problems?"

"No, but she made it abundantly clear that I was never to give her any trouble again. There's no chance of that, anyway. I'll never set foot in this city again. I think there are way too many people who might recognize me."

"Probably not with your clothes on. So, tell me . . ."

"Whoa. Back up a minute. What you said earlier. How did you know I'd be forced to masturbate?"

She flushed and looked as startled a a jacklighted deer. "I, uh . . . okay, that was my roommate, Fran, the only person I let in on it. She helped me. She even role-played you when I was measuring out the spacing for the handcuffs and the trees. In fact, she was the first one who called out, 'Naked woman on the quad.' And she was among those making videos from behind you. Do you hate me?"

I stood there with my hands on my hips, glaring at her, but my capacity to maintain a straight face evaporated, and I broke into wide smile.

"Tell your roommate I want a copy. I had more orgasms at the police station than I did on the quad. And just before I got back to the hotel, I treated myself to a few more orgasms in front everyone on the street. The only regret I have about today is that I'll never have another one like it. So how could I hate the best friend I'll ever have for arranging it?"

She beamed back at me. "I already sent a copy of Fran's video to your cell. And, Liz, I only gave you the recipe for this cake. You baked it and added your own special icing."

I pulled her to her feet and wrapped her in a big, long, naked hug.

**My Flagrant Public Nudity Ch. 02**

For several months after my outlandish naked escapades in Southern California, it seemed like Susan and I spoke of little else. Almost every conversation eventually wound its way back to the events of that day. We had agreed that I was unbelievably lucky not to have ended up on some sex offender registry. (Don't laugh. I've since learned that you don't have to be a serial child molester to get Sexual Predator branded on your forehead and be prohibited from living within 3000 miles of a school. In some benighted states, public urination will do the trick.)

As you might imagine, that day was indelibly memorable for me. But it also had a profound impact on Susan. Not only has she persisted in saying, "You owe me one," but a few months ago while we were talking on the phone, I heard her take a deep breath before saying, "Liz, I gotta tell you that when I left you there on the quad that morning, I became really aroused. It wasn't just from looking at you all naked and restrained; it was still pretty dark out, anyway. It was from the very idea of it all, the inescapably exposed and humiliating situation you were in. I went back to my room and masturbated even though my roommate was there. I just said, 'Sorry, Fran, but I gotta do this.'"

She said, "Hey, pretend I'm not here. Better yet, pretend I'm sitting over there between your legs and watching you."

"Well, I threw off my blanket, and she did exactly that, which was pretty cool, but when I ran back outside along with everyone else and finally got up close to you, I was beside myself. Your naked body, with your hips cocked forward and my whole little world staring at you, was the second sexiest thing I've ever seen. If not for the threat of certain expulsion, I would have rushed up to you, fallen to my knees and buried my face in your sex. But the absolutely, number one, sexiest thing I've ever seen was an Internet video of you masturbating in the street by your hotel. As I watched it, I was matching you orgasm for orgasm. Do you think maybe I'm becoming a lesbian, and does that freak you out?"

"No and no. But that reminds me: did you position those cuffs that way to force me into such a gratuitously lewd stance?"

"Yeah. Did you like it?"

"Well, not at first, but it kind of grew on me."

Changing the subject (slightly), Susan asked, "Did I tell you about my pubic hair?"

"No, but that's a real conversation starter. Let's hear this."

"Okay, as you know, I've never shaved or waxed mine. But when I was looking at you that day, it really turned me on to see how much more of your vulva was on display and how your clitoris looked like a minor erection. Even so, I still don't want to lose my black patch. I like the way it stands out. Like, when you're some distance away, say, on a long beach, and you see a waxed nude woman, for all you know she could be wearing a flesh-colored swimsuit. But if you can see that black triangle, then it's, 'Whoa! That woman is naked!' So I decided to go for the best of both worlds. I had everything from the top of my vulva down waxed but left the rest of my bush intact above it. Now, when I open my legs, it's like being seen naked all over again. But even more so."

"Well, I have to admit that's fairly unassailable logic. I think I'll even try it myself. I've been growing mine back, but a blonde triangle might not provide such a dramatic contrast."

"You could dye it with shoe polish."

"Susan, please. They'll just have to move in a little closer."

"That would work."

"Susan?"

"Yeah."

"I think I've come up with something to discharge my debt to you. Especially since I've become acutely weary of hearing you say, 'You owe me one.' Even though I do."

"Lay it on me."

"Okay, It looks like the sale of my parents' business to that Portland software behemoth is going to go through. I've been spending a lot of time out there, and I noted that the Portland World Naked Bike Ride is coming up early this summer. It draws thousands of people. It's still a few weeks off, though. Can you wait that long, and will you ride in it? I can borrow a bike for you from someone at Behemoth."

Susan laughed at that and said, "Yeah, I can wait. And I'd be all in for a naked bike ride. Do you really call them 'Behemoth?'"

"Not to their face."

"Could I ride completely naked? No helmet, no shoes, no jewelry and certainly none of that tacky-ass paint?"

"Of course. A lot of people do."

"It sounds like fun, but riding around with thousands of other naked people is kinda like getting caught naked at the nude beach. Where's the humiliation in that?"

"I think I've created a monster."

"Yeah, it's all your fault. I was just thinking that, well, with this ride you're not exactly the only one naked."

"Oh, but you could be. There are going to be plenty of of places along whatever route they select that will be happy to let you stop in for something to drink or a bathroom break. Portland, by the way, may have the world's only secret naked bike ride. They're trying to hold down the number of both riders and spectators since it's gotten so popular. I think last year they had some 10,000 entries. Anyway, what if you came back outside after your break and found that your bike had been stolen?"

"Right. And what are the odds of that?"

"100%"

"And how can you be so . . . oooh. You're going to steal it."

"Bingo. As time for the ride approaches, we'll find a parking space nearby and a little ahead of the starting line with your bike in the trunk. You can take it out and ride it to the staging area. Meanwhile, I'll go looking for place for you to stop, and I'll hang out in front of it. When you see me, leave your bike a short distance away, preferably in an alley. When you go inside, I'll ride your bike back to the car, stash it back in the trunk and maybe go out for drinks and dinner.

"And you, who will have deliberately started at the back of the pack, will find yourself left behind, bare-assed naked and with nothing to your name. No identification, no money, no clothes and no friends. You'll be unconditionally nude in a city you've never even seen before. You might as well be in downtown Chicago. But then you'd probably be both naked and dodging stray bullets.

"You'll have to walk for some distance through the streets of the city back to the hotel. And here is the real beauty of this. If you're questioned, you'll have a perfectly truthful and plausible excuse: you stopped to pee during the WNBR, and your bike got stolen. None of those lame naked dare or lost bet excuses. And if you're accosted by the police, I'm sure you can squeeze out a tear or two to go along with your story. You'll be fine with the cops as long as you don't blurt out, 'I had my girlfriend steal my bike, so I could walk home naked.'" Susan gave me the evil eye over that bit of speculation.

When the time for the ride at last arrived, Susan was in a state of keen anticipation. She'd had plenty of time to envision her naked walk. I guess I should give you some idea what Susan looks like. She's about four inches shorter than me and a raven-haired beauty, nicely proportioned with breasts that fit her body. Unlike me, however, she has no anomalous features. She has to actually be aroused before her clitoris pokes its snout out of its burrow, so she's able to casually walk around naked without having to worry about looking like some female Priapus all the time.

Sorry to say, I had missed Susan's graduation earlier in the month. We thought that my presence there could have proved to be a major distraction, even if I was only sitting in the audience, doing nothing (and keeping my hands in full view at all times). We both felt bad about it, though.

Anyway, we need to turn to Susan now, so here is her story as she related it to me and which I recorded, transcribed and lightly edited:

When I got out the bike, you wished me luck and informed me that if I got back to the hotel before you, you had left an extra key card under the potted plant next to our floor's elevators. When I arrived at the staging area, I got naked immediately. I started walking around, tending to gravitate to clothed and partially clothed people and making sure that I wandered into the sight lines of the photographers. That made me much more conscious of my own nudity.

Liz, I really don't understand what's going on with this. I'm not usually an attention whore. I really do keep a low profile. Until I lose my clothes. When I feel the sunlight and the breeze on my exposed nipples and vulva, and people stare at my nude body, then all bets are off. I want everyone to look my labia and my vagina and stare right at them. I want to pull back my hood and say, "Look at my clit." I want to play with it and plunge my fingers into my vagina and masturbate for them until I come so hard that I go into ecstatic spasms right before their eyes. I want the feeling of naked vulnerability to be palpable. I want to be distilled into an essence of pure sexuality and intemperate exhibitionism. Go figure.

You know, though, it's funny how some men, at least the more gentlemanly types, go to great lengths to avoid staring at your most intimate parts. Like, if you catch them staring at your breasts or your ass or your vulva, you're going to chastise them. Hello! The reason I'm standing here naked in front of you and pretending to be interested in whatever it is you're saying is because I want you to do exactly that: stare.

You practically have to extend an invitation to them to get them to really look at you. Of course, once you do give them permission, they immediately turn into gynecologists. I was talking to three still-clothed young guys about the ride, and one of them kept his eyes locked on mine while the other two were looking at the sky like they were searching for birds or interestingly shaped cloud formations or something.

Finally, I said, "This is my first naked bike ride, and I'm worried about maybe chafing this area." I pointed between my legs and added, "You can see that I waxed my vulva from here on down so there's no cushion of pubic hair there anymore. I'm also kind of worried that if the bike seat pushes back the hood from my clitoris," which I demonstrated, "I could become aroused, and I really don't want to fall off my bike in the throes of a bicycle-seat induced orgasm."

Now I had their undivided attention right where I wanted it. They must have thought they had just met the most naively innocent young woman this side of a one-burro village in the mountains of Afghanistan.

One of them said, "Uh, I usually rub some talcum powder between my legs just in case." How that would prevent arousal was beyond me. Chafing maybe, but even so. . . . "I have some in my backpack if you want it."

Although I suspected that it was probably for his feet, I said, "That would be great." He pulled a can out of the pack he had laid on a picnic table and offered it to me. But rather than accept it, I said, "Do you mind? Oh, wait, this will make it easier for you." I hopped up on the table, lay back and spread my legs.

He shook some talc in his hand and tentatively sprinkled some on my pussy. Meeting no resistance whatsoever, he proceeded to coat my labia and, noticing my emerging clitoris, began studiously rubbing the powder on it. One of his friends even pointed vaguely in the direction of my vulva and said, "Stan, I think you missed a spot."

At least he didn't try to rub some on the inside of my vagina; that would have been a bridge too far. Nevertheless, all this was definitely attracting the notice of nearby riders. All the better. When he reluctantly finished, I graciously thanked him and got up and moved on, saying loudly, "Thanks. You guys are such gentlemen." There were a lot more eyes on me now, some of them no doubt wondering if there were some further assistance they could render.

After standing around for a while with my hands on my hips or casually scratching an imaginary itch on my ass or raising both arms up to needlessly fiddle with my hair, the ride got underway. It took some time for those of us in the rear to start moving. When we did, we'd only gone about a quarter of a mile when I saw you. I left the bike in an alley like you said, and when I entered the cafe, I had a major rush, knowing that when I came out, I was going to be emerging into a completely different world.

I walked out of the cafe after pretending to use the restroom, made a little show of looking for my bike and began to walk along the sidewalk back in the direction of the staging area. Then it hit me like a locomotive: I was lost.

Son of a bitch! You had picked me up at the airport after dark, driven us into the city and parked in a garage beneath our hotel. Then we had taken the elevator up to your floor. Today we had left the hotel the same way. We were talking, and I was only dimly aware of my surroundings to begin with. So I had no fucking clue what the name of our hotel was, not to mention where it was located. Then that same locomotive screeched to a halt, backed down the tracks and ran my ass over again.

You had made what was now an obvious show of leaving your phone behind in the room. When I had reminded you that it was on the bed, you had said, "Leave it. I really don't want to be taking any calls from Behemoth today." I didn't make anything of it then, but you had been subtly letting me know that if I lost my nerve, there would be no way to contact you and no possibility of help from you. I felt very naked and very stupid and very much on my own.

After breathing my way out of a panic attack and pulling myself together a little, I had the glimmer of an idea. You had MY phone, but it was in a bike saddlebag in your trunk along with my clothes. Could you even hear it? If so, would you answer it or suppose it was just a call for me that would be forwarded to voicemail? Or would you deliberately ignore it, thinking that it was me calling for a some kind of rescue that you had no intention of providing. You couldn't have known how dire my circumstances were.

Voicemail. That was my only chance. I borrowed a phone from a twenty-something woman on the sidewalk and called myself. I was lucky to remember the number; it's not like I had ever called it before. Since I was still on the bike ride route, I wasn't attracting much attention. You had told me that nudity sometimes broke out among the spectators, and, anyway, they had already seen thousands of naked people ride by, so they were pretty well conditioned to nudity by now. That all changed when my call triggered the voicemail. I started screaming my fool head off. "Liz! Liz! Pick up! Pick up! I don't know where the fucking hotel is!" Nothing.

Even naked I had felt fairly unobtrusive, but now I was making a real spectacle of myself. I handed the phone back to the startled woman, thanked her and strode off, feeling as embarrassed as all get out and still having no idea where I was going. I just walked. I knew that the hotel was in what appeared to be the city's center. So that was something. I also remembered us crossing a bridge over a river. Great.

As I got farther and farther from the site of the ride, I understandably attracted more and more attention. But I was determined to at least enjoy my walk. I mean, that's what I'd signed up for after all, although not with this particular development in mind: wandering the streets of Portland, Oregon, totally naked and totally lost. On the bright side, I had wanted to feel really exposed, and this pretty much met with my hopes.

People on the street would clap and shout out questions. Or the same question over and over again. It was always, "What happened to your clothes?" At one sidewalk cafe, in response, I stopped to talk to some of the patrons, explaining what had ostensibly transpired but not daring to let them know I was lost. Who would have thought that I'd be so excited to be naked in front of everyone but too humiliated to admit that I was lost?

During some of those conversations, I'd prop a bare foot on a vacant chair, pretending to be oblivious to the fact that I was now showing my entire vulva. And I was aroused enough that my clitoris was swelling up and coming out to feed. All of this didn't elicit so much as a raised eyebrow from either the men or the women. It occurred to me that they were studiously avoiding any look or gesture that might curtail the show. At one table of friendly and jovial people, who even bought me a drink, I did what I promised myself I wouldn't do. Even in Portland.

I again had my foot up on a chair and casually went to brush something nonexistent off my now distended clitoris. As I touched it, I let out a surprised, "Ooh." At this I was astonished to see at least two of the couples nod in apparent approval. Needing no further encouragement, I began to slowly rub my clitoris, making gentle moans in appreciation of my building pleasure. The people turned to stone, not wanting to breathe or move and possibly break the spell. Of course, what had started so slowly was rapidly transformed into a wanton exhibition of unbridled sexual frenzy. My fingers slipped into my vagina and became a blur of kinetic, desperate need, and I began to thrust my hips forward to meet my hectic hand. My consequent orgasm could have easily been mistaken for a seizure.

When I recovered, I looked around at my mesmerized audience. Everyone out front, those inside peering through the glass and the surprised passersby who had stopped on the sidewalk to watch me all broke into resounding applause. I was transported. When the cheering began to subside, I gave them an exultant smile, said "It was so nice chatting with you," and resumed my walk, looking back over my shoulder to wave goodbye. God, I thought, I'm falling in love with Portland.

Then, a couple of minutes later, a police car came rolling to a stop beside me. My first thought was that someone had ratted me out about the public masturbation and that I was in deep trouble. But the officer in the passenger seat just rolled down his window and asked me if there was a problem. I laid the naked ride and stolen bike story on him, and he said, "I'm really sorry about that, Ma'am. Do you need a lift?"

Not only did I not want a lift (even though it would seem pretty suspicious to refuse one), I was horrified by the prospect of getting in the police car and, when asked the inevitable question, "Where to?" could have only answered, "I have no fucking idea."

They probably would have locked me up for psychiatric observation, so I just said, "Thanks, but my apartment's in the next block."

That satisfied him, and he said, "Well, I hope the rest of your day gets better." They sped away, and I darted into a nearby bar, which turned out to be a strip club, and made it into a bathroom stall, which turned out to be in the men's room, but I lost only a minimum volume of pee on the floor in the process. I finally calmed down and headed back to the front door, politely declining a job offer on the way out.

After walking a few more blocks, nodding and smiling to my fellow pedestrians, I was struck by the fact that while almost everyone tended to whip out their phones, no one ever offered me anything to cover myself with (not that I wanted them to). I'm sure if people saw a naked woman crouching in the gutter, tightly hugging herself and bawling her eyes out, they would have rushed to assist her, but when they saw me strolling along naked and swinging my hips as if to some internal rhythm, they just thought, "I gotta get video of this."

Come to think of it, Liz, one of the very few advantages that women have over men is that when people see a naked woman walking down the street, they whip out their phones and start taking pictures. If they see a naked man, they whip out their phones and call the police.

At one corner I looked down a side street and caught a glimpse of the river. I headed over that way and emerged on a street with a view of a nearby bridge and the unfamiliar skyline of Portland. I wasn't sure that this bridge was the one we had crossed earlier, but it clearly led to the heart of the city, so I didn't hesitate to cross it.

When I reached the center of the bridge, I paused and thought that this was about as naked as I was ever likely to get. Standing in a such an open space with not even the foggiest notion where you and my clothes were and with all that traffic rattling by just a few feet from me, I began to feel an all too recognizable impulse. I leaned up against the railing, looking out over the river below, hiding as best I could what I was about to do and began masturbating again.

There must be a considerable element of denial in public masturbation. Your mind stubbornly blots out the reality and the potential consequences of your actions. You become obsessed only with your immediate sexual gratification and the exquisitely daunting awareness that at any moment anyone you know could happen along and witness your loving embrace of a universal taboo. Your parents or boss or pastor or teachers or clients or friends or even enemies. You have made yourself naked in just about the most conceivable way. But when the overwhelming release comes, and you gradually float back to earth, you are hit with some hard questions. Do you realize where you are? Do you realize what you just did? Are you fucking insane?

A passing cyclist apparently noticed what I was doing. She skidded to a halt with a concerned look on her young face and asked, "You're not going to jump off the bridge, are you?"

I fully turned to her, still masturbating, smiled and said, "Not intentionally, no." She laughed and looked relieved but made no move to continue on her way. I leaned back against the rail, opened my legs a little wider and happily performed for my personal watcher.

Of course, any number of passing motorists could have now seen what I was up to, but I felt so appreciative of this woman, first for her kind concern and now for her voracious gaze, that she became the only other person in the universe. She was close enough to touch me but only stared at my zealous assault on my vagina and clitoris, occasionally glancing up to look into my eyes. When my thumping orgasm kicked down the door, I involuntarily screamed, "I'm coming! Look at me! I'm coming!" Even so, when I caught my breath and rejoined the world of the living, I felt no embarrassment at all. I just said, "Thank you."

She said, "No. Thank you. You just made my day. Maybe my year." She touched me now, reaching up to my face and briefly caressing my cheek before pedaling away.

Knowing I should get off the bridge, and since it was also nearly sunset, I hastened to the end and descended into the city's center. Suddenly I felt exhausted. My intense orgasms, my increasingly unacceptable public nudity, my harrowing encounter with the police and my continuing predicament had proven to be deeply enervating. Nevertheless, I was beginning to form a plan.

I walked to the nearest bus stop and began asking the people waiting there, "What is one of the better hotels in Portland? Does this bus go near it? Would anyone consider giving me the bus fare?"

I was told that the Hilton was a good hotel (so I figured it would probably have a concierge), that this bus did indeed go by there, and a nice elderly woman gave me the fare. I thanked her for her kindness, and she said, "Fuck it. That's a small price to pay to see you get on this bus naked." I was a little taken aback, but I couldn't help but laugh. She smiled back at me sweetly.

I half-feared that she was going to add, "And I'll give you five dollars if you'll let me play with your tits."

The bus arrived, and I got on without a second look from the driver. In keeping with the tenor of my day so far, there were no unoccupied seats, and I ended up hanging onto the same pole as the old woman, who was gleefully pressing into me on the crowded bus. One man smiled at me mischievously and said, "For some reason, you look right at home on that pole."

Before I could formulate a response, the crone said to him, "Thank you, Dear." I was starting to like the old bitch.

On this occasion, I really did have to assume a wide stance in order to maintain my balance, and that drew the predictable stares. I became aroused again but this time managed to restrain myself. Barely. The bus arrived at the Hilton, and, unsurprisingly, some kind of convention had been scheduled, and a lot of the attendees were checking in. They all turned to stare, which was fine by me, but I thought I'd be standing in line for an hour or so just to ask if they had a concierge.

But then I noticed the plaque on a door near the front desk that said just that. I went over and tapped on the door, leaned in and got the rudest shock of my young life. The woman sitting at the desk was the very same woman who had stopped to watch me masturbate on the bridge. She had changed her clothes and must have been just beginning her shift. She looked captivated by my sudden reappearance and said, "What an agreeable surprise."

I just stared at her before nervously stammering, "I told you I wasn't going to jump."

She laughed and said, "A good thing, too."

"Look, I really need your help."

"That seems understandable. What can I do for you?"

I told her my story, including your complicity in the fake bike theft and my plan to use it as an excuse to walk naked through the city. When I got to the part about suddenly realizing that I knew neither the name nor the location of my hotel, she tried (and failed miserably) to suppress a laugh. Several of them, in fact.

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me, but that is priceless. I can't even imagine what an appalling realization that was, but we can easily get you out of this mess. You're sure that your hotel was in this general area?"

"Yes, it was definitely downtown."

She pulled a street map from her desk and drew a freehand circle on it. She said, "This circle should include every hotel within about a five mile radius of here. The hotels are even indicated on this map. What is your friend's full name?"

"Elizabeth London."

"Okay. So I'll just start calling around until I find her."

"Thank you so much. I thought I was going to end up asking you where the homeless people slept at night."

She smiled and said, "I never thought I'd hear myself saying this, but you are definitely underdressed for a homeless encampment." She pulled a list of phone numbers out of another drawer, picked up her phone and began dialing. She asked for Elizabeth London with each call, but as she worked her way through the list with no success, I started once again to become frantic. I was afraid she might decide that I was a total loon who had made up an imaginary friend. I began crying in frustration.

"Whoa! Don't worry. We're going to find your friend. If nothing else she'll soon be reunited with her phone, and you can call her on mine. You can stay here in my office until we find her. Maybe I should expand my search. We could begin by . . . oh, my God!" She bolted from her office, saying, "Wait here."

In less than five minutes she returned and handed me a slip of paper. I looked at it and said, "1134. What's this?"

"Elizabeth's room number."

"But where is she staying?"

"The Hilton." She blushed deeply and said, "I feel so stupid. It never even occurred to me to check my own hotel. I'm so sorry for putting you through all that unnecessary anxiety. I just rang her room from the desk, and she's not back yet, but I'm sure she'll return soon."

"It doesn't matter. She left a key card hidden on that floor. What's your name?"

"I'm Sarah."

"Sarah, I'm Susan. Trust me on this. You couldn't begin to feel as stupid as I do. First, for going on a naked walk in a strange city without ever learning the name or location of my destination. Second, by panicking and overlooking the obvious solution to my problem. As you just made clear, I could have easily found a kind stranger, especially in this city, and asked if they'd let me hang with them until my friend got back to her phone. Of course, that's assuming that Liz would have actually told me where she was staying after she stopped laughing at me. Imagine the concessions she could have extracted from me for that little nugget of information."

Sarah frowned and said, "That would have been an awful idea."

"Why?"

"Because you would have forgone your nude walk, however fraught, and I would never have discovered you masturbating naked in the middle of a city bridge."

"Oh, yeah," I laughed, "there is that. And it was worth it, too. Sarah, is there anything I can ever do to repay you? When I get back my wallet, I could bring you a giant tip."

"No, but thank you for offering. Since it turns out that you are, in fact, a guest of this hotel, I was simply doing my job, taking care of a guest's special needs. And, believe me, your needs were truly special." She paused for a moment and then said, "There is sort of one thing. I mean, you owe me nothing, and there's no way I would ask you to do this unless it's something you wanted to do anyway but without the least sense of obligation . . . "

"Please, Sarah, just tell me. After all you've done for me today, and I'm not just talking about here in the hotel, if you asked me to, I would happily fuck a goat on the steps of the courthouse."

"You know, my neighbor has a goat," she said laughing. "I think you probably know what I'm struggling to get at. In the middle of that busy bridge earlier, when you masturbated in front of me, it was like you shut out the rest of the world. Like no one else existed. Like you came just for me."

"I did. And now you're wondering if maybe you could watch me again but here in the more relaxed and private setting of your office. I thought you'd never ask. Mind if I close and lock this door?" She smiled as I closed and locked it, returned to the chair in front of her desk, spread my legs and draped them over the armrests.

Noting how wet I was, she said, "Wow, it looks like you've already started without me. Could you talk to me? At least for as long as you can speak. Tell me about your day, what you did, what you were thinking about and what you were feeling."

I started to masturbate as slowly as possible and began to speak. "The naked bike ride was appealing to me, to be sure, but I wanted to be the only one naked, to be the center of everyone's attention." I continued speaking but got up from the chair and swung atop her desk, swiveling around to face her again. With my legs still spread and with one straightened arm on the desk for support, I raised my hips as high as I could and positioned my sex directly in front of her.

"And I wanted everyone to stare at my breasts and my vulva and see my clit as it stirred to life and watch my nipples swell and harden and look at me as I wandered farther and farther afield and I began to tease people at a sidewalk cafe and I managed to look innocent as I showed more and more of my vulva and I became so turned on that I masturbated until I came for them and I imagined masturbating for everyone in the world and I reveled in their applause and I stood naked before the police and I crossed a long bridge and you found me masturbating the middle of it and I kept masturbating just for you and I rode a crowded bus naked and I saw the people on the bus pressed together and straining to look at me and I found you again here and you helped me and I was filled with gratitude and you asked me to masturbate for you again and yes I said yes I will Yes."

My orgasm came with cymbals and bells on, and my body convulsed as I collapsed on her desk, but I managed to keep my hips slowly rising and falling before her as she looked at me with the most wide-open eyes I'd ever seen. Then she squealed in delight and said, "My own dear Molly Bloom."

I was thrilled that she had recognized my very loosely plagiarized interior monologue. When I could struggle to my feet, I walked around her desk and kissed her gently on the lips. I slipped out the door, rode the elevator up to our up floor, retrieved the key card and entered the room. You finally breezed in about a half an hour later, finding me sitting there naked with a drink in my hand and staring out the window.

"So," you asked, "How did it go?"