**My San Francisco Vacation
by Sarah**

## Chapter 1:

The instructions in the envelope were brief but specific.

"Arrive at the airport wearing only a sundress and flip flops, carry only a small coin purse with your drivers license but no money or credit cards, and bring no luggage. Also, do not read the contents of the enclosed envelope with instructions until you've landed in San Francisco."

When I pulled into the long term parking lot at the Charlotte airport I thought I still had time to change my mind, but the offer of the week long vacation filled with "exhibitionist thrills" as he put it kept me going. I found a spot, parked my car, and put my car key in my coin purse. As I waited for the shuttle to the terminal I was quickly reminded that it was a chilly and breezy day. Now and again I felt as if the wind would blow my dress up and give those around a brief peak at my nude body underneath. My hardened nipples spoke to the chill in the air.

At the terminal I waited in line to get my tickets and once at the counter I checked in and got my boarding pass for the flight. Security was a breeze wearing only flip flops and a sundress, the wait was short, and the flight totally uneventful. I must have thought about opening that envelope a hundred times or more, but I did as I was told and waited. Once we landed, while pulling in to the gate I read the message... more instructions.

"Follow the signs to the baggage claim area then to the short term parking and the train, walk the length of the tunnel, then at the elevators take the first doorway on the left. Immediately to the left you will find a trash receptacle with two envelopes, open #1 first and complete this task before opening #2."

It was a short walk from the gate to the terminal where I saw the signs to take the escalator down to the parking and train. I rode one escalator, then the next one and there was the tunnel to the parking area. I admired the neon lights on the walls as I walked to the elevators on the other end, and found the doorway to the left. Going through it I found myself in a huge parking garage and spotted the trash receptacle on the left. It wasn't but a few feet from the doorway.

On the trashcan were the two envelopes as promised held in place by a large pair of kitchen shears. I walked over and slipped the envelope marked #1 out from under the shears and proceeded to open it. In it was a note with more instructions.

"Welcome to San Francisco! Are you ready? Just so you know a friend of mine is watching you from a distance and will be keeping an eye on you until we meet. I want you to remove your shoes and place them in the trash receptacle. Then remove your sundress and using the scissors cut it into very small pieces and dispose of them in the trash as well. Then you can open the next envelope."

My heart was pounding so hard I almost couldn't hear all the people in the elevator lobby just a few feet away, the cars occasionally driving by, and the people passing by on the way to their cars parked in the basement level of the parking garage where I was. I had no money, no return ticket information, and this was what I wanted; a vacation filled with public nudity at the hands of a stranger. The reality was so much scarier than the fantasy. Plus, I was being watched!

I stood there for a few seconds or maybe several minutes, holding the note and trying to remember to breathe. I said to myself, "Here goes," and said it again and again, then I kicked off the flip flops and placed them in the trash. I picked up the shears and started to lift off my sundress, but a sound caught my attention. Suitcases were rolling my way from the garage towards the elevator lobby and the tunnel beyond. So I decided to duck between a couple cars parked a few feet away.

Crouched between the cars I removed my sundress and felt the cold air rush around my naked body. I couldn't believe I was doing this. I took the dress and using the shears I proceeded to cut it into small pieces while crouched between the cars and listening to the sounds of all those people in the elevator area. After a few minutes my dress was a pile of small scraps, I just kept cutting them smaller.

No turning back now! I was better than 2000 miles from home, totally naked, with no clothes or money. I picked up the pile of scraps from the floor of the garage and slowly stood up... I still had the other envelope to retrieve. I looked in every direction but couldn't make the move to the open area and the trash can.

I looked down at my body, what others would soon be seeing, what I fantasized about showing off. I'm 23 years old and about 5'4", blonde hair a few inches below my shoulders, blue eyes, and a trim figure at just under 110 lbs. I wished at that moment my boobs were bigger; only B cups. I really wished I hadn't shaved my pussy... I was totally exposed.

I thought about how I got in this predicament... playing on those adult internet dating sites. Well there was that guy "Wayne" that was intrigued when I told him I had exhibitionist tendencies. He said he could take control of that and make it thrilling for me. In the end he offered me a free vacation in the San Francisco area filled with "exhibitionist thrills" if I agreed to be nude when and where he commanded. We were off to a fast start!

Another look to the right, and another look to the left, and I made a dash for the trash container. I chucked the scraps of my dress in the trash and grabbed the second envelope. I started to rip it open standing there but the sounds from the elevator lobby just a few feet around the corner urged me to dash back between the cars. Once again crouching I opened the envelope... my heart skipped a beat or two as I read the instructions.

"Remember you are being watched, so you better be totally nude! Are you? You're on level 1 of the parking deck adjacent to terminal A. You can use the stairs or an elevator, but you need to make your way to level 5, the open parking deck on top to catch the train to other terminals and parking. Head to the train stop, ride the escalator to the station above and catch the train to the car rentals. Once at the car rental depot make your way down to the first floor, out the front of the building, and follow signs to "off-site rental shuttles" and look for a red convertible... you'll have found me. Do not run or attempt to cover yourself in any way, but don't take too long as most areas have video surveillance. You'll be followed to assure your safety. Have fun!"

I wished I had my sundress back!

I stood up and thought about what I had to do. I was frightened and excited at the same time. I looked around again, but being seen was inevitable. I made my way to the trash container and disposed of the notes, then stepped over to the entrance to the elevator lobby and stopped short. I waited a minute until it sounded quiet and rounded the corner. An older gentleman saw me first and just smiled. A couple of women coming from the tunnel gasped and pointed at me, but I just proceeded to press the elevator button for the ride up. As I stood there totally nude a couple more guys pulling suitcases arrived from the tunnel. "Great outfit" and "I'm gonna love California" they blurted out. One of them pulled out his cell phone and began taking pictures of me! By the time an elevator had arrived I was surrounded by five or six guys, those couple older women, and the frequent flashes from the camera phones. I was so nervous, so excited, and also getting wet.

I was so glad when the elevator doors opened, until the people started to get off the elevator all seeming to head directly towards me. A couple guys took advantage of the moment and brushed against me as I awaited an opportunity to get on the elevator. Whistles and compliments made me feel good, but also reinforced the naked feeling. I was getting so excited, sexually, being nude in public like this.

The elevator was crowded for the ride up, everyone staring at me from the time the doors closed until they opened on the top level, everyone examining my body in great detail. When a couple of the guys decided to touch and grab it filled me with fear and total excitement at the same time... I could hardly breathe! When one decided to fondle my naked butt, working his fingers between my cheeks, I could feel the juices begin to run down my legs. My knees were getting weak.

Finally the doors opened and there was a crowd waiting for the elevator. I stepped out being closely followed by the guys. More flashes from cameras, and more comments were made as I made my way through the crowd waiting at the elevator doors. A turn of the corner and I was now drenched in sunlight. My knees were barely holding me up, as juices flowed down my legs. I noticed from the train station ahead a guy quickly pulled out his video camera and was filming me as I walked towards him. I made my way to the station... a short walk, a few steps up, and another short walk to get to the escalator. I didn’t notice the other people; my focus was on the video camera.

Waves of excitement building as I walked, I finally reached the escalator, where as I began the ride up I could feel the intense stares towards my butt and pussy from behind and below. And the video camera! Halfway up the escalator, and with a loud moan, I had the first orgasm of the trip... I almost collapsed on the escalator and never even touched myself.

Once at the upper platform I figured out which side of the station the train to the car rentals would stop. I picked a set of doors and stood there trying not to pay attention to the guys talking to me... I couldn't hear them anyway, I was still totally wiped from the enormous orgasm and just wanted to catch my breath. More camera flashes while I waited, but I tried to just block them all out of my mind.

When the train finally arrived there were already people in the car. With shocked looks on their faces and a couple rude comments I entered the car followed by almost every guy on the platform. There were only a few seats, and they were all taken, but one gentleman stood and gave me his seat. I hesitated, but the thoughts of being able to cross my legs in the train, and protect my butt from roaming hands appealed to me. I sat on the cold plastic seat with a squishy feeling, the guys crowding around me, standing, looking down on me.

With each stop at a glass lined platform along the ride, people would point at me. I had never felt so naked in my life, but I was enjoying it! Guys were talking to me along the ride, but I couldn't hear or pay attention to them. I just concentrated on breathing and trying to hold off on another orgasm as the waves of excitement would come and go. It was stop after stop for terminals, parking, BART, and more parking. The car rentals of course are at the end of the line. I tried to just look out the windows of the train, but I couldn't help noticing the excitement of the guys staring at me... As I sat in front of them I could see a couple of them had erections building. My excitement was building again as well!

Finally we arrived at the car rental area and the train stopped. I had to wait for most of the guys to get out before I could get out myself... most of them waiting for my exit. I stepped out to see a long line of one rental counter after another, and people in lines to get their cars, lots of people quickly turning their attentions towards me. Again with the camera phones, gasps and comments... I felt so excited and totally exposed. After a few steps as I saw all those people looking at me I froze in my tracks, and with another moan, followed by louder moans, yet another orgasm stronger than the first. I almost fainted trying to remain standing... all those people watching me have an orgasm. My juices were gushing and streaming down my legs.

After a few seconds or a minute I regained my thoughts, I looked to the right and then to the left but no elevator or stairs was in plain site. So I proceeded to the right past several counters and what must have been more than a hundred shocked people watching my every move, and taking pictures of course. Finally I found an escalator going down. I made my way down from the fourth floor, floor by floor, to the entrance on the first floor and out the doors... leaving most of my admirers behind to get their cars.

I walked briskly down the sidewalk outside the building and rounded the corner to the "off-site" rentals area. A few steps later I could see the red convertible and Wayne standing beside it. I've never met the man that just put me through the most exciting 15 or 20 minutes of my life, but he looked exactly like his pictures on his website profile.

Not a word was spoken. He just opened the passenger door of his pretty little car so that I may get in... he had a towel waiting in the seat for me to sit on. Once in, he gently closed the door, got in on his side, and started the car. Before he started down the road, he kissed my cheek with pride on his face... but then he put the convertible top down!