**N.I.P - Nina In Public**

by[Requiax](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3095865&page=submissions)©

The bandstand was ramshackle, covered in a patina of graffiti, the floor strewn with trash. Tucked away in the corner of the park in a town where all civic facilities were awfully underfunded, it had gone unused and neglected for years. Trees and out of control bushes completely hid it from view, and even the local tearaways didn't bother to use it as a hangout. Occasionally tramps slept in it during warmer months, but it didn't really even make a good shelter for the homeless. It was abandoned in the truest sense -- even those who had nothing didn't want it.  
  
The young woman who slipped between the trees and squeezed her way through the undergrowth had hair the colour of strawberry milkshake and smoky, long-lashed eyes. A collection of silver rings jangled up the rims of her ears, from the lobe all the way to the conch-curve of the upper ear. Another ring penetrated her left nostril, while below her dusky-pink-painted lips, a silver stud sat in her labret.  
  
She was dressed for the season, in short-shorts and a zip-fastened hooded top, fashionable trainers on her feet and a tote bag slung over her shoulder. The bag caught a little as she squeezed her way through to the bandstand, and she tentatively unhooked it, checking something valuable inside, before continuing. Slender of limb but full-chested and round-hipped, she had to breathe deeply inward to make her way through the more dense brush.  
  
She arrived at last in the vicinity of the bandstand, and wrinkled her lips in discomfort at the state of her surroundings. It wasn't a pleasant place, but it would do -- well-hidden, but still public enough to satisfy the customer. She wasted no time, producing the camera from her bag and, after walking the perimeter for a few moments, positioning it on a rail.  
  
Nina had been selling sex content online for about a year now, and honestly, it was the best job she'd ever had.  
  
It had started maybe six months before that, when she was twenty. Things had a way of getting on top of you, and she'd found that unemployment and poor mindfulness weren't good combinations. Single, stuck in her parents' house, without an income, and with the majority of her old school friends off living new lives at university, she'd become isolated and unhappy. Going online had been an escape from that, and a community of other bedroom-dwellers had been the nurturing and supporting voice she'd needed at the right time.  
  
Nobody encouraged her specifically into sex work. But some of the girls she knew shared mildly risqué pictures of themselves online through their blogs and social media, and when Nina did it too, she found a lot of compliments -- and more than a few offers from guys of money in exchange for more. The other girls reached out to her, too; explaining ways you could make money if you felt confident enough to do it (and were as camera-loved as they told Nina she was, with her candy-coloured hair, wide eyes and tattoos on her thigh and arm), telling her the best sites to use, and the ones to avoid because they ripped you off.  
  
She'd set her own boundaries, then one at a time erased them. Some were still in place -- for her own sense of safety and privacy she rejected all requests from clients to meet in person for a personal service -- but many had gone as her confidence and her comfort with the work had grown. At first, she'd told herself she would just sell photos; but the huge number of requests for videos had soon made her rethink that policy.  
  
She'd felt strange, the first time she filmed herself masturbating. She'd been too embarrassed for days to play the video back, imagining how ridiculous the genuine orgasm she'd given herself looked on camera. When she finally watched the recording, she felt not embarrassed, but disappointed. She'd been convinced she'd captured a moment of sexual ecstasy but she just looked mildly bored, squeaking out her climax with casual, repetitive motion of her hand between her legs, barely in shot.  
  
It was back to the drawing board then -- or more exactly, back to school. She gave herself a crash course in "being sexy"; watching hours of pornography, both amateur and professional -- studying how these women moved, how they positioned themselves in front of static cameras, the faces they made, the looks they gave, the sounds they issued forth. It wasn't enough just to make herself come and film it, she learned. The customer was paying for the experience -- they needed to believe that their viewing was enhancing the moment for the girl. She needed to do more than just what she did when she was touching herself in bed or the shower, if she was going to be able to create something she could put on the internet without cringing inwardly at the thought.  
  
And gradually, as she learned and practised (and goodness, she did enjoy the practise...) a new Nina emerged. A new persona, one that was both authentically her but also, somehow, someone new and unexplored. In real life relatively inexperienced with sex, she nevertheless became something of an expert on the art of stripping and self-pleasure, on moving her lithe body in sensual, enticing ways, and enjoying very much the performances she was recording.  
  
As her confidence grew, more of those self-imposed boundaries fell by the wayside. Once she'd figured out how to perform a striptease or masturbate to orgasm on camera and look sexy rather than ridiculous (or, worse, unremarkable) and begun to make money on her videos, she found an increasing lack of discomfort with the requests she was receiving from customers for other, more fringe content. There were a million fetishes out there, and everyone seemed to want to see a pretty girl do something different. But with a can-do attitude, Nina began to explore some of the less disgusting ones to create custom content, which punters were happy to pay much more for than the more basic videos she had for general sale on the amateur girl sites.  
  
That was why she was here, today, at the bandstand - the first time she'd be "working" somewhere other than her own home.  
  
The customer she'd been messaging with had something of a fetish for public nudity -- an interest in seeing attractive women take off their clothes outdoors, in locations where they might be seen by another person, who wasn't expecting to find a sexy naked girl in the vicinity.  
  
She'd built up quite a relationship with this client, although she didn't of course know his real name or where he was from; she knew him only by his screen name, "Noof" -- but nor did he know more of her than she'd made public, so they were equal there. He'd bought some of her general videos, then enquired about doing a custom one where she filmed herself naked in the house, doing innocuous things like housework.  
  
She'd had to wait until her parents weren't home to shoot that. She preferred to make her videos when they were out anyway -- they of course had no idea she was making money as an online sex worker, and her bedroom walls weren't really thick enough to hide the noises of pleasure -- both play-acted and real -- that were a part of the recording process. But to actually shoot a video that involved her being naked in the living room or the kitchen, places where she'd sit with her mum and dad and brother eating dinner or watching television, wholesome -- clothed -- family activities in which her growing sexual awakening had no part, felt strangely even more forbidden and taboo than just filming herself on her bed with a vibrator.  
  
She'd vamped it up a little for the first video, but the client had explained that he actually preferred the clips to seem a little more natural than her usual fare, and as his money was good, she was happy to oblige. They were actually easy to film, and she began to welcome the requests as a means to make money in a relaxed, effortless way. She didn't have to be "on" with this man -- she could even get on with the chores her mum and dad expected her to do, as the unemployed daughter still living at home, so long as she did them with no clothes on in front of a camera. Her client's enjoyment of "naked cooking" videos meant she was even getting into the habit of greeting her family when they returned home from school or work with a freshly baked tray of cupcakes or brownies.  
  
She'd made a few domestic videos for the guy when he first asked her to go outside and take off her clothes. By this point, he'd become more assertive in his requests. He was no longer asking her, but instructing her. He was, she sensed, someone who was used to playing the dominant -- but she didn't feel threatened or uncomfortable with the persona he was beginning to reveal. Quite the contrary, she actually found the experience of being told very strictly and certainly what to do by a strange man, who liked her to reveal her body, to be more than a little arousing.  
  
Still, she'd been nervous that first time she'd set up her camera on the patio and tried somehow to affect a manner that combined both a naturalistic "no big deal" attitude and a sexy sensuality as she undressed and posed nude in the morning sun. Her family's back garden lacked anything like the necessary privacy to do anything like this -- only the fact that she'd first gone round to her neighbours either side on a pretext and rang their doorbells to confirm they were all out gave her the confidence she needed to get through it, and even then she was more awkward and jumpy making this clip than she had been all year.  
  
But she'd left in the darting eyes, the unsure moments, the nervy awkwardness, and the client had, apparently, loved it. Now he began instructing her toward greater exhibitionism. A still photo of herself standing in her front driveway, in broad daylight, naked as a babe; a film clip of her masturbating in front of an open, front-facing window. All his suggestions, all apparently intended to gratify his fetish by taking her outside of her comfort zone and putting her in situations where, at any point, her body might be revealed to a stranger in all its womanly glory.  
  
Of course, she could have declined his requests. Indeed, some she did -- those where she would be unable to avoid being seen naked, or where the point was actually to be seen. Dialling for a pizza and then filming herself answering the door nude had been one suggestion that she'd felt was too far for her to go. She'd grown comfortable with being undressed or lingerie-clad before the plastic, unblinking gaze of the camera, but she didn't feel like translating that comfort to nudity in front of a real life stranger.  
  
But although the client was always firm in his instructions, he never seemed disappointed by a flat refusal. Nina began to understand that this was a game, wherein he was dominant over her, she the submissive bending to his whim -- but like all sex play, there was the equivalent of a safe-word, a point where she could say, that's too much. If she acted coy or unsure, he would double-down, persuade and convince -- that was part of the dance. But if she just said "no, I can't do that," his next message would be an alternative plan, one perhaps a little more within her capabilities.  
  
She'd sensed also that he was building her up, getting towards some bigger clip which more fulfilled whatever fetish the guy had. Sure enough, he'd eventually offered her a pretty impressive sum if she would film herself taking off her clothes in an entirely public place.  
  
She'd blushed when she opened his message, in spite of herself. She couldn't help it -- the thought of being naked in public was not a reassuring one; rather, it was faintly terrifying, recalling those recurring stress dreams where you are in school failing an exam and look down and, holy cow, you're also naked. It brought to her memory the abject humiliation of the teenage beach holiday where she'd lost her bikini top to an aggressive wave while swimming in the ocean, and stood up from the water without realising, in full sight of her brother and the boys he'd befriended from the hotel. She'd been so red-faced that her mother thought she'd gotten sunburned, and she was in no hurry to repeat that experience.  
  
And yet, when she could have outright refused, she didn't. Instead she asked for clarification -- just how "public" were they talking?  
  
Perhaps sensing her reticence, he'd been reassuring. All he wanted was a video clip of her undressing, and a short amount of posing and ambulating in shot, in a place that was out of doors but not within the boundary of her home. Not a place where she would be seen, only a place where she might be seen. And he wanted advanced approval of the location, to see if it met with his expectations.  
  
So, she'd gone location scouting, taking her camera and filming a few places around town where she thought she might be able to get away with a striptease and five or ten minutes of nudity without humiliating herself. She'd sent these to him, and had been somewhat relieved when he'd chosen the bandstand. Although not the most private spot to be naked in, it wasn't the most public either, falling somewhere in the middle of the selection she'd picked out, and she'd happily agreed to his terms, price, and even dropped him a message just before she left the house, letting him know she was off to shoot his clip. She thought he would appreciate that.  
  
Nina checked the camera, working out where best to stand from its position so she revealed both the maximum amount of herself and, crucially for this client, also left it in no doubt that she was out doors in a place that could, generously, be considered public.  
  
The bandstand wasn't a pleasant place to be. Sunlight poked through holes in the roof and gaps in the bushes and brush which hid it from general view, but all they illuminated was a floor strewn with empty beer bottles and cider cans, and other detritus from the homeless who occasionally hid from the elements there. The wooden structure itself was rotting, and smelled it -- lurid, unreadable graffiti was sprayed over any surface.  
  
Yet in spite of it all, Nina found it somehow attractive. She'd always been different to other girls at school and later at college, with her bright hair, piercings and tattoos, her love of music that most of her peers dismissed as angry shouting. She felt less discomfort than most in exploring these places on the fringe of the routine world, and didn't find the signs of vandalism and alcohol abuse to be frightening.  
  
Still, she was nervous as she primed and switched on her camera and began filming. It was one thing to feel comfortable exploring a derelict place like this, it was another to feel at ease removing your clothing and going naked here, even when mostly hidden from view -- because another person could come along at any point, whether one of the park's grounds and maintenance team or, more worryingly, someone for whom vandalism or alcohol abuse were the reason to be visiting here. She didn't know what a person like that would do if they found a half-dressed girl alone in such a hidden spot, but she didn't want to find out.  
  
Wasting no more time, with a hurried glance around to make sure she was indeed alone and unobserved, Nina unzipped her hooded top and cast it aside into one of the least-filthy parts of the bandstand. Dressed now in her shorts and a sleeveless, low-cut t-shirt that showed off her cleavage most enticingly, she began a more considered performance. Her undressing wasn't the full striptease routine to music she would undertake when filming herself at home -- this client preferred something more natural, less choreographed. But she tried to portray some careful sensuality, rather than simply flinging off her clothes and getting it over with.  
  
Grasping the hem of her shirt with crossed arms, she raised it slowly over her head, brushing her displaced pink hair from her eyes as she tossed the shirt, with impressive accuracy, to land on the already-discarded hoodie.  
  
Now she was exposed beyond the point where she could reasonably explain her actions as anything other than undressing. She wore just her denim shorts and a carefully-chosen bra; one which definitely came from her "camgirl wardrobe" rather than her day-to-day choices, but which erred on the more conservative side of that collection.  
  
She turned around, letting the camera see her from all angles, rolling her hips a little to emphasise her curves. She took a moment to contemplate herself, but a moment was all she allowed -- the client wanted to see her naked, not dressed half Victoria Secret girl, half Daisy Duke.  
  
Nervousness growing in spite of herself, she unfastened her shorts and, legs straight, used another roll of her hips to cause them to loosen. Another striptease trick -- but she was too curvaceous in the butt, the denim too tight, for them to drop naturally, and she had to break with the performance to hook her thumbs into the slack waistband and slide them down, over her thighs, exposing fully the tattooed birds on her leg, before stepping out of the shorts and casting them away, once again, in the direction of the other clothes she'd lost.  
  
Just her underwear now, then -- a matching set, the panties more revealing and seductive than the bra. She hoped her client didn't mind the choice of underwear. She'd got the impression he was rather more into the girl next door thing; that the sexy lingerie she usually adorned herself with in videos and pictures she sold didn't actually do a lot for him. But for Nina, it was important, part of the persona she needed to be able to perform this way. She couldn't do sex work dressed like downtime Nina, in boyshorts and a baggy sweater; she needed underwear and clothing that made her feel sexy before she could portray that sexiness for the camera. Her client would just have to accept this.  
  
Once again, she didn't linger too long -- he wanted her naked, and she had to oblige. Arms bent behind her back, she unhooked the clasp of her bra, and let it go loose about her shoulders before shrugging out of it.  
  
Instinctively, she hid her now bare breasts with her forearm as she sent the bra sailing over to her clothes pile. She hadn't meant to do that, but the fresh air was an unavoidable reminder that she was now in a public part of the world, wearing only a pair of panties, her breasts -- and nipples -- exposed.  
  
But her client, the mysterious Noof, wouldn't want to be cheated by modesty. She forced herself to uncover her breasts, masking the previous gesture by squeezing them between her arms, making them stand to attention, nipples prominent. She wasn't lacking in the bust department, and youth was still on her side -- her naturally full, perky breasts were an asset that had won her much appreciation from men who bought her sex-worker content, and she knew Noof was expecting her to show them off.  
  
Working through her own self-consciousness, she quickly yanked down her panties, stepping one leg out of them and then, with a kick, sending them to join the rest of her clothes.  
  
For a moment then, she froze, the sense of her nakedness hitting her like a wave striking you while paddling on the beach. She was fully nude now (except her trainers -- given what might be on the floor, there was no way she was going barefoot here). In spite of the seclusion of her chosen spot, she was outdoors all the same, with all the sensation of exposing her previously covered skin. She felt the day's light breeze play across her most sensitive areas, teasing her nipples to stiffness, tickling her between her legs. She felt a sudden instinct to cover herself, and fought it, remembering the camera, and that this was work.

She undertook a slow 360-degree rotation, arms extended, letting the client see everything. Her peachy skin, the tattoos on her thigh and arm. Her soft, round breasts. The neatly sculpted patch of hair above her smooth-shaved labia. The twin curves of her bare buttocks, the smooth arc of her bare back, her pink hair loose across her shoulders.  
  
She couldn't help but smile as she completed her turn. She often put on a happy face for these videos, regardless of how she was feeling at the time; this client liked to see a woman he believed was enjoying herself, and he was far from the only one. But this time, the smile was genuine -- far from being unpleasant and awkward, now she actually had her clothes off, she was finding this all rather nice.  
  
Noof wanted to see more than just Nina strip -- he'd asked for some minutes of full nudity in the space Nina had chosen. So, tentatively, watching her footing on the rubbish-strewn and potentially unstable floor, she explored her surroundings as far as the edge of the frame of the shot, pretending to be absorbed in studying the graffiti, leaning out over the bandstand rail, approaching the camera to give some close ups of her naked body. She was quickly growing, if not accustomed to her nudity, then at least a little more comfortable with being unclad, although she made periodic reassuring glances at the little pile of her clothes, just to make sure they were within reach should she need to grab them.  
  
She reckoned she'd filmed for about four or five minutes now -- more than enough to be able to put together a video meeting her client's requirements. She returned to the camera, switching it off, and then turned towards her discarded clothes.  
  
Then she paused. She went back to the camera, and picked it up.  
  
The bandstand was hidden from the view of people in the rest of the park by the dense brush and trees, but it was not completely surrounded by them. There were clear areas just beyond it, leading up to the high wall on the edge of the park. They were as private as the space she was currently in, if a little more open to the elements.  
  
Noof had only offered to pay her for the bandstand video, which she had completed, but she expected he would be likely to request other clips, maybe ones with more daring activities in them. Perhaps she could anticipate this, and film something ahead of time, while she was here and naked in a place that felt, if not secure, then at least safe enough? Even if not, maybe she could make some extra content that she could let Noof know about, and he might be interested enough to buy that from her too if it sounded like his kind of thing.  
  
She gathered up her discarded clothes and put them in her tote bag, just to keep them safe. She dropped the bag by the edge of the bandstand and then picked up her camera again. Nina turned the camera on, and flipped it around to film herself, video documentary style.  
  
"Hi," she said with a grin, looking into the lens. "I'm completely naked in a public park, and I'm about to go exploring. Wanna come?"  
  
Making sure to get frequent shots of her nude body, especially in motion, Nina crossed the bandstand and descended the steps at the back. She hadn't come in this way, but she'd scoped it out just before to make sure there was nobody lurking there who might see her, so she knew it well enough to tread a little more confidently.  
  
It was only a few metres of space, the ground overgrown with weeds, fallen branches from the trees and, of course, more litter. But she wandered around as if she was a nymph in the forest, alternately panning the camera over her naked form and around to show where she was, that it was indeed the open air. She felt a heightened sense of awareness, now that she had left her clothing back behind her in the bandstand, but also a giddy, playful feeling. She considered killing three birds with one stone and perhaps shooting some masturbation content too, but something about the location, its dirtiness and sense of abandonment, robbed it of the comfort and sexiness she needed from her surroundings in order to experience actual arousal. So instead she just filmed herself for a few minutes pretending to explore, before returning to the bandstand.  
  
She chuckled as she turned off the camera. It had only been ten minutes, but she'd been naked in a public place -- something she'd never imagined doing before. It had been rather exhilarating, and she was looking forward to going home, taking a nice long bath and perhaps having a few self-induced orgasms while replaying the moments in her mind.  
  
All that changed, though, when she noticed that her bag was gone.  
  
At first, she assumed she'd just gotten turned around, that the spot she'd gone to was not in fact where she'd left the bag. But it they wasn't anywhere else, either. She kicked rubbish aside with her trainer-clad foot, hoping to somehow uncover her missing tote bag, but to no avail.  
  
Blood drained from her face and her stomach turned as with growing horror she realised the implications of her discovery.  
  
Someone had taken her bag, and with it, her clothes.  
  
Someone had been here. During the brief time she had taken to leave the bandstand and film her little extra clip, someone had come in, seen her clothes, picked them up and carried them off.  
  
Someone had been here. They might have been here all along. They might have watched her strip from their hiding place, seen her filming herself naked, and grabbed the bag with her clothes in when she dropped her guard.  
  
They might have been here all along and -- and here real terror washed over her -- they might be here still.  
  
"H-hello?" Nina called out haltingly. She didn't want to draw attention to herself -- but if there was somebody else here, and they had her clothes, they already knew she was here, so there was little point trying to pretend she wasn't. She didn't want to meet the sort of person who hides in an abandoned bandstand and steals from a naked girl but she was trapped here until she could find them.  
  
She hugged herself, crouching, breasts covered by folded arms. She no longer felt any sense of fun about being naked out of doors in semi-public -- every instinct of her body was making her feel vulnerable to the point that it was taking real effort not to flee in panic.  
  
The silence that came as a response was far from reassuring.  
  
"Hello?" she called again. "Are... are you out there? Do you... do you have my bag? It, uh, it has my clothes in. If you have my clothes, I need them. Could I have them back? Please?"  
  
Nothing.  
  
Unfreezing from her terror, Nina began to look around her. If there had been an intruder, they'd left no sign beyond the theft itself. She went to the edge of the bandstand, peered out, trying to see through the dense foliage to the park beyond, wondering if just out of sight some young lads were having a laugh at the thought of the girl they had left naked -- but if they were there, they were invisible to her.  
  
Nina swore, creatively and at length, as the reality sunk in. Her clothes were stolen, and it didn't seem as though she was going to get them back. She was completely naked, and although her current location was secluded enough to prevent discovery, any step back through the brush would leave her naked out in the open, where anyone could see.  
  
With a horrible sinking feeling, Nina realised she wasn't going to be able to get out of this situation by herself. She was going to have to call somebody and get them to come out to the park with something for her to wear so she could get home.  
  
Calling her parents was out. No matter how frightened she currently was, she wasn't ready to have a conversation with her mum and dad that involved explaining why their 21-year-old daughter was stranded completely naked hiding in an abandoned bandstand in a public park. They didn't know she was involved in sex work, and she was quite determined to keep it that way.  
  
She didn't have many of her old school friends left in the local area, most were currently off at university, in their final years of study, almost three years of estrangement between Nina and themselves now. But one or two were still around and although they, too, had no idea she'd been selling pictures and videos of herself online, they might be a little less judgemental about it than her parents. Besides, the main thing was to get her out of this situation before she got into more trouble -- she could worry about her friends' opinions of how she came to be in it later.  
  
Given that the only other option was calling the police (she didn't fancy that -- she wasn't clear on things, but wasn't public nudity a crime of itself? Would she be getting herself in more trouble that way?) or calling a taxi firm (which wouldn't provide her with clothes; she'd have at best a naked streak through the park to the gates, and a journey home nude in a cab, being leered at the whole time by some scruffy taxi driver), she decided to suck it up and ring one of her friends, ideally her friend Michelle, whose home was closest to the park, meaning she would have the least possible wait for some clothes to be delivered to her.  
  
It was then that it dawned on her that her mobile phone was also in her bag, as well as her purse with her money and bank cards in.  
  
Her bag, which had held not just her phone but her purse with her money and bank cards in, was missing too.  
  
She'd been so focussed on the fact that she had been left naked that she'd never considered that whoever had taken her bag hadn't done it to steal her clothing. They were probably more interested in her valuables and had used her absence as a chance to grab them -- robbery and profit was the motivation, nothing more. They perhaps didn't even realise the bag contained her only clothes -- they probably just picked it up and ran before their owner could come back.  
  
If only she'd not put her clothes in her bag, she'd still have been robbed but at least she wouldn't have been left in such a predicament as this!  
  
She had no phone, so couldn't call for help.  
  
She had no clothes on.  
  
She had no money.  
  
And home was at least thirty minutes' walk away.  
  
Nina realised she was very soon going to be unavoidably naked in public.  
  
She felt sick and dizzy, but she couldn't see any way around it. She had no clothes, and staying here might be hidden from view, but it wasn't exactly safe -- or nice. Even trying to wait until nightfall, for the added cover that darkness would bring, would mean lingering too long at the bandstand. She needed to get out of here soon; especially if the person who had stolen her clothes put two and two together and realised that what they had in their possession meant a woman was somewhere in the park completely naked and vulnerable, and returned for reasons even less friendly than simple robbery.  
  
But try as she might, she couldn't compel herself to go forward from her current spot, back through the bushes and out into the main area of the park. Home and safety seemed so far, and she knew that once she set out on that journey there would be no turning back -- she would have to keep moving, hiding where she could but never able to stop until she was home.  
  
And supposing she got home safely, what then? Would she be able to sneak into the house or would she have no choice but to walk through the front door naked, in front of her mother or father or maybe both of them, and have to explain what on earth she'd been doing out in the street with no clothes on?  
  
It was a horrible prospect, but one she knew she had to resign herself to. Unless...  
  
The same friend she had planned to call. Michelle. She was most likely at home, and her house was a lot closer to the park than Nina's was. Plus, it was almost certain that she'd be at home on her own, since her parents worked a long way away and so were often back late. She could make her way to Michelle's and try and explain what had happened. It would be embarrassing, and probably Michelle would be quite shocked, but it wouldn't be as bad as her parents finding out, and she felt sure Michelle would at least be sympathetic enough to lend her some clothes. Even if Michelle was out, she could hide herself in the garden until her friend came back, and at least then nobody else would see her.  
  
She mentally rehearsed the quickest way she knew to get to Michelle's house. She'd still have to be naked in public, but maybe only for ten or fifteen minutes, if she moved quickly. It would be horrible and humiliating but compared to the long trek back home, it seemed like mercy.  
  
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Crouching down and trying to stay low and out of sight, Nina waited.  
  
She'd left the bandstand, she was hiding in the undergrowth. It wasn't nice here -- the brambles and shrubs scratched her bare skin and she was already nursing nettle stings --but what awaited her was worse. A foot or two in front of her was the open space of the park.  
  
Her stomach churned and she hugged herself with nervousness. She was waiting for the right moment, the moment when there would be nobody in her direct line of sight, when she could burst from the bushes and run, naked, across the green grass and towards her next place of safety and cover.  
  
There! A young woman with a child in a pushchair had just walked up the path, headed towards the kids playground, but there was no sign of anyone else. The woman might see her if she looked back but, Nina reassured herself, it was doubtful. With a deep breath, she willed her legs into movement, stood in a half-crouch, one hand covering her breasts and the other concealing what was between her legs, and dashed from her cover.  
  
Nothing could have prepared her for the experience of being naked in the open. She felt like a prey animal crossing a space where, at any moment, an eagle might swoop down and carry her off. She didn't need to see anyone watching her -- in her mind, there were eyes everywhere, all over her nakedness, judging her.  
  
She felt delirious. The distance she ran was only short but her mind whirled and her vision blurred. Where was she going? Somehow, in the madness of this, she had forgotten...  
  
The way out of the park! That was the only place she could go. And now she was moving, she had to keep going...  
  
She'd re-joined the path that wound its way through the whole park. The risk of being seen increased with every step -- it was a pleasant day, anybody could have been walking in the park, and the first she would know of them would be if she turned a corner and bumped into them.  
  
She was almost hysterical now, still running. Then, suddenly, up ahead, people!  
  
Had they seen her? If not, they soon would. Desperately, she looked around for cover, but there was none. All she could do was keep going, take the hit, accept them seeing her, and hope they didn't give chase.  
  
She fixed her vision straight ahead. She couldn't look at them, didn't even know if they were male or female, old or young. She knew they could see her nakedness, see from her body language she was frightened and humiliated. She wondered if she could stop and plead for help but the thought of speaking to these people, even if it would end in her perhaps being given a jacket or something to cover herself by a kindly soul, was too much to bear. So, she just kept running, eyes on the path ahead, on the park gates, so close now, yet somehow a million miles away.  
  
Then, it was done. She was past them. She daren't look back, to see if they were following. Her ears were deaf to any shouts they may have given, deaf to all but the sound of her own blood pounding. Her heart was racing. Adrenaline was fuelling her now.  
  
She burst from the park and into the street with barely a break in stride, turning left, continuing to run. There was no stopping now. The street offered even less cover than the park had, and although she saw no pedestrians ahead, cars whooshed past. A row of parked vehicles between her and the open road offered some small amount of cover, and she kept herself low, hoping to remain hidden by them, but it wasn't exactly reassuring.  
  
She had to keep moving, had to find some cover and take a moment to hide and stop and work out where to go from here, before someone saw her. She was too exposed now, so conscious of her own nudity, conscious too that her hands did little to cover her, and simply made her body more enticing to the eyes of strangers.  
  
What direction was Michelle's house in? Here, a left, she thought, leaving the main road and entering a street of houses. She saw, straight away, safety -- an alleyway between two buildings, private access, somewhere she could hide at least a short while. She ran for it, disappearing into the shade and shadow, crouching down, hiding, her breath ragged and her heart pounding.  
  
She forced herself into silence and something approaching calm. How far had she come? Farther than she had thought she could, father than she had thought she would dare. She had been seen naked, undoubtedly, but had escaped without confrontation, without immediate reprisal. All she needed to do was repeat this, to go from cover to cover for maybe five more minutes and then she would arrive at Michelle's place.  
  
She made as if to move, but then instinct stopped her. She froze, barely daring to breathe as, up ahead, people crossed the opening of the alleyway. They didn't give a glance down it, didn't discover her; but if she'd moved a moment earlier she would have emerged right into their view.  
  
This was too much. She felt dizzy. She'd never felt embarrassment like it. Getting naked in front of others had never been a particularly daunting task -- even before she'd become a camgirl, she had never felt shy during sex, and never balked at being nude in changing rooms. But those were places and situations where her nakedness was, if not actually unremarkable, then certainly not unexpected. They were times when being nude was entirely appropriate. Now, a long way from safety, with a walk ahead through streets used by who knew how many people, she wished more than anything she had some clothing. But all she had to cover herself was her hands, and they were not a very effective substitute.  
  
Covering herself with her hands had another drawback, too. In spite of everything -- perhaps because of the adrenaline propelling her forward, because of the fear -- she was beginning to feel another troubling sensation; arousal. She was wet, she knew from having her hand clamped over her exposed pussy, fingers naturally resting between her lips; wet, her body telling her she was eager to be touched.  
  
Cautiously, she moved her hand away. Was it better to be seen completely exposed below the waist and be able to bear the sensation of arousal than it was to try and cover herself and inadvertently provide greater stimulation?  
  
She decided to attempt the former. After all, it wasn't as though her attempts at modesty were actually providing her with any -- and she could probably move more quickly if she wasn't hobbling about with her hand between her legs.  
  
Hugging her exposed breasts with both arms now, Nina cautiously stood and peered from the alleyway. She knew where she was now, only a few streets away from Michelle's house -- and the closer she got to her friend's place, the less busy with traffic these roads would become. She just had to suck it up and accept that passing cars, and maybe more than one pedestrian, was going to see her naked.  
  
There was nobody in the immediate vicinity, and with an adrenaline kick-up-the-arse, Nina stepped from the alleyway and strode, as quickly as she could, up the street.  
  
The sun here was warm on her bare skin and was yet another reminder of the sensation of being utterly naked in public. It was curiously less unpleasant now. Glancing around to make sure she wasn't likely to run into any people, Nina cautiously let her arms fall by her sides and tried to walk (briskly) as if she were clothed.

Well, she reasoned, this was an experience she would be very keen not to repeat -- so she may as well get the most out of it that she could. In particular, her mysterious client may well enjoy hearing a few tales about how she went naked in such a public place -- for a small fee, of course.  
  
So, nervous and awkward though she was, she forced herself for the moment to walk completely exposed, her breasts and everything else bare to the world. Unfettered by underwear or her own arms, her full breasts moved freely with her brisk pace, and she almost laughed to imagine how she must look half-running nude down the street, jiggling freely.  
  
The noise of approaching vehicles interrupted her reverie and brought reality back into focus. Blushing both at her nakedness and at the fact she had been caught almost enjoying it, she hugged her chest and ducked down next to cars parked up by the roadside again, hoping to evade detection -- but it was futile, as the loudly-honked horn as the car sped past attested. She sighed. One more person with a story to tell of how they saw a naked girl in the street. She just had to hope it was nobody she knew.  
  
When they had gone, though, she found her wish for modesty dissipating again, and once more her arms fell to swinging by her sides as she embraced this bizarre freedom. She turned a corner, up into another street, this one quieter still, and now just two streets from her destination.  
  
Her stomach turned and what little enjoyment she had experienced faded as she saw what lay ahead. While, thank heavens, there were no pedestrians ahead of her, what she did see on a house towards the top of the street was a large and complex structure of scaffolding, along with several work vans. That meant only one thing -- someone in one of these houses had builders in, and they were hard at work in the afternoon sun. An audience of multiple men, well-known for their particular ability to... appreciate the figure of any woman who they saw. As a pink-haired, tattooed and undeniably pretty girl, Nina had experienced enough cat-calling in her life to find it annoying when she was fully clothed, and she was going to have to walk past these men completely naked.  
  
She briefly considered going around but who knew if her luck would hold? A few motorists and a couple of people walking in the park were, so far, the only people who had actually seen her naked, but the longer she stayed out in public in her undressed state, the more the odds of being properly caught out increased. Unfamiliar as she was with the back-streets of this particular housing estate, she knew this route, one she'd walked many times in the past, was the best way to reach Michelle's house in the shortest possible time.  
  
Once again, she was just going to have to suck it up and get it over with.  
  
She hugged her chest again -- why inflame the antics of any workmen who saw her further by letting them see everything? -- and set off, walking as quickly as she could force herself to, despite knowing that every step brought her closer to potential humiliation. With plenty of time to spare she crossed to the opposite side of the road, hoping that a little extra distance between herself and the construction workers would give her some chance of slipping by unnoticed -- but in fact all that achieved was to give them greater opportunity to spot her from afar.  
  
And spot Nina they did. She heard them, wolf-whistles and cat calls, and tried her best to shut them out. She stared straight ahead, crimson-faced, willing herself not to turn and look at the house, to see the faces of the men, to see exactly how many were shouting. As she passed, the calls though became too explicit to ignore, and she looked up to see three grinning, beefy men, unable to believe their luck, delighted that today the quotient of exposed young woman they would see did not begin and end with whoever was on Page 3 of their favourite tabloid. The fact they had got her attention only encouraged them and they began to call down to her to come up and perform any number of quite imaginative acts for, and on, them.  
  
Unexpectedly, Nina laughed. It all suddenly seemed so absurd and, rather than humiliating, it was simply irritating -- specifically, the fact was that the banter was no different, and no worse, than some of the talk she got from clients on the cam sites. But those guys had paid for the privilege of seeing her unclothed and talking filth at her, whereas the workmen were getting it all for nothing. She scowled and quickened her pace even more, not so much to end the ordeal of being cat-called as to put a stop to the giveaway.  
  
"If you're good at something, never do it for free," she muttered, quoting the villain in a decade-old superhero film, which only made her laugh again.  
  
Then, thankfully, she was out of sight and -- eventually -- out of earshot (the workmen's calls had turned to pleas for her to come back, we were only messing, come and have a good time with us...). Once again, she'd surprised herself. That experience had not been as awful as she had anticipated and, indeed, she'd resented it less than when she would walk by such places fully-clothed and be subjected to only marginally less explicit shouts. At least the fact she was naked had granted the workmen some justification for their astonished attention. So she couldn't exactly blame them -- although the fact that not one of them had seen a girl walking naked in the street and been concerned for her wellbeing showed that whatever else, they weren't exactly gentlemen.  
  
But despite all that, once again, the experience had carried an undercurrent of excitement and, as she turned into the street on which Michelle's house lay, she again let her hands fall back to her sides and let herself be fully exposed once more.  
  
She was on the home straight now and for the first time since she had left the park she began to feel, if not relaxed then certainly more at ease with her current predicament; enough to focus on the enjoyable novelty of walking naked down a public street, rather than on her fear of discovery. Indeed, as she made the last stage of her journey, she felt for the first time that perhaps being seen like this would not be the end of the world -- and could even, perhaps, be a little fun?  
  
Was it almost a sense of disappointment she felt when she realised this escapade would soon be at an end? Maybe it was that which helped her make a resolution, when she saw people off in the distance, that this time she wasn't going to hide. She could see them as she drew closer -- a couple, man and woman. Their paths would cross moments before she reached Michelle's house. Had they seen her already? She couldn't be certain, but she could see them with more clarity every second.  
  
Nina forced herself to continue swinging her arms at her sides, to continue walking unhurriedly, to behave exactly as if she were just a normal clothed person on the street. The couple had seen her now, had slowed their own pace, speaking to one another and pointing in her direction. They were perhaps in their forties and mildly shocked, and it was all Nina could do to keep a straight face as she drew ever closer to them. She felt like bursting out laughing, but contented herself with just a broad grin, until, as she got alongside them, she wished them a cheery "good afternoon" and continued on her way.  
  
Fortunately, Michelle's house was just ahead, and before the couple could come to their senses and turn back to approach her, Nina darted off and away into the relative privacy of Michelle's driveway and up to the door at the side of the house, before bursting into a fit of almost hysterical giggles.  
  
She'd gone mad, that was the only explanation for it. The stress of the afternoon must have finally caused her to snap. She'd just fully exposed herself to a pair of strangers -- no, not even strangers. Although she didn't recognise them herself, they could well have been neighbours of Michelle and her family, might well have known Nina by sight as someone who visited Michelle's house often, and could be people she would see again (in rather more appropriate attire of course). All that fear she'd had not fifteen minutes before, and now she was a happy exhibitionist? She couldn't explain it -- but the excitement it had caused within her had been something she'd not felt since she first unleashed the unashamed and sexy alter ego that had become her camgirl performance personality.  
  
She wondered if perhaps it had been the same thing; a way of making herself able to do something she might not otherwise have accomplished. Walking nude in public wasn't something she'd wanted to do, but something she needed to do to save herself from potential harm. Hadn't her online sex work been something similar? At first it hadn't been something she'd felt comfortable with, but she'd felt at the same time that, for her, it was a necessity, a way to make some money at a time it was needed. And, much like this, with time she'd quickly adjusted and come to find enjoyment of it.  
  
She fought to regain her composure, lest excitement and relief make her act foolish. She wasn't out of the woods yet. She still had to speak to Michelle, explain why it was she had arrived at her house completely naked, and persuade her to let her in and lend her some clothes. She covered herself -- she wasn't especially uncomfortable with her friend seeing her naked but she didn't want to shock her by appearing at her door with everything on show before she'd had chance to explain herself -- and pushed the doorbell.  
  
She wondered, as she waited -- what would Michelle's reaction be? Would her friend be shocked? Or worried? Would she be sympathetic, or just think it was funny? Knowing Michelle, probably the latter. Still, she felt a little nervous at the prospect of having to explain her sex work to her friend, particularly as any assertion she might make that the work itself was harmless fun would be tempered by the fact that it had now, indirectly, cost her a phone, her purse, a complete outfit of clothes, and a sizeable amount of dignity. She took a deep breath, and began to prepare to explain herself to Michelle.  
  
So it was all the more shocking when the door opened and revealed her, naked on the doorstep, to a young man.  
  
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The man at the door was Michelle's younger brother, Ryan.  
  
It was hard to gauge who was the more shocked to see the other. Nina had been certain that of all Michelle's family, only Michelle herself would be home this afternoon -- her parents both worked and, she'd believed, Ryan had college or school of some sort. He was eighteen now, but she was sure he was still studying. Instead he was at home and opening the door to discover his unexpected caller was one of his older sister's friends, and she wasn't wearing any clothes.  
  
Nina could completely understand why he was currently staring wide-eyed at her in all her blushing glory. For her part, she could only stare back, realising that the plan she'd thought was a smart way to overcome her predicament with minimal fuss hadn't really turned out as it was supposed to.  
  
She broke the silence between them, eventually. "Can I talk to Michelle?" she squeaked.  
  
Ryan blinked a few times and then shook his head. "Er, no. She's out for the day."  
  
Nina swore.  
  
"Erm, why are you naked?" Ryan asked. "Where are your clothes?"  
  
"They got nicked," Michelle snapped. "Look, Ryan, I'd rather not stand on your doorstep starkers explaining myself, can I come inside?"  
  
Ryan's eyes lit up and he grinned as he put two and two together -- his sister's attractive friend was naked, and wanted to go inside the house with him. Whatever happened next, he realised he was going to be seeing a lot more of Nina than he did when she usually visited her friend's house. He almost fell over himself to step aside and let her through the door, and although she didn't see, Nina felt his eyes on her bare backside as she walked in. She blushed further, both from the feeling of being observed -- and the fact that she wasn't altogether not enjoying it...  
  
"So what's going on Nina?" Ryan asked again. "Why are you naked?"  
  
Nina tried to act nonchalant. "I was doing a video shoot in the park and some bastard nicked my bag with my clothes in."  
  
Ryan nodded slowly. "A video shoot?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"And you didn't have clothes on because..."  
  
"It was a nude video shoot, yes."  
  
"In the park."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You were naked in the park doing a video shoot?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"...why?"  
  
Nina sighed. "Because someone was going to pay me for a video of me naked somewhere public and I picked the old bandstand 'cause I thought it would be out of the way enough to get away with it, without realising that it was also out of the way enough that there would be some scumbag around who might nick my bag and leave me stranded out there naked."  
  
"Could the person who was filming not help you?"  
  
"I was filming myself."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"So this was for someone you were gonna send it to? For money?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Online?"  
  
"Yes! I'm a camgirl, alright! I get naked on camera on the internet for money!"  
  
Realisation lit up Ryan's face. "Oh, why didn't you say so?"  
  
Nina's face was a picture. "What," she asked flatly.  
  
"Well, it would have made a lot more sense if you'd just said you were making internet porn and it went wrong."  
  
Nina blinked. "Well," she said, "I don't tell people about it easily. They don't really understand and so they judge you for it."  
  
Ryan grinned. "Nina, I'm a teenage guy with a computer in his bedroom. You would not believe how educated I am on the subject of amateur porn."  
  
In spite of herself, Nina laughed. "I can believe it," she replied. "Although the fact is, it wasn't you I was expecting to have to explain myself to, but your sister."  
  
Ryan made a sympathetic face. "Yeah, sorry. She really is out."  
  
"It's okay," Nina replied, trying to shrug as best she could while still covering her breasts and pussy with her hands. "You can still help. Can I go upstairs and put on some clothes from Michelle's room?"  
  
Ryan was quiet for a moment, then a sly grin spread across his face. "Sure," he said, "only, first, I want to ask you for something..."  
  
The way he said it was enough. Nina reddened. Ryan was going to expect something in return for his help and given that she had just showed up to his house naked, she had an idea as to what that might be.  
  
"You perv," she retorted hotly, but Ryan only shrugged, his grin widening.  
  
"Hey," he said, "you said yourself, you're quite happy to get naked for money, I'm offering you a chance to get clothes in return for something."  
  
Nina thought. She could possibly dash past Ryan, up to Michelle's room and shut herself in, she could choose any clothes she liked then. Ryan's plan wasn't a very good one, and she doubted Michelle's brother would be so mean and creepy as to actually physically prevent her from getting upstairs.  
  
Ryan seemed to have read her mind. "You're right," he said, "I can't really stop you getting some clothes from somewhere in this house. But you just told me what I'm guessing is a big secret, so let's talk about how to keep it that way..."  
  
Nina sagged. He was right. It wasn't about getting herself something to cover up with, it was about the fact that Ryan had something on her that she wasn't sure she was ready for other people to know. The reason why she was naked was almost as big a problem as the fact she was.  
  
And yet... Ryan was being a snake, but there was something appealing about the situation she was currently in. Ryan held more than a little power over her, but then and there, she was not unhappy to allow it. It was somewhat like her relationship with the mysterious Noof, the client whose request had gotten her into this situation in the first place. She could always have said no to Noof (although his money was an incentive not to) -- but it was more fun, more delicious, to pretend she didn't have a choice, to let him tell her what he wanted her to do. They both knew it was all play, but that didn't make it any less thrilling.  
  
It wasn't as if some gross creep was currently coming on to her; her friend's brother was kind of good-looking, in a nerdy sort of way; tall and blond, he looked older than his years. True, he wore glasses but they were thick-framed and fashionable, and his grey t-shirt and skinny jeans clung to a lean frame that suggested he at least had passing acquaintance with the local gym. Alright, he didn't seem to have had any concern for her wellbeing; reacting to the fact that she'd shown up naked on his doorstep with delighted curiosity, rather than asking if she was okay. But she didn't need a saint to have fun, not when a sinner like herself was much more appropriate.  
  
She put on a shyness that was only half-feigned -- after all, this was still her friend's brother, someone she had known for many years of adolescence, and she was currently standing in front of him with only her hands and arms to protect what little modesty she had left. Much as she liked playing this part, she wasn't faking her blushes.  
  
"What do you want me to do?" she asked weakly.  
  
Ryan smiled. "Nothing bad," he said in a conciliatory manner. "I think really I just wanna see your video."  
  
He indicated the camera which hung from its strap on her wrist. Nina chuckled. In her excitement, she'd almost forgotten about it, but it had been the only thing she'd managed to save from the bandstand, and thank goodness for that; it had been her first big investment in her burgeoning sex work career, a high quality digital video camera with a removable memory card. It made shooting sexy clips so much easier than trying to position the pinhole camera on her bulky laptop, and it would have been expensive to replace. But because she'd been filming herself when she'd stepped out of the bandstand, the opportunistic thief hadn't been able to grab it.  
  
Still, it was a rather mundane request...  
  
"Is that all?" Nina asked, trying to keep her disappointment from her voice. In her current mood, she'd have done a lot more than show Ryan a video if he'd only asked.  
  
"Well," Ryan shrugged, a bit of a glint in his eye, "it'll do for a start..."  
  
Nina blushed again. That was more what she'd been expecting. Ryan was obviously hoping to tease this out a little bit, and a glimpse of her fully naked on camera was probably, in his thinking, just the appetiser...  
  
She came closer to him, still covering herself, but holding the camera out to him. "The screen's a little small but you should be able to watch it on there," she offered, but Ryan shook his head.  
  
"No need," he explained. "You've got a memory card in it, yeah? Let's take it upstairs, we can watch it on my computer."  
  
Inviting a completely naked girl upstairs to his bedroom within 5 minutes of her arriving at his house? Nina thought. This boy doesn't mess about! Again she chuckled to herself, but she nodded.  
  
"Alright," she said. "But... you go first." She blushed again. "I'm not having you follow me up the stairs while I'm like this."  
  
Ryan seemed poised to argue, then he shrugged and led the way from the kitchen through to the hallway and then up the stairs. Nina felt strange walking naked through the house of her friend, a place she'd spent many hours clothed, but never been like this in before. She was excited by the novelty, and by the uncertainty of what lay ahead.  
  
Ryan's room was the first door at the top of the stairs, and he pulled a second chair up to the big-screened computer on the desk. He was a bit of a gamer, and so his PC was the latest kit, with a large monitor to make the most of the fancy graphics in the games he played. And, Nina thought wryly, give him the best view of her naked in her video.  
  
She sat down at the computer next to Ryan. The chair, a standard computer/office chair, was rough against her bare bottom. She tried to maintain a little modesty, covering her lap with one hand, her other arm still hugging her chest. It felt faintly absurd but all the same, despite her obvious nudity, she wanted to keep a little mystery for the moment.

Ryan fired up his computer and inserted the memory card, and after a few moments' clicking they began to watch Nina's video. She blushed as she appeared onscreen, more out of embarrassment at seeing herself than at what was being revealed. She'd thought she'd gotten used to seeing her sexy side on film, but seeing it with someone else in the room with her was cringe-worthy!  
  
Still, Ryan didn't seem to mind -- he watched, rapt, as the onscreen Nina began to strip. He was obviously enjoying the sight. Soon, they were watching as the Nina in the video lost her last bit of clothing. Nina groaned to herself at the reminder that she'd been completely naked since that moment -- almost an hour now must have passed, and in that time she'd been naked in the street, seen by who knows how many people, and now to top it all she was sitting naked in her friend's kid brother's bedroom watching with him the amateur porn she'd hoped would have remained a secret venture.  
  
At least I look good on the screen, she consoled herself. Suddenly, the pretence of modesty seemed absurd. Ryan was watching a video clip in which she revealed her entire body and yet here she was covering her nipples and pubis like she'd just been caught out. She'd nothing left to hide from this boy -- so why not sit comfortably?  
  
Slowly she adjusted her position, sitting on her hands in absence of anywhere else to put them. At first, Ryan didn't appear to have noticed, but then he glanced sideways and his eyes widened as he realised Nina was not just naked now but no longer making any attempt to cover herself. Her breasts were bared, her nipples standing to attention. Her seated position hid her most intimate parts but the neatly groomed patch of hair between her legs was clearly visible, and although she blushed again at his gaze she held her courage and made no move to cover herself.  
  
Ryan swallowed, suddenly a little nervous at the sight of Nina naked in all her glory. The video clip played on, forgotten.  
  
"I think I know what else I want from you," he said, his voice trembling slightly. Nina reminded herself that he was probably not that used to the company of naked ladies, not at his age. For someone so inexperienced he was doing a good job of staying in control. She liked it.  
  
"What?" she asked, looking at him through bashful half-closed eyes. She was excited now, no more embarrassment, but she wanted to remain in her act, continue to appear demure and reluctant; it was more fun that way.  
  
"I want to see the rest of the performance."  
  
She didn't ask for a further explanation -- none was necessary really. Ryan meant that he wanted what they guys on the cam sites were paying her for; only this time her payment would be the dress she needed to get out of here.  
  
She stood, every last pretence of modesty abandoned. "Do you have any music?" she asked. To Ryan's request she be more specific, she listed a few songs, sensuous R&B or mellow trippy rockers, the sort of music she preferred to have on when she worked. At her third suggestion, Ryan nodded and with a few more clicks he'd started up the tune, and as the bassline pulsed low and sultry from the speakers, Nina began.  
  
She turned her back to Ryan, rolling her hips slightly, a sexy sway, tentative at first, all "this is my first time, please be gentle", but her dancing soon became more expressive and sensual, until she was positioned, hands just above her kneed, squatting and approximating something like twerking (as best she could pull off), the maximum of emphasis on her bare bottom. Ryan gawped, and she beckoned him to turn his chair as she sashayed towards his bed. She knelt on the dark-blue covers, hands on her bare hips, rolling at the waist, pushing her full breasts, and then began to run her hands down her soft body, brushing closer and closer to her womanhood.  
  
She'd been achingly aroused for an age now, and it was all she could do to maintain the pace of her routine when her body cried out for the most intimate touch. Finally she could stand it no longer and, still swaying sensuously, she began to massage her wet pussy lips.  
  
Soon, the dance had been abandoned and Nina was leaning back, legs akimbo, thrusting her fingers in and out of herself. She was wet beyond belief, the act the culmination of an afternoon she would never forget, and she needed little stimulation before she felt the beginnings of her orgasm. She used both hands now, working her clit and feeling her other fingers inside her cunt, until her unrestrained moans began and soon she was gasping and crying out as she came, eyes watering, bent legs trembling as the performance became genuine ecstasy.  
  
She withdrew her hands, momentarily dazed, looking up at Ryan through dishevelled hair and makeup running and smeared by her sweat and effort. But it was only a moment, as she noticed the boy was as stunned as she had been, leaning back in his chair, eyes fixed on her, and a noticeable bulge in his jeans.  
  
He was only a few feet away and she leaned forward, reaching for him. She found his belt buckle, his zipper and the button of his jeans, and unfastened them, freeing his erect cock from his jeans and underwear. It was circumcised and big, bigger than she'd imagined, warm and strong in her hands, and Ryan offered no resistance as she stroked it, and none still as she knelt down between his parted legs and wrapped her mouth around it. He gasped in shock and delight as she began to suck him off, taking as much of his length in her mouth as she could manage, moistening him with her velvet tongue.  
  
She wondered if she should just blow him -- the potential for awkward repercussions later might be significantly less if all she let him fuck was her mouth. But she was too far into this, too much enjoying it, to worry about that, especially when her mouth was not the only part of her hungry for cock.  
  
So when Ryan was rock hard and his cock was wet with her spit, Nina stood and, a little awkwardly, stepped astride him as he sat on the computer chair and lowered herself. Her cunt was still wet from her masturbation and from the arousal to which this was a conclusion, and she took him into herself easily, relaxing into an unsteady position in his lap. Realising she was only precariously balanced on the small chair. Ryan turned, giving her the computer desk to lean back against and grip with her hands, and this done she began to grind her hips and ride him. He lifted up his arms, caressing her breasts, teasing her nipples, which thrilled her greatly -- but then and there she wouldn't have cared if he'd simply sat motionless while she fucked him; all she wanted was to have him inside her. She was close to cumming again, but so was Ryan, and she felt him tense and gasp as he shot his load inside her. The sensation was enough to send her back over the edge, and she climaxed again -- softer this time, less dramatic, but at greater length until at last she was satisfied, and she withdrew, wet with her arousal and his cum.  
  
She was going to regret this, a thought intruded -- she was going to regret showing up at her friend's house naked and fucking her friend's brother; but she banished that thought, it was a thought for later. Right now was a time for her and Ryan to lay together on his bed, the clothed boy and the naked girl, and recover their strength for the next performance.  
  
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The second time had been even better, and they'd parted with the unspoken understanding between them that there would at least be a third; and after that, who knew?  
  
Hurriedly, before Ryan's sister or parents would be returning home, Nina had showered and towelled herself dry. Once more clean and presentable, she'd stepped into Michelle's room and retrieved a dress which had seemed suitable enough to cover her nakedness with until she returned home. As she bade Ryan goodbye with a kiss, however, a wicked thought began to form in her head.  
  
She looked back towards the house, until she was sure she was out of sight and Ryan was no longer watching her on her way, then Nina took the hem of her borrowed dress in both hands, lifted it up and pulled it off over her head.  
  
She was wearing nothing else.  
  
You've gone mad, she thought to herself -- but now that she had the dress with her, now that being naked in public wasn't something she was being forced to do but something she was choosing, she couldn't deny it had a certain appeal. If nothing else, it had brought her a lot more excitement than she'd expected to have today.  
  
The dress dangled from her hand as she walked in the afternoon sun. If things got too scary, she'd put it back on. But for now at least, she was going to enjoy herself.  
  
She wondered if the builders were still at work on the house in the next street, and smiled...