**Naked Boston Bus Ride**

by[davion2308](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=616566&page=submissions)©

Danielle perused the want ads. A massive volume of students left Boston for the summer since the semester ended. With her friends back in New Hampshire, Maine, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, Danielle found herself without a single thing to do.  
  
She was bored. It was the worst.  
  
But her eyes landed on a small ad in the Metro, the local free paper. "Art Project for interested student. Pay by the event." Danielle had never been an art person. She couldn't play any instruments or sing or draw. She was more along the lines of an intellectual, slightly nerdy girl with glasses, and a few pounds on the heavy side of healthy weight. Intrigued, she called the number.  
  
"Good morning, this is Lacy for Matthewson's, how may I help you?" The voice was chipper and pleasant.  
  
"Hi, I saw the ad in the paper. I'm not much of an art student but I'm curious as to what I can do. I'm here in the city and I could use some money."  
  
The voice brightened instantly, "Ah, excellent. Please take down this address. Can you come in later today, around 1:00 for an interview? We'll show you our location and tell you all about the opportunity."  
  
"Uh, sure," Danielle said, "1:00 is fine. Where are you?"  
  
Two hours later, Danielle was strolling down the north side of Commonwealth Avenue, headed east past Exeter. It was a beautiful day today. Good news, too, since rain was in the forecast for the weekend. She found the address and hit the buzzer. Seconds later, the lock clicked and Danielle made her way in.  
  
The suite was beautiful, with expensive carpeting, beautiful oak furniture, and many pictures of people on the wall. Weddings, graduations, portraits, and family sittings were all featured. Danielle didn't know about photography, but the framed shots looked very professional.  
  
The woman sitting at the desk by the door got up and strode toward her, hand extended.  
  
"Hello, Danielle. I'm Lacy, we spoke on the phone." Lacy's smile was beautiful and calming. Her eyes twinkled.  
  
"Hi."  
  
"Would you like anything to drink? We have an array of sodas, as well as some liquor if you're of age."  
  
"No, I'm good, thanks."  
  
"Very well. Please follow me."  
  
They walked into a second room with a great view of Comm Ave. A large oak table dominated the room and there were several large plasma televisions on the wall. Two other women stood when Danielle walked through the doorway. Handshakes were made, as were introductions. Terry, obviously the one in charge, had no nonsense in her shake. Grasp, squeeze, pump, done. Alexis, the third woman, smiled gently and was seemed more polite.  
  
"Now," Terry said, once everyone sat, "You don't have any art background and you have never been involved in any type of modeling shoot, correct?" A nod from Danielle. "This is fine. What we are going to do today is this: There is a very wealthy investor who would like to film people's reactions to unfamiliar situations. Specifically, nudity."  
  
"Do I have to get nude?" Danielle asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Danielle stood to leave.  
  
"Before you go, let me quickly explain. The human body is a wonderful piece of art. It's the most beautiful thing we have and it is the subject of more study then anything else, artistically speaking. We will set you up in a safe situation, have you strip, and take stills and film. After a time, we'll get you out of there. There is nothing illegal, as we have permits for performance art and shooting and it is completely safe."  
  
"No, I'm okay. Sorry to have wasted your time," said Danielle.  
  
"Danielle, may I just say this: Try something new. You came here looking for something and you look like a wonderful girl who just needs to break out of her shell. It may sound ridiculous, but if you try this and go through with it, you'll find something out about yourself. You'll be amazed at how you feel afterwards."  
  
"I don't know," Danielle replied.  
  
"Let me show you," Terry said. She picked up a remote control and clicked a button. The big television on the wall blinked to life. A few clicks later and video was running. Lacy, who sat to Danielle's left, was wearing a trench coat and boots. She stood on the Cambridge side of the Longfellow Bridge. With a quick smile and wave, Lacy took off the coat. Terry appeared, took it from her, and moved out of frame. Danielle's heart stood still.  
  
Lacy was completely naked on the bridge. She had nothing on from her ankles up. Her small breasts and dark red nipples were exposed to everyone, as was the red hair between her legs. She walked over the bridge. It was sunny and people were out. The camera followed from behind and captured the reactions of people walking towards Lacy. She made no move to cover up and kept her hands at the small of her back. There were stares, frowns, laughs, and other reactions. One family walked by with a mother covering her son's eyes. Lacy kept walking a slow pace and 3 minutes later she took the jacket from Terry. She put it on, winked at the camera and the video cut out.  
  
Danielle was shocked. She couldn't do that. But Lacy looked like she was confident and having fun. Danielle decided to at least try it. The money would be great and everyone had some sort of sex tape out there. If she panicked, she could stop at any moment. The other women would be there to help her.  
  
Terry spoke again, "We've all done it. Trust me when I say you should try it out."  
  
"I'll take that drink now," she said.  
  
They planned for the next day. Danielle would meet the team at Kenmore at 10:30 a.m. They would get on the #57 down Commonwealth Avenue. Danielle would take off her clothes, bit by bit, and be naked until she either felt very uncomfortable or they decided to end it. That night, Danielle wondered what tomorrow may bring.  
  
The next morning was cloudy, with light rains. It was the first nasty weather all summer and most people seemed content to stay indoors. Danielle met up with the other women and after a few quiet words of encouragement, they boarded the bus. Danielle sat in the back of the bus, the other three spread out nearby. She fought to control her breathing and she tried to stay calm. The bus slowly filled up. With a lurch, the driver left the station. The rain made everyone quiet and introspective and fogged up windows  
  
The bus rumbled down Commonwealth Avenue. Terry, sitting between a large black man taking half her space and an older white woman, nodded at Danielle. Danielle stood up, reached up and held on to the overhead bar. The bus stopped for a passenger.  
  
Danielle didn't believe she could do this. The pressure was on with Alexis filming and Lacy taking still shots with her digital camera. No one really noticed the two women with the equipment.  
  
Terry made strong eye contact and nodded again, more forcefully. Danielle unzipped her jacket and pulled it off her back. Her arms emerged from the sleeves and she dumped the jacket in the seat she had just been occupying. The guy sitting one seat over looked up briefly and went back to his book. The bus was steamy and humid from the rain and Danielle felt a little light-headed. She psyched herself up for the next move.  
  
The 'stop' bell dinged. The driver slammed on his breaks so as not to fly by the next bus stop. People grumbled as they were all thrown forward then backward simultaneously. Two people slid around Danielle and exited out the back door. No one got on. She undid the few buttons on her black sweater and peeled it off her body. Not a soul looked at her as she stood in her white shirt and skirt.  
  
There was no way to be surreptitious now. Danielle pulled the bottom of her shirt up and off her body. She eased it off her arms and tossed it onto the seat with her jacket. Moving air on her back and stomach was a relief in the stifling bus. But she fought the urge to cover her chest. Her bra was low-cut and the tops of her breasts were spilling out with ample cleavage. She caught the attention of several people, male and female, and looks of confusion broke out in the back of the bus. Only the people in her immediate area noticed her standing without a shirt.  
  
The bus's horn blared and the driver's curses drifted back to Danielle. He slammed on his breaks again, causing people to carom off each other. Danielle gripped the bar tightly, fighting physics to stay upright. Seconds later, the back door slid open. A man from the front of the bus got up and walked towards it. His eyes lit up when he saw her wearing only a bra. He made a quick decision to stay and found a seat near the door. The bus pulled away from the curb with the grace of a drunken bull.  
  
Once they were moving again, Danielle undid the snap at the side of her waist. Her skirt, which came to just below her knees, dropped off her hips and down her legs. She stepped out of the cloth and placed it on the pile of clothes on the seat. Her underwear was more conservative then her bra and showed much less skin. Faces were turned up at her, some smiling, some grinning, none frowning. She was pulling it off. But now came the tough part. Her heart started to pump rapidly as Terry nodded again.   
  
She heard murmurs and laughs and at least one person say 'holy shit' as she reached behind her and unsnapped the clasp at her back. She pulled the bra off her chest and her arms out of the straps before she could react. The cups landed softly on the seat. Moving directly to the next part, she slid her panties down her legs and stepped out of the holes. Her tits hung as she bent down, her ass in one rider's face, and picked up the lacy underwear. They joined her other clothes in a small pile. She stood back up.  
  
Danielle tried to act nonchalant while her brain screamed at her to cover up. She squeezed the overhead bar with all her might. Her other arm dangled at her side. She had the entire bus's attention. Everyone turned to look at her, fully naked, acting like nothing was amiss. Most of the riders were male and their eyes roamed her body. They all watched Danielle's large tits bounce and sway in rhythm with the bus. They stared at her freshly shaven pussy. A few riders were directly behind her and got a front row view of her ass. The bus was small and cramped and many riders could easily have reached out and touched her. Her nipples hardened as she thought of hands sliding up and down her body.  
  
Danielle kept her gaze straight ahead. She peeked down and saw a short man on the seat to her right. He stared at his shoes, head down. He was balding and bookish. Danielle figured he was a professor since he got on at the BU stop. Smiling to herself, she turned sideways and faced directly toward the window of the bus. Her free arm came up and gripped the overhead bar and she let her body sag down. The man glanced up and was face-to-face with her big, hanging tits. He stared at her rosy nipples and looked up at her face. Danielle looked out the window as if the scenery interested her. The bus came to a crashing halt and Danielle was caught off-guard. She slid sideways. The man's hand came up to steady her. His skin made contact with her hip for half a second before he pulled it away, white hot.  
  
"Sorry," he whispered.  
  
"No, thanks for helping me," she responded brightly. She looked down at him over the tops of her breasts.   
  
"That top rail's slippery," she said. She reached out and held the vertical bars on both sides of the man. She pinched her shoulder blades together, thrusting out her tits again in his face. His skin colored and went dark red. She stood for a second longer before moving back into the middle of aisle. Danielle was growing comfortable, despite having her naked body exposed to the riders. Others were getting used to it as well.  
  
"Ummm, I have to ask," a woman said, "What is this all about?" She sat holding hands with a guy. His eyes were currently buried between Danielle's thighs.  
  
"It's a science project," Danielle responded. A smile played at the woman's lips. "We're measuring responses of individuals under stress. Good or bad, I'm stressing everyone with my nudity."  
  
"Oh, interesting," the woman said, "Better you then me."  
  
A man slid around Danielle from the very back seats. He apparently had enough of her ass and wanted a view of the front. He sat a few seats away and turned to face her.  
  
"You should try it," Danielle responded, "It's very liberating." She looked around at all the faces looking back. Many of them didn't get much higher then her neck. She understood what strippers might feel like. The attention was all her. She was sure some people missed their stops. And she stood naked on the #57, exhibiting her body, showing herself to everyone. She liked being completely naked and surrounded by strangers. She was getting turned on. Part of her wanted to go completely crazy and rub her body on these people. She pictured herself like earlier, hanging on the bar and bending over. But this time, two guys were sucking on her nipples, squeezing her breasts. More hands ran over her ass, her thighs, her arms, her stomach, her legs. Fingers rubbed her clit, forced their way in her pussy. Her entire body thrummed with electricity. She could cum right now if she touched herself. She slowly spun a 360, letting everyone get a good look.  
  
Camera phones were now making appearances. Several guys were snapping pictures. She heard compliments under their breath. "Beautiful," "gorgeous," "so sexy." They weren't said directly to her but Danielle enjoyed the positive response. She grabbed a hat off one guy, Brazilian by the looks, and tossed it on the floor. Before he could react, she bent at the waist and reached down to retrieve it. Her feet were spread apart and her ass was in the guy's face. She looked between her legs. He was smiling, his camera phone inches away from her pussy. She straightened, put his hat back on his head, and smiled at everyone.  
  
She was having fun.   
  
A guy stood up at the next stop.  
  
"Hi, I have a digital camera and I have to get off now. May I please have a picture with you?"   
  
He was so sincere and polite, Danielle couldn't say no. He handed the phone to the nearest rider and gave quick instructions. His hand wrapped harmlessly around Danielle's waist. She gave him a treat and turned toward him, her breast pressing into his ribs, her hand on his stomach. The guy took several pictures and handed the phone over.   
  
"You made my year!" the guy said, skpping down the steps to the curb.  
  
As quick as it started, it ended. Danielle felt a hand settle on her ass and give a firm squeeze. Before she could react, Terry stood and moved toward her. Alexis capped her video recorder and Lacy pulled the Stop Request wire. The bus ground to an immediate halt. Terry was at Danielle's side instantly. She wrapped a trench coat around Danielle and grabbed her clothes. Lacy took them. The boos and insults raining on the man turned to cheers when Terry leaned over and punched him square in the face. Danielle heard a loud crunch sound and the guy screamed and ran off the bus.  
  
"Sorry. C'mon, let's go," Terry said. They stepped off the bus and walked away. Apologies and encouragement came from the open door. Several people got off after them and started walking back to their own missed stops. Terry was on the phone, calling for their ride.  
  
Danielle stood quietly in the parking lot of a Chinese Restaurant on North Beacon. What just happened was a complete rush for her. She was excited, scared, turned on, and completely shocked at her own daring. Lacy leaned over and whispered.  
  
"A rush, huh? I love it myself."  
  
Danielle could do nothing but nod, her heart in her throat. Terry faced her, all apologies.  
  
"I'm really sorry that happened. It rarely does and people generally just watch, not sure what's going on. I can double the rate to make it up to you." She paused and smiled, "Did you have fun."  
  
"Yes," Danielle breathed.  
  
"Excellent! You were fantastic. If you ever need work again, you know where we are."  
  
Danielle knew she'd come back.