**Naked Through the City**

by[Nicky1985](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5239369&page=submissions)©

The weather had changed overnight. We went directly from a week of constant rain to a blue sky and lots of sun. The inhabitants of Greater Copenhagen hadn't yet realized that it was excellent beach weather, so I was practically alone in the artificial dunes of the Amager Beach.  
  
I had left my apartment after lunch and planned to spend the whole afternoon sunbathing toplessly and studying for my exams later that June.  
  
It was a little after three o'clock when I first noticed the guy with the camera. He walked around talking to various people on the beach. For a short moment I wondered why, then returned to my book and forgot all about him for a while.  
  
"What are you reading?" a voice asked behind me, tearing me out of important anthropologic theories that I needed to master before the end of the month.  
  
"Anthropology!" I said and took in a mouthful of smoke from my cigarette. I looked up at the photographer, who had almost scared me as he had sneaked in silently from behind and was now standing right beside me.  
  
"Oh! You're a university student?" he asked when uninvitedly squatting down next to me. He seemed to be in his late twenties, which is about five years older than me, and not bad looking. At all. I sat up.  
  
"Yeah! I have exams in a couple weeks. So I very much need to read this," I replied, directing my cigarette smoke away from him.  
  
"You found a nice place to study. And work on your tan at the same time."  
  
"Yeah, it's pretty cool," I agreed and inhaled the last smoke from my cigarette before extinguishing it in the sand.  
  
"And I like that you're topless. Most women are so prude these days."  
  
"I guess so. My parents tell me it was different in the 70s and 80s."  
  
I blew out a cloud of smoke.  
  
"Oh yeah. You hardly saw any bikini tops at the beach back then. Not that I remember it. But I've seen pictures from those happy hippie days."  
  
He paused for a moment before continuing:  
  
"I like your tattoo."  
  
"Oh, thank you!" I smiled and held up my right arm with its tattooed vine of large red roses stretching all the way from my shoulder and onto the back of the hand. "I like it myself. I found a very skilful tattooist on Vesterbro."  
  
"Being a student you must be in need of money? I mean if you want your other arm tattooed as nicely."  
  
"Well, you know, I'm still thinking about what other tattoos to get. So I'm not in a hurry. And I have a job."  
  
"What are you doing? Does it pay well?"  
  
"Not exactly. I sell bread at a bakery. You know... I could always use some extra cash. Why are you asking?"  
  
"I'm a freelance photographer... I'm Jacob by the way."  
  
Jacob extended his hand and I shook it.  
  
"I'm Emma. Nice to meet you, Jacob!"  
  
"You know, Emma, I really like the way you're not a prude."  
  
"You mean being topless at the beach? I really want to avoid those tan lines around my breasts. So I'm working on a solid tan now at summer's start. I do that every year."  
  
"That's nice. And I like the way you're absolutely not covering your boobs while talking to me."  
  
"I'm sure you've seen tits before, Jacob. Haven't you?"  
  
"Oh yeah. I have. But compared to most tits I've seen, yours are especially nice."  
  
"They are?" I asked, trying to sound surprised.  
  
As an aside: For a person with a body as slim as mine, I have unusually large natural tits. Furthermore, I have shoulder-long, blonde hair and a nice curvy ass, and men do tend to find my slightly upturned, small nose and my full lips very becoming. So, yes, I know I'm pretty. I've even heard guys refer to me as beautiful.  
  
"Absolutely. And I wondered if you'd like to make some extra money?"  
  
"Doing what?"  
  
"Like... modelling."  
  
"You mean topless modelling?"  
  
"Well that would be up to you. You know the Page Nine Girl in Ekstra Bladet?" he asked, referring to the country's leading tabloid paper and its long-standing daily tradition of printing a photo of a topless woman on Page Nine for sexually frustrated men to jerk off to.  
  
"Sorry, Jacob. You've come to the wrong person. I'm not interested in becoming a porn model. Good luck finding someone for Page Nine!"  
  
"The Page Nine Girl is just one of the possibilities I have for you. That would pay you 1000 kroner once your picture is in the paper..."  
  
"That's ridiculously low," I interrupted him.  
  
"Please hear me out!" he continued stubbornly. "Then you'd get another 3000 kroner if you're chosen as the Page Nine Girl of the Month. And I guess you'd stand a pretty good chance."  
  
"I didn't know porn paid that lousy!"  
  
"It's not porn. It's just natural young Danish woman who are not afraid of showing their assets. You're fortunate enough to live in a very liberal and free-spirited country. But maybe you are a little uptight after all, Emma?"  
  
"It has nothing to do with being uptight. But I'm not showing my naked tits in Ekstra Bladet for fucking 1000 or 4000 kroner. No way!"  
  
"We could throw in another 2000 if we publish a gallery of your pictures on the website."  
  
"Forget it!"  
  
"Okay. Here's another idea. The paper is introducing a new summer series called Naked Through the City."  
  
"Really?" I asked, attempting to be demonstratively uninterested.  
  
"Yes. Ekstra Bladet will make a bet with you and pay you 10.000 kroner if you manage to report to the paper's head office at City Hall Square by..."  
  
Jacob looked at his wristwatch.  
  
"...say five o'clock today. That's around one and a half hours. And you have to be naked."  
  
"You mean naked-naked... like bottomless."  
  
"Yes. Absolute nakedness is essential here."  
  
"And it's 10.000 kroner?"  
  
"Yes. Couldn't you use that kind of money for a summer vacation, Emma?"  
  
"Sure I could. But I'm not a porn model."  
  
"It's not porn. It's a fun game."  
  
"And you want to take pictures of me?"  
  
"All the time. And I have colleagues around the city who would also try to make as many nude pictures of you as possible as you move Naked Through the City."  
  
"And suppose I'd do it... Ekstra Bladet would pay me 10.000 kroner if I arrive there before five o'clock?"  
  
"Absolutely. I've seen the cash. It's in the safe of the editor-in-chief."  
  
"And if I don't make it?"  
  
"Then you won't get the money. That's the nature of a bet."  
  
"And Ekstra Bladet still gets to publish the pictures?"  
  
"That's right."  
  
"For free then?"  
  
"They'd still have to pay me and the other photographers."  
  
"Handsomely, I suppose?"  
  
"Well... I make a living."  
  
"As I said: I'm not doing porn."  
  
"Me neither. It's just a nice bet. But if you're not into funny games..."  
  
Jacob got up.  
  
"Good luck finding someone," I said and picked up my anthropology book.  
  
"Thanks. Take care, Emma!" he concluded our conversation and started walking away.  
  
I did some quick math in my head. Jacob was 10 or 15 meters away from me when I, on a sudden impulse, yelled:  
  
"I'd do it for 50.000 though."  
  
Jacob turned around:  
  
"Really? You'd do porn for 50.000?"  
  
"It's not porn. It's a fun game," I turned Jacob's point against him.  
  
Jacob smiled for a moment.  
  
"I'm glad we agree on this. Do you know the old anecdote about Winston Churchill?"  
  
"No... I guess not."  
  
"Well, old Winston was at this dinner party having a conversation with the lady sitting next to him at the table. And then he asked her, theoretically, if she would have sex with him for a million pounds. As it turned out, she would. Then he asked if she would have sex with him for five pounds. She immediately got offended: 'What kind of woman do you think I am?' He answered: 'We've already established that. Now we're just discussing the price.'"  
  
"Touché. But your boss wouldn't pay me 50.000 anyway, would he?"  
  
"Well... Never say never. He's known to make quick decisions. Let me just facetime him. That is... if you stick to what you just said."  
  
I thought for a moment and slightly regretted my forwardness. On the other hand it was highly unlikely that the editor would pay five times the price for his ridiculous bet.  
  
"Sure!" I said, trying to sound more convinced than I was.  
  
Jacob already had a connection.  
  
"Hi, I'm here at Amager Beach with Emma, who is a very pretty girl and in the mood for our little game."  
  
"She is?" a male voice said from Jacob's iPhone.  
  
"Yes. The trouble is she's such a tough negotiator. She wants 50.000 if she gets to your office by five."  
  
"50??? Forget it, Jacob! I said 10!"  
  
"I know. But she's so pretty and I really like her... style. She has very big... assets. If you know what I mean. And she's smart too. She studies anthropology at university."  
  
"Really? Can I speak to her?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
I instinctively covered my tits with my left arm while taking Jacob's phone with the right.  
  
"Hello, Emma! I'm Poul," said a man in his fifties who appeared on the small screen. I recognized him from TV.  
  
"Hello," I said.  
  
"So, you're up for our new game?"  
  
"If I can win 50.000 kroner, yes!" I said and tried to sound resolute. There was no way back now. And 50.000 would make a nice summer holiday and last beyond that.  
  
"You're very beautiful. Could you please take away that arm so I can see you?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
I removed my left arm.  
  
"I think you look amazing, Emma!"  
  
"Thank you. So... can I get 50.000 kroner if I get to your office by five?"  
  
"Let me think about it. It's a lot of money. Did Jacob tell you the conditions?"  
  
"I have to be naked. No bra, no panties."  
  
"Absolutely. And you can't cover yourself at any time. No blankets, no towels."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"And you have to be visible and stay in public spaces all the time. Don't enter homes or private cars."  
  
"Can I go to shops? Can I use public transport?"  
  
"You can go anywhere with public access. But remember: You have no money, no credit card, no phone and no ticket. I guess you will have to get here on foot."  
  
I held up my watch:  
  
"Can I keep this?"  
  
"Sure. You'll need to keep track of time, won't you?"  
  
"Thanks! What about shoes? Can I wear shoes?"  
  
"What kind of shoes have you got?"  
  
I picked up one of my stiletto sandals from the sand next to my blanket and held it to the camera.  
  
"Oh, they're nice, Emma. You have good taste. I'm sure you'll look great wearing those and nothing else. I just wanted to make sure that you didn't bring a pair of running shoes, so you'd outrun our photographers. Those high heels will slow you down. Be careful not to stumble."  
  
"Don't worry! I'm used to them. And you'll be surprised how fast I can move in heels."  
  
"Good for you, girl. Do we have a deal? You get 50.000 cash-in-hand if you're here by five. And nothing if you're late or if any of our photographers around town catches you cheating."  
  
"I won't cheat."  
  
"So we have a deal?"  
  
I swallowed.  
  
"Yes!" I confirmed as confidently as I could.  
  
"I'm glad. This will be a good start for our little competition. And one more thing: Don't tell anyone that the price is 50.000 in your case. We don't want other girls to ask for that kind of money. But because you're such a pretty girl, we're willing to pay more. If you make it."  
  
"So I get 50.000?"  
  
"If you're here by five, yes. It will be in the contract that Jacob will ask you to sign in a second. Good luck, Emma. See you at five."  
  
"See you!"  
  
I handed the iPhone back to Jacob and the two men exchanged a few remarks about my tits and ass and some practical details about the contract. Jacob finished the call and found a printed three-page contract in his bag. He wrote something in it and handed it to me.  
  
The "10.000" was crossed out and replaced by "50.000" as agreed.  
  
"Now I need you to write name and address on the dotted line there... and sign at the bottom. And you're good to go."  
  
I did as I was told and handed him the signed contract.  
  
"So... What are you waiting for? Time is running. You have a bet to win."  
  
I got up.  
  
"I guess it's time to lose these," I said as I slipped out of my panties.  
  
"Right... Oh! You have a nice shaven pussy!" Jacob remarked and shot his first nude photos of me.  
  
"Can I keep my earrings?" I asked without entering a discussion of my shaving habits, touching the large hoop earring in my right ear.  
  
"Yes. They look very nice on you. Just keep them."  
  
"What about my stuff?"  
  
"Put it in your bag. My car is parked over there. We'll throw it in there."  
  
I applied a thick layer of bright red lipstick, put on the watch, turned off my phone, took a sip of water and emptied the bottle into the sand before quickly packing all my stuff into my bag and handing it to Jacob. Then I picked up my stilettos from the sand and we started walking.  
  
I stopped at the bridge leading from the artificial beach island:  
  
"Wait... Can I please have one of my cigarettes?"  
  
Jacob handed me my bag and I found my Marlboros and lit one with my lighter before putting the pack back into the bag and handing it back to Jacob.  
  
"I think I need this before the trip!" I smiled and held up the burning cigarette while exhaling smoke.  
  
"I'm sure you do," Jacob said and photographed me with his professional Canon equipment.  
  
Within a minute we were out of the sandy area and at his car. Jacob put my bag away as I buckled my sandals. Ready to conquer the streets of Copenhagen wearing nothing but large earrings and stilettos. Game on.  
  
I paraded my naked boobs and shaven pussy down Italiensvej with Jacob moving backwards ahead of me, taking pictures. The farther we got away from the beach the more the few people on this quiet residential street started noticing me.  
  
"I like that!" a young boy commented in passing.  
  
Another guy coming toward me made a 180 and then started walking backwards next to Jacob while enthusiastically filming me with his smartphone.  
  
I pretended to concentrate on enjoying my cigarette and totally ignoring my surroundings and wondered how to get to City Hall Square as quickly and smoothly as possible. I had an hour and twenty-five minutes left.  
  
I decided to take the metro, which is an elevated railway at Amager Beach station.  
  
Outside the station I extinguished my cigarette, threw it in a waste bin and started walking up the stairs. Jacob beeped his travel card at the machine.  
  
"I don't suppose you could check me in on your card, could you?" I asked with my most charming voice.  
  
"Sorry, Emma. I'd do it for you any other day. But my boss would hate me for helping you win this bet. You're on your own here."  
  
"I thought so. I guess I can make it without anybody wanting to see my ticket."  
  
The 30 or so people on the platform reacted quite differently to my presence. Some, all male, were staring, whistling and taking pictures. Others were staring at their feet pretending not to see me.  
  
When the remote-controlled train arrived at the platform, it was already crammed with passengers. It came from the airport and some huge planes must have just landed. When the doors opened, the passengers formed an impenetrable human wall of flesh, T-shirts and Bermuda shorts and I almost gave up. Then strong arms grabbed me and pulled me on board, obviously wanting to be in close contact with my naked body.  
  
Nobody pulled Jacob on board. He was left behind on the platform along with most other waiting passengers. Through the corner of my eye I saw that he used his phone as the train left the station. Probably to alert some of his colleagues on my route towards City Hall Square.  
  
I had just barely managed not to get caught in the closing doors. At first, I was pressed against the metal and glass. Then I managed to move toward the centre of the metro wagon. Midway between the Amager Beach station and the next, Øresund, I sensed that somebody was trying to grab me the Donald Trump way. By the pussy.  
  
The problem was that the metro was so packed that I couldn't detect to which of my fellow passengers the finger that had tried to penetrate me belonged. I managed to move away from it.  
  
I moved further away from the door as the train approached the Øresund Station in order not to get pushed out of the train by the crowd getting off. Hard shoes stepped on my toes in the process. It hurt. But I managed to stay inside.  
  
Just as the train was about to leave, a conductor entered. He started asking for tickets as soon as the doors had closed, and I moved further away. I would have no problem paying the fine for not having a ticket if only I won my well-deserved 50.000 kroner. The problem was that I had no ID or anything except my sandals, my earrings and an unbelievable story of being in a Naked Through the City game that no one had ever heard of.  
  
If the conductor caught me, he could easily hold me back beyond my vital deadline at 1700 hrs. Maybe he would even involve the police. Luckily, he wasn't able to move fast through the crowd so I hoped to avoid him until the next station where I could get off.  
  
"Shouldn't you get dressed?" a loud voice said beside me.  
  
I smiled and shrugged at the sweaty suit-and-tie guy who had asked the question. He just looked at me and shouted:  
  
"This woman is completely naked. Have you seen that?"  
  
People standing a bit further away turned their heads in his direction, trying to find out who he was talking about. Luckily, most of them could only see my head and not the rest of me, which is why they were at first unable to find out who he was talking about.  
  
The guy's shouting attracted the attention of the conductor who was just two meters away. Some of the men and young boys around me started laughing and commenting on my private parts. One tall bearded guy openly put his hands on my tits while smiling confidently at me:  
  
"You like that?" he asked.  
  
"No. Stop it!" I mouthed quietly.  
  
"I think you like it. What's your name?"  
  
"That's none of your business!"  
  
In the corner of my eye I could see the conductor trying to maneuver towards the commotion around me. I tried to hide behind other passengers while the metro dived from the elevated railway and went underground. Soon we would be at the next station, Lergravsparken, and with some luck I could get off before the conductor got to me.  
  
The guy, who was still resting both hands on my tits, continued his charming approach:  
  
"Can I suck your nipples?"  
  
He looked tall and strong like someone who could make way through the crowd and get me of the train.  
  
"I need to get off this train now. Please help me!"  
  
"Can I suck your nipples if I help you!"  
  
"Sure. Just get me off this train."  
  
His desire to place my nipples between his lips was strong enough to make him lead the way quite recklessly while other passengers were moaning as he shoved them and stepped on unprotected toes in flip-flops. I threw myself into the guy's slipstream and probably, with my pointed heels, pierced some of the same feet the guy had stepped on. Finally, the train was slowing down toward Lergravsparken Station.  
  
"Hey, young lady, wait a minute. Can I see your ticket, please?" the conductor said somewhere behind me. But he was unable to reach me. The passengers, who weren't moaning in pain, were laughing at the situation.  
  
The train came to a halt. The doors opened slowly, and the bearded guy pulled me, so I stumbled onto the platform.  
  
"I need to get out of here," I said and started running towards the stair with the Suck-Your-Nipples guy beside me. Inside the train the conductor was still fighting to get out so I had a head start.  
  
At the top of the stairs a photographer was taking pictures.  
  
"I guess you're from Ekstra Bladet?" I asked in passing.  
  
"Jup!"  
  
"Sorry! I gotta run."  
  
The photographer followed me and, as it turned out, also Mr. Suck-Your-Nipples around a couple of street corners before we stopped for a much-needed break.  
  
"So... Where are we going?" Suck-Your-Nipples asked.  
  
"I don't know where you're going, prick! I'm going with this photographer for an appointment at his paper."  
  
"But I helped you! You were going to pay me back!"

"You got more than you deserved already, jerk. Do you think I like when strangers touch my tits in the metro?"  
  
"Why are you naked if you don't like it?"  
  
"It's a game I play. Go home and envision my tits while you masturbate."  
  
"Can I at least have your phone number?"  
  
"What do you think?" I asked and started walking.  
  
The guy finally stopped following me and started walking the other way.  
  
I looked at my watch. 15:48. One hour and twelve minutes left.  
  
"I'm Christoffer, by the way," the photographer introduced himself while walking backwards ahead of me.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Christoffer. I'm Emma."  
  
"I know."  
  
"I'm sure you do. You people from Ekstra Bladet are on full alert today, aren't you? How did you know I was getting off the train at that station?"  
  
"I didn't. We're just running around trying to locate you after you shook off my colleague at Amager Beach Station. We need to take a lot of photos, you know."  
  
We had left the residential neighbourhood and were now passing through an industrial and commercial zone. At the end of that we crossed a street and entered an enormous lawn where boys and girls in different ages and jerseys in many colours were playing soccer.  
  
I bent down, took off my stilettos and ran across the soft grass. The kids and their parents turned their heads to watch the naked lady who was passing by, and Christoffer kept taking pictures, struggling to keep up with me.  
  
We crossed another street and entered an area with small allotment gardens. Then we crossed a short bridge and entered the famous Free Town of Christiania, Copenhagen's hippie colony that considers itself a liberated zone apart from the rest of the Kingdom of Denmark. Probably an area where a naked woman would not attract as much attention as elsewhere.  
  
We passed some alternative architecture and old military buildings and crossed a longer bridge across the old moat that used to be part of Copenhagen's fortifications. Now we were in Christiania proper -- a place known for its prosperous marijuana market. I headed for Pusher Street where the dealers openly sell illegal drugs under large signs stating that photography is, for obvious reasons, strictly prohibited.  
  
Christoffer got busy stuffing his expensive equipment away as he saw where we were going and wisely tried to look like anything but a photographer.  
  
"Hey, pretty woman, you want to buy?" one of the drug dealers shouted from behind his folding table with his herbal merchandise. He was a black guy with dreadlocks, speaking English with a Caribbean accent.  
  
"Sorry! I have no money," I smiled and held up my empty hands.  
  
"You can have a spliff for free if you smoke it here at my shop," he offered and held up a joint.  
  
"For free? Why?" I asked, walking over to him.  
  
"I think it's good for business if I have a beautiful lady at my stand."  
  
I took the joint from his hand and put it between my lips, then leant forward towards the flame of his lighter.  
  
"Please sit," the friendly dealer said and offered me his camping chair.  
  
I sat down and the smoke from the free joint filled me with calm and relaxation.  
  
"That guy with the camera bag? Is he with you?" my new drug dealer friend asked between customers who were definitely more attracted to his stand because of me demonstrating how to use the products he was selling.  
  
"Yeah. Looks like a photographer, doesn't he? Don't worry. He's a pro. He's with Ekstra Bladet. And he's not here because of you but because of me. He knows better than to take pictures here."  
  
"He'd better. A lot of photographers have lost very fine cameras here."  
  
"I'm sure."  
  
"And why does he want to photograph you?"  
  
"Have you noticed that I'm naked? That's why!"  
  
"Oh... I figured it might have something to do with that. And why are you naked?"  
  
"I made a bet with Ekstra Bladet. They pay me 50.000 kroner if I turn up at their office at City Hall Square within the next..." I glanced at my watch "...57 minutes."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yes. It's a game they call Naked Through the City."  
  
"Great game. Can I join?"  
  
"You'd have to talk to Ekstra Bladet about that. But I doubt it," I said, finished my joint and got up.  
  
"Nice talking to you. And thanks for the weed!"  
  
"Good luck, naked lady!" my dealer friend yelled at me as I had moved on. I still carried my sandals in my hands. Stilettos made no sense on Christiania's many different and uneven surfaces.  
  
Christoffer accompanied me out of Christiania before he started taking pictures again. We walked along a cobbled road at a part of Copenhagen Harbour to a narrow stretch of sandy beach where people from Christiania were skinny-dipping and sunbathing. My lack of clothes was absolutely normal here. I made a quick decision to swim across the Copenhagen Harbour which is so famous for its clean water. That way I could avoid some of the crowded streets of the inner city.  
  
"You know what, Christoffer? I'm leaving you here. Will you make sure that my sandals, my watch and my earrings are at Ekstra Bladet at five?"  
  
"Sure!" he shrugged and photographed me as I put down my last remaining possessions at his feet.  
  
Then I walked into the water which very conveniently gave me a chance to pee without being photographed doing it and swam along the canals toward the inner harbour. I wondered where I would meet the next photographer from Ekstra Bladet. I swam between Christiania's old army barracks and the old naval area on the other side of the water with its expensive condos. Out here I was the only swimmer, but I was surrounded by stand-up paddlers, kayaks and slow electrical rental boats.  
  
I had been swimming for some minutes. I started to feel tired and realized that maybe smoking weed had made me overestimate my swimming capacity and underestimate the distance I'd have to swim to get across the harbour. Maybe swimming was a bad decision after all?  
  
Just at that moment I was overtaken by four young guys about my age in one of the rental boats.  
  
"You want a lift?" one of them, an extremely handsome black guy, asked.  
  
"You going across the harbour?" I inquired from the water.  
  
"We'll go anywhere you like. Where are you going?"  
  
"City Hall Square."  
  
"We can't take you all the way. But we'll get you as close as possible."  
  
The black guy helped me on board the small boat where he and his friends were sharing a pack of 24 cans of Carlsberg.  
  
"I'm Pierre," he introduced himself. "And this is Anders, Simon and Søren."  
  
"Hi, I'm Emma."  
  
I shook hands with all four of them.  
  
"Nice to meet you guys!"  
  
"We're just glad to help," Pierre smiled at me.  
  
"Fancy a beer?" Anders asked and opened a can for me. I took it and realized that smoking that joint had make me kind of thirsty. I drank and wiped away foam from my lips.  
  
Then I noticed a speedboat approaching from the inner harbour basin with a photographer with a long lens and a guy with a large video camera. Ekstra Bladet was back in business.  
  
"You want a towel?" Pierre asked.  
  
"No thanks! I'm not supposed to be covered at any time. I need to be visible for the men with the cameras on that boat over there. And for the general public. But I would like one of your cigarettes. I seem to have left mine at home."  
  
They all smiled, and Anders handed me his pack of King's Blue cigarettes and his lighter:  
  
"Help yourself!"  
  
"Thanks!"  
  
I took one from the pack, lit it and inhaled deeply.  
  
In the meantime, the speedboat had turned around and was going alongside us at low speed. I smiled, waved at the cameras with my cigarette and enjoyed another gulp of the ice-cold beer. We entered the inner harbour and passed under the Inner Harbour Bridge where pedestrians and cyclists were waving.  
  
"So, who are the men in that other boat?" Pierre asked.  
  
"Oh... They're from Ekstra Bladet. And Ekstra Bladet Television apparently," I explained. "It's kind of a game. It's called Naked Through the City. And I can make a lot of money if I can make it to the office of their editor-in-chief by five o'clock."  
  
"Sounds exciting!" Anders remarked.  
  
"Oh, it is. How much time do I have left by the way? I left my watch somewhere," I said and took another drag from my cigarette.  
  
"Yes. You're not really carrying a lot of stuff around," Pierre said. "You have another 38 minutes to get to City Hall Square. It's 16:22."  
  
The inner harbour was filled with boats of all sorts and sizes and people were swimming inside and outside the official bathing areas.  
  
"I guess I'm in a bit of a hurry then. Are we going at maximum speed?" I asked and exhaled a plume of smoke before emptying my beer can.  
  
"I'm afraid this is the best we can do," Pierre informed me. "These rental boats are a really slow. Which is fine. Considering that most people use them to go around the harbour getting drunk."  
  
"Like we do," Anders added. "Speaking of which: Would you like another?"  
  
He had opened the next can of Carlsberg before I could answer him.  
  
I drank. While we passed under the old Knippelsbro Bridge, where even larger crowds of people were waving and shouting, the four guys told me that they were all political science students at university, celebrating exams that they put behind them earlier that day.  
  
I wished I had time for a long boat ride with Pierre who was definitely the hottest of the four.  
  
"So is your family from Africa?" I asked him.  
  
"I was born and raised in Denmark. But my parents came from Côte d'Ivoire. That's why I have this funny French name."  
  
"Pierre is not funny. It's exotic. I think it's nice," I said and inhaled the last mouthful of smoke from my cigarette before I tossed it into the water.  
  
The boat was going at an alarmingly slow speed down the inner harbour as the minutes ticked away. Pierre and the others took countless pictures of each other and their naked passenger. The Ekstra Bladet boat with the two cameras busily at work was close by. In the meantime, a cluster of people had assembled at the right-hand side of the harbour. They seemed to follow us along the quay. I waved at them and they cheered.  
  
The four guys had decided to take me all the way to the Blox Centre for Architecture, which was at the end of Vester Voldgade, the street leading directly to City Hall Square.  
  
In the meantime the crowd on the quay had grown and seemed determined to follow our slow boat.  
  
Around 20 meters from Blox the electric engine stopped unexpectedly.  
  
"Fuck!" Anders remarked.  
  
They looked at each other. Clearly without a clue about what to do.  
  
"Sorry, boys! It was so nice of you. But I have a deadline. I'm afraid I've got to leave you."  
  
I emptied my second Carlsberg and hugged Anders, Simon and Søren before turning to Pierre.  
  
"Does anyone have a pen?" I asked.  
  
Simon quickly produced one from his pocket.  
  
I took Pierre's hand and wrote my eight-digit mobile phone number inside the bright palm of his hand.  
  
"Call me if you like," I said. "But don't do it before five. I don't have the phone on me right now."  
  
I smiled, put the pen into his hand and closed it. Then I kissed him on the mouth, using my tongue.  
  
His three friends were cheering like the crowd on the quay. Pierre just smiled.  
  
I jumped into the water, head-first, and started swimming toward the crowd, who were cheering and clapping still louder as I neared them.  
  
I reached the tall, orange ladder and climbed it. The first thing I saw when I lifted my head above the edge of the quay, was a uniformed police officer, making his way towards me.  
  
For a second, I considered jumping back into the water. Had they come for me because of my ticketless metro ride? Or simply because of my general indecent behaviour for the past hour? Soon, however, I realized that it made no sense to try and outswim the police. I climbed and stood before a smiling, young policeman in a short-sleeved uniform shirt.  
  
"You must be Emma!" he said.  
  
"Yes. I am. And I know you're probably going to arrest me. But could we talk some time after five? I'm in a real hurry now. And I obviously don't have an ID on me. But I promise I will come back to you and clear things up. And I will pay all due fines and be really cooperative if you can please, please wait half an hour before you arrest me. How do you know my name by the way?" I blurted out.  
  
"Relax, Emma!" the friendly officer laughed at me and continued:  
  
"Nobody wants to arrest you. This is a free country. After all, Denmark was the first country to legalize porn."  
  
"This is not porn!" I protested.  
  
"No. Of course not. You're just a Danish citizen enjoying the freedom we have to dress as we please, right?" he said with a broad smile and continued:  
  
"We know your name, because Ekstra Bladet has been live-streaming from the Naked Through the City event for the last 30 minutes on their website and on social media," he said and pointed to a large video camera to my left with a red Ekstra Bladet logo on it. Some of the people around us held up their smartphones so I could see myself talking to the police.  
  
"Okay?!" I said, taking it all in.  
  
"A lot of people know your name now, Emma. You'd better get used to that. I'm Allan, by the way. And we're here to escort you to City Hall Square and make sure you get there on time."  
  
I was overwhelmed, hugged Allan firmly and kissed him on the cheek so his uniform got wet from the harbour water. He let me do it and laughed just like the crowd around us.  
  
"What time is it?" I asked.  
  
"You have another 14 minutes before your deadline. As I said, we'll escort you and help you get there on time."  
  
"Yes. But I can't get into your patrol car. That would be against the rules."  
  
"We know the rules. My colleague Finn here, who would also very much like to say hello to you, and I will drive ahead of you, flashing the blue lights and you just walk, or maybe better run, behind us."  
  
A second officer, a guy in his forties, appeared behind Allan.  
  
"Hello, Finn. Nice to meet you!" I said and gave Finn the same wet hug-and-kiss that I'd just given Allan. The crowd cheered.  
  
A slightly overweight guy in his thirties next to the cameraman stepped forward:  
  
"Jonas Jørgensen, Ekstra Bladet. Do you have time for a short interview, Emma? You're on Ekstra Bladet's livestream."  
  
"Do I?" I asked Allan.  
  
"I wouldn't count on it. You're in a hurry now."  
  
"Sorry. I gotta run!" I said to Jonas Jørgensen and followed Allan and Finn through the enthusiastic crowd to their patrol car that was parked on the sidewalk with the blue lights flashing on top.  
  
Soon we were moving down Vester Voldgade -- for the last triumphant kilometre to City Hall Square and the offices of Ekstra Bladet. A lot of people were walking with me behind the police car while others were cheering from the sidewalks.  
  
As we got closer, I started running and continuously increased my speed. Finn, who was at the wheel, sped up accordingly, and so did the cameraman and still photographer who where passengers on each their motorbike right next to me.  
  
For the last 200 meters I ran as fast as I could with my large, unrestrained boobs bouncing wildly up and down.  
  
I arrived at the entrance, waved a quick goodbye to my police escort, entered through the revolving door and was met by a young woman.  
  
"You must be Emma!" she said.  
  
"How did you guess!" I said, totally out of breath after the run.  
  
"I'm Annika. I'm Poul's assistant. I'll take you upstairs to his office. Right this way! Being dressed like that you won't have to spend a long time clearing our security."  
  
"What time is it?" I asked as we waited for the elevator.  
  
"It's 4:56. It seems you made it," Annika said and pointed to a large digital clock on the wall.  
  
Upstairs, Annika left me at the chief editor's office and I entered through the open door. I met Poul, the editor I had been facetiming with from the beach, and a crowd of sweaty middle-aged men who were clapping their hands. The cameraman and the photographer entered behind me and soon got around me to get themselves and all the their viewers a full-frontal view of my nudity.  
  
Poul, the editor-in-chief, was looking at his wristwatch:  
  
"I'm sorry to say that Ekstra Bladet has just lost a bet. You made it, Emma! Congratulations!"  
  
He leant into me and hugged me, placing a wet kiss on my cheek.  
  
"Thank you!" I said as he let go of me after a while.  
  
"Would you do the honours and open this bottle?" Poul asked.  
  
He handed me a heavy, 3-liter magnum bottle of Veuve Clicquot champagne. The foil and wire around the cork had been removed, so I just needed to pop the cork, which I did with a loud bang and champagne bubbling and spraying all over my face, tits and the floor. Somebody must have been shaking the bottle for that effect. The people around me clapped and waved their little red and white Danish flags and some guy took over the gigantic bottle and started pouring champagne into and beside the tall glasses that were arranged on the table.  
  
Poul handed me a large bouquet of red roses and ten 1000 kroner bills. He leant forward and whispered into my ear:  
  
"This is just for the cameras. You'll get the other 40.000 later."  
  
I nodded with relief.  
  
Poul then made a lengthy speech about the role of Ekstra Bladet as a provocative end rebellious paper with a very special role as the great taboo-breaker in Danish media and blah blah blah.  
  
Afterwards I made a short acceptance speech where I thanked Ekstra Bladet for giving me the opportunity and sent my warm thanks to the wonderful people who had helped me on the way.  
  
"And now I'd really like to put my clothes back on. And I'd like the rest of my stuff back. Because I really need a cigarette now."  
  
"Well, Emma. Christoffer, the photographer, brought us your sandals, your earrings and your watch. So you can start with that. I think the other photographer, Jacob, has the bag with your clothes and your cigarettes. I don't know where he is now. Can somebody please find out for me?"  
  
A young man immediately left the room.  
  
"And normally this is a non-smoking office. But since it's you, Emma. Does anybody have a cigarette for Emma?"  
  
He looked around and soon a number of cigarette packs were handed toward me. Most people in the room seemed to be smokers who had to suppress their urge at the office. I had a choice of several brands, picked a Red Prince cigarette and had it lit by a friendly man. Then I put on earrings, watch and heels and watched Ekstra Bladets photo editor as he introduced a slideshow of my trip from Amager Beach, via Christiania and the Copenhagen Harbour to City Hall Square. It would premiere on Ekstra Bladets website within a few minutes. I was on my fourth or fifth glass of Veuve Clicquot by then and had, frankly, given up counting.  
  
As the slideshow had been shown once, people seemed to drift out of the office and back to their workstations. The journalist I had turned down by the harbour came back to me:  
  
"Remember me? Jonas Jørgensen. I just wanted to congratulate you!" he said and hugged me intensely, smelling of old sweat.  
  
"Thank you!" I said, as he finally let go.  
  
"I think you owe me an interview, Emma!"  
  
"So... what do you want to know?"  
  
"What's it like to be naked in the city?"  
  
"Oh, on a hot day like this it's very comfortable. You should try it, Jonas. You look a bit overheated yourself."  
  
"So... you haven't had any unpleasant experiences?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Like men touching you?"  
  
"Well... one or two in the metro. It can get crowded during rush-hour. But then I decided to walk and swim the rest of the way. And most people have been very friendly. In particular I'd like to thank Pierre and his friends who took me along for a boat ride across the harbour."  
  
I bummed another cigarette from Jonas Jørgensen and lit it. His interview seemed to never end, and I got increasingly irritated by his silly questions. I wanted my money and my clothes. And somehow, I wanted my old identity as a completely unknown anthropology student back. Even though that was probably too much to ask.

Finally, Jonas Jørgensen ended the long video livestream and said goodbye to the viewers. Suddenly my bag turned up. I was allowed to put on my panties, bra, T-shirt and cut-off Levi's. And even the cameras were gone.  
  
It was quite a contrast when everybody but the editor-in-chief had left his office. The traffic sounds outside were distant and the room almost silent.  
  
"Can I offer you another glass of champagne?" he asked.  
  
"No thanks. I think I've had enough. I just want to go home now," I said and took the last drag from my cigarette before putting it out in one of the many half-empty glasses of expensive champagne.  
  
"Of course, Emma. I have this for you. Our little secret."  
  
He handed me an envelope. I opened it and counted forty 1000 kroner bills.  
  
"Well... I suppose that's it then," I said.  
  
There was an awkward silence.  
  
The editor leant into me and hugged me firmly for a long time, sniffing in my scent through his nose.  
  
I got out of his grip.  
  
"Bye then," I said as I pushed the door handle.  
  
"Take care, Emma," he smiled fatherly from his desk.  
  
I walked through the newsroom without being particularly noticed -- the difference being that I was now wearing clothes and looking like a normal person. Downstairs I nodded at the receptionist who didn't seem to recognize me.  
  
Outside on the pavement the crowd had gone. I lit one of my Marlboros and switched on my phone as I was walking across City Hall Square. Text messages started pouring in by the dozens. I'd read them later.  
  
Then the phone rang. Unknown number. I answered it by reflex and regretted it at once but put the phone to my ear anyway.  
  
"Hello!"  
  
"Emma? Is that you? It's Pierre. Remember me?"  
  
"Of course. And thanks again for your help."  
  
"I was thinking... Maybe you'd like to meet? We're down at Islands Brygge outside the boat rental emptying the last beers."  
  
I thought about the offer for a few seconds. Then:  
  
"Yes, I can be there in 20 minutes or so."  
  
"Great!"  
  
He sounded relieved.  
  
"You may not recognize me. I'm wearing clothes."  
  
"I'll live with that for now, Emma. And I hope there may be a chance to change it later tonight."  
  
"You never know. Do you, Pierre?" I said and ended the call, hurrying toward Islands Brygge.