**Naked Walk**

by OzoneRed

It was a beautiful day, the first really warm day of spring. A lot of students at the university were taking advantage of the weather. Some were lying in the sun in various states of dress and undress, working on their suntans. Others were sitting in the shade of the trees and hedges which were scattered across the campus.

She was walking across the campus wearing nothing but her shoes, her hands cuffed behind her back. She walked slowly, enjoying the feel of the warm sun on her nude body. She caught herself looking down at her bare breasts and her erect nipples every few seconds, watching the way they bounced and swayed with every step, wishing she could touch them. Most of her fellow students pretended to ignore her - savior faire was the cool attitude - but the occassional whistle followed her. She always gave the whistlers a smile, and called a "thank you". The attention excited her. It reminded her that she was stark naked for all the world to see, and that there was nothing she could do about it. The loss of freedom and control turned her on. She was looking forward to getting back home so she could masturbate.

She crossed the street at the edge of campus and passed into the shopping district. The sidewalks were wide here, and large concrete planters with flowers and shrubs lined the curb. There were restaurants with outdoor seating areas, and book stores, and student convenience shops. There were more townies in this neighborhood. They weren't accustomed to seeing naked and handcuffed students walking down the sidewalk, apparently unconcerned. They stared at her, unabashed.

She walked four blocks to the end of the shopping district, leaving a trail of surprised shoppers in her wake. She had to resist the temptation to watch her own reflection in some of the store windows. Several times she had to dodge quickly, to prevent someone from "accidentally" bumping into her. Finally, she reached the last of the planters, just before the shopping district gave way to the student housing ghetto. She sat on the rim of the planter and reached behind her back into the soil, to find the apartment key she had buried there the day before. She dropped the key into her shoe. Then she started on her walk back home: four blocks back to campus, almost a mile across the campus itself, then another half mile past Fraternity Row to her apartment.

"Really," she thought, "now that they've repealed all the laws against public nudity here, this is the only place for an exhibitionist to live."