**Not How I Planned The Morning**

by Nature Lover

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Prologue**  
  
I blame my brother...still...  
  
Okay, truth be told I blame my brother, I blame his best friend Eric, and I blame my floormate, Natalie. I hope wherever she is for fall break, she's just as naked as I am, but even more trapped.  
  
That would be tough to accomplish since I'm well and truly screwed.  
  
Maybe you've heard about my predicament, or Hell, maybe you're one of the dozens of people who have already seen me this night (last night technically), live or on camera. If not, there's a good chance you will, just give it some time.  
  
My name is Caroline - I'm a 19-year old college freshman visiting home for a long weekend. And I've spent the last several hours running around my town completely naked, no shoes, no jewelry, no nothing. 100% exposed to the world - bare feet, bare ass, bare breasts, bare pussy. NOT on purpose. Well, okay, yes, going outside and stripping off was on purpose, but it was only supposed to be in my own backyard. For some dumbass reason I decided that wasn't enough and so moved my ass to the alley, accidentally locking the fence gate behind me. It got...interesting...after that.  
  
Anyway, right now I'm stark naked in a public park on the other side of a treacherous ravine from my house, because that's where my asshole brother and his asshole friend left me and drove away. A good zip line route would be all of 200 yards from here to my house, but it was steep, muddy and slippery, dangerous when fully clothed and shoe'd (is that a word?), not happening at all when naked and barefoot. The two ways around were either the bridge to the north or the road to the south where the ravine ends - and where there's an elementary school.  
  
I'm headed north.  
  
Either way I go, it's...shit - 12-13 blocks. 6 blocks to get up to the bridge, then across the bridge, then 5 blocks down to my street, or 5 down, then past the school, and 6 up. Pretty much the same distance.  
  
You might think by now I had been naked for so long and seen by so many that I'd just say f--k it, who cares who else sees me? You'd be way wrong. Are you f---ing kidding me? Because some had seen me naked everyone should??? Nope, nope, nope. Aside from the people at the yard party, and my brother and Eric, it's possible no one else has seen my face. Incredibly embarrassing to know so many have seen so much of me, but if my identity remains a secret, I'll take it. My brother knows better, the adults at the yard party seemed cool, and Eric...honestly who knows. But I never saw any of them with a camera or phone in their hands.  
  
Because of the city park, this side of the ravine has a path adjacent, with houses on the other side of the path. Streets dead end at the path, but unlike my side of the ravine, I can travel along this side without entering yards or dealing with fences, at least for this stretch to the bridge - the stretch to the south requires cutting through a couple yards at the end before it dumps out at the elementary school.  
  
Which is why I'm heading North.

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Part 1**  
  
What I hadn't figured out was how I was going to cross a bridge as rush hour approached along with the sunrise - I figure I'll deal when I get there. Right now, with less than an hour until sunrise I broke out of my shock at being left naked in the city park on the east side of the ravine (my house was west of the ravine), and started moving. Thanks to the trail I made good time. They dropped me off at the south end of the park and honestly, the first four blocks were easy...if easy means walking bare-ass naked through a city park while hoping no one sees you before the sun comes up.  
  
I left the park two blocks short of the road that went over the ravine. I thought I'd be able to see it from here, but I didn't see any cars moving and there would have been at least some at this hour. I could make out the lights of the gas station a block away but that was about...SHIT! I completely forgot about the gas station! My breathing started to get shallow as I fought back the sensation of an anxiety attack. Up to now nothing had been overt - I had been seen naked by an individual here or there, or it had been very dark, or, yes, in the case of the yard party, exposed before a group, but somehow that was different.  
  
This...this would be public streaking in front of many people at once, plain and simple...something I hadn't really done yet. But it would also be the same on the bridge, just that the surprise of forgetting the station threw me off my game. I had been trying to focus on my path and not worry about being seen, but in an instant my powers of concentration fell apart. The last two blocks were also normal residential streets, no path, so I had to pay attention to early risers driving to work. Fortunately none just yet.  
  
One more block and I was across the street from the station. It was a small one, just the attendant's booth and some basic items, no attached convenience store. Maybe that's why it wasn't as busy as I expected when I first saw it - no coffee here.  
  
I waited until the lone car filling up started to pull away, and then I made a break for it, keeping to the edge closest to the ravine and the bridge. For some reason I glanced at the attendant's booth and for an instant we just stared at each other. He quickly started gesturing with his arms and pointing at something, though I think he was just trying to trick me into stopping so he could look at my naked body some more. I was under a light and the only parts of me he couldn't see were those covered by my hands. I ran on, knowing he was watching my bare ass, and returned my eyes to the road (okay, surface lot) only to almost run straight into a car pulling in. Both of us quickly stopped, though I had to throw my arms out to keep my balance, and I froze, momentarily focusing on not getting run over. The "Deer in headlights" look could not have been more true as I couldn't move, couldn't cover, couldn't even close my eyes. The driver, whether trying to help or just annoyed at running late, honked his horn, breaking me out of my reverie. I jumped, realized it was not one but -four- people in the car, and ran around the car onto the street.  
  
Into a construction zone. Holy f--k! that's right. I wouldn't have to worry about streaking lots of cars driving across the bridge - there wasn't one! I rarely went this way and forgot the bridge was declared structurally unsound and demolished over the summer to make way for a new one. The one in the beginning stages in front of my eyes. For some reason I stepped as close to the edge as I dared to see if maybe there was a way down and across. I had to have been standing there for a full minute, both hands over my breasts as I leaned over, bare ass exposed to the world behind me. I knew no cars would be coming this way. I didn't think about those working the site.  
  
BWAAHHH!!!  
  
Without warning, a ridiculously loud horn behind me caused me to jump. I quickly spun around, forgetting I was holding both breasts in my hands, exposing my pussy to whoever was there. In this case, half-a-dozen construction workers who I hadn't seen or heard a moment ago. They had driven up in their pick-up trucks, parked half a block away, and were walking to their job site, which I was in the middle of, alongside a flatbed delivering a crane, which I was now in front of, and which explains the horn and my racing heart.  
  
The whistles and catcalls would have offended a fully clothed me, but now they were humiliating! I took off and retreated back to the park. I couldn't go further north as the next bridge, several blocks away, was an interstate highway - even if I wanted to, it would have been as dangerous as the ravine. As I ran back past the gas station attendant booth, bare feet trying not to slip in anything oily, I once again glanced over. No! Shit, he must have known I would have to come back this way and was ready for me. I looked at him with pleading eyes as I ran past but he just shook his head with a wicked grin, as if to say "I tried to warn you." All while holding up his phone, clearly getting all of me on camera. Oh my God! And with the station lit up my face was easily visible! I tried telling myself I was too far away for a phone to capture someone in motion with any decent resolution, but I wasn't convincing.  
  
My mind, once again trying to process what had happened, wasn't paying attention. For the second time I found myself running naked straight at a car, this time at someone who had just pulled out of her driveway and turned my direction. For the second time I had to throw my arms out to stop myself from falling on to the hood of a car. And for the second time I was a naked deer in headlights, covering nothing, only this time I could see a child in the car, who must have been on the way to school. The mother got an angry look on her face while the child (more like a tween) just stared and started grinning.  
  
I dashed around the car, not waiting to see if the mother took out a phone; I was convinced she was calling the police. One more block and I'd be back at the park where I started the morning. Okay, four blocks up at the north entrance, but close enough - I wasn't expecting to see anyone else at the park at this hour. It would be like it was nearly an hour ago, just as naked but with one very big difference.  
  
The sun had started to rise.

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Part 2**  
  
As I entered the park, for a moment I had a false sense of security, thinking the four block pathway to get back to the south entrance would be as easy to travel a second time. Not hardly.  
  
4 blocks long north to south, the park is only one block wide, with the pathway on the west side at the edge of the ravine and houses right across the street to the east. The northern block of the park is a parking lot and a city building for educational stuff, while the southern block is playground equipment and more parking.  
  
The two blocks in-between are open fields from the ravine to the street and used for parties, concerts on the lawn, etc. Completely open, visible to several houses across the way. And glistening in the sunrise. The other side of the ravine stays dark longer as the sun can't penetrate the trees, but this side is fully exposed. And...in use? Oh no, no, no, no, no, NO! Damn it, everywhere I turn there are people! I think that's when my resolve first started to crack. I couldn't catch a break and it was starting to wear on me. I was crouched down behind a bush by the educational building, trying to figure out my next move. No lights behind me means no one there I assume.  
  
\*\*The metro park worker stepped into his office to get a form but didn't turn the light on since he'd be walking right back out. Normally he wouldn't arrive for another hour, but anytime a group had a formal reservation someone had to be on site. For the past few Friday mornings a body wellness group came to the park to do yoga at sunrise. He didn't mind - it was mostly women, some of them single, many of them attractive.  
  
But none like the vision he was seeing right now, that of a pale behind resting on the heels of someone's bare feet. From the shape to the medium-length hair he was pretty sure the person who was hiding was a female. He sat transfixed until the young woman stood up as if she had made a decision and walked a few feet toward the ravine, pausing, and then stepping over the low fence and around a tree. Damn, with no shoes she was going to be in trouble. He grabbed his new vest, the one with a body cam embedded in the metro park badge, and headed after the pale naked figure.\*\*  
  
My heart was racing as I counted at least 20 people on the lawn next to the path, stretching or something. And they all looked like adults who wouldn't be as laid back as last night's yard partiers if a naked girl approached. I thought about the ravine. There was no way I could go down it and back up, but maybe there was a way I could travel inside the trees. I stood and walked quickly to the low fence marking where people weren't permitted to go, paused to look ahead, the stepped over into the trees.  
  
I moved about 15 or 20 feet inside the tree line and couldn't go much further. Depending on the placement, the land sometimes dropped off gently, sometimes precipitously. Thanks to the cool temps and rain the previous afternoon the ground was mostly dry but soft and in a few places still squishy, my bare feet sinking into mud just once. I was moving slowly but continuously, pausing only when the trees opened enough to allow so much sunlight in that I might be seen. Fortunately the leaves, which had just started to turn gorgeous shades of red and yellow, had mostly yet to fall. To better keep my balance I was using my arms to reach out to trees and branches, and couldn't cover up. I stumbled a few times and had to throw out my arms to keep from falling into a tree or to the ground; covering my breasts and my vagina was a luxury I couldn't afford right now.  
  
I had gone perhaps a third of the way I needed to to reach the other end of the park, when I stumbled at the wrong place. My feet slipped out from under me right alongside a drop off. I gave a slight yelp and reached out to grab anything I could. One hand found a sapling tree and the other found an exposed tree root, the same one I tripped over. I was hanging half over the edge, with my feet and legs flailing about trying to find a purchase, while my breasts were pressed into the ground, my pussy right over the drop-off. My wriggling around meant it was getting rubbed a lot; the effect would have been noticeable if I hadn't been more concerned about falling.  
  
A moment later, or maybe it was just a few seconds, I heard a voice above me, "Here, take my hands." I was startled but somehow managed to hang on. Looking up I saw a guy standing over me. He was wearing a park shirt with a vest over it that featured a huge city logo. And he was cute as hell. Great.  
  
I took a deep breath, and let go of the sapling while grabbing for his hand in the same motion. He pulled me a few inches, sliding my vagina over a patch of tall grass and bringing my bare ass up and over the edge into his line of sight, and reached for my other hand. I let go of the root and grabbed for it but missed - in response he reached as far as he could, grabbing my arm above the wrist. He couldn't move backward with a tree behind him, so he steadied me as I wriggled forward and finally managed to throw one leg up over the edge and then the other, not caring about grace or modesty. As he pulled me to my feet, still holding my hand and other arm, it took me a moment to realize I was stark naked in front of the hottest guy I had ever seen, and couldn't cover up even if I wanted to, which at that moment I wasn't sure I wanted to. My nipples were almost painfully erect, my pussy had to have been dripping, and I know my breathing was ragged. I just didn't know whether all that was due to my situation or due to the guy two feet in front of me, moving his lips as if to ask me out. "What did you say?"  
  
"I asked if you were hurt at all."  
  
"Um, no, no I'm fine. How are you?" Stupid, stupid, stupid...  
  
"Are you here for the body wellness group?"  
  
"The...the what?"  
  
"Body wellness group - the Yoga group over there," pointing to the 20 or so people I was trying to avoid.  
  
"Um, yes, yes that's it." Whatever he wanted to hear.  
  
"Okay, though you should really stick to the path."  
  
"Definitely. I mean, I will."  
  
"Okay, I think they're just about to start, so you should probably head over."  
  
"Sure thing" Anything to show him I was reasonable.  
  
"And listen, I know they advertise they're for all body types and that people should wear whatever makes them comfortable, but next time you should probably have something on, at least for before and after the session."  
  
Oh my GOD! I realized I had just been standing there as if it was completely normal for me to talk to strangers while not wearing any clothes. I wanted to immediately cover up but forced myself not to, in case he wondered why; I didn't want him thinking he made me uncomfortable.  
  
He escorted me back to the path and waited as I headed toward the yoga group. Facing the sun as they had, most with closed eyes or at least sunglasses, they had missed my emergence from the ravine, but now the instructor had turned around to speak to the group and saw me approaching. I wasn't sure why I hadn't just run for it, but I think I was trying to show off for the park guy. I glanced back and my breath caught in my throat for a moment as I realized he had been watching my bare backside the entire time, not even moving from his spot until he saw I had reached the group.  
  
"Welcome to the Body and Mind group." Startled out of my fantasy thoughts I turned around and realized I had willingly walked up to this woman while I remained naked and uncovered. My hands started to move to my chest and my pussy but she reached out and gently grabbed my arms "Don't worry dear, no one here will judge. Our goal is to become comfortable with our bodies and who we are."  
  
Um, okay, I thought. My goal is to get the hell out of here and find some clothes. Then it hit me - if I stayed and got to know the group, maybe they could help me out with clothes or even a drive home! I could do this, I thought. I could do this.  
  
"Okay, where should I, er, be?"  
  
"She can join our group - we have an extra mat." I heard from behind me. "Perfect," said the instructor. "Thank you Sarah."  
  
I turned to see who had said that. Just as the voice registered in my mind, I locked eyes with someone I thought I recognized, a smile forming on her face. I vaguely remembered hearing the same name, right after an orgasm I had had while hiding under a table only a few feet away from two police officers. There had been a woman sitting at the table who, hidden from view, had used her foot to massage my vagina and bring me to a climax, all while she was talking with the cops.  
  
Sarah. Her name was Sarah.

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Part 3**  
  
F. M. L. Seriously? There was no way I was going to do yoga in front of this woman. Not that there was anything she hadn’t already become way too familiar with. As I was looking at her she said "don't be afraid, it's okay" and winked at me. I took a deep breath and decided if I was going to get home, I'd have to go through with this, plus maybe Sarah would figure she owed me.  
  
I sat down on the spare mat, closing my eyes and trying not to overthink how I was exposing my bare backside to a few people and would probably be exposing a lot more before long. An hour ago streaking seemed like I was pushing limits and now I'm about to purposefully expose every inch of my body in a slow and deliberate way. My mind was racing with all the emotions going through me. At this moment my nakedness almost felt empowering. With the park ranger it was arousing, and with the gas station attendant and the construction workers it felt humiliating. I wasn't certain what feeling would be next...  
  
Sarah introduced me to her two friends, Kerry and Abigail. Kerry was pleasant enough, and after a moment's hesitation and looking around, decided that if I could go naked, she could go topless. As she removed her sports bra she leaned over and confided that she wasn't generally an exhibitionist. She had a stepson who was always trying to see her naked but since he wasn't here she felt more comfortable pushing herself to do something so daring. On the other hand, Abigail didn't even say hello, but just looked at me with a gaze that suggested she didn’t care for me. Can’t figure out why - it’s not like I'm going to try and steal anything from her. Where would I put it?  
  
“Today we will be working on partner yoga, with each person reaching beyond their comfort zone, finding strength and support in their partner.”  
  
What? I mean, WHAT? I had done a few basic yoga poses with friends at college and knew I was pretty flexible, but wouldn’t partner yoga be for…partners?  
  
Turns out among this group it was accepted.  
  
Clearly I wasn’t going to partner with Abigail. Something in Sarah’s eye made me start to ask Kerry, only to have Sarah interrupt and offer to partner with me. Kerry, not picking up on anything, agreed. Abigail didn’t reply.  
  
The first couple poses were like stretching. "Double seated forward bend." Legs straight, bend forward at the waist as far as you can go. Face each other so the soles of our feet press together, grasping each other’s arms by the elbow. Normal stuff. Except one of us was completely bare-ass naked and now my breasts were hanging provocatively before Sarah’s eyes.  
  
I started to say something but the instructor admonished me not to talk during the pose, for the sake of my concentration and my partner’s (bite me) and that of everyone else since they could hear me.  
  
"Back to Back Chair." Stand back to back, link elbows, and slowly walk your feet forward, keeping your backs (and butts) pressed together until your legs are at 90 degree angles. Not mentioned; keep your chest out so that everyone around you can see your bare breasts rising and falling as you breath in rhythm. We did each pose for five minutes before moving on.  
  
"Infinity Yoga Pose."  
  
I had no idea what that was.  
  
Sarah explained it was like the double seated forward bend but with a literal twist. “One of us will be upside down and under the other.” What? “Don’t worry,” Sarah said, “I’ll be the one upside down, head on the ground looking skyward, butt in the air, legs angled back down past my head. You just do the basic pose, except you have to lift your feet while keeping your legs perfectly straight. I’ll be underneath you, our legs touching the whole way - the heels of your feet resting on my butt, my feet underneath your butt.” Fine, whatever, I’m sure I’ll figure it out.  
  
The easiest way to do this was for Sarah to get into place. I then sat down, placing my bare ass on her feet, though the only way to do so was with my legs spread apart like I was stradling her, a position I wanted to last as little as possible. I pulled my legs up on to hers as we grasped each other’s arms by the elbow. We inched closer as we moved our hands up each other’s arms as far as we could go, looking for all the world like the infinity symbol. Or maybe a clothed yin and pale naked yang.  
  
I closed my eyes and almost immediately felt movement under my butt. Oh f—k. Where Sarah’s feet were resting. With a death grip on my arms so I couldn’t break free, Sarah was using her feet to push my butt a little further away, which had the effect of moving her…Oh my God! No, she wouldn’t!!! My eyes snapped open and my breathing intensified, my heart pounding as I realized what she intended to do. With our legs trapped between our clasped arms I couldn’t see Sarah; I just whispered “Please, not now, not here!” She didn’t say anything and I just pictured that wicked grin on her face.  
  
My earlier arousal from the run-in with the park ranger hadn’t gone away and I was still very wet and very on edge. It didn’t take long for Sarah’s toes to once again find their mark, but this time there was no table, no tablecloth, no privacy at all. I was about to have an orgasm in full view of 18 other people who had no clue what was happening! I dug my nails into Sarah’s arms and bit the inside of my cheek to keep from making any sounds as for the second time in a few hours, Sarah methodically and ruthlessly used her toes to play with my vagina. I was once again trapped and helpless and there were all these people around and I was being pushed over the edge and oh, oh my God, oh my God, oh my GOD!!!  
  
This time Sarah didn’t let up when the first orgasm peaked. She kept her toes moving the entire time, finding new rhythms to catch me off guard and to keep me going. I just whimpered hoping she'd have mercy on my incredibly sensitive pussy but she wasn’t stopping and I was still trapped and I couldn't scream if I wanted to and somehow now both of her feet and OHH! Holy God!!! HOLY F—KING GOD!!!  
  
I don’t know whether she stopped after the second orgasm out of pity or because the time allotted for the pose had ended, but I found myself lying on my side, drenched in sweat in the chilly morning air, breathing ragged, heart racing faster than I ever thought possible. I kind of remember Sarah telling the instructor “She’ll be okay, she just cramped up - I don’t think she’s used to this degree of flexibility.” As good an excuse as any for why the naked girl just lay there and couldn’t have walked 3 steps, let alone do strenuous yoga at that moment. The feelings of empowerment I had earlier were shattered and gone, replaced by humiliation worse than last night…and intense arousal.

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Part 4**  
  
As I regained consciousness, or maybe just my senses, I realized that the yoga session was ending. To maintain the illusion that a severe cramp was to blame for my condition Sarah spent the last part of the session massaging and stretching out my leg. As I moved to sit up she just winked at me and I blushed furiously, the sort that went from my cheeks to my still naked breasts.  
  
Naked. I had been naked outside for six. straight. hours. And had three orgasms, each more intense than the last, and all outside. But it was hopefully about to end. As the yoga group broke up and headed out, I turned to Sarah and her friends and asked if there was any chance they could give me a ride back to my house?  
  
Kerry had to get somewhere and apologized she couldn't help. Sarah didn't say anything right away which let Abigail speak up and offer me a ride. It was the first thing she had spoken to me; I figured she was taking pity on me after my "injury" during the Infinity pose...  
  
I felt like I had to maintain the charade of showing up naked on purpose and so used the last of my energy to keep myself from covering up as we headed to her car. Abigail had her phone out and was texting as she walked quickly. She was taller than I was so I had to walk quickly to keep up. The confidence and defiance I had a couple hours ago when it was my brother and his friend had disappeared. I couldn't bring myself to walk next to Abigail and so followed a step behind her; with her earlier disapproving attitude I felt more like a kid in trouble than any other time since this misguided adventure started. Maybe it was the exhaustion, but my mind had been thinking more and more about all the emotional swings of the night (and now day) and how mentally I responded differently based on the situation, the people I encountered, their attitude toward me, and so on. Right now I wasn't so much humiliated as feeling disappointed in myself and I wasn't sure why.  
  
We got to her car, a little two-seat cherry red corvette, and she said "I have a towel in there..." Yes! "...that I would like you to put on the seat before you sit down." I should have known. "Thank you for giving me a ride" I responded.  
  
We got in the car and I tried not to slouch, but it was a sunny morning and I really didn't want anyone to see me as we drove so I slouched down as much as I could without being obvious, keeping my hands at my sides. As we pulled out of the lot she started talking.  
  
"You can stop now."  
  
"Excuse me?" I wasn't sure what she meant.  
  
"This, whatever it is. I know you weren't there for Yoga. You can stop pretending now, I know what you've been up to."  
  
There were butterflies in my stomach now. I crossed my arms over my belly and nervously rubbed my right foot against my left leg...  
  
"My husband told me all about you."  
  
"Your husband?" I thought he must have been at the yard party...but why wouldn't she have been there with him?  
  
"This morning at breakfast he mentioned there had been a naked trespasser he was trying to locate." Oh, shit! that must mean...  
  
"He and a fellow officer spent more than an hour trying to find your tight little ass, talking with a couple kids who had seen you. At one point he caught a glimpse of you running away from the convenience store on the other side of town."  
  
I couldn't speak.  
  
"From his detailed description and the look in his eye as he talked, I knew he was enthralled with you...fixated on you. I knew it wouldn't be me he would be thinking about as he went to bed this morning."  
  
Oh, God...  
  
"And then on my way to the park, I stopped by my art studio..."  
  
I couldn't breathe.  
  
"...and noticed someone had been there, spilling paint all over the outside patio...It was you, wasn't it?" I was frozen and didn't answer. "No need to admit it - I could see the faint remains of paint on your ass when you joined us."  
  
Oh, God! I thought I got it all off with the towel in Eric's car...  
  
"So what is this, some sort of game to you? Are you trying to get something from this? Do you enjoy acting recklessly and messing with people?"  
  
Oh, this was so bad...  
  
"No" I said, "It wasn't...I mean...I was just...I wanted to see..."  
  
"See what? See if you could get away with it?" I was petrified and couldn't think of anything to say. "Okay, don't answer. You think this is a game, that your actions don't have consequences? Fine. Get out." And she stopped the car.  
  
Wait, what? I looked around and didn't recognize immediately where we were.  
  
"Get out." She repeated.  
  
And then I saw where we were. In front of the elementary school.  
  
"No, you can't..." I started.  
  
"Yes, I can. And you're going to want to get out soon." Something in her tone...I just looked at her... "Two reasons...One, that bus pulling up is my son's 8th grade middle school class - they're visiting the elementary school to play sports and other games with the kindergarten students, which they'll do outside right over there." Oh my God... "And two, I texted one of my husband's buddies who's working the morning shift at the station that I had just seen their naked trespasser streaking past the elementary school. There should be a police car arriving any minute. Naked yoga might be accepted by some, but indecent exposure in front of kids?"  
  
I jumped out of her car and took off. Because of where she dropped me I had to run right past the school bus - to the right was the start of the ravine and to the left was the school itself where the kindergarten kids were already starting to come outside. I put one hand up to try to hide my eyes and that side of my face from however many 8th graders might be taking pictures with their phones. That didn't prevent me from hearing all the shouts and rude comments about my body as they exited out the bus door or crowded at the windows. These kids were several years younger than me yet they were just as crude as the construction workers earlier. I tried to cover my vagina with my other hand, but that was awkward and slowed me down so I gave up and ran as fast as I could. In a distant part of my mind I thought that in a different setting maybe I would have had fun teasing boys who were going through puberty - nothing physical, just showing off as most of them had probably never seen a naked woman's body before, at least not one that wasn't online.  
  
I reached the end of the school property and turned right, finally back on my side of the ravine. There were six blocks to go before I was home.

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Part 5**  
  
I was spent. Even though I was 19 and in college, the middle school kids reminded me of how much I hated middle school... They were leering at me, taunting me, and undoubtedly getting photos or videos of me. Somehow it was different when it was older people, which I could understand would make me feel less in control due to my age. Even my brother's friend, though he was three years younger, was taller than me and had been in high school at the same time as me last year...so it was kind of understandable.  
  
But the middle schoolers were different. I was the older one, the taller one, the more experienced one. And yet I had no authority, no control, no way to assert myself. One stark naked 19-year old doesn't stand a chance against a bus of mean and determined 13-14 year olds.  
  
Had I thought about it I probably couldn't have walked away under my own power let alone run away. As I said, I was spent. And I was numb. After everything my mind and naked body had been subjected to, I was moving on sheer adrenaline and instinct. 6 blocks meant 12 yards, and probably fences...  
  
I ran through the first two yards alongside the ravine with no fences and no incidents. Hopefully most people would be at work or school...  
  
I crossed the street and ran through the first yard of the next block before coming to my first fence. It was one of those "farm" fences with three boards, low, middle, high, between posts every several feet. Easy enough if a tight fit. I crawled between the middle and top boards when I heard someone shout behind me "Hey!" I was partway through like some perverted magic trick; my ass and my legs were sticking out at whomever yelled at me, while my head, arms, and torso were all on the other side, my breasts hanging down provocatively. I didn't care who it was, I just pulled myself through and kept running.  
  
The next block presented no problems. I was halfway. 3 blocks, 6 yards.  
  
On the fourth block I started to run up a driveway, only to see there was a massive privacy fence and locked gate blocking my way to the back yard. I ran sideways across the lawn to the next yard. No luck, I could see the fence had pointed triangle tops similar to our own.  
  
There was no cutting across a yard anymore as a giant hedge along the property line of the next yard forced me back to the sidewalk. I gave up and stayed on the sidewalk to the end of the street, figuring I would just lose time trying different yards. It was a decision that would have lasting consequences for two people.  
  
Reaching the end of the block, I turned right. Three blocks up and I'd be on my street again. The thought of this nightmare coming to an end actually started me crying; it was almost over.  
  
I made it another block, two streets shy of my own, when it happened. Up ahead I saw an elderly gentleman walking his dog. They were headed away from me and I figured I'd just run past them - I no longer cared if anyone saw my bare ass, so long as they didn't see the rest.  
  
He collapsed.  
  
Oh God, he collapsed right in front of me. And he didn't trip, I could see him stop walking, then he went to the ground, slowly at first but much more quickly at the end. And he wasn't moving.  
  
His dog, a beagle or something, was confused and first tugged on the leash and then went back to nuzzle the old man, as if the dog knew something was wrong. Without thinking, I slowed down as I approached, thoughts of my state of total undress cast aside momentarily. "Hey...hey sir, can you hear me? Are you okay?" I fervently wished that he'd stir, even yell that he was fine and wave me off so I could go home.  
  
Still no movement.  
  
I walked around him and crouched down to look at his face, dimly aware that if he suddenly opened his eyes he'd be staring right at my vagina. Shaking him on the shoulder did no good, and as I leaned in I could tell he was barely breathing. I looked at the rest of him; one hand was clutching his dog's leash, the other was stuck in the inside pocket of his jacket. Meyer he was reaching for his medicine when he collapsed. With trembling hands of my own I removed his hand from the pocket and reached in to find not medicine, but a cell phone!  
  
I quickly called 911..."What's the emergency?"  
  
"I'm at the corner of Renton and Fisher. Some guy I don't know just collapsed and isn't moving. Send an ambulance!"  
  
"Is there anything else you can tell us?" I explained how he seemed to know he was about to collapse right before it happened.  
  
"Can you give me your name?"

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Part 6**  
  
"Ma'am, are you there? Can you give me your name, please?"  
  
I saw no reason to, but no reason not to..."Ca-Caroline" I stammered, heart pounding as I knew what would soon happen. "Help is coming - can you stay with him until they get there? Ma'am?" "Y-Yes, I'll...stay." "Okay, there's a rescue squad 5 minutes away from your location. There's a police unit that might get there sooner." I nodded silently, tears welling up in my eyes. "Ma'am, did you hear me?" "Yes" "Okay, please stay on the line until they get there."  
  
I looked down at the man who, for all I could tell was dying before me and I wasn't sure if my tears were for him or me. I knew I could probably steal his jacket and run home - the ambulance was on the way and there was nothing more I could really do...but the thought of leaving someone in his condition, let alone taking something of his just for my needs seemed so selfish as to nearly sicken me. Even after all that had happened...  
  
The police arrived first and came upon the sight of a stark naked 19-year old with medium length brown hair siting on the ground with an elderly (clothed) male of unknown age who was in distress. The two officers, who had not been on duty the previous shift but had certainly heard of their fellow officers' search, took over the conversation with the 911 operator. One stayed with the man until the paramedics arrived.  
  
The other handcuffed me and walked me to the squad car.  
  
As soon I called 911 I expected this. Knew it would happen and couldn't change it, not without feeling enormous guilt over leaving someone helpless. After hours of running from the cops and trying to get home, i was caught two blocks away. I had trespassed through someone's yard, then trespassed again at Abigail's studio. I had only knocked over paint, but I was sure she'd press charges somehow.  
  
It was the indecent exposure charge that scared me, though. Running naked past all those middle schoolers not to mention the kindergarten kids. Abigail told me as much; it was more serious than simply trespassing. I had no idea if exposing myself at a school was enough to make me a sex offender - I didn't think so, but what did I know? Best not to find out I had hoped.  
  
Not long after, the ambulance arrived. The paramedics jumped out, saw the open police car door and, being human, missed a step upon seeing the completely naked girl, handcuffed in the back seat. By now the commotion started to draw those neighbors who were home, mostly senior citizens and stay-at-home parents. Half watching the paramedics, half watching me. The emotional feelings I had for the poor man outweighed the feelings I had left for myself.  
  
Eventually the ambulance drove off with the old man, leaving the cops, me, and a few remaining spectators who no longer had anything else capturing their attention.  
  
The second cop came over. Both stood outside the car, gazing down at me as I was still sitting there, handcuffs behind my back preventing me from covering up. If ever I had felt submissive, this was it.  
  
After another moment just looking at me, the older cop spoke. "Where do you live?" "...A couple, uh a couple blocks away." "You know how much trouble you're in, right?" I just nodded. The two cops looked at each other. "What's your actual address? We'll take you home."  
  
I didn't hear what they said and looked up with a question clearly on my mind. "You've apparently pissed off a few people. But we also spoke with a couple others who were pretty sure this wasn't all your fault. Is that the case?"  
  
It came out in a rush. The tears, the story, how I was tricked...mostly...as much as I hated my brother for what he did, I didn't want -him- to go to jail. I said I was on my way home when someone I knew offered me a ride and that it was that person who tricked me. I gave them Eric's first name but said I couldn't remember the last name, just that it was someone I recognized from school.  
  
At some point during the story one of them pulled out a blanket from the trunk and draped it over me, I think because they finally believed I hadn't done this for fun, or at least not after the first part.  
  
They drove me home, made sure I could get in, and left. I was inside, away from all eyes. My parents were at work, probably having assumed I was in bed asleep, and my a--hole brother was at school. You might think the first thing I did was put on clothes, but first I took a shower.  
  
And then got dressed. For the first time in...I looked at the clock...nearly 8 hours. Holy Hell.  
  
When my brother got home I told him that as long as he never told our parents I wouldn't kick his ass. When he heard how out of control things got he was incredibly apologetic, telling me he didn't think it would get that far, that I'd just run the mile to get home and get back before the sun came up. Our parents were introverts, didn't use social media, and might, just might not ever know. The disparate run-ins wouldn't all get linked, and from the cop who dropped me off, they said they'd clear things up without my name going on the record.  
  
I slept the rest of the day.

**Not How I Planned The Morning - Epilogue**  
  
I was back on campus by the end of the weekend. Over the next few weeks my mind gradually made the transition from worrying and anticipating an urgent phone call from home or a text from a friend, to relief that apparently nothing happened, to even beginning to wonder if I could bring myself to tell my classmates about what I had been through, maybe at the next Truth or Dare party. Maybe with time I could even see the humor or beauty of what I experienced. Or get up the nerve to ask out one of the people I met that night...if I could decide which one of the two...  
  
The emotional rollercoaster had been unreal - intense embarrassment, arousal, fear, humiliation, excitement, betrayal, numbness...not to mention how raw my emotions were at the end...as much because of who I was with as what I was going through. My brother, in an obvious effort to stay on my good side, let me know that the old man had survived an apparent heart attack and that people were saying I had probably saved him (or at least that some random naked chick had probably saved him). That feeling alone made up for so much of the crap I had been through and lifted my spirits to no end. Given the chance, the mind can be wonderfully resilient.  
  
Ultimately my brother kept his promise never to tell my parents, the various videos never posted to social media, and any photographs must not have shown my face after all. Plus, the people I ran into at the yard party and the yoga session must not have told the story, or at least not used my name. I couldn't know that the story of the man who had collapsed and was helped by a naked Good Samaritan had made the gossip rounds faster than did my naked adventure. My escapades had been turned upside down; instead of a naked girl causing problems, those who knew thought there was a naked do-gooder out there, waiting for when she'd be needed again. That sounded less likely and was often dismissed as kids trying to create a naked urban legend, however, and actually helped muddy reality, further preventing the spread of what actually happened that night.  
  
Now, a few weeks later, I'm headed home for Election Day tomorrow, and yeah, I'm nervous - it's like returning to the scene of the crime. I'll only be home for 24 hours, just long enough to see family and a couple friends who are still seniors in high school, so I'm sure all will be fine. One of my friends told me her younger sister entered some photographs she took in a local community college art exhibition on "What is Freedom" and wants me to see it while I'm in town. I was looking forward to seeing my friends this time!  
  
~not fin~