**Not How She Planned Her Trip**

by Nature Lover  
  
**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 1**  
  
Her name was Victoria, but she preferred her middle name, Abby. She was an 18 year old high school senior and trying to decide which college to attend. She had been offered a decent scholarship at the University of Denver, and while she didn’t think she’d go all that way for four years, she had never been to Colorado and was excited to visit. Plus, her parents were willing to pay for her quick trip out there and back.  
  
Abby was flying out a day before the visit to give herself some time to get used to the altitude. She wasn’t flying out during the usual “visit season” and didn’t know anyone else who was going to the airport that day, so she started thinking about how she could have fun at the airport, without going overboard.  
  
A few months earlier, she had been with her friend Caroline for what had to have been the most humiliating day anyone had ever experienced. Caroline, a 19-year old freshman in college was visiting her hometown to vote on Election Day; she, Abby, and another girl had finished voting and continued through the community college building where the polling place was located to visit an art exhibit about “What is Freedom.” That’s where Caroline discovered that a naked-adventure gone wrong some weeks earlier had been captured in every way imaginable - still photos, videos, poetry, audio recording, sketches, security cams…all of Caroline. It nearly broke her friend, and Abby felt guilty that she had played a small part; her younger sister had been one of the artists, having taken photographs of Caroline while she ran by their house, completely naked late one night. Abby had helped her 15-year old sister develop and enlarge the photos that were part of the exhibit, and had known what Caroline would be stepping into that day, but never said anything. Since then her guilt had been mixed with her own fascination with what Caroline had experienced, and Abby wondered if she could ever go through something like that herself. She was too shy around her family, her younger sister being the more adventurous. Since she was now 18 years old and on her way to college next year, Abby wanted to push herself to try new things.  
  
The direct flight to Denver seemed the perfect opportunity for a little but not too much risk. She checked a suitcase that had most of what she needed, and only took a small purse on the plane that held her phone, headphones, and a few personal items. Her phone had one of those cases that could hold a few wallet items, in which she had her license, $50 cash, and a VISA gift card worth $100, with no room for anything else. It would only be after her bag was with TSA that she would remember her parents’ emergency credit card was in the suitcase. Her mom had given it to her when she was packing and she put it in her makeup bag. She didn’t want to risk forgetting it and had intended to move it to her purse later.  
  
It was while Abby was picking out her wardrobe for the travel day that she figured out what she could do. She would be in public the whole time and wasn't looking to flash anyone, but just knowing it was possible… She wore very light shoes that were little more than ballet slippers - soles with a thin liner on the top half, and a half step bigger than she normally wore so it would be easier to take them off at airport security. She wore a medium-length pareo that ended just above her knees, a sort of strapless cover-up/wrap-around dress that tied at the front, under which she wore bikini briefs and a strapless bra. Full body scanners were now common at airports, the kind where you raise your arms. One time she wore it the dress got too loose and she had to retie it. She didn't expect anything to happen, but as an added precaution the strapless bra and friction kept the dress from moving around. Plus, this would give her an extra layer in case the scanner was too...revealing...  
  
When she left for the airport that morning Abby was 100% focused on getting to Denver, a sentiment which changed soon enough. She went through security with no problems and apparently arrived early enough to get bored. Abby didn't fly a lot and quickly learned that sitting and waiting wasn't much fun. As she didn’t care to read books on her phone screen she got a book from one of those “Read and Return” stores that lets a person buy a book and return it within 2 weeks. The full book price was $30 which she could pay in cash, or if she used her debit gift card the store employee explained to Abby they'd only charge half the cost now ($15) but that a "hold" would be placed on the balance ($15) and fully charged to her card in two weeks if she didn’t return the book on time. She didn’t understand, but didn’t want to give up $30 in cash and so used the card.  
  
On her way to the gate she went into a bathroom and started to think about going commando. Knowing she had nothing on under her dress, but with no one else knowing, might just be the level of daring Abby was comfortable with. She took her underwear off, and instead of keeping it, threw it in the trash and walked on, excited about being so “exposed”. She found a sandwich place that she liked and bought lunch, wondering if the guy working the counter could tell she wasn't wearing underwear. Abby was surprised at how expensive it was; a $5 lunch elsewhere was $10 here. Again, she used her card to save her cash.  
  
Simply removing her underwear hadn’t felt as daring as she had hoped, so after lunch she decided to see how far she could push things; she retreated to a different bathroom, got rid of the strapless bra, and once again threw it away, this time in a trash can inside the restroom’s entryway. She was now wearing three items of clothing, and two were the shoes on her feet. She passed an airport maintenance worker as Abby walked back to the mirrors, wondering if maybe -this- person could tell she was going commando. As she looked in the mirror, Abby first thought that the fabric of the dress was thick enough to prevent people from seeing through it, but she noticed it was thin enough that her now-erect nipples were poking through and making it obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Maybe it was her imagination, but she started to think she could see the outline of her breasts and even the darker shade of her areolas! Clearly she found her limit because this was just too much. Abby immediately turned red and went to get her bra from the trash can...the trash can that wasn't there anymore... Trash cans don't just walk away, but they do if the maintenance worker Abby had passed was pushing a trash cart from bathroom to bathroom! Abby quickly walked out of the bathroom, frantically trying to figure out which way the worker had gone, when lights started flashing and an announcement broke through all the flight updates from gate to gate.  
  
"Please move quickly and calmly to the main concourse. This is an emergency situation; please move quickly and calmly…"  
  
She certainly wasn’t expecting a security scare. All thoughts of Abby getting her bra back were dashed as now everyone was concerned with getting back to the main concourse. She was glad that they managed it without anyone truly panicking. She was less glad that people kept pushing forward. With her purse over her shoulder and holding her book with one hand, she had to keep the other hand on her dress as she could feel it coming loose. It didn't fall off and all was well at first, except people behind her kept stepping on her heels - finally one shoe came off, and not long after the other. Shit! With the press of people there was no way she could stop to look for them - Abby was now barefoot in the airport with nothing she could do about it.  
  
No one was sure what the emergency was, but it must have ended quickly. Not long after Abby and those around her had passed the "re-entry not permitted" threshold, the situation apparently ended. Several turned around to go back, but they were blocked and told they'd have to go back through security.  
  
Except this time Abby wasn't wearing shoes...or underwear...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 2**  
  
Abby made her way back to the security line. The first time she waited until she was closer to the checkpoint before she removed her shoes. This time she was barefoot the whole way, and would be all the way to Denver if she couldn't find shoes soon. Even though it looked normal, like she had simply taken off her shoes early, anyone paying attention could see Abby wasn't carrying anything large enough to put them in, just a book and a small purse. Even though it was only her bare feet, she felt incredibly exposed as the only person not wearing shoes this far back in line. She kept hopping from one foot to the other, trying to keep them warm on the cold tile of the airport, and couldn't help but get a little cold, with shivers running up the length of her body. Abby also rubbed her arms a little to stay warm.  
  
With every extra motion, from the shivers to hopping to rubbing her arms, it was enough to make Abby's braless breasts bounce just a little, just enough, that each time her breasts moved they shook her wrap-around dress the tiniest bit. Each action by itself would have done nothing, but this was multiple and repeated actions over a period of 20 minutes as Abby made her way through to the security checkpoint.  
  
As she collected her ID from the agent checking her line, Abby moved over to the conveyor belt to put her book and purse in a bin (no need to remove shoes). She stepped forward to the scanner, taking half a step too far and was motioned to wait her turn. As she stepped back she bumped into the person behind her, who wasn't paying attention either. The jostling motion undid the last vestige of the knot on Abby’s dress, the two ties merely draped over each other and held up by friction alone. It never even occurred to Abby to check her dress as she had done repeatedly throughout the morning; ever since the security scare she was fixated on her bare feet and completely forgot only a thin sheet of fabric separated her bare everything else from the eyes of all around her.  
  
Abby stepped forward and raised her arms, stretching just enough that the ties separated. Before she knew it, the dress had pooled on the ground and she was standing there stark naked.  
  
What most people don't know is that on the older model scanners, there is a slight gap between the floor and the mechanism that spins around you. Too small to notice if you're not looking for it, not too small for a wayward dress to get caught. Not totally and thankfully not destroyed, just enough that she couldn't immediately pull it back up.  
  
No… no, no, no, no, no - this couldn’t be happening to her! Abby first bent at the knees to hide her bare pussy and quickly wrapped one arm around her chest while reaching for her dress with the other hand. No luck. She shifted to get a different grip and in the process, straightened her knees and bent at the waist. Fine in open space, but suddenly her bare ass pressed against the curved and very cold glass wall. Abby had managed not to shriek when she realized her dress had fallen off, but the instant she felt something on her bare bottom she -screamed- and immediately drew everyone's attention to the naked girl!  
  
No matter what she tried Abby couldn't get her dress out as she was afraid she'd rip it if she pulled too much. A TSA agent finally took pity on her and offered to help, though that meant stepping out of the scanner which at least felt like it gave her some measure of privacy, what with all the equipment in and around it. Stepping out of it, however, she was now completely naked in the middle of the airport! Abby was 100% bare from top to bottom, not even wearing jewelry so that she wouldn’t risk having to remove it to get through security. Tears started to form in her eyes; she was mortified and pleaded with the nearest TSA agent to give her something to cover up with, but the agent merely directed her to sit on the nearest bench, which was at the end of the conveyor belt where everyone typically sat to put their shoes back on. On the verge of hyperventilating, Abby sat down with her legs tightly crossed and her arms folded over her chest, cupping her breasts to keep them from view, leaning forward so that her hair fell over her eyes, which of course had the unintended effect of revealing more of her bare ass to all who were moving around her. This was NOT what she had expected when she planned things.  
  
What Abby didn’t know, what she couldn’t prevent, was that each person who had just gone through security was doing what all people do in a connection-obsessed society; taking out their phones to see if they had missed anything critical in the 5 minutes they couldn’t access the internet. A couple taps of a thumb or finger and 20 cell phones were suddenly getting pictures and videos of the naked girl sitting just this side of the security checkpoint. All flights had been delayed due to the security threat, so no one was in a rush to get to their gate.  
  
Finally Abby had someone come over to her and say “Miss? We have your dress.” With shaking hands she reached up to take it and quickly wrapped it around her, holding it closed with her hand, not trusting her shaking fingers to tie a knot. Another TSA agent had figured out which bin was hers and handed Abby her book and her purse. When the agent mentioned he didn’t see any shoes left behind, Abby shook her head and mumbled her first words since her ordeal began: “Came off when we evacuated. Couldn’t find…” her voice trailed off. She shook her head as if coming to her senses, looked at the helpful agents and said thank-you as she stood up, then immediately started walking away quickly before jogging and then running, bare feet smacking on the tile floor, drawing more attention to herself as she flew past others walking at a more leisurely pace.  
  
Abby didn't realize that in her haste to wrap her dress around herself, it had been bundled in such a way that part of the dress was folded under the rest; her bare backside was on display to everyone at the checkpoint and everyone she passed as she ran down the concourse…

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 3**  
  
After leaving security Abby ran to get away from those who had just seen her. Maybe if she ran far enough she’d be able to sit down among people who hadn’t known what had happened. Finding a metal bench in an alcove off the main corridor, Abby sat down, facing back toward security, only to jump up again when her bare ass made contact with the cold metal. Her eyes went wide at the realization that she must have been mooning everyone since she left security, however long ago that was; a couple minutes at least. Jumping up also caused her to release her grip on the dress which unwrapped and dropped again. This time Abby caught it before it hit the ground completely, but with only one hand to grab it (the other was still clutching the book and her purse) she could only hold the fabric in front of her while she turned around to face the bench and put down the other items, her bare backside momentarily facing anyone walking up from security.  
  
With the left side of her body facing the corridor, she leaned forward just as a family of 5 was passing the alcove, the dress falling away from her body except where she was holding it above her breasts. The family included a cute father, an angry mother, a tired baby, a confused little girl…and a 15-year old boy with a wicked grin on his face. Shit! It was one of her sister’s classmates! The boy didn’t say anything, just slowed down to watch as Abby fumbled with the dress, flashing both her pussy and her breasts before she managed to get it wrapped back around herself. She quickly sat down again, head buried in her hands and heart beating out of her barely covered chest.  
  
After a few moments Abby regained some of her composure. She stood and looked around to see where the nearest newsstand was, the kind that sells items for tourists. Though she couldn't find a store that sold shoes or underwear or really any other clothes (it was a smaller airport and there weren’t a lot of shopping options) it -was- easy to find a t-shirt, just that at $30 it was more than she was hoping to spend. Remembering it would be a long flight, she also bought a snack for the plane, a bottle of water, and a canvas shoulder bag to hold everything along with her book and small purse; total spent; $55 (including the shirt) which meant it had to go on the gift card. After visiting the restroom to put the t-shirt on and re-wrap her dress to make it a skirt that came down to her ankles (with the knot to the side), she walked to her gate.  
  
Upon getting there she went up to a gate agent and quietly explained what happened with her shoes and would it be okay if she was barefoot on the plane? Normally it wouldn't be permitted, but the agent took pity on her situation and allowed it. Abby sat down and started reading her book, one bare foot hooked behind the other. Although she thought that anyone and everyone around her recognized her from the security incident, she rationalized that most hadn't seen her face well enough. It didn't occur to her that several people looking at their phones were looking at the pictures they took to confirm this was indeed the girl they had seen.  
  
After awhile Abby's flight started to board and she lined up. She handed over her boarding pass to the same gate agent who agreed to let her board barefoot; the agent glanced down at Abby's toes and smiled at her, making Abby blush. She boarded and found her aisle seat in the front half of the plane, apparently before either of the other two people on her side of the row. Putting the canvas bag up above, she took her seat and buckled in, though it wasn't long before she stood up to let one and then the other in. Each time she sat down she fumbled with the buckle, and each time the knot on her dress/skirt came a little loose, situated against the buckle as it was. The third time she finally got to sit down for good, not knowing she had caught part of the knot/tie with the seat belt buckle.  
  
The old guy (he had to be at least 30) sitting next to Abby kept turning and trying to talk with her. She wasn't inclined to speak to strange men who might just be hitting on her (she wasn't arrogant but she knew she was attractive and looked older than she was) and so politely but firmly let him know she wasn't interested in chatting and asked that he not disturb her.  
  
About an hour into the flight Abby noticed the beverage cart was almost to her row. She tried to fit her book in the seat back pocket but it was too thick. Hurriedly she unbuckled and stood up to put her book in the canvas bag overhead. As she sat down again she lowered the tray over her lap, all while watching the flight attendant to make sure she wouldn't get in the way.  
  
Distracted as she had been, Abby didn't notice that she had finished what she inadvertently started, untying the knot to her skirt when she unbuckled. She stood up in the aisle wearing only her t-shirt, the bottom hem of which was at her belly button as she reached into the overhead bin. From above her waist down her shapely legs to her bare feet, Abby was now completely naked and exposed to anyone on the plane who happened to be paying attention. Those closest to her could all see either her shaved pussy or her curvy ass; the woman across the aisle from her could have merely leaned over a few inches and literally kissed her ass...but decided to enjoy the view instead. That Abby took an extra-long time to get the latch open gave a few quick-thinking passengers enough time to get their phones out.  
  
As she sat down Abby fumbled with the tray lock, still watching the flight attendants moving their cart her way. She sat down, feeling the familiar texture of her skirt press on her butt, never realizing the two had momentarily parted ways. With the tray over her lap, she didn't notice she was merely sitting -on- her skirt instead of -in- it. The man next to her, whom Abby told not to disturb her, said nothing and smiled as he carried out her request.  
  
Not long after the beverage cart had passed, Abby realized how exhausted she was from the events of the day and closed her eyes so she could nap for the last two hours of the flight. The flight attendant returned and collected her drink. After the attendant walked away, Abby was still just awake enough to groggily lift her tray table back into place and feel for the lock by touch, all while keeping her eyes closed, all while undisturbed by the people next to her.  
  
For nearly two hours she slept, exposed for all to see from the waist down.  
  
For nearly two hours a constant stream of people, men and women both, traveled to the forward lavatory, each slowing down at a certain row, each surreptitiously getting a photo or quick vid of the sleeping bottomless girl. Among them were the 15-year old classmate of her sister, and the kid's father, both of whom were lost in thought after sitting down, not knowing they were each fantasizing about the same young woman.  
  
One of the women to happily notice Abby's state of undress was an 18-year old high school senior from Colorado who had been visiting her grandparents and was returning home. They would become friends on this trip soon enough, but for now Rachel just stared as she walked past, feeling both amused and aroused.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 4**  
  
The woman across the aisle from Abby assumed she was bottomless on a dare - why else would someone be naked on a plane? To help her out, each time the flight attendant started to get close, the woman would get her attention and so distract her from ever checking the other side of the row, thus ensuring that Abby wouldn't get caught.  
  
Abby awoke as the plane started to descend. As travelers often do she looked out first one window and then out the window on the other side of the plane. It was only after a moment that she caught a glance of her pale legs and not the darker fabric of her dress/skirt she expected to see. OMG! How long had she been exposed?? Had someone done this to her?? She quickly pulled the skirt over her lap before the flight attendant came around to check everyone's seats and tray tables, and then looked accusingly at the man next to her. "I'm sorry, but you made it very clear you didn't want to be disturbed" he said with a cruel smile.  
  
Tears started to form as the woman across the aisle leaned over and asked "So what's the dare?" Startled that someone else was talking to her, Abby simply stammered "Wh-what?" "Going half-naked - it was for a dare, right?" Oh my God - she thought this was on purpose?!? "How...how long w-was I...?" "Since just before the drink cart." Oh my God!!! "So...-was- this a dare?" The other woman started to think maybe Abby didn't intend to be seen, but then thought of the pictures and video she had taken of the naked girl and how much she was going to enjoy "reliving" the flight once she got home...she felt a little bad for Abby...but she didn't feel guilty.  
  
Abby didn't answer as the plane landed and taxied to the gate. She -did- make sure she had retied the skirt before she stood up to get her bag. More tears formed as every person she looked at either looked away quickly or stared at her with a grin. They -had- seen her! Had -everyone- seen her??? As she reached up her t-shirt lifted enough for those around her to see her skirt was sitting a little lower on her hips than before, showing a hint of the pale behind that they had previously seen in full; apparently Abby hadn't retied the skirt that well. She turned and as she walked to the exit, she stepped on the hem of her dress-turned skirt and stumbled, finally falling forward as her other foot also caught on the skirt, pulling it down and sending Abby to the floor on her hands and knees, giving the people immediately behind her a perfect view of her perfect bare ass. She tried to stand but couldn't, her feet getting tangled in the skirt. Mortified she finally realized the only option was to crawl out of the skirt entirely; once again she was completely bottomless on the plane and still barefoot, though this time she was fully aware of every excruciating moment.  
  
Abby quickly moved into a seat, skirt on her lap, face in her hands as she let everyone walk past. Finally, after she no longer heard footsteps going past, she looked behind her. When she didn't see anyone left, she quickly stood in the aisle to retie her skirt once more. She looked up, only to realize the pilot was standing there staring at her shaved pussy since she had yet to pull the skirt all the way around. Mortified and blushing red again, she quickly tied the knot high up to make sure she wouldn't trip, and then rushed past him to exit the plane.  
  
As she exited the jetway, she saw a small group of people from her flight were waiting; they applauded when she appeared then walked away laughing, turning her red once more. There was also a redhead about her age who immediately intercepted her.  
  
"Don't worry about them, they're idiots. I'm Rachel."  
  
Abby just looked at her with a look suggesting she wasn't about to trust the girl, but Rachel persisted.  
  
"Hey, I saw what happened - that had to have been really embarrassing. Honestly I feel guilty that I didn't say anything...I think I was so shocked, plus I didn't know if you were one of those exhibitionists who wanted to be seen..." That was enough to shock Abby out of the stupor of the past 15 minutes.  
  
"WHAT? No, no...I'm not...that's not what..."  
  
"It's okay - I'm sorry, I didn't mean to suggest anything" Rachel said quickly. She was nervous approaching Abby like this and didn't want to do anything to upset her. "So...are you from around here or are you just visiting?"  
  
"I'm, I'm just visiting. University of Denver. I mean, I'm here visiting the University of Denver."  
  
"That's so cool - my parents work there! Are you going to be a student there?"  
  
"Um, I don't know...maybe...I'm sorry, but I have to go get my luggage..."  
  
"No problem - I’ll show you where you need to go. Come on, this place is massive.”  
  
As Abby walked with Rachel to baggage claim she started to calm down once it became clear the other girl was genuinely trying to help her out. As they engaged in small talk, she learned Rachel had been in Abby's hometown visiting her grandparents while her parents were away for a conference. They continued to chat about common interests, and after everything that had happened Abby hoped she could simply move on and enjoy the rest of her trip. Right up to the moment when Rachel, not watching where she was going, tripped and fell to the floor, instinctively throwing her arms out - and inadvertently grabbing hold of Abby's skirt on the way down.  
  
Abby's first thought was to help Rachel, oblivious to her own nakedness in the airport mall as hundreds of people walked nearby, but then she saw her skirt on the ground under Rachel. She gave an involuntary whimper as it took everything in her power not to scream which would only draw attention to herself.  
  
The 5-year old walking past didn't mind, however, and said clearly for all to hear, "Daddy, she's naked - you can see her butt!" Rachel, meanwhile, had wound up on top of Abby's skirt when she fell, which prevented Abby from covering up. Abby, bent at the waist first trying to get her skirt and then trying to get Rachel off her skirt, couldn't believe she was naked (or close enough) in a second airport!  
  
Rachel, finally realizing what happened, stood up and handed Abby's skirt back to her, shielding her as best she could while Abby got her skirt back on. Mortified, they ran the rest of the way to baggage claim, one girl wearing shoes, one girl barefoot. All Abby could think about was getting to her suitcase and to her clothes inside.  
  
All Rachel could think of was how aroused the accident made her feel. She didn't mean to trip or to strip Abby in front of the whole airport, but once it happened, she was surprised at how much the experience turned her on...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 5**  
  
Upon reaching baggage claim, everyone else from the flight had already left, which Abby was thankful for, but neither was her luggage there. They found an Airline agent who tracked it down and said it would be on the red-eye flight and wouldn't get here until the next morning. Abby was distraught; not only didn't she have all her stuff for tomorrow's college visit, her emergency credit card was in there! On the verge of tears again, Rachel spoke up.  
  
"It's okay - you said the hotel is already paid for, right? All we need to do is get you there and get you dinner. Your luggage will arrive early in the morning and they'll have it delivered right to the hotel. Plenty of time to get ready. My parents are still at their conference so I'd be home alone anyway - I'm happy to hang out with you if you like."  
  
Abby looked at Rachel, grateful to have someone willing to help her. After giving the airline agent the hotel address where she was staying - "Cool area - definitely more to do around there than where I live!" exclaimed Rachel - the two girls headed out. Abby was hoping to visit a store and purchase clothing with the money she had left, but without her credit card she was concerned about spending any more money than she absolutely had too. Plus, according to Rachel there were no clothes stores in the main terminal, they were all in the passenger-only concourses. Abby didn’t bother looking at an airport map to see if that was true, she just followed the other girl to the light rail train platform, walking barefoot the entire way.  
  
"It's $9 one-way” Rachel explained. “You take any seat you want; the conductor will walk the train regularly to see all tickets and stamp any new ones. No ticket means you get kicked off. It's about 45 minutes to Union Station which is walking distance from your hotel."  
  
Abby, noting the ticket machines were card-only, swiped her gift card, thinking she'd purchase both tickets as a thank you to Rachel, with the $20 left on the gift card.  
  
The first time the card was declined she simply tried again...the second time she got worried...after the third time she pulled up the card balance online on her phone...$55 for canvas bag, shirt, snack, water...$10 for lunch...$15 for the book...and another $15 for the book?? What was a "hold" anyway??? After asking her new friend, she learned that a hold didn't exactly take her money, but neither could she access the funds right now...she had only $5 accessible on her card, not enough for the train ticket…and she knew from when she planned out her trip that a cab this far out would be more than the $50 cash she had…  
  
"Don't worry, I've got it - you can pay me back." said Rachel, purchasing two tickets and putting both in her purse as an idea dawned on her. She nervously suggested they walk all the way up to the next-to-last (actually next-to-first) car where there would be fewer people.  
  
The day of the week and the time of day meant the train wasn't crowded; they found they had the train car all to themselves. Abby expressed her thanks again and asked if she should hold on to her own ticket for when the conductor came by. Rachel simply said “Yes.”  
  
“After you take your clothes off."  
  
Abby's eyes grew wide and she started to feel betrayed by her new friend when Rachel spoke quickly; she was almost as nervous as Abby was. "Look, this is nothing - you were bottomless for most of that plane flight, you just flashed an entire airport, and unless I'm completely wrong, those weren't the only times today when you've been naked or half-naked, right?" Breathing heavily, Abby just looked out the window as if recalling something and blushed even more. "Okay, so here it's just me, no one else. Don't worry, I promise I'll give you your clothes back before we get to Union Station." She held her breath, wondering if Abby would go along with it...  
  
Abby's head swam. Unlike every previous exposure today, to do this would mean she was getting naked on purpose. She was so stunned she didn't catch that Rachel had only promised to give her the clothes back before reaching their destination...there was nothing promised about getting her clothes back before the conductor showed up.  
  
She couldn't believe what Rachel was asking her to do, though in a small part of her mind she realized that this was exactly what she was wondering about months earlier when her friend Caroline was naked and exposed in the most intimate ways possible. Though Caroline had been in front of her hometown, her friends, former classmates, and even her parents. At the time Abby wondered if she'd ever have a similar experience and if so could she handle it? After everything that had happened so far today it was a definite "yes" to the first part of that question, and a "not well" to the second.  
  
Right now Abby found herself in a city where she knew no one, and unlike an entire town witnessing her humiliation, right now Rachel was asking her to be naked in front of her and her only. While she wouldn't be nearly as on display as Caroline, somehow the intimacy of it being just one person made her even more nervous.  
  
With trembling hands and her breathing again on the verge of hyperventilating, Abby took her t-shirt off, revealing her bare breasts to Rachel for the first time. Her heart was beating fast enough she was sure Rachel could see it, especially since the red-haired girl was staring at her chest which made her blush even more. Abby stood up, glanced around the train car one last time, and fumbled with the knot on her dress-turned-skirt. As she removed it and handed it over, Rachel had put the t-shirt in her own bag, though she held Abby's wrap-around dress in her hands, spreading it out to see just how large it was - large enough to cover either one like a small blanket. She was sure Abby could see her own heart beating wildly; Rachel wasn't sure this girl would go along with her idea, but Abby didn't even argue, she just crossed her legs as tightly as she could with one bare foot dangling above the floor. One hand was pressed firmly in her lap while her other arm was clasped to her chest. She jumped and looked around at every little noise, and there were a lot of noises on a train.  
  
"Okay, that's long enough, can I have my clothes back now?" Abby said a moment later, glancing nervously at the doors at either end, wondering when the conductor might be by.  
  
"No" Rachel said, with a wicked look in her eye.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 6**  
  
“No,” Rachel said, “not for awhile, I think. We don't have indecency laws preventing a woman from going topless. You can't be bottomless, but that's for both men and women. So right now only your ass and your pussy are breaking the law" she giggled. Abby just turned red and remained covered up, but interestingly moved her other hand so that she now had both hands in her lap as she re-crossed her legs the other direction, leaving her breasts and her very hard nipples completely exposed.  
  
A moment later the train pulled into the first station; the conductor had yet to appear but suddenly Abby saw people go by on the platform as the train slowed to a stop. Oh my God - were people about to enter their train car?? "Quick, give me my clothes!" "I'll give you the skirt, but you can't actually put it on, only drape it over you like a sheet. Deal?" The doors on the side of the train car were opening. Shit! "Okay, deal, DEAL!" Abby nearly squealed as she desperately wanted to cover up, reaching for the skirt, hoping she could cover herself before anyone caught her like this.  
  
She managed to get the dress-turned-skirt-turned-sheet draped over her before two people entered and sat down a few rows away. No one else came into their car before it left the platform. As Abby looked behind her to check for the conductor, Rachel whipped off the sheet, leaving Abby completely naked again. "Rachel, no!!" she squeaked "Oh my God, give that back!" as she quickly crossed her legs and threw her arms back over what little of her body she could cover. "Nope, you're fine" said Rachel, smiling and getting more aroused. This was the first time she had (purposefully) stripped her new friend herself, and it made her own body tingle.  
  
"Look, no one can see you, and even if they could they'd just think you were wearing a strapless dress." As Abby sat there horrified that the other two people would find some reason to stand and walk this way, Rachel stood up with the skirt in hand and put it up above their seats! Now it would take longer for Rachel to get it down, Abby thought, plus it would be more obvious when she did.  
  
Just then the door at the far end of the train car opened and the conductor walked in. Abby looked at Rachel with wide eyes, silently pleading with her to stand up and retrieve the garment, but Rachel just smiled and shook her head.  
  
Abby would have to get it herself.  
  
With the conductor heading her way, she would have to time it...as soon as he stopped next to the other two people on the train and was focused on them, Abby stood up, grabbed the garment, and sat down, quickly wrapping the garment around her as she did so. Rachel looked at her with mock disappointment that Abby hadn't decided to stay naked, but then with Abby looking at the approaching conductor Rachel noticed something else...Abby's dress was shorter than it should have been. Rachel stood up, found what she was looking for, and sat back down.  
  
The two girls showed their tickets to the conductor, one appearing extremely nervous until the other spoke up, letting him know it was the other girl's first time in Denver and first time traveling by herself. The conductor smiled, glanced down as he stamped their tickets, and nearly dropped them before giving them a bigger smile and moving on. Abby let out a breath; she had decided she'd be staying dressed the rest of the way, no more giving up her clothes. "Abby, you might want to adjust your dress." When Abby looked down she could see it had ridden up on her hips as she sat down; it was obvious to the conductor that she wasn't wearing underwear! She stood up to smooth the dress down, but it only got as far as the top of her pussy; oh God, in back most of her ass remained exposed as well. What the hell???  
  
"I think this is what you're looking for?" Rachel asked, holding the rest of Abby's dress in her hand...  
  
Abby quickly sat down again as the train made another stop and two more people got on their car, this time at the other end, leaving Abby and Rachel between both pairs of travelers.  
  
"On my God - Rachel, what did you do??" Abby whispered angrily as she quickly sat back down before the newcomers took their seats a couple rows away.  
  
"It must have snagged on something above and ripped when you pulled it down. I didn't mean for that to happen, honestly. Look, I’ll reimburse you for the dress. For now, though, I think you have a permanent skirt - that will never be a dress again. "Oh, God, you're right - quick, give me my t-shirt!" "Not just yet, all in good time" Rachel reassured her, grinning again.  
  
"For now, I think your best option is to pretend you're sleeping - you can curl up on your seats and the rest of the dress, once unwrapped, should be able to just cover you. Also that way no one will see you unless they walk right past you."  
  
Abby was worried, but couldn't think of a better option. After quickly looking around she laid down with her head by the window and her bare feet by the aisle. The skirt did indeed just cover her, but not by much, and not without shifting every so often. The constant sound and vibration of the train was greater by the window and wall of the train car, and had the unintended effect of relaxing Abby. She had used up so much energy already today and was thankful to get a few minutes of rest. As her stress eased up and as the train gently rocked her, she started thinking about the college visit the next day, and imagined herself riding a scooter across campus, the gentle rhythm and sounds of the motor echoing across...  
  
Rachel whispered Abby's name to make sure Abby was truly asleep and then smiled that wicked smile of hers…

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 7**  
  
Although Rachel had a plan, it wasn't necessary as the laws of physics took care of everything. A moment later the train approached the third stop; as it came to a halt, Abby's body rocked a little. Not much, not enough to wake her, but just enough to shake her dress so that it fell gently to the ground. As the people now entering the train were about to realize, Abby was now completely naked and asleep, curled up with her back pressed against the seats and her breasts peeking out by her arms as she slept in the fetal position, feet toward the aisle. Hey pussy was hidden from the front, but not from behind for anyone brave enough to bend down and look closely as they walked past and stared at her shapely pale ass.  
  
Rachel decided the only way she could get away with letting Abby sleep naked would be to pretend she was also asleep (though fully clothed - she was sure she could never do what Abby was doing). With her sunglasses on and her head titled to the side, she could watch people's reactions. For the next three stations and 20 minutes, she watched as people would enter the train car, stop and often stumble when they saw Abby, and then try to get a seat as close as possible, which became difficult rather quickly. More than one also took the opportunity to get a photo, something Rachel had done herself as soon as Abby's covering was on the floor.  
  
As the train left the next-to-last station, their car was almost full. Rachel "woke up" and pretended to be embarrassed for her friend for the sake of the other passengers watching, and quickly covered her. She tapped and shook Abby's shoulder. As often happens Abby wasn't sure of her surroundings when she woke up. She sat up which caused the dress to fall off her again, this time at least landing in her lap, but now she was topless in the train, her breasts hanging down as she leaned forward to clear her head. She suddenly recalled where she was and grabbed her skirt to cover herself; only then did she realize how many people were in the car. Her mouth dropped open and all she could manage was a whimper as she looked around with eyes wide. Rachel gave Abby an innocent look and said they were almost to Union Station.  
  
Abby was nearly frantic. She was surrounded by people with only a thin layer of cloth draped over her to keep others from seeing her body - had they? Had she been exposed while she slept? Rachel didn't say anything, but Abby couldn't be sure. Even now she didn't realize the cloth was draped in such a way that from the side she was clearly naked, as the cloth only covered her from the front.  
  
She asked Rachel in a whisper if they'd have only a few seconds to exit the train, though Rachel reassured her that because this was the last stop, the train would sit idle for probably 10-15 minutes; enough time to let everyone else exit. Abby breathed a little easier at that, figuring she'd put the t-shirt on first and then redo the skirt; she should be fine once the train emptied out, once Rachel gave her back the t-shirt.  
  
If Rachel gave her back the t-shirt...would Rachel give it back? Oh, crap, what if she didn't? Abby was down to just the cash in her purse and only had part of a wrap-around dress that had ripped, making it a wrap-around skirt. Rachel wouldn't abandon her at the train station...would she?  
  
Rachel had no intention of abandoning Abby...but she also had no intention of giving her the t-shirt yet. When everyone else had exited, Rachel turned to Abby and said "Okay, so here's the deal. It's not illegal for a woman to be topless in Denver..." Abby gasped and her eyes got even wider. "There aren't too many people on the platform right now. If you have your skirt securely on this time" Abby blushed "then you can walk off this train and I doubt anyone would pay much attention."  
  
Abby was certain that wasn't true, but she was shocked that a small part of her got annoyed at the thought of people not noticing her if she was nearly naked. For all that had happened Abby was firmly -not- an exhibitionist. Exhibitionists were people who enjoyed being naked in front of others. They were confident, not a nervous wreck like she was. And yet...  
  
The thought of being -allowed- to be topless started to excite her. Not a lot, just enough that she hesitated before answering, which was all Rachel needed to hear to know Abby would eventually agree. With a hitch in her voice, she whispered "Okay." "What?" Rachel asked? "Okay," Abby said slightly louder, "but only here - not all the way to the hotel."  
  
"We'll talk as we go" Rachel assured her quickly, not actually agreeing and knowing somehow that Abby would indeed walk the whole way without her shirt if Rachel pressed for it...  
  
Abby stood, flashing Rachel as she shook out the skirt and re-wrapped it with a solid knot. She got her canvas bag with her purse and book...and that was it. She shivered at the thought that she was about to step outside wearing a thin-cloth skirt...no shoes, no shirt, not even sunglasses or jewelry...and no excuses like someone bumped into her, or something ripped, or pretending she didn't notice.  
  
She walked to the train door and stepped down and outside. Immediately she second-guessed her decision as she saw that "not many people" still meant dozens. How many of them as they looked down at their cell phones would look up to see the topless and barefoot girl walking past? How many might have already noticed and be using their cell phones to take pictures of her? Oh, God, would the pictures find her later? Would people be using pictures of her body to...oh God...  
  
Abby was breathing heavily as her imagination got the best of her. Her bare feet were moving without her deciding where to go; she was only vaguely aware that Rachel had come up alongside her, putting an arm around her waist to help guide her in the right direction. Aside from times she was asleep, Abby had not been this exposed, this degree of naked in public for more than several seconds at one time, maybe half-a-minute while trying to cover up. This was different and infinitely more terrifying, knowing the only covering she could access was around her waist...she could be covered above or below, but not both...she could unwrap the skirt to hold in front and expose her backside to all...there was no way to cover all of her without putting her hands and arms over her breasts, which would simply call attention to herself...there was no way to win...except...her bag! She could at least hold it in front of her. Obvious from behind that she was topless, but at least her breasts and nipples would be covered.  
  
Abby started to shift her bag around from her side to in front of her when Rachel leaned over and whispered to her "I know what you're doing, Abby - if you use your bag to cover yourself then you lose the skirt...or didn't you realize where my hand was?" Abby froze when she finally felt Rachel's hand resting on the knot of her skirt...one pull and she could expose Abby right here for all to see, and then what? Run ahead forcing Abby to streak through town? Bare feet slapping the pavement as her breasts bounced and her pussy...her pussy started to get wet at the thought! No, Abby said, I am -not- an exhibitionist!!! Though the voice in her head didn't sound quite as convincing as it had a few minutes ago...  
  
Abby kept the bag to her side. Somehow she knew that Rachel wasn't going to give her back the t-shirt until they reached the hotel, 8 blocks away from the station. 8 blocks, an infinite distance in Abby's mind.  
  
As they walked, Abby thought she'd get used to being topless, at least a little bit, but just the opposite happened; her senses heightened and she felt herself breathing heavier, heart pounding faster, she was aware of everything about the experience, the most minute details. The sounds, including whistles and comments; lights from cars, buildings, and of course camera phones; the feel of the pavement under her bare feet, the breeze tickling her rock hard nipples...everything...including her own body's betrayal. She wasn't sure if she'd make it to the hotel before...well, before...  
  
Rachel could sense a change come over Abby. Not only did they walk right past more than one clothing store without a comment let alone attempt to go in, but she could feel Abby's skin getting warmer and noticed that Abby was actively trying not to touch herself. Every now and then she looked at Abby not with a wicked grin, but an encouraging smile. The rest of the time she looked ahead...or at Abby's breasts next to her, Abby's shoulder length hair coming nowhere close to covering her up...  
  
Finally, as they walked through a park only two blocks from the hotel, Abby, knowing what would happen, moved her bag to cover her chest, and waited for Rachel to react...she didn't notice Rachel's wicked grin.  
  
Rachel, true to her word and suspecting Abby had done this purposefully, deftly untied Abby's skirt with one hand, though she held both loose ties in her fingers, drawing out the final moment. Abby, knowing it would happen any time but not knowing exactly when, was right on the agonizing edge, breathing rapid, body sweating in the cool mountain air...finally, right as they passed a series of concrete art sculptures that would provide at least a little shelter from the street and sidewalk traffic, Rachel leaned over and whispered to Abby, "the hotel is two blocks up on this side of the street. I'll meet you in the lobby."  
  
And with that Rachel grabbed the skirt and ran, leaving Abby completely naked on the streets of Denver with only her canvas shoulder bag as cover.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 8**  
  
If Abby had thought about it, she would have been surprised and dismayed that Rachel left her. Abby expected to be stripped; she didn't expect to be abandoned, even if only temporarily.  
  
If Abby had thought about it, she would have walked behind the concrete sculptures before covering up and triggering Rachel's response.  
  
If Abby had thought about it, she could have asked Rachel where she could purchase clothes...or shoes.  
  
Right now Abby couldn't think of any of that, or really much of anything. As soon as Rachel stripped off her one remaining garment and ran away, Abby was powerless to stop the intense orgasm that followed. She tried to go behind the cement sculpture but couldn't do more than take a step or two in that direction, with her bare ass facing the street, before she was overcome. Two blocks from her hotel, stark naked in a city she didn't know, with hundreds of people, -thousands- of people all around her...Abby's knees buckled and her hand went right to her pussy to first cover it, and then massage it furiously as her body shuddered; she tried to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from screaming out, but she couldn't prevent the groans and gasps that escaped. From the park in front of her to the surrounding office buildings to the traffic behind her, people watched. At first she was sure they were all watching, and then her body took over and she wasn't sure of anything except her own climax.  
  
Once the waves passed Abby was frozen on the sidewalk with one hand over her chest and the other covering her vagina until a taxi honked behind her. Oh God! What had she done?!? She ran around the sculpture that hid her from traffic, but did nothing to shield her from the office windows of the building behind her, or of the gathering crowd watching her - and taking pictures! She was mortified, thinking that she'd wind up plastered all over some website or the news. That was enough to get her to start running toward the hotel. She didn't even attempt to cover herself, worried it would slow her down.  
  
What did slow her down and stop her was the red light and rush hour traffic; she was standing naked on a street corner with nowhere to go until her light turned green. Cars honked and drivers shouted compliments and a few insults. Abby just buried her head in her hands, knowing people would see her body but at that moment anonymity overrode modesty.  
  
The light and the traffic sounds changed, which let Abby know to run again. She made it to the hotel, ran past the doorman hailing a cab for someone, ran in the lobby, and stopped suddenly as people started to notice her. She looked around frantically, covering her body as best she could; she couldn't cover her eyes if she was going to find....Rachel! She was off to the left; Abby ran her way, stopping when she realized Rachel hadn't even called for the elevator yet! "I was waiting for you," Rachel explained innocently as she pressed the button. The elevator finally arrived and Abby darted in...or tried to. She wasn't paying attention and ran right into a group of people exiting. Abby stumbled back, tripped, and landed on her ass; her arms flew to the sides and backward to help steady her, while her legs wound up spread apart, feet on the floor and knees in the air, for all the world looking like she was on a doctor's office exam table, her still wet vagina on display to...oh God, a group of teenagers about her age! "Cool - can we order one from room service?" "Hey Tara, why don't you ever -" "F--k off, Jones." "Can we get a picture with you?"  
  
Abby couldn't stand fast enough so she curled into a ball with her knees still up, arms around her legs which were crossed at the ankles. At Rachel's urging, "Hey, idiots, out of the way" the teenagers moved off laughing and chatting. Abby scrambled forward, still not taking the time to stand but crawling into the elevator on her hands and knees before Rachel helped her to her feet.  
  
The babbling started once the doors closed and she sputtered about what happened, how she couldn't help it, all the people around her, and they probably had cameras, and the traffic light...  
  
Rachel just held her hand and let her talk. She almost felt bad about what she was about to do, but she decided to press on.  
  
"You'll be fine soon enough. Abby you're in room 623. I asked them for two keys; I'm happy to stay with you if you like. My parents are out of town another couple days." "I'd like that," Abby said, sniffling and forgetting for a moment she was completely naked in a hotel elevator. "Cool," said Rachel, and then she winced "There's only one problem..." The elevator stopped and the girls walked to the room, Rachel taking Abby's shoulder bag along with her own. "I've hidden the other key in an ice machine room," she said, opening and then blocking the door to room 623. "You'll need to find it to get back in, or you can just go back to the front desk as you are and ask for a nude, I mean new key card." Abby's jaw dropped and she just stared as Rachel gave her a hint of a wicked grin, "By the way, the card is -not- in the ice machine room on -this- floor." And Rachel closed the door.  
  
Locking Abby out of her room with absolutely nothing, not even her canvas bag.  
  
Abby just stood there, stunned, less at what Rachel had just done, more because she knew she let it happen. -Was- she an exhibitionist? Did she really like this? She didn't think so, but her willingness to let Rachel take her skirt and then her public orgasm suggested otherwise...  
  
The elevator dinged, causing Abby to jump and cover herself. She ran to the end of the hall, knowing if the person(s) who exited the elevator turned the right direction, she'd be showing them her bare ass, which was still enough to embarrass her and make her blush. She figured after everything today if she could still be embarrassed that much then she couldn't be an exhibitionist...right?  
  
When she hit the stairs she ran up, trying to stay as far away from the lobby as she could. 8 floors total, so she'd start at the top.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 9**  
  
Abby ran up the steps, bare feet echoing loudly with each step she passed. She got to the top and was about to reach out when she stopped...how would she know if there were people in the hall? If she opened the door just to peek would she be drawing attention to where she is? There was no good way to enter a hallway completely naked...  
  
A door opening a few floors below her forced her to move. Unless it was another naked runner, whomever was in the stairwell was probably heading downstairs...she hoped. But she didn't want to risk it and so stepped out, luckily into an empty hallway,  
  
As Abby was breathing a sigh of relief, a door not 20 feet away opened, and laughter drifted into the corridor.  
  
Abby froze, tired of running, worried she'd just run into someone else on another floor, not even knowing if she could run one more time. Unless the people inside were ridiculously healthy maybe they'd turn the other way and walk to the elevator and not the stairs...maybe just this once the fates would take pity on her as she was on the edge of exhaustion, both physically and mentally.  
  
The voices emerged, and while Abby stood there frozen, as one they turned away from her and toward the elevator.  
  
Not even daring to breathe a sigh of relief this time lest she jinx things again, she let them get ahead and then followed at a discreet distance, not wanting to stay on this floor longer than necessary. Shortly after the group passed the ice machine room, Abby ducked in, out of their view should they turn around. Less a room than an alcove with no door, it didn't take long for her to realize the room key wasn't there; nothing on top of the machine and nothing in the ice dispensing area.  
  
She started to walk out when she realized she never checked the floor. The way the machine was situated Abby had to get down on her hands and knees to look around. She didn't have her phone and so couldn't see all the way under; resigning herself to lying on a dirty floor, she lowered her chest to the ground, only to discover the hard way that someone careless had recently been in here, as suddenly Abby's breasts were resting in freezing-cold water from half melted ice cubes, sending shivers all down her body and causing her to jump. She moved her body to the side; as she did so, she didn't realize that her bare feet were sticking out into the hallway.  
  
She also didn't realize one of the women in the group she had seen was about to walk back toward her.  
  
"Shit, you guys, I forgot my sunglasses - I'll meet you downstairs" said Molly. She stepped back from the elevator, walked into the main hallway and turned right, only to find someone's bare feet poking out from some room. Walking as fast and as quiet as possible, Molly soon realized it wasn't just this girl's feet that were naked and so took out her camera phone and started recording.  
  
After several seconds of watching some unknown naked girl unintentionally wiggling her butt while trying to reach for something under the ice machine, the wiggling stopped and the girl started to stand up.  
  
"Lose something?"  
  
Abby screamed as she slipped in the melted water and landed back on the floor in a heap. As she got up successfully this time, the woman said "Make you a deal - you don't run away just yet, I don't post this on YouTube" and continued recording. Fighting away a tear Abby stood up and asked "How do I know you'll keep your word?" Molly thought for a moment..."You don't. But since you haven't tried to cover yourself, you either think you can trust me not to post it or you don't care if I post it. Am I right?"  
  
Abby was about to deny it, when she realized the woman was at least partly right; she certainly didn't trust the woman, but it was true that Abby hadn't bothered to cover up. She was startled enough by the realization that although her first instinct after being reminded of her state of undress was to cover up, but she stopped herself...did she -like- being naked in front of other people? She was still incredibly embarrassed, as her flushed skin proved, but running and screaming clearly weren't helping her...  
  
"What do you want?"  
  
"What were you looking for?"  
  
Abby hesitated, but knew the truth was the only thing that would make sense..."My room key. Someone hid it and locked me out of my room."  
  
"Oh wow - could it be anywhere in the entire hotel?"  
  
"No, it's in one of the ice machine rooms...I hope."  
  
"Damn, that's intense" Molly was saying as her phone rang. "Hey, I'll be right down - I'm talking with this girl who was locked out of her room naked...Yes, I'm serious, look" and she turned her phone around with the video chat on.  
  
Abby's eyes got big and this time she -did- cover herself. She had no idea who was on the other end of the call...though she didn't know this woman, either, she reflected...  
  
Molly spoke quietly into the phone again to say something Abby couldn't hear before hanging up, no longer recording. She turned to Abby..."Let me help you find your room key. It'll go faster plus I can watch for other people."  
  
Abby didn't think she could trust this woman "I don't even know your name..."  
  
"I'm Molly..." she waiting...  
  
Abby sighed and told her her name, still thinking this wouldn't go well, but she couldn't really prevent this woman from walking where Abby was walking...  
  
"Fine, I just want this to be over." Abby was at her end emotionally, but instead of breaking, she was surprised that she felt resigned to whatever happened. Tired, not terrified any longer...  
  
The two women, one clothed and one naked, made their way to floor 7 with no incident, but also no room key. Molly insisted they take the elevator at that point, explaining it would be faster as it's a lot closer to the ice machine room on each floor, even though they ran the risk of bumping into someone.  
  
As they rode to floor 5 in silence, Abby wondered if Rachel had really hid the key or if she had kept it, which would force Abby to go to the front desk...she was still guessing which it would be when the elevator opened...before she could cover herself there was a bright flash followed by a woman's voice. "Shit, you were right, Molly. Well, let's find this girl's room key."  
  
Abby just looked at Molly who just shrugged "the more the merrier, right?"  
  
Nothing on 5, but when they got to 4 another friend of Molly's was there waiting. "Hi! Damn but she's cute, Molly. I'm surprised you didn't want to keep her to yourself." Abby blushed at that and started to get nervous again - what were they planning?  
  
There was no key card on 4, and to no one's surprise, no key card on 3 or 2 either, though there were more of Molly's friends.  
  
As Abby came to accept the reality of her situation and that she'd have to go to the front desk, something odd happened...by the time the elevator doors opened on the 1st floor, Molly and her friends had formed a very close ring around Abby, preventing most people from seeing the naked girl as they walked through the lobby. They could probably guess if they saw Abby's bare feet or looked long enough to catch a glimpse as the group moved not quite as one, but Abby was effectively more covered than she had been since the train ride.  
  
The group shuffled to the front desk, attracting quite a bit of attention as they went. "We need a room key for Miss Abby in room 1016, please" Molly stated with authority, standing in the front of the group.  
  
"Ah, right - we, ah, were told she'd be along to get it. Does she have ID?" Molly just moved to the side for a moment..."Does it look like she has ID?" and stepped back into place. "Er, right. Okay, here you go" as the flustered desk clerk handed over a key card.  
  
Molly turned around while staying in the protective ring. She handed Abby the key card and smiled "This has been fun, but we have plans for the evening - unless you want to join us, just as you are?" Abby shook her head and even managed a hint of a grin. "Ah well, too bad. Check out the elevators - Sherri is calling one now so you won't have to wait long. We won't go with you - like I said, I think you like this more than you let on. And I promise not to upload that video to YouTube." Molly gave the naked girl another friendly smile. "We're not cruel, just having a little fun."  
  
With that, Molly gave a nod. Everyone in the protective ring suddenly moved away from Abby, exposing the naked girl to everyone in the lobby. A woman who had been behind Abby gave her a light slap on the ass, while another suddenly shouted at the top of her lungs...  
  
"WOO-HOO, STREAKER!"  
  
As if on instinct Abby ran for the elevator, once more to the sound of cheers, whistles, and comments about her body. But this time, Abby didn't attempt to cover herself. This time she just ran, even saying "thank you!" to the woman who had called the elevator. Abby darted in as the doors were closing and hit the button for the sixth floor.  
  
And smiled.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 10**  
  
Abby woke up a little after dawn when her phone rang; it was the front desk letting her know her luggage had been delivered and they would send it up in 15 minutes. They were probably waiting that long to let her make herself decent; they had no idea that her t-shirt was the only thing she had to wear; the hotel didn't provide bathrobes.  
  
As she looked over she saw that Rachel was still asleep and still only wearing her underwear. Abby, who had finally had time to stop and think when she went to bed about everything she experienced the day before, had come to a decision before she drifted off. Now it was time to see if she could go through with it.  
  
She woke up Rachel to let her know that someone would be up soon to deliver her luggage. Rachel moved to put her clothes on but Abby put her hand on Rachel's arm, "Wait." Rachel stopped and looked at her with a question on her face.  
  
"Rachel, yesterday you wanted me to trust you and I did. You embarrassed me over and over, and while I guess on some level I let you, it wasn't fair to me. So here's the deal." Abby took a deep breath and continued. "I'd like you to answer the door when they knock. If you want to get dressed before you do, that's fine, but then after I have my luggage I'd like you to leave. For good." Rachel couldn't believe what she was hearing, and knew right then that she'd gone too far yesterday. "Or," Abby continued, "or you can take your underwear off right now and open the door completely naked, without covering yourself up, in which case you can stay."  
  
Rachel's heart was beating as fast as it ever had. All day yesterday she had been increasingly excited watching her new friend be embarrassed and humiliated in front of more and more people. She wondered what it would be like, with strangers staring at her naked body, taking pictures and making comments, but never thought she'd experience it herself. Then after she locked Abby out of the room with nothing on and nothing to cover herself with, Rachel immediately retrieved a toy from her own luggage and dove into bed; it was the fastest orgasm she ever had.  
  
Now she was being forced to...forced to? Abby was giving her a choice, not forcing her. If she did this, she'd be letting Abby know she was willing to go at least this far to keep the other girl's friendship. A shared experience...considering everything Abby did...let Rachel do...  
  
Rachel didn't say anything, but got out of bed and just stood there trembling, one bare foot rubbing against the back of her other leg, not even bothering to cover her breasts as Abby just looked at her, waiting...she answered by slowly hooking her thumbs in her underwear and removing them, standing fully naked in front of Abby for the first time, just as there was a knock at the door, causing Rachel to jump.  
  
Abby still didn't say anything but just continued looking at Rachel expectantly...  
  
Hands balled into fists at her sides, as if to force herself not to cover her breasts or her pussy, Rachel walked to the door, looked through the spy hole, and jumped again as the person on the other side knocked and said "it's the front desk with your luggage."  
  
Closing her eyes, she opened the door, opening them only to find herself staring at the cutest guy she had ever seen. Her already erect nipples somehow got even harder as she realized he was gazing at every inch of her body. He had heard from his buddy working the previous shift that there was a naked girl in this room, but the woman standing naked in front of him was definitely not who his friend had described; for one thing, this woman was completely shaved down below. He imagined the other woman was beautiful; this woman was stunning.  
  
"Vagina the bag please?  
  
The kid shook his head "I'm sorry, what was that?"  
  
"Can I have the bag please?" she repeated...  
  
"Oh, sure."  
  
As all this was happening, Abby grabbed her purse and pulled out a $5 bill. She waited until Rachel was closing the door before jumping up "Quick, don't let him get too far - call down the hall to him." "What???" "To tip him - hurry before he goes back downstairs!"  
  
"Excuse me!" Rachel whispered loudly as she leaned out the door. It was enough in the empty corridor; a few rooms away the bellman stopped. "Here, this is for you" Rachel said, holding out the top, glancing up and down the hallway.  
  
As the bellhop got closer Abby nudged Rachel and said "don't make him come all the way back, reach out and hand it over." Rachel took a step into the corridor to hand him the tip, hoping no one else was awake this early. He just smiled and nodded before walking away.  
  
Right as Abby pushed Rachel the rest of the way into the hall.  
  
As Rachel stumbled forward, Abby blocked the doorway and held her hand up. "I said you could stay, I didn't say there wouldn't be conditions. Last night after you fell asleep I went outside and hid a key card in one of the bushes that goes around the building. You need to find it if you want to come back in. And don't bother going to the front desk, I showed them my ID and told them not to give a key card for this room to anyone but me. I pointed out they gave both of us a card yesterday without either of us having ID in my name, and threatened to sue if they did it again. They won't help you. I'd hurry, the sun should be coming up soon."  
  
And with that Abby closed and locked the room door behind her, leaving -Rachel- naked in the hotel hallway.  
  
On the inside of the door, Abby grinned.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 11**  
  
On the outside of the door, Rachel was panicking. Until now she had been having fun, coming up with new ways to embarrass her new friend, Abby. She wasn't trying to be cruel, but she realized too late that she had been selfish, driving Abby to do more and more that excited Rachel, without concerning herself with what it was doing to Abby.  
  
Abby, dressed only in a short t-shirt herself, had pushed a completely naked Rachel into the hotel hallway a moment before, telling her she'd have to find the room's key card if she wanted back in, a key card hidden outside somewhere in the bushes around the hotel. Already the nipples on Rachel's sizeable breasts had hardened beyond belief - just placing her own hands over them sent a shiver through her body that went all the way to her painted toenails. While Abby was adorably cute, Rachel knew herself to be stunning. She wasn't a bitch about it, she didn't think, but she knew she turned heads of both boys and their dads when she went swimming at the pool.  
  
Right now she was praying for just the opposite, wanting -no- one to see her. She couldn't decide which way to go, when suddenly the sound of a door opening near the stairs made up her mind and she ran the other direction for the 6th floor elevator lobby, hoping one would arrive before anyone from the floor could join her.  
  
As soon as she heard the ding of an approaching elevator car Rachel moved to stand in front of them, bare backside to the hallway, as she bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, hugging herself and willing the doors to open faster.  
  
Had she been watching the changing floor number above the elevator, she would have known it was coming from a floor above hers, not the first floor lobby. Had she not been listening to the pounding of her heart, she would have heard the soft footsteps that had stopped a few feet behind her.  
  
Instead, as the elevator doors opened to reveal two early morning joggers, Rachel screamed, threw her hands over her face and turned around as if to hide from the couple in the elevator, but unintentionally displaying her bare ass to them, while showing her bare breasts and neatly trimmed pussy to the businesswoman who had been standing a few feet behind her, now in front of her.  
  
"Excuse me..."  
  
"No!!!" Rachel screamed again and turned back around, unsure who to hide from; she dropped her hands from her face to desperately try covering herself, but she couldn't hide everything at once, finally settling on covering as much of her front as she could while leaving her butt exposed as she backed away into the corner.  
  
"Are you...coming?" the businesswoman asked with a smirk, glancing down at where Rachel's right hand was. Rachel couldn't speak, just shook her head and looked down as the woman shrugged and stepped into the elevator.  
  
As soon as the first elevator left, Rachel quickly pressed the call button again, not wanting to move further than was necessary. When the elevator arrived, she glanced in quickly, looked again to be sure, and stepped into the empty elevator, looking at the side panel as she figured out where the elevator buttons were. She didn't notice the mirrored wall at the back of the elevator.  
  
She barely had time to think when the doors and then her eyes opened wide. Two men, two very cute men, stepped in, or tried to; the first one stopped when he saw Rachel in the corner (and her rear end reflected in the mirror) causing the other one to bump into him. Neither asked questions, they just said "Good Morning" and tried their best to keep their eyes forward, standing to the side and slightly in front of Rachel.  
  
On the fourth floor two more very surprised people got in the car, one of whom went to the other back corner and wasn't shy about looking over at Rachel, causing her to turn away slightly, unintentionally giving him a better view of her bare behind.  
  
By the time they got to the third floor and a mother and toddler son entered, Rachel was mortified at being naked in such a small space with so many people. It didn't help when the boy said loudly "Mama, why is that girl naked? You can see her bare bottom! Where are her clothes?" Rachel just buried her face in her hands and turned into the corner even more, fully aware she was showing everyone her bare behind, but forgetting that those at the back could see nearly everything else in the mirror.  
  
Mercifully no one from the second floor joined them, but that just meant the elevator reached the first floor lobby that much faster, which is when Rachel realized her mistake; the stairs would have led right to a quiet side entrance of the hotel where she would have had a chance at not being seen.  
  
The elevator emptied out to the front lobby where she had every chance of being seen, and by several people on their way to business meetings, early airline flights, or whatever else drove people to be early risers.  
  
Rachel wasn't sure she wanted to get out of the relative security of the elevator, but as the doors started to close she ran out...or tried to. The doors nearly closed on her and started to open again, but only after a horribly loud buzzing sound kicked in, alerting everyone in the lobby; as one they looked over to see the curvy 18-year old in her birthday suit step out and freeze when she saw how many people were watching her. She couldn't decide whether to go through the lobby to the front entrance, or past the breakfast room to the side entrance; the result was that -everyone- got extra time to admire the naked girl whose hands weren't quite up to the task of keeping her covered.  
  
The pregnant pause was broken by cheers and applause and whistles, accompanied by the flashes of camera phones, several of which captured Rachel from behind as she ran past the breakfast room on her way out the side door.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 12**  
  
Rachel flung open the hotel's side door and ran out into a light rain. As the wind and water hit her bare skin, her nipples became even harder in the cold. When the door closed it dawned on her that the only way she was getting back in was to find a key card hidden somewhere in the bushes, somewhere around the building. Rachel was worried at first that she'd never be able to find it in the pre-dawn darkness, but then she remembered the time and realized it wouldn't be dark for long. Once the sun rose she'd have an easier time finding the card...while anyone nearby would easily spot a naked girl crouching in the rain...and mud as she felt it squish between her bare toes.  
  
She wrapped her arms around herself to try and get rid of some of the goosebumps she could feel everywhere on her skin. Humiliated at the thought of everyone who had already seen her naked and terrified that more people soon would, Rachel forced herself to think about where Abby might have hidden the card...the card she had to find since Abby had told the front desk not to give her a new key card or let her in without one. She had no phone to call anyone and no wallet with which to buy clothes, a cab ride, or anything else. She had never in her life felt (or been) as exposed, and in a small part of her mind she was worried that the rain might not be responsible for all of her being wet.  
  
Naked and slightly shivering, Rachel started with the bushes closest to the side entrance, finding nothing. Small, no more than 3 feet tall and spaced out every several feet with open ground between them, at least the bushes didn't provide a lot of coverage for a card to be placed, but with almost no light she had to get on her hands and knees on the muddy ground and feel around. She couldn't do anything about her breasts hanging down or her butt sticking up, except hope that no one caught her like this. No one chased after her when she ran out, but she was uncomfortably close to the street and the early morning traffic.  
  
While she was worried that Abby had hidden the key card near the hotel's front entrance, the 18-year old couldn't bring herself to go that direction and so started searching the other way, moving behind the building where the parking lot was. She didn't want to miss the card and so crawled along, looking at the ground and feeling around every little bush as she went, her hands and feet and lower legs getting muddy, the light rain not quite able to keep up with rinsing her off.  
  
She was halfway along the back of the building when two things happened. Less than ten feet away the hotel's back door, a door Rachel hadn't known was there, opened as two guys walked out to their cars in the parking lot, causing Rachel to freeze between bushes, hoping the bush between her and the door would be enough to hide her. At the same time a woman already in the lot started her car, turning on the headlights.  
  
Headlights perfectly aimed at Rachel.  
  
The driver looked up as she turned her car on, and was startled to see a naked girl crawling on the ground, actually a naked girl frozen in a crawling pose, her left side facing the car as if caught in a theatre spotlight, casting a perfect shadow of her body on the side of the building. From only 15 feet away everything was visible, from the girl's muddy feet to her erect nipples. Down on all fours and with eyes as big as dinner plates, the naked girl was the epitome of a deer caught in headlights.  
  
The tableau was broken when one of the men who had exited the hotel, suddenly noticed the shapely 18-year old and called out to her "Are you okay?"  
  
Instead of answering all Rachel could do was quickly try to sit back on her feet and knees, using her hands to cover herself, but the slippery ground caused her to lose her balance and fall backwards. Her butt landed in the mud between her feet while her knees stayed forward, spread apart. With her arms splayed out to the sides to catch herself, she realized too late the view she was giving the two businessmen and scrambled to put her knees together and wrap her arms around herself. When the businessman asked again if she was alright and started to walk over, she waved him back "I, I'm fine...I just, I lost my keycard - could you...could you let me in the back door?" She wasn't sure how she'd convince Abby to let her in the room again, but she'd worry about that after getting back inside.  
  
Both men looked apologetic "Sorry, lady - we just checked out - no key card. And I wouldn't ask her" he said, looking over to the driver, "she doesn't look like she's in a mood to be helpful."  
  
At that moment the car started to pull back and turned to drive away, but not before the woman driving had rolled down her window and yelled out "I don't know what you're doing, but I've called the police and told them there's a naked woman trying to break into the hotel!" At least Rachel wasn't on display now that the headlights were off her, but now she was more worried than ever before.  
  
The two men walked to their car, though not before taking a last look over at Rachel, trying to remember every detail of her body while they each could.  
  
Mortified that more people had seen her, and once again thinking about what Abby must have gone through, Rachel had just enough presence of mind to get up and keep searching after they left. She thought about just going to the front, but she'd have to go just as far either direction and so decided to keep going - maybe she'd get lucky and-  
  
There! On the other side of the back door, on the ground right next to the back door was one of those key card mini-folders, with room number "623" written on the inside, and a key card! Rachel was so excited she didn't bother covering herself as she went over to the card reader to the right of the door and held the key card to it.  
  
There was no indication that it worked or didn't, so when Rachel tried the door and nothing happened she assumed the card wasn't positioned correctly. She tried again with no result, and after the third try she started to panic again, only to see there was a sign above the reader: "No entry between 8pm and 8am - please use front entrance." She didn't see the sign to the left of the door...  
  
With tears forming in her eyes, Rachel stood there not sure what to do, the rain washing over her body and rinsing off the rest of the mud from her backside and legs. She didn't even notice Abby walking up to her until she felt a tap on her shoulder.  
  
Fully dressed (though still barefoot) for the first time since she was in her own airport almost 24 hours earlier, Abby had to grab Rachel by the arm to keep her from slipping and falling as the wet naked girl spun around, "Easy, Rachel, it's just me." "How...how did you..." "How did I know you were by the back door?"  
  
Abby pointed to the sign next to the door, the sign Rachel missed, that said "All entrances monitored by cameras 24 hours a day". Oh God - how many people had seen her on camera? Was it recorded somewhere???  
  
"I made a deal with the cute guy at the front desk - if he let me watch the cameras, I promised him a naked girl would eventually show up. As soon as I saw you I called him over and walked out and around the building."  
  
Upon hearing that Rachel ran away from the door, or tried to; her bare feet slipping in the mud, Rachel landed on her butt once more, feeling the mud squishing between her thighs until Abby helped her up. They walked around to the front door when Rachel asked Abby to go first and call the elevator so she could follow and just run in without stopping.  
  
"I'd be happy to, except I forgot my card, and now that I think about it, yours isn't actually for our room - we'll have to stop at the desk to get a new one, but don't worry, I have my ID. Plus, the guy behind the desk wanted to meet you in person anyway - that's the other part of the deal."  
  
"After you," Abby said, gesturing for Rachel to enter...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 13**  
  
Back in their hotel room Abby and Rachel just looked at each other, unsure of what to do. Having only known each other for not quite a day, the two 18-year olds had both managed to get the other to be completely naked in public, humiliating each other in the process. For Rachel it had been a matter of her own excitement and selfishness, seeing how far she could take things, how far Abby would go. For Abby it had been about a measure of revenge, to make Rachel understand. And in Abby's mind, Rachel's outdoor search for the hotel key card wasn't enough to accomplish that.  
  
She didn't want to be mean to Rachel, but Abby was still hurt and embarrassed by everything she had been through the previous day. That she had also been excited and aroused was something she couldn't quite come to grips with, even after, or -especially- after her public display. Walking topless and barefoot through the streets of Denver at rush hour had almost been enough, but when Rachel had stripped her of her last article of clothing two blocks from the hotel, Abby couldn't last and immediately had the biggest orgasm of her young life, in full view of hundreds of people. In the humiliating aftermath, being made to run around the hotel naked searching for her room key card almost broke her, but the unexpected support from a random group of women gave her the strength to not only get through the ordeal, it made the experience almost...enjoyable.  
  
In her mind Abby kept telling herself she wasn't an exhibitionist, but the way her body reacted throughout the day suggested otherwise. Even now, it wasn't seeing Rachel naked and wet (and still a little muddy) that was turning her on, it was thinking about what it would have been like to experience it herself that was getting Abby excited. And -that- was what worried her.  
  
For Rachel's part, she just stood there, arms crossed as she tried to get the chill out of her body, moving her bare legs back and forth to rub them together for the warmth. After standing in the lobby stark naked trying (and failing) to cover herself while Abby asked for a new room key, in the process exposing herself to business travelers having breakfast or leaving for meetings, miraculously they didn't encounter anyone in the elevator or on the 6th floor. Rachel couldn't tell where she stood with her new...friend? She thought they were, but something changed the night before with Abby and Rachel wasn't sure if that still meant they were friends or not. As embarrassed as she had been the past hour (had it really only been an hour since being shoved out the door naked?) she was surprised that what bothered her more was what Abby thought of her. It was also the only reason she could think of why she was just standing there, not even attempting to cover herself in front of Abby, waiting to see who spoke first. It had been a quiet elevator ride back up.  
  
"You look like you're still cold, and the rain didn't get all the mud off - you might as well hop in the shower" suggested Abby.  
  
"Are you...do you still want..."  
  
"My campus visit starts at 10am...if you're still willing to show me how to get there?"  
  
"Yeah," Rachel said, smiling a little for the first time that morning, relieved that Abby wasn't asking her to leave. "And maybe we could get breakfast on the way? I know a great local place near there..." she suggested.  
  
"Okay," Abby said, smiling back "that sounds good."  
  
Rachel turned and walked into the bathroom, her bare backside on display as Abby watched and then shook her head as if to clear her mind. While Abby wasn't sure if she was an exhibitionist, she was certain she wasn't a lesbian. She liked boys too much and even a beautiful girl like Rachel didn't do it for her. Still, she couldn't help but admire and be a little jealous of the other girl's shapely body...a body that in Abby's mind hadn't been seen by enough people yet. Not nearly enough if Rachel was to understand what Abby had been through the day before.  
  
Having showered the previous night, Abby would be ready to leave as soon as Rachel was, which gave her a few minutes to think...and prepare...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 14**  
  
As Rachel came out of the bathroom with one towel wrapped around her body and another wrapped around her hair, Abby just sat in a chair flipping through tv channels. Reaching into her luggage, Rachel pulled out her favorite tank top and short skirt. The rain from earlier that morning had stopped and it was supposed to be a beautiful day, finally warming up some. Rachel noticed Abby had changed into a knee-length skirt and a nice blouse with a camisole, along with sandals that had thin straps crisscrossing - appropriate for a first visit to her potential future college. Rachel kept searching through her bag to find a bra and underwear, finally just dumping everything out on the bed when couldn't find any.  
  
"You won't find them."  
  
"What?" asked Rachel, still searching.  
  
"Your underwear - I've locked up everything you won't need in that little safe in the closet" Abby said.  
  
"You...why?" Rachel asked, confused.  
  
"Okay, here's the thing. You were naked for like an hour this morning, most of it without many people around. What happened to me yesterday was for most of the day, and it kept getting more and more intense. I don't think you understand just how much. You were embarrassed this morning, sure. But nothing like how I was humiliated. And I know you liked what you were doing to me yesterday, so don't lie."  
  
Rachel just stood there, emotions warring in her. Part of her was ashamed at knowing how she obviously hurt Abby, part of her was excited recalling her own arousal at watching Abby get more and more embarrassed, and part of her was nervous/scared at what she suspected was about to be said...but she clamped down on the tiny part of her that was...aroused at what she might be made to do? No, she wasn't sure what was going on with her body, but it couldn't be that...  
  
"Your tank top and skirt are perfect for today...but you won't need underwear."  
  
Rachel's eyes went wide - she had never gone commando in a skirt before. Jeans and even shorts, once in a very long dress, but never in a skirt. She found herself asking "And if I do? Look, are we...are we okay here?"  
  
"We will be," Abby said with a slight smile, trying to reassure them both. As much as she wanted Rachel to know what it felt like, she wasn't too certain of everything herself, but she reasoned that tomorrow she'd be on a plane back home, and if things went wrong, she didn't ever have to come back this way.  
  
Rachel, suddenly self-conscious in front of a girl who had already seen her naked, started back toward the bathroom to change, only to have Abby ask why bother? Instead, Rachel closed her eyes, took a breath and dropped her towel, standing there for a brief moment before starting to get dressed. She pulled the skirt over her hips and zipped up the side to keep it from falling off, then pulled the tank top over her breasts and gasped as she looked in the mirror; anyone within 20 feet would be able to tell she wasn't wearing a bra - her nipples were poking through and the material had worn and stretched just enough that you could see the darker shade of her areolas. Looking back at Abby with a question on her lips, she didn't even bother asking; Abby had been topless in public the day before - no way she'd agree to Rachel changing out of something that was merely see-through.  
  
In the back of her mind Rachel knew there was no reason she had to do this...she wasn't being blackmailed, there was no coercion...if she really wanted to, she could dress in anything she had, and even if Abby didn't give her underwear back she could simply catch a cab home and be done; she had her wallet with cash and credit cards.  
  
Except...she didn't really want to. She liked Abby - not just for her body, which she loved, but she enjoyed talking with her and really enjoyed how daring Abby was. As mad as Abby might be, Rachel knew Abby secretly wanted what happened to her; why else would she have purposefully covered up two blocks from the hotel, knowing the ground rules of their impromptu walk and how it would end?  
  
Rachel knew she wasn't an exhibitionist, she was more of a voyeur, preferring to watch others. She also knew that there was a give and take; maybe if she showed Abby she was willing to go through some of the same things...  
  
She put on sandals of her own, and after confirming with Abby that she'd be welcome back to the hotel later today/tonight, she grabbed her purse and they headed out. As they walked out of the elevator, each girl realized that this was the first occasion since they arrived at the hotel that they had both been wearing clothes at the same time. Each one smiled a little at that, not noticing the other, and not knowing they were both wondering the same thing...would there be an occasion when they would both -not- be wearing clothes at the same time?

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 15**  
  
The two 18-year olds stood outside a hotel in downtown Denver as a doorman waved a cab over. Both were nervous, though for different reasons. The statuesque "local" girl because she was in a tank top and skirt that were just revealing enough that anyone looking twice could guess she wasn't wearing anything underneath. She was about to go to the university campus where her parents worked, though they were currently out of town. She didn't know many of their co-workers, but she knew enough and she was worried that she wouldn't simply be exposed at some point, but that it would somehow get back to her parents.  
  
The other girl, slim and pretty and visiting from out-of-state, was more conservatively dressed with a light blouse and cami, plus a longer skirt than her friend. She knew no one else but was nervous about what she was considering doing to her new friend - it wasn't revenge, more making her understand what it felt like to be terribly embarrassed. And neither knew exactly how or when something would happen, heightening both girls' anxiety.  
  
As they moved to the cab that pulled up the local girl, Rachel, went around to the far side, right as a bus passed the idling car. The breeze that accompanied the vehicle's passage was just enough to blow her skirt in the one direction she didn't want, but with one hand on the door handle and her purse in the other there was nothing she could do but hope no one saw her pale behind as she quickly sat down in the cab; the fast motion with her skirt already up too high meant her bare ass was sitting right on the vinyl of the backseat, skirt around her waist. Not an uncomfortable feeling, it served as a reminder that she wasn't in complete control of her wardrobe and made her worry more. The visitor, Abby, noticed the other girl's condition, having sat down first and catching a glimpse of Rachel's shapely rear end; a look at Rachel's face turning red caused Abby to smile a little, and confirmed in her mind what she was going to do.  
  
They rode in near silence, exiting a few miles away at the university's visitor center. Abby stopped short of the door, "How well do you know the campus?"  
  
"Well, I basically grew up here, so...yeah, I know my way around" Rachel said nervously...  
  
"Okay," Abby replied as she walked in.  
  
Half-a-dozen students and their families were in attendance, along with an admissions counselor and student tour guide. After some preliminary details about what they'd be seeing on the tour, everyone was given a few minutes to visit restrooms and water fountains; Abby took Rachel aside.  
  
"They said something about gardens and a lake?"  
  
"The Humanities Gardens - a mix of flowers, a small pond, and also some green space...students sometimes sunbathe there, like it was a beach or something..."  
  
Abby smiled. "Go on ahead and lie out like you're sunbathing and I'll catch up when the tour passes the gardens." Abby suggested. "Once you've exited this building, I want you to take off your tank top and leave it by the front doors and I'll bring it with me."  
  
Rachel's eyes grew wide, "You want me to...walk across campus topless?"  
  
"And barefoot, though you can carry your sandals with you - just leave your top. You told me yesterday that it wasn't illegal to be topless, right? I'm sure some college students do it all the time here."  
  
"Not really..."  
  
"You should get going or you'll have to walk topless with the group."  
  
Rachel looked at her with pleading eyes but Abby just looked back at her expectantly. Rachel didn't say anything else, but took a big breath as if making up her mind, and walked out of the room to make her way downstairs. Her mind was racing as she reached the entrance. Being shoved out of a hotel room naked and having to run around to find a key could be explained as a prank that someone else forced her to do. Walking through campus with her bare breasts exposed for all to look at would be seen as her decision, no one would believe she was forced to do it.  
  
With trembling hands, Rachel removed her top when she thought no one was looking; she didn't see the two women walking out behind her.  
  
"Isn't it a little cold for streaking?"  
  
Rachel shrieked and turned around, covering her breasts with her hands, one of which still held the tank top.  
  
"Nah," said the other woman. "If I had her figure I'd show it off too."  
  
"I wasn't, I mean I'm just..." Rachel stammered.  
  
"Hey, whatever gets you off, girl" as the two college students walked on.  
  
Rachel waited a moment for her heart to slow down. When it didn't, she dropped her tank top on a bench by the doors and walked quickly to the Gardens, willing her hands to stay at her side, assuming she'd draw less attention to her half-naked state if people thought -she- thought this was normal. Her hardened nipples betrayed her nervousness, however, and it seemed like people were going out of their way to walk on her sidewalk to get to their destination, instead of one of the many others leading elsewhere.  
  
A moment after she walked away from the visitor center, the tour group exited the building. Abby spotted the tank top, picked it up, and ran back inside to the front desk. "Excuse me, do you guys have a lost and found? This was on the bench outside - I think someone forgot it."  
  
"Thanks, we'll hang on to it in case anyone comes looking for it."  
  
Abby smiled as she hurried to catch up with the tour group.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 16**  
  
A few minutes later the tour group of 20 or so people, high school seniors with parents and a few younger siblings, came to the Humanities Gardens. "One of the most scenic spots on campus, the area around the Gardens is often used for weddings, photo shoots, and even outdoor classes. Other times you'll see students hanging out in study groups or working on their tans."  
  
"You mean like that girl? Isn't she...shouldn't she have a shirt on or something?" asked one embarrassed parent, trying to keep her daughter's younger brother from seeing anything. At her question, everyone turned to look at the half-naked girl, lying on the stomach, head turned toward the group but with sunglasses that prevented people from knowing whether her eyes were open. Though Rachel pretended to be napping, she could hear most of what was said as the group got closer, positioned as she was near the far end of the main pond.  
  
"Well, it's a little early in the season, but yes, from time to time people will go topless around campus. There is no law against it, but most students prefer to wear a bathing suit while lying out."  
  
As the group passed, more than one student or parent took the opportunity to take photos of the scenic overlook, often zooming in on the young woman when they thought no one would notice.  
  
Abby let the group get ahead of her and ran over to sit beside Rachel. "I'm so sorry, Rachel - I don't know what happened but your tank top wasn't there when we walked out of the visitors center!"  
  
"What?!?" Rachel exclaimed a little loudly, drawing admiring looks from people nearby even as she pushed herself up with her arms, unintentionally exposing her breasts as they hung down for all to see and photograph. After a few seconds she realized what she had done and quickly laid back down again with her hands holding her breasts under her.  
  
"It'll be okay - just keep pretending you're doing this naturally and you'll be fine. Look, I have to catch up to the group. The tour guide said we'd end at a Shader art gallery in about 30 minutes - do you know where it is and how long it would take to walk there?"  
  
"You mean Shwayder? It's by the tennis courts, probably 15 minutes...but what about --"  
  
"Cool - just meet me there. The tour should end in about 30 minutes - you can wait there or stay here for a bit before walking over."  
  
As Rachel thought about her predicament she didn't see Abby take the sandals next to her. Rachel stayed in the Gardens for another 15 minutes; it never occurred to her to go someplace more secluded. She was nervous and scared but also determined to see this through, to show Abby she was willing to understand.  
  
When she couldn't avoid it any longer she stood up, one arm over her chest as she looked about for her sandals. Confused at first, it dawned on her that Abby must have taken them. Even though the strappy sandals had shown off most of her feet, somehow she felt a lot more exposed with only a single item of clothing left.  
  
Clutching her purse and wishing it was as big as the canvas bag Abby had been carrying the day before, Rachel started to walk up to the art gallery, trying to calm herself. The gardens were closer to the south end of campus; she'd have to cross a major street and walk through the campus green to get to the art building further north. For the first few minutes the people she encountered were too engrossed in conversation or the phones to notice her, all of which changed when she came to the street. As she waited for the few vehicles to drive past, one truck driver happened to glance over and saw a gorgeous girl standing there topless. In appreciation he honked his horn, a low loud blare that got everyone's attention, most of which quickly focused on Rachel.  
  
Blushing a deep red that reached to her bare breasts, Rachel quickly crossed the street, only to realize a festival of some sort was taking place on the east side of the Green. She veered around it to the west, near the Anthro building where her parents had their offices. As more people noticed her and called out or whistled, she started to run, holding her hands over her large breasts to keep them from bouncing around, which both hurt and drew even more lewd comments. At the far end of the Green she jogged across another street and saw the tour group go in the building, with Abby waiting on the steps.  
  
Running behind the building sign next to the outer steps, Rachel crouched down to catch her breath and wait for Abby, who joined her a moment later.  
  
"You look out of breath - I told you walking normally wouldn't attract as much attention...though I guess whatever is happening on that commons area was tough to just stroll through?" Rachel merely nodded, still working on slowing her breathing if not her heart rate.  
  
Abby looked her in the eye for a moment and then spoke. "You told me last night your parents were anthropology professors? Are their offices in that building by the Green?" Rachel nodded again.  
  
"Okay, just curious. I have another challenge for you, if you're ready?" "No, but go ahead" said Rachel, resigned to seeing this through to the end."  
  
"If this is the art building with galleries and studios and everything, there are probably students in there learning how to paint and stuff. I want you to hand me your skirt, and then I want you to walk inside and ask people where the life drawing class is."  
  
"Are you serious?!!"  
  
"Go in and pretend you're a nude model looking for the life drawing class."  
  
"Oh my God, Abby! I don't think I can do this anymore - when I ran across the Green there were all these high school kids getting out of school busses and I'm right by my parents' building and there are so many -people- around I just don't know if-"  
  
"Hey, it's okay - you can stop anytime you want and go home. But it's only been about an hour and you had me naked a lot longer than that yesterday." She let it hang in the air for a moment, staring at Rachel.  
  
A year fell from Rachel's eye as she just nodded her submission. Abby nearly stopped her from stripping off at that, but she told herself this was what would be fair for yesterday. Rachel slowly unzipped her skirt, or tried to, but the zipper had caught on the fabric. She didn't want to break it, so she shimmied back and forth, tugging gently on the hem of the skirt with both hands, which caused her breasts to sway back and forth. Finally she worked the skirt over her hips and rear end, and stood there, completely naked on a college campus. With everything else running through her mind she had forgotten all about her sandals, and if Rachel wasn't going to ask about them, Abby wasn't going to mention them.  
  
As the naked girl-turned-nude life model handed over her last piece of clothing, Abby instinctively gave her a hug and told her she could do this. It didn't help Rachel's courage, though it did make her smile a little. If she did this they'd be even.  
  
At the very moment Rachel stepped out from behind the building sign, a strong wind blew past, raising goosebumps on her arms, legs, and everywhere else. She quickly walked up the outer stairs and opened the front door, only to walk right into the campus tour group that was just about to walk out. As she stood there trembling and clenching her hands into fists to keep from covering herself, several students and even a few parents took out their phones to get photos and even videos. In a quiet shaky voice she looked at the tour guide, "H-hi. Do...do you know where the, um, the life class, I mean life drawing class is?"

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 17**  
  
The tour guide looked at Rachel for a moment with a twinkle in her eye - she had been leading tours for most of the year and every now and then would encounter someone wearing only a bra, or a couple times someone who was topless, but never a completely naked girl. And as the roommate of an art major she knew the life drawing class was always taught in the autumn, not the current spring semester.  
  
"Yeah, sure - just go through those doors across the hall, keep walking straight and you'll find it."  
  
"Um, th-thanks" Rachel said, without moving, until she realized she was standing in the doorway, keeping everyone from exiting. She walked forward slowly, accidentally brushing her breast up against a boy who barely moved to let her through, who was then pulled out of the way by his father, though only so the older man would have a better view. They -all- had an unobstructed view of her bare backside as she passed the group and moved to the doors across the hall. What they couldn't see was Rachel's reaction to the slight brush against the boy's arm and how much harder her nipples were as a result.  
  
Abby, standing at the top of the steps to ensure Rachel went in, had heard the entire exchange through the open door; as surprised as Rachel was to encounter the tour group, she hadn't realized she had been mooning anyone right outside the entrance, stopped as she was in the doorway. Not usually one for blackmail photos, Abby couldn't resist taking a picture of the pale naked girl framed by the darker interior on the other side of the door, shining like a beacon for all to see. Once Rachel continued inside, Abby quickly walked down the steps away from the building; she wasn't abandoning Rachel, at least not for long. Crossing the street, she walked around the high school students by their busses and headed to the Anthropology building...  
  
As Rachel entered the room she immediately covered herself, one arm over her breasts and the other over her neatly shaved pussy, which was...wet? She knew she wasn't enjoying this - it must have been the brush against the kid. Trying to focus mentally, her eyes adjusted to the lower lighting and she realized she was in the main art gallery. It was half full of art and half full of boxes and other installation materials. She didn't know where the tour guide had intended to send her, but it didn't matter; she had already been seen naked by enough people, she could hopefully avoid being seen by any others. Knowing that Abby would be outside waiting for her, Rachel decided to take a moment, let her body calm down and collect herself in solitude since the gallery was clearly closed to the public; she might have to avoid someone returning to continue the installation, but at least no visitors would be coming in.  
  
It was only once the naked girl had disappeared into the next room that the tour guide, who had enjoyed the view as much as anyone, led the tour group out of the building, passing a loud and boisterous group of high school freshmen walking up the steps. While most of the tour group turned their attention back to the guide and whatever they would see on their walk back to the visitors center, one girl with wavy red hair was lost in thought...the idea of being a nude art model wasn't merely interesting, she found herself imagining what it would be like to be naked in front of a group of people and couldn't decide if it would be more exciting to be seen by a small group of classmates she knew, or a large group of people she didn't know...it crossed Erica's mind (her name was Erica) that she didn't know anyone here, having driven to Denver by herself that morning...  
  
After waiting for the campus tour to go past, the art gallery curator stood on the outer steps to briefly address the group of 50 high school freshmen. "Welcome to the University of Denver's art museum! The main gallery is closed, but we'll do a quick walk through so you can see the installation in progress on the way to the auditorium. If you'll follow me."  
  
The curator led everyone to the gallery entrance, loudly reminding the group not to touch anything as they walked through. Rachel, standing on the other side, heard the voice and after a moment of panicked inaction, sprinted away from the door, desperate for a place to hide. The first part of the gallery was nearly spotless, but the back half had stacks of crates, some of which were covered in opaque plastic sheets. As the doors started to open, Rachel grabbed the largest sheet she could find and threw it over herself, knocking a container of metal hooks to the floor in the process, spilling it. She couldn't lie still on the floor, not with hooks all around her ready to jab and poke her, it would be like trying to lie still on a bed of nails; she had to remain standing and hope her breathing and trembling wouldn't rattle the plastic.  
  
Abby entered the Anthropology building and looked for a departmental directory. The building was huge, with lecture halls, artifacts on display, interactive exhibits, labs, and more. She finally had to ask someone and started walking in the direction of the office wing, moving away from the main area of foot traffic and finally ending up in a little side corridor tucked away around a corner from the main hallway. Walking through the academic building she noticed it was undergoing renovation work. All the offices off the main corridor were new and modern looking, while everything in the side hallways was still old school - tempered glass on the door that allowed you to see just enough to tell if someone was in there, but no details, plus a transom up top, a little window above each door that hinged down, allowing for airflow as well as noise to escape...  
  
As soon as the curator turned the lights on Rachel knew she had made a fatal mistake; the plastic sheeting she grabbed wasn't opaque but clear! No, not quite - as she started to hyperventilate, she could see that everything on the other side of the plastic was blurry; the plastic wasn't opaque, but it -was- thick enough that you couldn't see through it completely. She had to hope that it would be enough, and struck what she thought was a statue pose, using her arms to pull the plastic away from her body a little so it wouldn't be draped directly over her breasts. In doing so, it came off the floor a few inches, enough that someone looking down would see her bare toes.  
  
Rachel could hear the curator speaking more clearly as he passed her hiding spot, "As you could see by the paintings you walked by, the current exhibit is all about body image, how people of different shapes and sizes are portrayed in society. The second half of the exhibit is a collection of statues and mannequins meant to stimulate and provoke the thoughts of the visitor."  
  
At the word "stimulate" a group of boys walking past Rachel started to elbow each other as they made jokes and tried not to laugh. "Hey, James, you stimulated?" "How about we leave you alone with one of these statues, you can stimulate yourself." "Woah - did you guys see this one? You can see her pussy and nipples and everything!" Oh God, thought Rachel, they were talking about her! Even worse (as though that were possible) she could feel her own stimulation as her pussy started to get wet. Oh, God, please not here!  
  
Abby finally came to the side-by-side offices that were Rachel's parents. Though both doors were locked, the transom above her father's office door was open at a 45 degree angle, leaving a gap of 9-10 inches the whole width of the doorway. She took a photo of Rachel's parents' office doors and started typing...  
  
Rachel was close to panicking; the group of boys had stopped right next to her and were staring as hard as they could through the plastic at her breasts and her vagina; she was sure they could tell it was wet, probably glistening through the plastic... "Hey James, this might be as close as you ever get to a naked girl, even a fake one." "What'd ya say, James, should we just whip off the plastic and let you two kids at it?" No!!! Rachel screamed in her own mind. "Hey guys, come around this side - the plastic is draped right over her ass" another kid said as he gave her a slap! "Damn, that's really life-like. I wonder if the whole mannequin is that way" the kid said, getting a grip on the plastic...  
  
Rachel was freaking out in more ways than one. Her body was definitely aroused and she wasn't sure she could prevent the orgasm she knew could happen...she thought of just revealing herself - at least that way she could keep the plastic before it was ripped off, exposing her completely, when suddenly the teacher following the group walked up, "Don't touch that, Derek - just keep moving. C'mon, all of you." Oh, God, she knew that voice! It was one of her teachers, which meant...SHIT! These were kids from her school! This must have been the freshman art class field trip, something she did three years earlier. She didn't have any younger siblings, but several of her friends did, SHIT! The teacher himself paused to admire the lifelike image under the plastic - oh, God, her teacher was just standing there looking at her while she was naked...if he stared long enough would he recognize her through the sheet? Did he realize how close she was to...?  
  
Abby started to text Rachel, hoping she hadn't gotten too worried yet that Abby wasn't waiting outside for her. She attached the photo of the two offices, assuming Rachel would recognize it and know where to go, and added a comment, "I found a family resemblance!"  
  
She hit "send".

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 18**  
  
Rachel's heart skipped a beat as her phone beeped with the incoming text just as her teacher started to turn away. He stopped and looked at his phone, sure that he had turned it off.  
  
Abby decided to text Rachel again to make it clear she was going to wait outside her parents' offices, that way Rachel didn't worry about some wild goose chase. She hit "send" again...  
  
Rachel's teacher glanced around - there were no students nearby and he knew the messages weren't coming to his phone. He looked on the crates to see if someone had left a phone or a purse but nothing. Rachel herself had stopped breathing and tried to will whoever it was to stop texting, but to no avail - her phone was set to beep a second time in case she missed it the first time. Two texts meant two more beeps, and as the art teacher looked down, he noticed the mannequin's bare feet for the first time. Incredibly lifelike with...painted toenails? As he looked closer, Rachel couldn't quite keep her body from unconsciously betraying her, as her foot twitched at the exact wrong moment. He knew! Oh, God, he HAD to know now that she wasn't a mannequin! Rachel couldn't see the smile that had formed on her teacher's face.  
  
He had crouched down to look at her feet, and as he lifted his head they both realized he was now eye-level with her vagina; Rachel was neat but not totally shaved and her darker pubic hair easily stood out against her pale body. She was -sure- that if he couldn't see how wet she was that he was close enough to smell the juices running down her thigh...Slowly standing up the art teacher focused his gaze on her breasts, and watched the darker red of her areolas until finally Rachel had to breath again, causing her breasts to move just enough and betray her a second time. She was on the edge now and knew it wouldn't be long, as much as she tried...  
  
Walking around behind her, he whispered quietly, "I'm not going to take the plastic all the way off, I'm not going to see your face, and I'm not going to do anything to hurt you. Unless you want the students coming back, just be still." Rachel was stunned - as he spoke he slowly lifted the back of the plastic up, just enough to see her bare ass with nothing covering it. As he held it up, gazing at the girl's perfect behind, Rachel's knees were on the verge of buckling. He bent down so that his face was level with the cleft at the top of her butt crack...and from two inches away, blew out a gentle breath.  
  
It was enough.  
  
Rachel's entire body started to convulse with the orgasm that hit harder than she ever thought possible. Her own teacher, not knowing who she was and never touching her, with a gaze and a breath, had just pushed her over the edge. She reached out to nearby crates to steady herself, vaguely aware of the metal hooks at her feet. It took everything in her power not to moan let alone scream out, but after a long moment her breathing started to slow and her senses came back to her.  
  
"I'm not sure whether to say 'thank you' or 'you're welcome' but no matter - I have to get back to the students." At which point Rachel could hear her teacher's receding footsteps, followed by a door at the far end of the gallery opening and closing, leaving her alone once more.  
  
After another moment, Rachel's head cleared and she knew she had to get going - she couldn't stay here, and after looking at the telltale texts, she wilted at the thought of having to go to her parents' building. A thorough look around revealed nothing she could use to cover herself, save for the plastic sheeting, and that really didn't provide any cover to speak of - trying to run with a transparent sheet pressed to her body would still show off everything while making it harder to run fast, and speed would soon be important. At least she wouldn't have to go in the main entrance to the Anthropology building - she knew where the side door was just the other side of the street. She could avoid Campus Green and hopefully most pairs of eyes. Careful to avoid the hooks on the floor, or the slippery spot that had appeared, she walked to the gallery door, quickly exiting when she saw the coast was clear. She glanced out the main door, judged it to be as clear as it would get, and prepared to open the door and bolt through...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 19**  
  
Abby decided to explore part of the Anthropology building while waiting for Rachel. Two left turns off the main hallway, this corridor only had 8 offices - the two for Rachel's parents, two others on the same side, and four others across from them, plus a bench where the mini-corridor ended. Rachel had mentioned her parents were at a major conference which was probably where everyone was; everything off the main hallway was quiet, no movement and as far as Abby could tell, no one in the offices - at least no lights on through the tempered glass that she could see...  
  
In the Art building Rachel had crept to the main entrance; while there was no one immediately outside, beyond the landing there was a flight of steps down and she couldn't quite see down to street level. Plenty of people across the street, however, for whatever festival was happening on the Campus Green. She braced herself to open the door when she heard her name from behind, "Rachel." She jumped and threw her hands over herself knowing it was pointless, the person whose voice it was had already seen her at her most vulnerable. "Mr. Davis, please..."  
  
"I thought that might be you - your hair gave you away."  
  
"Wha-what...what are you going to-"  
  
"What will I do? Nothing most likely - you're not a student of mine technically...though I'm sure I'll relive the moment from time to time. No, I just wanted to confirm it was you, nothing more. I don't know why you're doing this, I suspect as a dare or something. Just be careful, whatever you're doing." And with that he went back around the corner to rejoin his class.  
  
Rachel's emotions were still hyper-intense coming off her orgasm, and now while she was completely naked she just had a conversation with one of her teachers! She trusted that he wouldn't do anything to hurt her or reveal what happened...though before today she'd never have believed he would have been behind the most intense orgasm she'd ever had...she'd just have to hope that...no, she decided she couldn't worry about that now, she had to streak to her parent's building, something she never thought she'd do...Rachel turned back around and opened the main door, peeking out just far enough to see down the outer steps...  
  
Abby had been thinking about what she was putting Rachel through and realized to her shock and dismay that she was a little...jealous of Rachel? Abby had finally admitted to herself that being on edge and exposed yesterday had not only been the most intense experience of her young life, but that in hindsight she actually enjoyed it. Maybe not at the time, but seeing Rachel naked today didn't give Abby the same rush, and she missed it, at least a little...she walked back to the main hallway, found the departmental office, went in and introduced herself as a prospective student meeting a friend whose parents worked there. The secretary knew immediately she was talking about Rachel. "Her parents are the only husband-wife team in the department" she smiled. Upon asking if it was always this quiet she learned most of the department was at the conference, making things pretty quiet in this part of the building, and in fact the department office was closing shortly as a result. Abby thanked her and walked back to Rachel's parents' offices and looked up at the open transom...  
  
Rachel took a deep breath and ran out the door, bare feet slapping against the cement landing and down the steps. She almost timed it perfectly but got to the street slower than she thought and had to wait for several cars to pass before she could cross. Once again an observant and helpful driver honked her horn, which caused a few people to turn and look Rachel's direction for a second time today, though this time subsequent drivers also honked their horns guaranteeing that -everyone- would look over to see what was going on. Without her skirt this time to cover her lower half it meant she didn't have enough hands to cover everything, so she went for anonymity and covered her face, knowing there might be pictures taken, maybe even by someone she knew. She hoped Abby would give her back her skirt -and her shoes!- as they -had- to be even by now. What dismayed her was knowing that her mom kept a spare outfit at work for impromptu evening events, but unfortunately Rachel didn't have the spare office keys with her...  
  
Abby's heart started racing as she made up her mind about what she was going to do while waiting for Rachel. She glanced around the corner once more to confirm no one was around, and then started to take off her shirt and shoes, leaving her in just the camisole and skirt; she hadn't told Rachel that she was also going commando that day and Rachel hadn't guessed since it wasn't as obvious. After a brief moment's hesitation, Abby threw her sandals and her shirt through the open transom into Rachel's dad's office. She wanted the thrill of exposing herself, but not for long - she figured Rachel would have keys to her parents' offices...  
  
Rachel finally got across the street and made a beeline for the side door. She remembered that even if Abby gave her back the skirt, there was no tank top anymore...maybe she could get Abby to share - one of them wearing the dress shirt and the other wearing the cami...both might be a little see through but at least it would be something...  
  
Abby quickly stripped off her camisole and skirt, leaving her completely naked in the office corridor, a corridor of a building she didn't know well...holding her last two items of clothing in her hands, she paused, nervous about- screw it, now or never and she threw them through the transom without another hesitation. She also threw Rachel's skirt and sandals through as well so she wouldn't be tempted, though Rachel's skirt got caught on the open transom and was still visible...  
  
Rachel threw open the building's side door and ran up the stairs to her parents' floor...  
  
Abby had to drag over the bench to reach the skirt, already embarrassed just thinking about the view someone would have of a naked girl bent over, butt leaning back and probably shaking as she tried to drag the heavy (and noisy!) bench over to where she needed it...  
  
Rachel entered the main hallway from the end closest to the art gallery; from this direction she wouldn't have to run by the departmental office, which she was grateful for, she was so close now, turning into the connecting corridor...  
  
Abby had to stand on her toes and stretch with one arm to reach the skirt and push it the rest of the way in, presenting a beautifully curved side view of her naked self to Rachel who rounded the last corner and stopped at the sight before her right as something the color of her skirt disappeared through the transom to fall inside her father's office...her father's -locked- office...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 20**  
  
"Abby!" Rachel nearly screamed, "What are you -doing-???"  
  
Abby was startled enough at Rachel's sudden appearance and outburst that she lost her footing and slipped off the bench, finally landing on her ass with her feet in the air and hands out to the sides when she couldn't quite keep her balance. She quickly recovered and covered herself with her arms, shushing Rachel with a loud whisper "Shhh - what are -you- doing, startling me like that??"  
  
"Wha- startling you?? You just threw my skirt into my father's office! And where are -your- clothes? Did you throw those in as well??" Rachel's embarrassment was fading as her frustration from the day and even a little anger started to take hold. "How are we supposed to get those back??"  
  
"These are your parents' offices, right? I assume you have a key, don't you?"  
  
"NO! I don't carry around keys to my parents' offices! Why would I??"  
  
"But then...how do...how do we get..." As the magnitude of her mistake dawned on Abby, her voice trailed off...  
  
"Right!!"  
  
"Oh, God...Oh GOD!" Abby had wanted to expose herself in some small way, to experience the rush she felt before, without exposing herself to as many people as saw her the previous day. Instead, the prospect of being exposed to even -more- people didn't excite so much as terrify her.  
  
Rachel, who didn't really want any of this for herself but had gone along to win back Abby's trust, was starting to panic - she was naked in her parents' workplace; who knows how many people might see her who could recognize her??  
  
The two pale 18-year olds just looked at each other in the eyes, each studiously avoiding gazing at the other girl's body. Both were beautiful if different, and for a fleeting moment each was jealous of the other's body; Rachel wishing her breasts were smaller so she could more easily cover them, Abby wishing hers were larger so as to get more attention sometimes...though she knew that without clothes she didn't need to be a different size to get everyone's attention...  
  
"Hang on," said Rachel, starting to think again, "this might not be as bad as we're afraid it is...we, or -you-, just need to go to the departmental office; the secretary should have a key."  
  
"Why me?"  
  
"Aside from the obvious of whose fault this is? There are people in that office who know me - no way am I going in there!"  
  
"Actually, there's almost no one around - they're all at the same conference as you parents. In fact..." Abby paused, her eyes going wide, "Oh, no..."  
  
"What? WHAT!?"  
  
"The secretary told me a little while ago that the office was about to close early since no one was here..."  
  
"What?? Get in there - now, before she leaves!!"  
  
Abby couldn't convince herself to walk fast, she still moved cautiously, listening for any sign anyone was in their office. As she approached the main hallway she hesitated a moment too long, only to be shoved from behind by Rachel who was increasingly worried their one savior might leave at any moment. Suddenly in the open, Abby gave a squeak of surprise as she covered herself and ran to the departmental office, only to have her fears realized as she read the sign "The Office Has Closed Early Today".  
  
She foolishly stood there, staring at the sign as though it would change if she waited long enough before remembering that while the Anthropology department might be deserted, it wasn't the only unit in the building, and there were certainly other people about. She whirled around when she heard a catcall whistle, only to realize that this part of the 3rd floor hallway looked out over the three-floor atrium; the metal and glass railing prevented people from falling, not from being seen. A second whistle from another part of the first floor jolted her out of her stunned silence and she ran back to where Rachel was waiting...with someone standing next to her.  
  
Abby just looked at Rachel, first to make sure she was okay, then with a question on her lips that Rachel answered without prompting...  
  
"Abby, this is...Kelli - she...she works with my mom...in the office across from hers."  
  
"I'm a grad assistant - I don't rate high enough for the conference yet so I was getting some work done, reviewing a documentary for class next week." Kelli said with a grin.  
  
Abby wasn't sure which worried her more, the look of amusement on Kelli's face or the look or dismay on Rachel's...  
  
"Nice to meet you, by the way" Kelli continued, "Rachel tells me you're responsible for both of you running around in the buff?"  
  
"Um, sort of...though it wasn't exactly planned like this..."  
  
"No, I wouldn't think so..."  
  
"Will you...will she help us?" Abby said, turning to Rachel...  
  
Rachel didn't answer, she just looked down...  
  
"I'm not sure I can," said Kelli, "I don't have keys to her dad's office, or the department. My roommate might be able to help, she's in another wing of this building, but she's...a little unusual. She's a grad in the art department, a photographer mostly."  
  
"Isn't Art across the street?"  
  
"Those are the galleries and performance hall. Offices and studios are here - no room over there."  
  
"Can you call her?"  
  
"No, she doesn't like cell phones - too distracting when she's 'creating art'. Not a problem, we'll just walk over. C'mon," Kelli said with a grin, "it's just down on the first floor and at the other end of the atrium."

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 21**  
  
Abby and Rachel looked at each other, silently pleading with the other to think of some other solution.  
  
"Let's go, girls - I have work I have to get done and can't wait all day."  
  
With arms in all-too familiar poses and wide eyes looking everywhere in a vain effort to spot other people before they were spotted, the two naked girls followed Kelli through the main hallway to the elevator lobby. Waiting for the elevator, Abby was bouncing slightly on her toes to bleed off her nervous energy, while Rachel merely stood there as if not moving would draw less attention to herself.  
  
When the elevator arrived both girls darted in quickly, figuring they could partially hide behind Kelli, but no matter as she immediately positioned herself flat against the side wall, "first floor, please." Rachel sighed and stepped to press the button while Abby settled into the corner opposite Kelli, leaving Rachel with the choice of standing naked in front of the grad student, standing naked in front of Abby and blocking her from view, or standing against the middle of the back wall, which she did; if she was going to be on display no way would Abby get to hide.  
  
All too quickly the elevator reached the first floor and the doors opened; the girls had hoped for a back hallway, but Kelli informed them they would have to go through the atrium, which was full , "We're headed to the right; look for room 103C--" Rachel bolted out of the elevator and through the atrium, opting for speed over stealth.  
  
"and go down the hallway to the right of room 103C," finished Kelli. "Well this should be interesting - her Dad's grad student, David, is teaching a cultural anthropology course in there right now. Abby is it? Why don't you go wait in the hallway - I'm sure Rachel will be out shortly."  
  
Rachel, sure that only a couple of people noticed her, threw open the door to classroom 103C and made it 10 feet inside the room before her brain could take stock of where she was, in a classroom with at least 50 students, all of whom had turned to see who had just crashed through the door...50 students, and one teacher.  
  
"Rachel? Is that you?!"  
  
"David?!" Having used her hands and arms to keep her balance as she ran and then to open the door, Rachel now covered herself quickly, but not before everyone had gotten a good look at her body, David included. Those in the back rows still had an unobstructed view and as one started taking out phones to capture the moment. "But, but...Kelli said...I thought this...isn't her roommate..."  
  
Rachel could feel herself about to collapse; more than any other event that day, she was experiencing every teenager's worst nightmare, being naked in school, with everyone staring. Worse, she had a crush on her father's assistant and even dreamed about him some nights; she had fantasizes about showing off her body to him but never once thought it would really happen.  
  
"Class, this is Rachel - most of you know her parents, both of whom are professors in the department." Rachel just closed her tear-filled eyes and took a deep breath, knowing there was no way now that her parents wouldn't hear about her naked adventure.  
  
"Before you go is there anything you'd like to share with the class?" Rachel couldn't speak, she just shook her head and looked down. "If you're looking for Kelli's roommate, go out the door - turn left, and left again at the hallway next to this room, the studios are down the hall."  
  
Rachel looked at him and silently mouthed "thank you," glad that David hadn't dragged things out more than that, and turned around, giving the front half of the class a parting view they had yet to see, and ran outside and around to the hallway. In a small part of her mind she wondered if David might start dreaming about her the way she did about him, knowing she'd never have the courage to ask.  
  
"Well class, I'm sure the interruption can be discussed in cultural anthropological terms; customs, morals, traditions of a society and all that. Those of you watching over the internet, as always go ahead and tweet your questions to the course hashtag. For those who routinely blog about this class, should you post any thoughts or photos, please be sure to identify the university course appropriately" he said, thinking this should make for an interesting family conversation, considering his mentor routinely read his students' blog posts.  
  
Rachel turned left as soon as she was in the atrium and quickly saw Kelli waving to her from the entrance to the hallway she was too impatient to hear about a moment earlier.  
  
"Decided to say hi to David?" Kelli asked with a grin. "C'mon, Kat won't be there for long."  
  
When Kelli ushered the two girls into her roommate's studio Kat looked up with a neutral expression that suggested she hadn't noticed their undressed state, "I wasn't expecting guests..."  
  
"Kat, this is Rachel - I work for her mom - and this is her friend Abby. They've gone and lost their clothes - do you still have those outfits from the fashion shoot?"  
  
"Nope, designers picked them up two days ago. Why? They're both beautiful, they don't need clothes." Both girls blushed red at that.  
  
"They can't exactly travel around like this-"  
  
"Please, do you have anything? I'm staying at a hotel downtown and..." Abby's voice trailed off as she noticed Kat looking at her through half-closed eyes. "Did you try the campus bookstore?" Kat asked bluntly.  
  
"Closed for those renovations," Kelli reminded her, "their operations are in a temporary closet that can barely hold critical items; no apparel."  
  
"No friends you could call?"  
  
"Um, no, no one that would, er, wouldn't..." stammered Rachel...  
  
"No one who wouldn't call out the world to come see you like this? I wonder why," Kat opined..."okay, I have a couple of model's robes, but only if they help with my photo shoot - the original model got sick, cancelled an hour ago. It's perfect weather so I really need to get these shots today."  
  
"Great" said Kelli, ignoring the concern on the girls' faces, "I can help for a bit but have to get back to work soon."  
  
"Here, kids," both 18-year-olds bristled at that, but said nothing, "put these robes on before you freeze...I swear, the air conditioning kicked on early this year..." Kat complained. Both girls were thrilled to be wearing what was little more than a lingerie robe that barely covered their bare bottoms; it was clothing, which one had gone without for far longer than the other, long enough to start resenting it...  
  
"Um, is there a bathroom I could use?" Abby asked, no longer terrified to walk a short distance in public.  
  
"Down the hall, to the right, other side of the classroom. Don't go in the wrong door like someone we know," Kelli said, smiling over at Rachel.  
  
Rachel, who had finally started to calm down after barging into the classroom several minutes earlier, blushed at Kelli's comment, but then had an idea that she shared with the two graduate students, asking not just for their permission but for their help. "As long as I get what I need for the shoot, fine," replied Kat, already pulling the equipment she'd need. Kelli just nodded...and smiled.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 22**  
  
After Abby returned from the bathroom, Rachel said she needed to go as well. "Kelli, can you, ah, come show me which door it is?" Abby smiled at that, glad it wasn't her naked in the classroom; she had only discovered that she might possibly have a small desire for exhibitionism, but only in small-exposure situations, nothing like what Rachel just experienced. After reaching the bathroom, Rachel asked Kelli for a favor...  
  
Once Rachel was back from the bathroom they had to wait another few minutes for Kelli, "Sorry, I got caught on the wrong side of the doors as everyone was leaving the classroom." Kat started to hand each girl photography equipment - a heavy tripod for Abby that required both hands to carry it, and two bags with pop-up reflector screens for Rachel, who also realized she needed both arms, one for each bag. Kelli was handed a crate of odds and ends, including what looked like a small piece fabric wrapped around something shiny, though clearly not enough to cover anything.  
  
"Here, hold it like this so you don't drop it," Kat explained to Abby. "Wait a minute," she said to Rachel, asking her to hold the bags in front of her while she opened them one at a time to verify the correct screens were in there. Neither girl realized that while doing the "equipment check" Kat had deftly moved their robe sashes just enough to loosen them.  
  
As the four women walked out of the building and down the steps, both girls had to be careful not to trip, not only for their own sake but to avoid dropping the equipment; neither thought Kat would be as willing to help if they broke something.  
  
"We're headed to the gardens outside of Mary Reed Hall."  
  
"Isn't that the building that's haunted?"  
  
"Only on the inside - we'll be outside in the arboretum."  
  
As they continued past the outdoor events on the Green to cross the street, every step had sent tiny vibrations along each girl's body. Those fully dressed weren't affected; those with only a silk sash tying closed a robe were, even if they didn't realize it at first. Rachel, with one item in each hand off to her sides was the first to notice a problem; Abby, carrying one large item in front of her, was both more protected and less aware.  
  
As they stepped off the curb to cross the street south of the Green, the jarring step down was enough to undo the loose sash on Rachel's robe; the movement of her full breasts and the gentle breeze created merely by walking was enough to quickly open her robe for all to see, however she couldn't stop in the middle of the street. Hoping to fix her robe before anyone noticed, once she stepped up on the other side she started to bend over and set the bags down, only to be told not to stop - Kat had to get these pictures when the sun was just right, and if either girl did anything to delay, they'd be handing over their robe right then and there. Rachel continued walking, thankful at least that she was covered from behind, not knowing that when she started to bend over the back of her robe flared out and caught on the back of one of the bags, exposing most of her curvy behind.  
  
Hearing Kat's admonishment to Rachel, Abby didn't dare pause or try to adjust when she realized her own sash had come undone; at least holding the tripod helped keep her robe in place a little while longer, but with each step it opened just a little more, and a little more. She felt the light breeze first on her bare pussy, and then realized the robe was close to opening as the fabric edges slid back and forth over her hardening nipples, finally ending up on the wrong side (outside) revealing her breasts to anyone looking through the gaps in the tripod.  
  
Neither girl realized that a crowd had gathered outside the library as they walked nearby; the group was just far enough away and not whistling or making any lewd comments, so both would-be models wrongly assumed there was a student group meeting outside. Neither girl saw Kelli, walking behind them, wave to the group, nor did they see David wave back.  
  
As they approached the same pond and lawn where Rachel had been "sunbathing" earlier that day, Abby recalled the moment and started to smile to herself before blushing as she remembered she was a lot less exposed just a couple hours ago. Rachel merely blushed, thinking she wasn't much better off now -or- then, the only difference was the garment.  
  
As soon as Kat told them where to put the equipment, both girls complied and immediately retied their robes closed, only to hear what each had been dreading, one more so than the other; "Don't bother, you'll be losing the robes in a few minutes anyway."  
  
Abby looked around; they had ventured into the arboretum that her tour group had walked past that morning. They were off the main sidewalk, surrounded by trees on three sides, and while another group might walk past, it didn't seem to be a heavily traveled sidewalk, plus they were a good 10-15 feet back - unless a group turned their heads, anyone walking past might not even notice. Abby was getting nervous but also excited at the thought of being exposed - she didn't want to streak the entire student body, but a tasteful art project that would only expose her to a few passersby might be okay.  
  
Rachel looked around; they had walked right by the area where the tour group passed her that morning. At least this time she was mostly surrounded by trees; she was getting nervous and worried at the thought of being exposed on purpose, even though she had agreed, at least as part of the deal she made with Kelli back when they walked to the bathroom. Rachel had had enough of streaking through buildings and didn't want anyone else to see her naked; she wasn't okay with Abby and the grad students but then it wouldn't be anything they hadn't already seen. Still, she desperately hoped she'd be able to put her robe back on quickly - that was supposed to be the deal once Abby was blindfolded.  
  
"Okay, girls, the theme is 'Naked Justice'. So much stuff going on in the country that is exposed every day. There's a subthread I want to work in about being powerless as well...anyway, robes off."  
  
With trembling hands, Abby removed her robe; in the Anthropology building she was only supposed to be seen by Rachel; here in the outdoors S he knew she'd likely be seen by others. With hands trembling as much if not more than Abby's, Rachel was moving too slowly for Kat who came over and removed it for her, causing Rachel to freeze for a few seconds before throwing her arms up to cover herself.  
  
Kat gave Abby a set of weight scales to hold in her left hand and positioned her so that she'd be standing, facing the sidewalk, with Rachel kneeling beside her to the right. When Kat pulled out two pairs of handcuffs, both naked girls reacted immediately saying that wasn't what they agreed to, particularly Rachel who hadn't said or heard anything about handcuffs..  
  
"It's Naked -Justice- and as we all know, justice sometimes isn't equal, fair, etc. Rachel put yours on and hold your hands up," commanded Kat as she slapped one half of the other set on Abby's free hand and, once Rachel's hands were up, put the other half of Abby's cuffs around the short chain of Rachel's cuffs. While Abby's left hand was free, it was holding the scales, while her right hand was at the mercy of wherever Rachel placed her two hands. Neither was going anywhere without the other.  
  
"Kelli, will you do the blindfolds?" which set off another round of protests; Abby quickly realized she wouldn't have any semblance of control should things start to go wrong, while none of this was what Rachel had agreed to. She looked up at Kelli with wide eyes as Kelli simply shrugged and said, "Kat's the photographer."  
  
Once the naked Lady Justice and her attendant were in place, Kat started to take pictures. Kelli, picking up both robes, quietly left the scene, sending David a quick text on the way.  
  
"Shit, we didn't get here fast enough - sun's not in the right position. Kelli, ditch the screens, they're not enough, we're getting too many shadows," stated Kat. "Rachel, stand up, I'm going to turn you both and have you step a few feet over."  
  
Standing while handcuffed to a person you couldn't see wasn't easy, and in the process of getting her balance Rachel accidentally reached out and grazed Abby's breast, causing Abby to gasp and sending shivers up her chest. Kat wasn't as gentle, taking both girls by the interlocked arms and turning them, moving a few feet, turning again, moving again, and so on a couple more times. As they stumbled and tried not to trip over each other, Abby thought they had moved further back while Rachel was sure they had moved to the right. Neither could tell any more which direction they were facing.  
  
10 minutes and a few pose adjustments later (mostly focused on how Rachel was kneeling or sitting), Kat declared she had what she needed for the first set and was coming over to take care of the handcuffs, warning both girls to leave the blindfolds in place. Rachel, who was expecting to be set free early in the shoot so she could put a robe on while Abby remained naked (as per the deal she thought she made with Kelli), was starting to panic as she realized her deal wasn't going to happen.  
  
Kat walked up to the girls and uncuffed Abby's right hand from Rachel and then suddenly cuffed Abby's own hands together. Now it was Abby's turn to start panicking, though not as much as Rachel who -knew- something had gone awry. Abby was more worried that she was still trying to figure out her own comfort level with exhibitionism, which certainly didn't include even light bondage.  
  
"Okay girls, let me get the camera set for this next round...got it. For these next shots you can take off the blindfolds," Kat instructed them.  
  
With slightly shaking (and cuffed) hands the two reluctant nude models each lifted their blindfold...the first one to open her eyes gasped, while the second one whimpered...

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 23**  
  
Once the naked Lady Justice and her attendant were in place, Kat started to take pictures. Kelli, picking up both robes, quietly left the scene, sending David a quick text. As she passed David and his class walking into the arboretum, he handed her the key to an office that reportedly contained clothes and shoes tossed inside earlier that day. She gave him nothing in return, continuing to carry both robes with her; she dropped one off at Kat's studio along with the sash for the other before walking upstairs to the Anthropology offices; it had been a fun diversion, but she really did need to get some work done.  
  
David, after getting a text from Kelli, motioned to his class to quietly move the rest of the way to the arboretum. They all knew what to expect and all knew not to make any noise; when Kelli stopped by the classroom at the end of the period with her suggestion, David and his students quickly agreed it was an opportunity not to be missed. After all, it wasn't often you got to observe two members of a society acting in a way that broke the American cultural taboo regarding nudity. This was important enough that almost every student who had another class to go to decided they needed to sacrifice and so stay with their cultural anthropology classmates.  
  
"For these next shots you can take off the blindfolds," Kat instructed them. With slightly shaking (and cuffed) hands the two reluctant nude models each lifted their blindfold...Abby gasped as she looked out at the crowd that had apparently been watching, a distant part of her mind realizing that all the turning and moving must have placed them outside the shelter of the trees and in full view of the lawn where Rachel had been sunbathing that morning and where dozens of students stood or sat. Rachel, seeing the same crowd and and recognizing David at the front, just gave a whimper as she quickly figured out it was the same class who had seen her earlier, though this time -everyone- had a phone out and was capturing the moment; most students had just enough time to plan with a classmate for one to get still shots and the other to capture video, promising to swap later.  
  
What happened next made it obvious to the class that the two naked girls were having very different reactions. The girl who had barged into their classroom and who was now kneeling on the ground quickly put her hands over her breasts as best she could given the constraints of the handcuffs. She dropped into a sort of sitting position with her knees clasped together, but couldn't quite hide her vagina and didn't want to move her hands. The girl they didn't know, the one who had been standing up, opted not to cover her breasts but put both hands over her bare pussy and leaned forward slightly while pressing her knees together. The students closest to her could tell she had one hand over the other, and that the covered hand wasn't there for modesty.  
  
Abby was simultaneously embarrassed and aroused and didn't know whether to be upset or not at the betrayal. She moved her chained hands downward, she thought to belatedly cover her most private of parts, but unconsciously her right hand started massaging her pussy, which to her slight surprise was already wet. All of a sudden her naked state wasn't her biggest problem; she realized she was turned on enough that if she really wanted to she was close to getting herself off in front of an entire college class! She didn't think she wanted it, but in the small part of her mind that was still thinking rationally she admitted to herself that she wasn't sure -what- she wanted. She did stop playing with herself however as she realized everything was being recorded.  
  
Kat turned to the two girls and spoke in her no-nonsense style. "Kelli had to go back to her office - it looks like she took the robes back for you, which is good since you wouldn't be able to put them on anyway with your hands cuffed. David?"  
  
"Class, normally we would want the opportunity to ask questions of any guest speakers, but I don't think either woman is interested in talking right now - maybe we can bring them back another time..." Both girls thought that unlikely...  
  
David turned to address the two of them directly, "Kelli kindly asked to borrow my key to your father's office. She also has another key I think you'll find is important," he said, purposefully looking at each girl's hands. "But there's a catch, two actually." Both girls hearts nearly stopped upon hearing that. "First, classes will be over for this period of the day in 5 minutes, so chances are campus will be crowded soon. And don't worry about university police, I already notified them there was an approved research project happening that involves nudity. I can't speak for the rest of the campus community,"  
  
"Um David, you mentioned there were two catches?"  
  
"Ah, right. Only the first girl to get to Kelli's office will get her clothes back. The other girl's clothes will be donated to the Art Department to use for future student projects."  
  
Both girls just stared at the handsome grad student, who simply said "4 minutes until classes end."  
  
Both girls took off running, or at least Rachel did; whether she intentionally knocked Abby down as she stood up wasn't obvious, but Abby had her suspicions. She wriggled her way back to her feet, breasts dangling briefly before the class of students. Just as she got her bearings, however, she heard a voice that sent ice through her veins...  
  
"Looking good, Abigail!"  
  
Abby's eyes were as wide as they could be. Oh God, she thought, how could...it wasn't possible, was it? Oh GOD!  
  
The entire trip Abby had been reminding herself that no one out here knew who she was...as embarrassed as she might get, she was still anonymous; even in her own airport she didn't think anyone who knew her had seen her. There was the one moment in her airport when a classmate's family had gotten a glimpse of her, but she didn't think they had seen her face before she had turned away, they were too focused on...other parts of her.  
  
Abby had forgotten that a boy a year ahead of her at school had gone out to Colorado for college...but she hadn't bothered finding out which school...  
  
For some reason she stopped and frantically scanned the faces of the students gazing at her, giving them more time to take in her pale body or simply to take pictures. Then she saw him, the connection back to her hometown...he had a grin on his face but she couldn't tell if it was malicious or not...as he held up his phone she suddenly remembered where she was and took off running, knowing it was pointless, but having no other choice...Rachel was sure to get to Kelli first and get her clothes back, the boy from her school was sure to let everyone back home know what he had seen, and Abby was sure she could never come to DU for college after today. The only thing she wasn't sure of was her own body...had she not seen someone she knew, she might be having a very different reaction right now, but instead the only thing she cared about was running and getting to the Anthropology building before--  
  
--it was too late. Students started swarming out of the buildings on all sides as classes ended. She endured the catcalls and whistles, the comments about her body and the invitations of what to do with it. She couldn't cover her face without losing her way or her balance, and with her hands still cuffed together she couldn't cover both her breasts and her pussy at the same time, opting to keep her breasts from bouncing as she ran.  
  
Running into the Anthropology building was impossible without pressing against dozens if not hundreds of students exiting; if there was one thing she hadn't experienced much of yet it was the sensation of other people brushing up against her bare skin. No one purposefully took advantage, at least she didn't think so - her ass was at the same level as more than one pair of hands, quite of a few of which seemed to linger as the brushed against her bare backside. The constant touches started to overwhelm her, pushing her closer to climax. Abby was shocked to realize her hands had moved from covering her breasts to covering and once more massaging her pussy, though this time with strangers adding to her arousal...each brush against a nipple, each hand on her ass, combined with her fingers pushing into her vagina, moved her closer and closer. She finally broke through the masses but couldn't remember where the stairs were, so she had to take the glass elevator, staying on display for another crucial moment as she rose above the small group that had gathered to watch her body run past, her breathing becoming erratic as she couldn't control it.  
  
With nowhere to go and no way to hide, Abby slid down the wall, losing herself as her fingers continued their assault on her own vagina...she didn't notice the doors opening or the growing crowd in the atrium who couldn't see everything from two stories below but could see enough to know what was happening, and would soon see everything as the elevator doors closed and the car started to descend back to it's resting point on the first floor. Caught off-guard by the sudden descent, the sensation in her stomach combined with her fingers was enough; a part of Abby knew she was about to show the crowd of students everything, but she was beyond caring. As the elevator car reached the first floor and the doors opened again, the orgasm hit in waves. Everyone watching could hear the soft screams coming from the open doors, and more than one person was so entranced that they didn't care whether they captured the moment on camera, it would never be as intense as watching it live and up close. That didn't keep several from doing so, however.  
  
When the orgasm was finally over, Abby just sat there trying to get her breathing under control. Her cuffed hands remained

over her pussy, her breasts still on display as they had been for several minutes, heaving up and down with her breathing, nipples hard as ice even as she was sweating in the mild temperatures. It was the sound of applause from the gathered crowd that shocked Abby back to her senses. She scrambled to her knees in order to reach the 3rd floor button, momentarily exposing her behind before sitting back down and leaning over in a attempt to hide her body.  
  
Once the car was back to the third floor she quickly crawled out and half running half stumbling she made her way back to the corridor where she had first stripped down, where she found Rachel getting dressed and Kelli standing next to her. She had lost the race.

**Not How She Planned Her Trip - Part 24**  
  
Abby was close to tears, partly due to her emotional exhaustion, mostly because she was worried what would happen when she got home, now that someone who knew her from her hometown had seen her and worse, taken pictures or video of her handcuffed and naked. She was an academic honors student who wrote for the school paper and sang in the choir, the quintessential good girl who volunteered at the hospital and still babysat occasionally; she was sure all of that was about to change, convinced that boy was going to send the images to a friend back home who would pass them around by the time she got returned. She had just started to embrace the idea of being an exhibitionist, at least in front of people she didn’t know, and now she was terrified, wondering what people back home would think of her.  
  
She turned to Kelli with an air of defeat when Rachel asked what took her so long, figuring that knocking her down would only buy her a few seconds, not minutes. Abby, barely thinking straight, told her what happened, "Honestly, I might have been content with letting you win, even knowing I'd lose my clothes, I mean I know you're not into exhibitionism the way, well the way I think I might be, or could be, and you went through so much already today, but seeing that kid, all I can think about is how he's probably going to tell everyone back home and I don't know what they're going to think of me and what will my teachers say or my -parents-..." As Abby's babbling died away Rachel impulsively gave her a hug; the anger she felt earlier cooling some after hearing what happened to her new friend.  
  
"I'm sorry about all that," Kelli said as she unlocked Abby's handcuffs; Abby noticed Rachel had already gotten rid of her restraints. "Really sorry because when you lost I sort of gave Rachel your shirt so she wouldn't be topless, and then your camisole, skirt, and shoes are all back in Rachel's dad's office with the key slid back under David's door - I couldn't get them for you even if I wanted to..."  
  
Abby just nodded, expecting it, though in her state of mind she wasn't aroused at the thought of staying naked until she got back to the hotel, not even thinking that with the loss of a second outfit, she didn't have any clothes for her flight home the next day.  
  
"But," Abby looked up as Kelli continued, "I do have this robe from your brief photo shoot. I've misplaced the sash, though I don't think you'll really need it, will you?" Abby smiled weakly. Maybe she wasn't as upset as she thought, just tired.  
  
"I'm ready to go," was all Abby said, taking the proffered robe.  
  
Rachel looked at her, feeling she had done more than enough to show Abby she was willing to do whatever was needed. As much as she felt sorry for what happened to Abby out there, Rachel couldn't quite let go of her anger, though she had calmed down enough to at least set it aside for now. Plus, she noticed Abby wasn't demanding her own clothes from Rachel, which suggested to all of them that Abby was becoming more comfortable with her body and with others seeing it. For such a short time, she had been through significant experiences, each one pushing her farther than she imagined. Even now, sitting here naked with two people she barely knew, Abby was only holding the robe, she hadn't actually put it on. Clearly Abby hadn't been as humiliated as Rachel had been, which didn't sit well with the local girl.  
  
"Where to? We missed lunch, you've got to be starving, I know I am," said Rachel.  
  
"I just want to head back to the hotel, order a pizza for dinner, and just crash in the room."  
  
"Sure," said Rachel, suddenly not sure if she was invited...  
  
"Is there a good pizza place by the hotel? I'm buying," said Abby, which relaxed the grip on Rachel's chest.  
  
"About two blocks from the hotel - we can call now and pick it up to save money," Rachel smiled, already starting to think maybe she could convince Abby to do some light flashing if nothing else...carrying a large pizza could make it difficult to hold a robe closed.  
  
"Do you have other clothes at the hotel or was this your only outfit?" asked Kelli.  
  
-That- stopped Abby in her tracks. With the loss of the dress yesterday and her skirt today, the only clothing Abby had left was an extra pair of panties and the shirt Rachel was currently wearing. It also gave Rachel an idea...  
  
"There's a trendy clothing store near your hotel that I've been meaning to go to," Rachel said. "I could buy a dress and let you borrow it tomorrow morning, then get it back from you later."  
  
Abby's spirits brightened some more at the offer, "Thanks," she said, smiling for the first time in hours.  
  
The two girls, one wearing clothes and the other a robe she had to hold closed, left before the next class change to avoid people as much as possible. Kelli, feeling a little guilty at her part in everything, called for a cab and gave them enough cash to pay for it. They made it back into downtown Denver without problem.  
  
At Rachel’s suggestion, they decided on getting the pizza first and taking it to the hotel, then going back out to go shopping. Rachel didn’t want to push things too far, at least not tonight, so while they waited in line for the pizza they had ordered, she settled for standing behind Abby and seeing how high up she could raise her friend’s robe before Abby would reach back to swat her hand away. When Abby didn’t get angry or object outright, Rachel figured she could push things at least a little more.  
  
Abby paid and started to walk out while carrying the large pizza box in front of her; with one hand Rachel held the door open, with the other she took hold of the back of Abby’s robe, pulling it just far enough back to expose the helpless girl to the two men about to walk in. Blushing from her face down to her bare chest, Abby’s first instinct was to walk faster, except that only pulled the robe off her shoulders and down to her elbows; she couldn’t just shrug her shoulders to try and close the robe.  
  
Abby froze so the robe wouldn’t get pulled back any further, “Rachel!” she squeaked while trying not to yell and draw attention, “you’re going to make me drop the pizza!” Although Rachel wanted to keep tormenting Abby, she didn’t think Abby would be willing to purchase another pizza and she -was- hungry. Reluctantly she offered to carry the pizza the two blocks to the hotel, which allowed Abby to cover up. Abby had been barefoot the entire time, however (the pizza shop wasn’t that observant) and still a little embarrassed as she walked to the hotel, guessing that anyone who noticed her could guess that she wasn’t wearing anything under the robe.  
  
Not only could Abby stay covered up, the down side of carrying the pizza was that Rachel couldn’t do anything to change that, so they made it back to the hotel room without any more incidents; Abby even said she was only going to drink water from the sink in the room, not wanting to risk being tricked if she went to get a drink from a vending machine.  
  
Food on top of the events of the day were enough do Abby in, exhausted as she was. Not really wanting Abby to go with her anyway, Rachel offered to go buy a dress while Abby crashed at the hotel. She returned an hour later to find Abby in bed, sleeping stark naked, not even wearing the last pair of underwear she had brought. As much as Rachel tried to get past her own humiliation of the day, she was still angry and couldn't quite let go, and decided she would indeed go through with her plan. She hoped Abby wouldn't be too mad.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*  
  
When morning finally came, Abby woke up feeling not only refreshed, but with a new determination. She didn't know what might happen back home - would the boy from class yesterday send photos of her back to their hometown? Has everyone already seen her naked? She didn't know which was worse, knowing or not knowing...and decided there was something exciting about not knowing. Whichever it was, she'd deal with it if and when something happened. For now she just wanted to get back to her own home.  
  
After taking a shower she started to get dressed, only to be missing her underwear. Rachel just gave her an innocent "I have no idea" response when asked if she knew where it was. What little she had left she put back into the small suitcase, including the book and canvas bag from the trip here, and all the books and homework she had packed but never got around to reading; she had planned on two quiet evenings to herself, not on meeting a girl who brought out the exhibitionist in her. Rachel, still without a complete outfit of her own, had asked to hang on to Abby's shirt and promised she'd mail it back. It seemed odd to have a suitcase with no clothes, but Abby felt it made her seem like a seasoned business traveler, as if she was flying somewhere important for just the day.  
  
Rachel then took out the dress she bought the night before; it was a strapless wraparound similar to the one Abby had described she was wearing on the trip out. Abby grinned at Rachel, "hoping I might get into trouble on the flight back?" "Maybe," Rachel grinned back. "Sorry, I plan to be careful today - no accidental or intentional flashing this time!" Abby said with a laugh. She didn't notice the alteration, but would find out soon enough.  
  
Rachel walked Abby down to Union Station, going slow enough so they could move without breaking a sweat. She even bought a round-trip train ticket for herself so she could keep hanging out with Abby to the airport, though she'd have to get right back on to return home to greet her parents who were coming back that day.  
  
As the train pulled up to the airport station, they could see the clock showing it would depart again in 10 minutes. The girls continued to talk for most of that time, finally getting up and, after setting Abby's suitcase on the ground, gave each other one last hug,

Abby standing outside the train, Rachel in the train car's doorway, level with the platform. Waiting until the doors made an attempt to close, Rachel, still hugging Abby, started to whisper in her ear right as the automated system announced "please stand clear of the doors".  
  
Abby had just enough time for her eyes to go wide before Rachel released her from their embrace, dress in hand after ripping out the altered seam. She stepped back, allowing the doors to close and waved the dress at Abby as the train started to pull away.  
  
Abby, too stunned for a second to cover up, quickly came to her senses and threw her arms around her bare breasts and over her bare pussy, though there was nothing she could do to cover her bare behind from the other passengers on the platform. She was stranded again, completely naked, but this time she had nothing - no scrap of a dress to rearrange, no kind person to help her out, even the canvas bag which covered her chest the other day couldn't do so and cover her pussy at the same time. And she'd have to have one hand pulling the suitcase...  
  
The naked traveler could do nothing but stand there in her flip-flops and wonder how she never saw it coming, Rachel's last act of...revenge? Or was it a twisted gift to fully push Abby into being an exhibitionist? She wasn't sure, as unsure as she was whether to be horrified, humiliated, or excited. All the while thinking about Rachel's last whispered message, "I never said -when- I'd be getting the dress back from you, did I?"  
  
-End-