**Not What She Planned For Election Day**

by Nature Lover

**Not What She Planned For Election Day - Part 1**

It was Election Day and for most voters in Fairport they would be voting at the new multipurpose building on the campus of Stevens Community College (SCC). To mark the occasion and to show the community everything that SCC had to offer, the school's art department had put together an exhibition on "What is Freedom?". In addition to student and faculty projects which ranged from paintings to concerts, SCC held an open competition that anyone could enter. This was the year all state-wide offices were up for election, and thanks to a close race for Governor, turnout at the polls was expected to be at an all-time high.

In addition to the expected entries, such as homemade flags and schoolkids' essays on George Washington or the Civil War, there were several entries that were more...unconventional, though still with a Freedom bent; artistic freedom...freedom of expression...the Freedom of Information Act...and in one case a demonstration of how to be free of cultural restrictions. A photography exhibit, several videos (including one with exceptional audio), a series of sketches, prose poetry, what appeared to be a towel with paint on it (not all art makes sense), and videos from local law enforcement and other government entities that were obtained through a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request; those were presented as one entry on three separate screens.

Once entries started coming in the selection committee realized they had to set a couple of conditions to be accepted. First, nothing that could be considered pornographic. It was a college art department which gave them a lot of leeway; they decided nothing that involved penetration. With one particular video it wasn't clear; they had denied another video entry by the same artist that was of an older subject getting to know a bowl of fruit in a kitchen, so they allowed this one as a way to strike the right balance. And anyone portrayed by the art had to be at least 18 years of age, which had to be confirmed. Fortunately this was easier than anticipated, once it became known that they all focused on the same subject. It also helped that there was a family member who could produce a copy of the subject's birth certificate. As is standard, the committee only communicated with the artists submitting their work; it wasn't their role to communicate anything to the subject of an artist's work.

Due in part to the subject matter, but mostly because the entire exhibition was going to require multiple spaces anyway, this particular group of entries was given the entire mezzanine; a partial floor that was one big open space, halfway up from the first floor galleries to the second floor classrooms where SCC students were hosting talks about their projects. For some reason a sign was posted at the steps to the mezzanine instructing anyone under 18 to take the back stairwell or the elevator to get to the second floor. The mezzanine was visible from the 2-story entry lobby, but the exhibits had been installed such that you couldn't see them from the first floor; voters would be using the same building entry as art patrons and the art department didn't want to push things more than they already were.

By Election Day everything was ready to go. The polling place, located in an auditorium on the ground floor, opened on time. As voters exited the polling place they were greeted with signs inviting them to visit the exhibition upstairs, by way of the mezzanine. One particular young voter, a 19-year old with medium-length brown hair and pale skin, was there with two of her friends who were still seniors in high school. They had gone in the middle of the day so they could hang out together, knowing their parents would be by to vote later. One among the group had a younger sister, an amateur astronomer, who was of one of the artists entered in the exhibition; she and a classmate had submitted a photography entry.

The 19-year old ascended the stairs. She was chatting with her friends about the candidates and wasn't paying attention as she entered the mezzanine. It was only when the person in front of her stopped suddenly while another gasped out loud, that she took in the exhibits around her. All around her...they were all her...and they showed all of her.

Caroline (her name was Caroline) couldn't speak, could hardly breathe. She collapsed to the floor, or would have had the girls on either side of her not caught her. Her eyes were as wide as they could get, even though she wanted nothing more than to shut them tight. Her pale skin was as red as it had ever been; had she been as naked in person as she was in the exhibits, everyone would have seen her blush spread all the way to her chest. Her heart was pounding and her skin was hot. She couldn't move on her own, but whether out of a misplaced desire to not draw the attention of others, or a perverted sense of excitement, one friend put an arm around Caroline's waist while another put an arm around Caroline's shoulders, trapping her between them as they (very) slowly started to explore the artwork.

**Not What She Planned For Election Day - Part 2**

The girls maneuvered Caroline to each and every exhibit. First was "Ghost Streaker" which showed Caroline's naked form running past the horror film crew. Her streak was looped, playing at different speeds from regular to half- speed to frame-by-frame, never faster than regular.

Following that was a white towel, plain white with a mix of colors in the middle, clearly paints that were blended and blurred together, curved in such a way that was almost symmetrical. Caroline had no idea whether people realized it was a print taken directly from her bare ass when she had to recreate her art studio visit and then sat on the towel as her brother's friend Eric drove them around.

Next was a poem written by a woman named Sarah, printed in a huge font on poster board so that it could be read from a distance. Lacking anything visual, it nevertheless managed to convey how aroused, how exposed, and ultimately how "satisfied" Caroline was the night she found herself hiding from the police under a table while Sarah methodically and ruthlessly brought her to climax. Simply reading about her experience was enough to get her breathing deeply again.

After the poetry was a collection of five sketches of a naked model, each incredible and incredibly detailed, particularly the sketch of Caroline in a revealing Yoga pose that she had never in her life attempted. The only person Caroline could think of with that level of skill was the art studio owner, Abigail. There was no doubting who the model was, or that Abigail had drawn Caroline in an aroused state for each of the five sketches, all of which showed Caroline's rock hard nipples; had she dared to look closely, the unwilling model might have said the artist even captured just how wet she was.

The highlight of the exhibit was the photography entry by the amateur astronomers, one of whom was the little sister of the girl currently with her arm around Caroline's waist. Simply titled "A star is born" over a dozen photos blown-up to poster size showed Caroline in her birthday suit, over and over, first approaching then departing as she ran past them that night. Every inch of her pale naked body in perfect detail including four close-ups; one of her bare legs and bare feet, another of her torso from her uncovered breasts to her exposed pussy, her firm belly separating the two, a third showing her bare ass and lower back, and the last a gorgeous still of her face, lips parted as she tried to breathe, eyes wide like a deer caught in headlights, hair streaming behind her as she ran. All frozen so that admirers could enjoy the sight without having to worry about the subject disappearing too soon.

Neither the descriptive poem of Caroline's second orgasm of the night nor the sketches of her third orgasm could compare to "Garden Delight", a low-light video of her first. Had it stood alone no one could have known it was her as it only showed a young woman with medium-length hair lying in the grass writhing and then on her elbows and knees shivering, but juxtaposed with the other exhibits it was obvious. Until now Caroline thought the images of her naked body were the height of her embarrassment, but upon hearing the recording of her high-pitched squeal the moment the Lawn's sprinklers turned on and subsequent moans and heavy breathing caused by the stream of sprinkler water hitting her exposed pussy, Caroline knew her humiliation had only then reached new levels. At the moment when her orgasm happens, her humiliation was complete - no secrets anymore, no hiding from everyone she knew. And she knew she would have to tell her parents about all of this, lest they hear about it from their friends, or worse, experience it themselves.

Almost robotically she moved under her own power to the next and last entry. The final exhibit, "Big Brother", coming last in the line of exhibits as it did, almost served as a warning to all that everything they had just seen, read, or heard in the preceding exhibits could be observed by anyone at any time without you ever knowing. The first clip was the security footage, obtained but ultimately dismissed by the local police department and so accessible without tainting a court case that was never brought. The second was a traffic cam facing the out-of-service bridge, showing a young woman leaning over a void, only to jump at something off-screen before turning and running away. The third was as revealing as the astronomers' photos, offering alternating close ups of Caroline's body and her face as the park ranger was leaning over the edge of the ravine to help Caroline get her footing, having to adjust his position as they made progress getting her to safety.

By this time Caroline was no longer in control of her faculties. She had unconsciously taken her jewelry off while looking at the camera footage. Her mind was disconnected from her hands as they lifted her shirt over her head. She undid her bra and let it drop while simultaneously kicking off her sandals. She pulled her underwear down along with her jeans, and shuffled out of them while taking her hair out of its ponytail. Those closest to her and then the rest slowly realized the subject of all the exhibits was standing among them, completely naked as she was the night and day all the art exhibits were created. Her friends, as stunned as everyone else, did nothing to cover her up.

Caroline looked around her, a distant part of her mind knowing she must be crazy to have just stripped off in public in front of all these people. Her breathing was heavy and she was sure everyone could see her heart beating between her breasts as they moved up and down. Holding her arms out to the sides like a statue, slowly rotating for all to see, she felt a need to reclaim some of who she was, to take ownership of her own body back from the artists who tried to capture her. Let them look at the real subject if they're going to see her anyway.

Until her parents were in front of her. Her resolve wavered but didn't quite break, though her fantasy came crashing down as her mind returned to the present moment, and all she could see or think about was how she was stark naked in front of her parents, friends, and a mix of strangers and former acquaintances, all of whom were now more acquainted with Caroline than she ever thought possible.

The emotional release was like the aftermath of an orgasm - all her senses heightened, her anxiety and embarrassment flooding back to her after her...whatever episode had passed. Lacking the voice to scream, she gave a small whimper and managed to resiste the desire to cover herself; instead she continued to let everyone take in every inch of her pale naked body.

Except she was still as aroused as ever and teetering on the edge. Knowing she couldn't last, she just whispered "I'm sorry" to her parents and ran for the steps, only focusing on how to get out of there before she got off in there, and just maybe she could keep that thinnest of boundaries between her and everyone else. Caroline ran downstairs and past the line of voters; those who thought they recognized the blur of a pale body would have their suspicions confirmed soon enough. Having abandoned her clothes, it was left to one of her friends to collect them and run after her, though where Caroline was was anyone's guess.

Caroline's other friend, the sister of the astronomer/photographer and a senior who was headed to college herself next year, stood there transfixed. Knowing in advance what her sister had done, having helped her develop the poster-size photos, she was nevertheless amazed and excited at the thought of what Caroline had gone through. Much as Caroline became fascinated with her floormate Natalie's story about her most embarrassing experience, so too did Caroline's friend start to become obsessed with what Caroline had experienced. Victoria (her name was Victoria) began to wonder if she could ever go through something as embarrassing.

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