**Pushing the Limits in a Small Town**

by[ghost12\_spirit](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5406497&page=submissions)©

She reached inside the jar and pulled out a slip of paper and read the instructions.

"The next time you go shopping, wear your small black dress with no panties or bra."

She felt a mixture of excitement, relief and a little disappointment, this one would be almost too easy.

After months of self-isolation and having virtually no social interaction, she was bored and frustrated, both professionally and personally.

She had just moved to this relatively small town, taking a job as the Youth Librarian, her first real job since graduating and she was very excited because she had beat out several older and more experienced people. They had said the wanted someone fresh, with new ideas; someone wasn't afraid to try new things.

She didn't know anyone in town, her only family in this area, was an aunt and uncle she barely knew, who lived on a farm outside of town. They had been very nice, helping her to find a place to live and making her feel welcome, but since they were elderly, she didn't want to take a chance on their health and possibility infect them, so since the start of covid-19, she hadn't seen them.

Her new co-workers were all very nice, but she had only just started working when the pandemic shut everything down. Fortunately, she was able to work from home and participate in "zoom" meetings, but that was no-substitute for human interaction.

At 25, she came across as an energetic, if somewhat quiet young woman. She had never been the most popular girl in school and as a college student she was always considered one of the brainy, nerdy types; however, underneath the brains and pretty looks there was more than met the eye.

People considered her to be attractive and she worked hard exercising and staying fit, but it went deeper still, there was a hidden sensuality and passionate desire just beneath the surface.

When she went away to college, she had begun to explore her sexuality, at first with books and then with the internet. In her room, with the door closed, the web became her reference source for new ideas and experiences.

She did not have either a boyfriend or a girlfriend at the moment, although at different times she had both, sometimes at the same time. She was open to experiences and if she had to be categorized, it would be bi-sexual; however, that was too simplistic of a category. She liked sex, she liked nudity, she liked being with men and women, and she liked sex simply with herself.

Since the move and now because of Covid-19 though, her only sexual activity came from a well-worn vibrator and some favourite sites on the internet.

Her current passion involved being secretly nude in public places. Her favorite sites posted pictures of everyday adults doing naughty things in parks, stores, work places and everyday locations. She had never realized that so many people shared this particular quirk or fetish.

Up to this point in her life, most of her sexual activities had been limited to daydreams, some late teen and early twenties fumbling with equally inept young men of her same age group, and then some much more exciting explorations with her college roommate, into the pleasures of girl on girl activities. Since graduation though, it had just been her and her trusty vibrator.

The longer she was holed up in her tiny apartment, the more she thought about finding an outlet for her passion. Finally, last night, she decided that she had to do something otherwise she was going to go crazy.

Half way through a bottle of red wine, she found an interesting challenge on one of her favorite porn sites.

It was a game or series of challenges. The challenge was to write out 5 personal solo fantasies; things that involved either full or partial nudity that were moderately risky, but nothing too dangerous, to do during covid-19.

The rules of the game included: writing out the challenges and putting them in a jar, then each day for five days, to randomly choose one challenge and do it by 6am the following morning. At least one picture had to be submitted to qualify and re-qualify each day. To win the game, you had to accumulate the most on-line votes. The winner would receive $1,000 worth of sex toys of their choice.

The prize would be nice, but she was more intrigued by the idea, especially since she could do all of these things on her own. By the time the wine was finished, she had written out her 5 things, originally having more than 10, she crossed some out to leave her top 5.

She also created an untraceable email address and was quite relieved to discover that the porn site would allow entrants to cover their faces so they could not be recognized.

She went to bed dreaming about what she would do and played with herself until she came and fell asleep.

After pulling the slip of paper, she decided she would go shopping for groceries tonight, she figured on doing it closer to when the store closed because there might be fewer people in the store.

After exercising and showering, she did her allotted time for the library on her computer, dressed today only in a t-shirt and panties. Several times throughout the day, her fingers had found their way between her legs and not only were her panties soaked all day, but she must have had 3 or 4 small orgasms.

At 5 in the afternoon, she had done enough. She turned off the computer and had some supper. She went to her small bedroom and taking care, she put on a little makeup, a nice choker style necklace, and her 2-inch open toe heels.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she smiled, her nice 34B's were very perky, her nipples poking straight out and each seemed to be almost an inch around, her flat stomach led down to her smooth pussy, her curved ass was tight and maybe her best feature, and her sexy body flowed down two very shapely legs to her small feet and cherry red painted toenails. At 5.5 she wasn't short or tall, just right she thought.

Taking the dress from her closet, she smiled, she had never worn it because she thought it was too revealing. It wasn't fancy, just a simple black dress with thin spaghetti straps. She pulled it over her head and let the soft material run down her body. Adjusting it, her boobs filled the space nicely, the soft material tickling her areola and nipples, and the flair of the bottom, barely covered her ass and her pussy.

Feeling very excited as she walked to her car, she could feel the fresh air blowing on her pussy and knowing how close she was to exposing herself, it made her instantly wet and her knees were wobbly.

Sitting in her car, her naked ass and pussy on the upholstery she knew she would leave a wet spot on the seat and she could not help but to play with her pussy as she drove to the grocery store.

When she arrived, she paused and took a deep breath. Fingers on the door handle, she changed her mind and closed her eyes. Running her fingers lightly along her pussy, she slowly moved them along the folds and edges of herself. Feeling the moisture, she inhaled the sweet scent of her sex and licked her fingers. Pretending each one was a cock, she licked and sucked on them in turn.

Returning her hand to between her legs, she penetrated herself, fingers moving in and out, first one then two; she stiffened as an orgasm made her moan so loudly, she self consciously checked to make sure no one heard her.

Her seat was indeed wet, with a nice dark circle showing where her pussy had been, she smiled and noticed her hands were shaking.

"This is better than sitting at home watching Netflix for the 30th night in a row," she purred to herself.

Taking another deep breath, she opened the door and stepped out, know that if anyone was watching, she would have flashed her now puffy and red pussy to them. Reaching back into the car and now flashing her ass, she grabbed her phone and wondered how she might take a picture of herself for the site.

The cool breeze dried tried to dry her pussy, but the feeling of exposure meant that she was getting wetter despite the warm air. The produce clerk did a double take when she came into the store, instantly noticing her protruding nipples, long legs, and short dress. Feeling very self-conscious and very much on display, she was not used to being the centre of attention, but it was a delicious feeling.

There were just a few people in the store and she was self conscious, but excited and she felt the stares of each person she came across almost like with a physical presence. She imagined they all knew how close to being naked she really was. The wetness of her pussy on her inner thighs and the friction of her pussy and legs rubbing together was incredibly intense and she felt so sexy and bold.

Stopping to reach the ketchup on the bottom shelf, she bent over and felt the air conditioning on her naked ass. An idea came to her and she quickly took her phone out and set the timer. Looking both ways to check for customers she set the phone on the shelf and then moved about six feet away and bent down with her back to the phone.

The seconds seem to take forever, but when the picture snapped it revealed her tight little ass centered perfectly in the salad dressing aisle. Her ass, the moisture on her wet pussy, her long legs, and the flare of her dress exposing everything except her face.

Taking a moment before she could change her mind, she labelled the picture and emailed it to the site. It was the first time she had ever posted nude pictures of herself on-line. As an adult, she knew the dangers, but as a sensual person, she only felt invigorated.

She rushed through the rest of the groceries to be finished before the store closed. At the checkout, the woman on the register, was very friendly, she figured likely in her early forties and very attractive.

She noticed that the cashier was glancing at her dress without trying to stare. She leaned into the cart and felt the fabric pulling up the curve of her ass, knowing that the cashier could likely see the bottom of her ass and maybe even her pussy. She felt so wet that she was sure that the cashier must know and could smell the "air of sex" around her and probably thought she had been freshly fucked. Her nipples were so hard they ached.

The clerk handed her the cash register tape and in an unusual thing for covid-19, squeezed her hand when she handed over the tape and said that she was the sexiest customer she had all day and that if she was interested to call her sometime, she wrote her number on the receipt. Smiling she thanked her and squeezed her hand back, and said that she would.

Taking her groceries, she walked from the store, with a bit of an exaggerated sway to her hips, she knew the cashier was watching her tight little ass.

In the car she immediately gave her boobs some desperately needed attention and it seemed only minutes before she came again.

Day 1 mission accomplished and she felt sexier and more excited than she had for months. That night in bed, she thought she must have worn out the batteries in her vibrator.

The next morning, as soon as she woke up, the first thing she did was reach for the jar and took the second slip:

"Tonight, go to a golf course and walk naked to the first hole and take your picture."

She checked the weather forecast for this evening, clear and light winds, temperature 72 F. Yesterday was a test, but at least she was wearing some clothes, when she wrote the challenges, she had been "buzzed" and feeling very brave; now sober, she was a little worried.

The idea of being outside naked in a public place was such a turn on for her, she knew deep in her mind, that she was going to do it, but right now she had work to get finished.

She ate breakfast and got ready for running, as she did so, her mind kept wandering back to what she was going to do tonight.

She thought about the contest and her first challenge. Checking the website this morning she noticed her picture had generated a few hundred likes, other people had more than her, but she wasn't last and looking at herself naked on-line for the first time did make her very horny.

This morning she had on her black sports bra, a black Nike t-shirt, and her spandex shorts with white runners and shoes.

Her dark hair bounced behind her in a sporty pony tail. The traffic was light as she ran and there were virtually no people in sight.

When she got home, she shaved her legs and pussy, showered and today decided just wore track pants, a cozy sweater but no bra or panties.

She worked all day and ate her meals at the computer. She found as the day progressed, her thoughts drifted to the golf course. Although she was nervous and more than a little scared about getting caught, she knew she was going to do it. She worked until it started to get dark outside.

Turning the computer off, she found herself trembling with excitement.

She changed into a loose hockey jersey that looked like a dress on her and decided not to wear anything else, other than her sneakers. She brought a small purse with her keys and phone.

At the last minute she put on a little makeup and this time left her hair down, she liked how it looked and felt slightly messed but still sexy. She remembered it looked like this a lot after her girlfriend had made love to her in their small bed in college. She smiled as she remembered the number of times they had slept in together, tucked in her little twin bed, naked and wrapped in each others arms.

Refocusing, she grabbed her keys and set off. In her excitement to get going, she had forgotten to go to the washroom, but she figured she was a big girl and could hold it.

She had to force herself to relax, her heart was beating so hard and so fast that she was flushed. Driving through town towards the golf course she encountered virtually no traffic and it was the same when she found an isolated parking spot near the tee off spot.

The sun was almost gone when she arrived. Sitting in the dark parking lot, she took a deep breath and pulled the jersey over her head. Naked in the car, her sexy little body was fully aroused. Her nipples were rock hard, her pussy damp, and her skin covered in goose bumps despite the warmth. She turned off the interior light and opened the door.

Stepping out into the darkness and locking the door, her purse slung over her back like a tiny backpack.

She was far enough from the streetlights that she was only a silhouette to anyone looking in her direction.

She walked across the parking lot, getting further and further away from the safety of the car. She couldn't help putting her fingers into her pussy. The feeling was so intense, she massaged her nipples as well, while she walked towards the first hole.

Moving from pavement to grass, she was now totally in the open when her bladder picked this moment to remind her, she should have peed before leaving. The light rubbing and pulling on her nipples caused her to have a small orgasm and the resulting climax was the final straw for her bladder.

She hadn't had an accident since she was 7, but she did now. Following the throws of her orgasm, she started to pee and could not stop. Feeling very naughty, she enjoyed to feeling and the freedom of peeing standing up for the first time that she could remember.

Rubbing her pussy afterwards and then licking her fingers, she could taste the sweet taste of her pussy, mixed with the salty taste of her pee and she almost came again.

Coming to the first flag without further incident she used her little purse as a backstop for her phone. Taking the flag from the hole she set the timer for 10 seconds, she laid on the damp grass, the blades tickling her breasts and pussy, she turned her head away from the camera as the flash went off. She had to retake the picture because the angle wasn't right.

She was rewarded with a very sexy picture of her lying naked with the flag showing "#1," her breasts hung very nicely with her erect nipples clearly in view, the curve of her ass also showing and her head was supported by her arms but her face was in shadow. She laid there, turning onto her back, admiring the picture while she submitted it to the website.

Just finishing, she heard voices.

"I think I saw a flash over by the first tee, lets check it out," said a loud voice.

Panicking, she left the flag, grabbed her things and moved on the ground and stayed low, she ducked off the green and into some nearby shrubs and bushes that made the hole tricky for the golfers. Lying on the ground, she had been scratched in several places, but she wasn't thinking about that. She was holding her breath as two men came into view.

She was hidden but the spot was pretty obvious. One of the men bent over and put the flag back in the hole.

"Bloody kids," the other shook his head, "I was sure I had seen flashes from a camera but I don't see anything now.

"Maybe I should check out the trees," one of them said and started walking towards her.

With no place to go, she started worrying about what she would do when they found her, surprisingly the thought of getting caught only made her more turned on, maybe they would spank her, she smiled despite of the anxiety she felt.

Not likely, she thought, but then the other guys said, "Don't worry about it, we're already behind schedule, we have to get going."

The one guy was almost on top of her when he turned and walked back towards the other man who was already leaving.

Her forehead dropped to the grass as she relaxed, surprised at the thought of being spanked, she had never considered that as an adult and as she lay there naked on the first hole, she imagined the two unknown men taking her in their strong hands and then taking turns putting her over their knees and spanking her.

She could almost feel their rough hands on her soft skin, leaving imprints of their hands on her ass, maybe even rubbing her little asshole, suddenly gripped in a strong orgasm, she barely contained the moan that came from her as her body shuddered and she squirted for the first time.

Recovering, she made her way back to her car and after sliding the jersey back on, she drove home, satisfied at the nights action.

In the morning, she was only one of about 50 people who had bothered with the 2nd post. This time she had more than 1,000 likes.

Day 3's challenge: "Collect the mail from the apartment lobby by walking naked from your apartment to the lobby and back again."

"I must have been drunk when I wrote these," she laughed and remembered that she was.

During the day going to the lobby was out of the question, but she thought she would do a "clothed" test run. Her apartment was on the 6th floor. Walking out the door, she put her key on an elastic band around her wrist, thinking it wouldn't do to get all the way to the lobby and then lock herself out of the building.

The elevators were out of the question, so she went to the stairs and went down the flights, they were well lit, and fortunately there were no security cameras. Coming to the first floor, she entered the main hallway with her security key and walked past 10 apartments to the front door and then passed through to the lobby.

At the security door, she noticed the camera, "hmmm, that might be a problem," and then went out the door to her mailbox which was only a few feet away. Opening the mailbox, checking inside, and closing the door only took a few minutes; and then she used her key to re-enter the lobby. If she did this after most people were in bed, the whole thing might only take 10 minutes tops.

She got wet just thinking about doing this and thought maybe she would try the elevator if she was feeling really brave. The feeling that once in the elevator she would be trapped and at the mercy of anyone who pressed a button made her squirm in delight.

Returning to her apartment, she did her exercise, today was yoga again. Showering afterwards, she got dressed for work, today she was actually going into work for a few hours to process some books.

When she arrived she was the only person in the building, it was kind of spooky in the huge library with only a handful of lights on, but she was not easily scared and she worked until lunch and then returned home to spend the rest of the day working from her computer.

Supper came and went and she nervously watched TV for a few hours and then around 11:30, thought it was time to get ready. It was a weeknight and it was rainy outside so she thought most people would likely be in bed already.

Stripping off her clothes in front of the mirror, she had "butterflies" in her stomach and her hands were shaking again in anticipation. She rubbed her boobs and lightly massaged her sensitive nipples, almost making her come on the spot. Her pussy was fully aroused with the folds open, already a little puffy and the moisture glistened in the light. All of these feelings were becoming addicting to her and the feeling was almost as exciting as the actual challenge ... almost but not quite.

Tonight, she had her selfie stick, had her phone ready and her key was on the elastic around her wrist. She put on her sneakers and took a deep breath. Opening the door, she peered up and down the hallway. Everything was quiet. She closed her door and stepped into the hallway. The cool air giving her goosebumps everywhere, again. She stopped and took a picture by the elevators and forced herself to walk, not run to the staircase.

Opening the door to the stairs, she stepped into the stairwell and started down the first flight, the sounds echoed up and down the stair case. Fifth floor, fourth floor, suddenly she heard a door open above her and footsteps started down the stairs. Taking a chance, she went into the third-floor hallway, all was silent. Hiding just behind the door, she heard the footsteps get louder.

Unconsciously her fingers found her pussy and started rubbing herself. The footsteps sounded like they were right beside her and then they started to fade, then she heard a door open and close. Licking her fingers, she thought she tasted delicious.

"Horny young librarian flavour," she smiled, licking her fingers again. Moving back out onto the stairs, she descended to the first floor. Using her key, she entered the long hallway, her pale body standing out in sharp contrast to the silent row of apartments. With no place to hide if someone came into view, she almost came again at the thought of being discovered.

She just touched her hard nipples and her knees almost buckled as she came unbelievably hard.

"OOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG," and she moaned so loudly in the hallway that she thought everyone would hear her. She squirted again, her juices running down her legs and filling the hallway with the sweet scent of her sex.

Recovering, she started down the hallway. After the 10 apartments she approached the lobby, stopping, she looked at the entrance. It was then she remembered about the camera, figuring that at this time of night, nobody would be watching, she took a chance.

"Empty," she said out loud, and she walked to the door, getting the selfie stick ready, she took a little video of her walking through the door, opening the mailbox, and closing it again. She snapped a picture, and then noticed two people walking towards the outside door from a distance.

Hurrying, she swiped the lock and entered the lobby, noticing the elevator was on the main floor, she took a chance and pressed the button, the doors opened just as the two people entered the building, she rushed into the elevator and pressed the "6", the doors were just closing as one of the two people yelled.

"Hey, hold the elevator," a man had said. But the doors closed and the elevator started up, she knew they would press the "up" button, but the elevator wouldn't return to the ground floor; she was almost safe.

"2, 3, 4, 5, and then after seemingly forever, 6 appeared. The doors opened and she looked at the empty waiting area, she had to leap out because the doors started to close again, someone else wanted the elevator on another floor.

She started down the hallway towards her apartment, the adrenaline pumping hard after the closeness to getting caught, her pussy actually had droplets of her cum on her lower lips. When she entered her room, she ran to her bed and thrust the vibrator between her legs.

It took only minutes to bring her off again, a loud yell escaped her mouth and she could not believe how incredible she felt. Taking a moment, she submitted the lobby picture to the contest before getting off again on the vibrator.

She awoke in the morning, her sheets damp and smelling like girl cum and she was naked.

"What a perfect way to start a day," she thought.

Reaching over to the jar by her bed, she pulled out day 4:

"Ride your bike on the trail today for at least 1 mile naked."

She was finding that this contest was taking over her life, the excitement and challenge had made everything else seem boring and plain. She was becoming more and more daring in her attitude and taking risks that only a few days ago seemed impossible.

She logged onto the site and noticed that although she was far from the leaders, she was gaining popularity as the days passed and as people dropped off or maybe she smiled, got caught.

She attributed her feelings to the covid-19 isolation, but deep down she knew that her desire to be naked was like a drug, the more she did it the more she craved.

When she wrote down this "challenge" she knew exactly where she wanted to try it.

First though, she made herself have breakfast, exercise, and then work. The discipline she imposed was difficult, because in her mind, she was already on the bike, pussy wet and rubbing against the warm leather seat, her boobs getting tanned by the sun.

Finally, though it was time. Today, she put her hair into a bun on top of her head, she wore a sports bar, loose black Nike shorts, sockettes, and sneakers.

Leaving the apartment and wheeling her mountain bike into the elevator her mind was lost in thoughts about last night and she barely noticed her fingers tickling her pussy through the leg gap in the shorts. Her long fingernails massaging her smooth pussy, her finger tips just teasing the nub of her clit.

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," she moaned as the orgasm claimed her, standing in the elevator as it approached the ground floor.

Flushed she got off the elevator as other people got on, one of the women, recognizing the scent of sex, simply smiled at her and said quietly, "you go girl."

Once out of the apartment and onto the road, the coolness of the slipstream ran up her shorts and made her feel incredibly naughty and even more horny than before. More aware than ever of how the bike seat moulded to her pussy, she found herself pressing her pussy into the seat.

As she approached the bike trail, she felt almost "buzzed," like she was intoxicated by the anticipation of what was coming next.

"Hopefully me, I want to be coming next," she laughed to herself.

The trail was marked off in 1-mile increments and she peddled harder to the place she wanted to "do it". The entire time from when she started on the trail to here, she hadn't seen anyone but she was still feeling really nervous, it was broad daylight and the trail could hide any number of people in its curves and hills.

At the mile marker, she stripped off her clothes in the sun. The warmth, the nudity, and the threat of discovery combined with the broad daylight to have her on the verge of an orgasm. Her breathing was shallow and her hands were shaking as she took her clothes and hid them in a near by tree.

Settling her wet pussy onto the leather bike seat, she felt like her lips were gripping the seat and the friction was electric from the first time she sat down.

Using her selfie stick, she managed to take several pictures of herself riding past the mile marker. Satisfied, she started to ride.

The trail curved around boulders, small ponds, trees, and went up and down small hills. Sometimes she was exposed and sometimes she was under the canopy of trees. She had actually ridden almost twice as far as she needed to. She felt totally free, natural and very sexy. She was so close to another orgasm, that she missed the voices.

Coming around a curve in the trail that was concealed by some trees, she almost came face to face, with two men. They were about 100 feet away when they saw each other, her face was hidden in the shadows of the trees, but her body wasn't. The men, were not hikers, they were dirty and haggard looking, they could not believe their eyes at the naked young woman and the opportunity that this lonely section of trail presented.

She reacted first and braked and started to turn tail.

"Hey sexy, bring that sweet ass back and we will both fuck you!"

They started to run towards her, screaming obscenities at her and telling her what they would do to her when they caught her.

They had managed to close to within 20-25 feet of her as she got turned around, now she was peddling frantically, standing on the pedals, and they had a perfect view of her ass and pussy.

"Get back here you little tease, if we catch you, you will be sorry you ran away," her conditioning and their conditioning was starting to show. Out of breath, from smoking, boozing, and drugs, they started to fade. Her regular exercise and conditioning started to open up a gap. Nevertheless, she did not stop peddling.

Although she had fantasized about get caught and having different people, men and woman, finding her and making her have sex, being fucked by those two was not part of anything she wanted to imagine. Right now, she was scared and her heart was beating madly beneath her boobs.

Approaching the spot where she left her clothes, she started to coast. Drenched in sweat and shaking she realized how close she had come to being caught.

She forced herself to relax as she put her clothes back on. She wondered if she should just quit this contest and she remembered that she was just a quiet librarian, not some naked freak who gets off on being nude and taking chances that most people wouldn't even dream of.

This was all she thought of riding home, the chances she had taken, the risk to her job, career, and reputation. Worst of all had she been caught by those two men; she would likely have been fucked by them.

She logged onto the computer to withdraw her entry, when she noticed an email from the site, in the past 24 hours, she had received more likes than any other entry, and they were reminding her to submit her entry for today.

Pouring a glass of wine, she stared at the phone for about 30 minutes, weighing her thoughts. For the past 4 days, she had never felt sexier or more alive than she did until those two men almost caught her. She was a good librarian and worked hard, but had she had never had any kind of adventures like these ones.

She realized that had she stopped when she had done the 1 mile, she would never have met those two. Realizing that if she had been more careful, that particular situation would never have happened. In her mind, she decided she should finish the contest. She submitted her day 4 entry.

She spent the next couple of hours after supper, looking at all the entries, male and female. Particularly the images of herself. A few more glasses of wine later, the excitement of the past several days caught up with her and she fell asleep fully dressed on the couch and did not wake up until the alarm went off.

She was groggy, naked and sitting in some kind of cell. There were bars on the walls, and now she saw she was the only one naked. Several rough looking women were watching her.

"A librarian, huh, looks like a slut to me," one of them said.

"Some kind of book whore, maybe," another laughed.

Another walked over to her and said, "doesn't matter, you are my bitch now."

Grabbing her by the hair, the last one planted a rough kiss on her lips.

"That's enough," shouted an approaching cop.

"Let's go librarian, they want you in the interrogation room," the cop said as he leered at her body, not even offering anything to cover her nakedness.

The next thing she knew she was on the floor in another room, she was having sex with several men. She had one cock stuffed into her tight pussy, another was crammed into her ass, she was almost gagging with one in her mouth, and she felt her tits being covered in cum from two men jacking themselves off over her.

The orgasm she was having, felt like the biggest one in her life, the feeling started deep inside of her, she felt it building in power as her body shuttered and clenched, and then exploded as she awoke.

Her body shook and convulsed as she came, her shorts were soaked and she laid on the couch where she had fallen asleep last night. It had been a dream, but the orgasm was real and so intense.

Whatever doubts she had yesterday, were a thing of the past, she thought, she had never felt an orgasm that strong before and no matter what, she wanted more and more of them; hiding in a library was not to way to feel like this, being naked, no matter the risk was.

She reached for the jar, she knew what the last one was, "To get naked at work."

This was the one she had been looking forward to the most. Many of her deepest fantasies involved being naked in a library and she had fantasized about libraries even before she had wanted to work in one. In college, both her and her girl friend had spent hours fondling and playing with each other in the "out of the way corners" of the study sections.

A boyfriend had once convinced her to wear a skirt with no panties one night and flash him in a quiet reference section when the library was open. She remembered him feeling up her pussy and having to stifle her moans as he made her come with just his fingers.

Another time, she had sucked his cock in the same section. She got wet just thinking of herself on her knees with his warm cock buried deep in her mouth, her tongue running over the length of him, the feeling that he was going to cum, and then the release of the salty, white liquid which coated her mouth and flowed down her throat.

She remembered the way his knees buckled as she licked his cock clean and thought of the drips of cum that leaked from her mouth.

"That was so sexy," she said out loud, today would be different. She would be alone, with the library closed, she had been asked if she could come in a couple of times a week and she had sent her supervisor an email, asking if it was okay if today was one of those day.

"Sure, no problem, just make sure you lock up when you're finished," she trembled with the familiar excitement when she read the email from her supervisor, Kari. Kari was a woman worth fantasizing about too, but that was for another time she thought.

She got up and showered. Today, she wore a light summer dress with sandals, her hair down with small braids, a nice necklace and nothing else. If she stood with the sun behind her, everyone could see her naked silhouette.

Leaving her apartment, the very light material did nothing to hide her pointy nipples protruding from her dress. The coolness of the morning breeze on her pussy made her feel almost completely exposed to the world, a feeling she revelled in.

Walking up the front steps to the library, she forced herself not to run. Locking the door behind her and leaving the lights off, she almost felt like she was trespassing. The quiet stacks of books, the quiet computers and desks, all places that should be teeming with people, all seemed very quiet in the still air.

She lifted the dress over her head and explored each section of the building totally naked. She laid on the checkout counter and snapped a picture showing her exposed boobs and wet pussy taking care to leave her face in darkness.

Next, she laid on the reference desk and using her fingertips, she played with her nipples with one hand, its fingers making circles on each breast and alternating pinching and pulling on her nipples; the other hand and fingers diving deep into her waiting and very wet pussy.

Her breathing became rapid and her back arched and the orgasm came on like an earthquake with her body shivering and stiffening until the release made her scream at the top of her lungs.

Lying motionless afterwards for a minute then 2, then 5, she slowly caught her breath, her body covered in sweat, she lay with her legs wide apart, her pussy lips red and puffy. So sensitive she could barely touch her pussy, a small puddle of her juices lay on the desk.

She took another few pictures and then rose to a sitting position, then sliding off the desk she turned and bent down and licked her juices from the desk, savoring her taste.

It didn't matter if she won the contest or not, the way she felt ride now was worth all of the risks.

She put the dress on and finished her work. Submitting the pictures to the contest, she enjoyed seeing all of the likes she got and even though she didn't win, she knew that there was no way she could ever stop exercising her love of being naked in places she shouldn't be.

The next day while doing her yoga, there was a knock at her door, that was kind of unusual since normally people would have to buzz first.

Wearing shorts and a t-shirt, sweaty from the exercise, and with her hair in a cute pony tail, she checked the door peephole, it was her boss.

"Kari, it is really nice to see you," she said opening the door and being genuinely happy to see her and Kari hugged her tightly.

Kari was in her mid thirties, very attractive in a "girly girl" kind of way, divorced with a couple of teenagers, and was the person responsible for convincing the board to hire her as she was by far the youngest of the applicants for her job.

"Someone let me in the door in the lobby, I hope you don't mind," she said almost as if she could read her mind.

"The board has been very happy with your work and I have been very impressed with everything you have done, including all of work at home," Kari said after I had invited her to sit down.

"I wanted to talk with you privately though," Kari said almost in a whisper, as if my apartment was bugged.

"Sure, anything, I owe you so much, what can I do for you?"

"I just want you to know that I destroyed the DVD." Kari said as if I would know that that was.

"The security DVD." Kari said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, still not knowing what she was referring to.

"You don't know? Oh, that explains a lot, you mustn't have known," Kari said with me starting to get very worried.

"While the library was first closed, we had installed security cameras, that ..., "she didn't get to finish.

"OMG, OMG, OMG," I just kept saying over and over again, images of my career going up in the flames of a scandal before it really even got started.

Kari took me into her arms and said, "Don't worry, you didn't steal anything, and for what its worth, I am the only one who saw how amazingly hot you were, although I will admit I watched it more than once. The DVD is broken and is in the garbage."

"I am so sorry Kari; I don't know how to explain ..." She cut me off and kissed me on the lips, not a friend kiss either, a deep long penetrating kiss that made my knees weak.

"It's okay," she kissed me again, "You don't have to worry, nobody will ever know except me, and I'm not going to tell anyone ... as long as you do what I say," she said holding me close.

I looked into her eyes and saw only desire.

"Take off your clothes."