**She**

By S

She held his hand as he led her through the crowded streets, her grip so tight it must be hurting him. If he minded, he didn't let it show.

The sun had gone down and the city streets were full of revelers. She could tell that most of the crowd was pretty far gone, if not flat out drunk. Would that make this any easier?

She kept her eyes down, unable to make eye contact with the people passing by. It was as if they knew what was soon to happen. She blushed with shame at the thought.

Each step closer to the agreed upon spot left her more and more frantic to bolt. Conscious of each breath, she felt her heart pounding and her stomach began to hurt from the excitement and fear.

A cheer rose up on the street ahead and she instinctively raised her eyes. She saw a crowd of men surrounding a pretty girl. Throwing a rope of bead necklaces over her shoulder, the girl grabbed the hem of her shirt and lifted it clear of her breasts. Again a loud cheer arose from the men.

Her stomach felt even more queasy and her breaths grew rapid. What was she doing here, anyway?

She felt him impatiently tugging her ahead. The sight of the other girl had made her slow her pace. Unable to resist the force of his pull, she followed his lead and sped her step to match his.

Turning a corner onto another, busier street he glanced back at her briefly. For the briefest moment, their gazes met. She looked at him with desperation. He looked at her with firm determination. He wasn't going to stop. Her hope of escape faded and she grew into a near panic.

It was only two blocks away now. Her legs felt wobbly and her head was growing dizzy from her near hyperventilation. She kept her eyes on the ground and tried to breathe. Only when he slowed down did she raise her eyes to take in her surroundings.

They stood on the sidewalk in front of a very crowded bar, a huge plate glass window revealing the dense crowd inside. Above them, two spotlights lit the spot where they stood as bright as day. Ahead was the bar's entrance, a huge bouncer sat on a stool before it. Music poured from the bar and mixed with the music of many other bars and parties in the vicinity.

Down the sidewalk and all across the closed off street, throngs of people moved in steady waves. Standing where they were, no one but the bouncer took notice of them. That, she knew, was certain to change.

He turned to her and tried to release her hand, but she wouldn't let go.

"I can't do this. I can't."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she stared at him with a wild desperation.

He cupped her hand between both of his and looked into her eyes.

"Yes you can. You are strong and very beautiful. You have wanted this for as long as we have been together. I'm not going to let you chicken out now."

She released her grasp and stared into his eyes, hoping to draw strength from his resolve. Sensing her need, he leaned over and wrapped her in a hug. Standing there together, he held her for what seemed to be an eternity, but couldn't have been more than five seconds. He could feel her heart pounding in her chest.

He whispered in her ear, "it's time."

Letting go, he stepped back from her and left her alone before the bar window. Turning to face the crowd inside, she took a moment to study her reflection in the glass. Long dark hair, parted in the middle, flowed straight down her cheeks, framing a pretty face. Her shoulders were bare, save for the thin straps of a classic black party dress. The dress rose over her pert young breasts and flowed down her torso, clinging to the curves of her narrow waist and voluptuous hips. Ending at mid thigh, below the dress her shapely legs were covered in black nylons. A pair of black heels completed her outfit.

Several patrons in the bar noticed her staring and glanced in her direction, drawing her out of her introverted reverie. Meekly meeting the stare of the closest patron looking in her direction, she felt her panic intensify a hundredfold.

Unable to shift her gaze away from the customer inside, a handsome young man who stared back with growing interest, she trembled as she reached up to take hold of one of her shoulder straps. She froze, her senses bizarrely aware of every sound, every footstep, every person in the multitude surrounding her.

As time crawled to a stop, she felt him once again behind her.

"I love you."

She melted as he once again stepped away and left her alone.

She pulled down the strap, baring her shoulder. Not getting any easier, she continued to tremble as she reached for the second strap.

The young man in the bar looked puzzled for a moment, and then in a flash seemed to realize what was happening. She saw him speak to his friends sitting at his table, never taking his eyes from her. An electric shock seemed to travel down her spine as the entire table turned in her direction.

She didn't think she could breathe.

Reaching behind her, she fished for the zipper on the back of her dress. Pausing for a moment as she tried to get some control of herself, she watched as more people in the bar turned in her direction, their attention drawn by the young man's friends' sudden staring.

She wanted to crawl into a hole and die. She wanted to run. She wanted to close her eyes and shut out what was happening. Instead, she maintained eye contact with the young man in the bar and slowly lowered the zipper of her dress.

Sensing movement to her left, she finally released her gaze from the young man and turned her head to see the bouncer approaching. Fear and relief coursed through her body. He was going to stop her. It would be mortifying, true, but this madness would end.

With a feeling of horror, she watched as he moved behind her. He wasn't going to stop her, she realized. He was trying to get a better view.

Now the tears really filled her eyes. Shame, embarrassment and excitement overwhelmed her senses as adrenaline coursed through her slender, shaking body.

She turned her gaze back toward the bar. Forcing herself to blink and take a deep breath, she once again locked eyes with the young man. He smiled. It was a nice smile, not a drunken leer. That helped.

Bending over slightly, she took hold of the hem of her skirt with each hand and slowly straightened her posture. This had the effect of raising the bottom of her skirt just high enough to reveal the tops of her stockings. Bare leg showed between the stockings and the dress. She lifted the dress higher.

Though unable to let go of the young man's stare, she could see her reflection in her peripheral vision. As if in a dream, she watched as the dress rose higher, revealing lacy black panties as her hands reached the level of her waist. The person in the reflection couldn't be her. She felt her brain rebel as it processed the lewd spectacle.

Unwilling to turn around for fear of losing her nerve, she could hear as passers by on the street caught sight of her little panty-clad behind and loudly exclaimed their delight.

"Holy \_\_\_\_, man. Look at that \_\_\_\_. Come on, honey. Show us what you got."

She burned with shame and blushed all over her body as she lifted the dress higher.

As her hands reached the level of her shoulders, a small strapless bra came into view, a small black bow between the cups offering up her soft, full breasts like presents to the crowded bar. Every patron was now laughing and cheering as they watched her slowly reveal herself to them. All of her body was to be their's for the viewing, and she could sense their anticipation.

Grateful for the momentary blockage of her sight, she pulled the dress up over her head and held it out to her side. She felt him take it gently from her grasp.

She glanced down at her exposed body, the thinnest of underwear her only cover, then raised her eyes to once again meet the gaze of the young man in the bar. He stared back at her with lusty concentration, sending yet another jolt through her body. This time, though, she felt arousal to match the fear. This was her fantasy, and she felt dirty and totally alive.

Pausing only to straighten out and tuck her hair behind her ears, she steeled herself for what was to come. She once again reached behind her back, her trembling hands fishing for the clasp of her strapless bra. First one hook was undone, then another, until only one hook held the bra in place.

Suddenly, the window was flooded with first one, then multiple lights originating in the crowd behind her.

Again she froze, knowing that her shame was now being recorded for every perv to watch again and again. The crowd's taunts grew ever more lewd.

"Turn around, baby. Show us those sweet tits."

A stranger's hand reached out from the crowd for the side of her panties and lightly touched her bum. Shocked, her fear grew even greater as she once again fought the urge to run.

Suddenly the huge bouncer was close behind her, forcing back the crowd. Keeping her shoulders square with the bar window, she turned her head to see him, to thank him for his help. He was facing away from her, staring with malice at the rougher elements in the crowd. That calmed her, a bit. She would have to thank him later.

She turned her gaze back to the bar and her knees nearly buckled when she realized the young man and his friends had abandoned their table and were standing just inside the window, not two feet from where she stood. In fact, most of the bar now seemed to be crowded against the window. If not for the glass, a half dozen patrons could be touching her body, they were so close. And there before her, closest of all, was the young man.

She couldn't do this. This was too hard. Showing herself to these people was one thing, showing herself this close up was another. She stared down at the ground, burning with humiliation. Fighting the tears in her eyes, she bravely lifted her head to look in the young man's eyes.

This close up, he seemed younger. He must be in his early twenties, just like her. He didn't blink as they stared at each other.

An eternity passed, an eternity marked by shouts of encouragement from the crowd in the bar, rude commands from the crowd surrounding her in the street, and the flash of cameras all around where she stood. An eternity brought to an end when she reached behind her back, moved her long hair out of the way, and got her trembling hands around the back of her bra to release the final hook.

She stood in place, the trembling spreading through her body. Keeping her knees together so that they wouldn't give way, she stopped breathing entirely as she slowly let go of one side of the bra behind her back.

She felt the bra fall as if in slow motion, first one supple breast then the other popping into view. She flinched as a dozen camera flashes from inside the bar temporarily blinded her. Recovering her sight, she caught her reflection in the glass as she lowered her arms to her side. There she was, a sexy young woman, standing topless and panty-clad on the sidewalk of an incredibly busy street, baring her breasts for the enjoyment of a crowd of bar patrons standing close enough to touch them. Close enough to see every detail of her body. Her nipples pointed suggestively up and out at the appreciative crowd, lit garishly by the spotlights above and the floodlights of the video cameras being held out to her side. One video camera was even being held out down around her knees, filming her from below.

Everyone in the bar window stared lustily at her chest as they smiled and pointed. Everyone, that is, but the young man standing not two feet in front of her. She felt her sexual excitement grow as the crowd howled and gestured and photographed her naked chest, but all the while the young man continued to stare into her eyes. Drawing strength from his gaze, she straightened her knees and forced herself to breathe.

Who was this guy? What did he think of her? She shuddered to think of how dirty she must look. She wasn't the kind of girl who did this sort of thing. Did he know that? How could he know that? Because suddenly she really was the sort of girl, a dirty girl his own age, who revealed herself in the street. Suddenly she was a girl with very few secrets, and the last of her secrets were about to be revealed.

She held the bra out to her side, and felt him take it from her grasp to hold it with her dress. She nervously straightened her hair again and forced herself to take a couple of deep breaths, her breasts heaving suggestively with each inhalation.

"Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!"

There had to be hundreds of people around her on the street, and they were growing impatient. She reached awkwardly for the sides of her panties, hesitated, and finally rested her hands on her hips. The crowd grew louder.

"BUSH! BUSH! BUSH! BUSH!"

The world started to narrow in her vision as she felt like she would faint. She openly started to cry now as powerful, conflicting urges left her unable to move. She closed her eyes, reached for the sides of her panties, and once again lost her nerve.

She felt him approach her from behind. She kept her eyes shut trying to block out the situation.

"I can't do this. This is too much, she whispered as a tear rolled down her cheek. "Let's go."

"If you really want to go, we can go. But I don't think you want to. I think you're just a little scared, but I also know that you are turned on by all of this."

With that, she opened her eyes and looked at him, wondering what he meant.

"Your panties," he said, gesturing down with his eyes.

She looked at her reflection in the window and realized that her panties had a very obvious wet spot, clearly lit up by the video camera below her.

Clamping her eyes shut again, and audible sob of humiliation escaped her mouth.

"Oh my God. What is wrong with me?" she thought. But he was right. She was mortified, terrified, and darn near paralyzed by powerful emotions, but she was undeniably turned on.

In fact, the more she thought about it, the more turned on she got. She partially opened her eyes and looked at her reflection again.

"You look unbelievably sexy right now. Everyone knows you're turned on. You have nothing left to hide," he whispered in her ear.

She opened her eyes, looked down at her panties, and slowly lifted her gaze until she was staring directly into the young bar patron's eyes. Raising her hands nervously to just below her breast, she slid them down her flat stomach and round her hips until she had both sides of her panties in her grasp. She started to push down.

Very, very slowly she pushed down the sides of the lacy black panties. A roar of anticipation rose up all around her, but she tuned it out and focused on the young man in the bar. She felt consumed by a desire to show herself to him. She had given him (and everyone else, but she couldn't think about that now) the most intimate view of her breasts. As close as he was, he had surely seen every last detail of her pert, pink nipples and the tiny bumps on her areola. He had seen the flat slope of her stomach, the creases in her skin where her shapely legs met her round feminine hips, and the tiny birthmark on her inner thigh. He had seen almost everything, but she had one more secret to share, and a flood of excitement filled her as she anticipated what she was going to do next.

She forced herself to smile and stared into the young man's eyes while she kept pushing the panties slowly down. As they approached the midpoint of her hips, a tiny first wisp of pubic hair came into view. This time, it was the young man who looked nervous and she laughed as she started to bend at the waist. Keeping hold of the panties, she raised her head to maintain eye contact as she pushed the panties down over her butt as a dazzling array of camera flashes went off behind her. Undeterred by the view she was giving the cameramen behind her, she pushed the panties to her knees and held that position, showing the everyone in the street her aroused vagina. The cheers were deafening.

As crazy as the crowd behind her was getting with the incredible view they had, the crowd in the bar was getting even wilder. Bent over as she was, they could see nothing but her beaming smile and dangling breasts.

"BUSH! BUSH! BUSH! BUSH!" They were frantic in the bar, and they wanted to see her as badly as she wanted to show herself. To her delight, even the young man joined in the chant.

Showing her widest, happiest smile, she let go of the panties. Keeping her hands at her side, running them up the side of her legs, she slowly, sensuously straighted into a standing position.

Another barrage of flashes went off, this time from inside the bar, as she proudly displayed herself to the men. She stood very still, letting them drink in the sight of her neatly trimmed landing strip of pubic hair, leading down to the mound of her cleanly shaved vagina, now a little engorged with her sexual excitement. She stood there for a moment, naked in the street save for nylons and heels, and soaked in the attention she was getting. She felt free and beautiful, naughty and sensual...and very, very horny.

Carefully lifting the panties with her foot, she reached down to grab them, turned her head coquettishly, and placed her feet shoulder width apart. She wanted to make sure the men could see all of her. She didn't want to deny them sight of anything.

Lifting her arms, she straighted out her hair and, keeping her hands behind her head, blew the young man in the window a little kiss. Then she started to turn. She paused to allow the man to her right with the video camera at knee level a chance to film a good long close up of her pussy. Turning toward the street, she once again placed her feet shoulder width apart and smiled for the hundreds of pictures being taken of her naked body. Turning to face the bar's entrance, she saw him smiling. She whispered, "thank you," and handed him her panties to hold.

Now the crowd was getting a little bit too crazy, and the bouncer made it clear that it was a good time to go.

"You would be more than welcome in the bar, though," he added.

The thought nearly overpowered her. She could feel her wetness growing as she considered the bouncer's offer. Standing naked in the street and displaying every inch her body to a crowded bar was one thing, but going into the bar afterwards was quite another. Was she being adventuresome or whorish? Doubt was creeping in, and with it some shame at what she was doing.

Things were rapidly getting out of the bouncer's control, though, and the decision was made for her. While the bouncer cleared a path, she hurried into the bar's entrance.

A deafening roar of applause erupted when she entered the bar. A deep blush burned in her cheeks and, to everyone's delight, spread down her bare torso. She strained to keep her composure.

"Give me my clothes back," she said through clenched teeth, a false smile on her face.

"Are you sure? There's nothing to hide from these people anymore. They've seen everything you've got."

She looked around the bar. Other than a few women whose looks were shooting daggers at her, everyone seemed genuinely happy to see more of her. Making eye contact with the young man she had focused on while she was outside, she blushed again, this time even deeper, as she thought about the kiss she had blown him through the window. What had she been thinking?

"I don't know. This might be a bad idea," she said, leaving out the part of the story where she was mortified to meet the young man. That part of the story could remain her little secret.

"Come on. You've made it this far. Let's go to the bar and get a drink. If you're still uncomfortable, I'll give you back your clothes."

It sounded reasonable, and she still felt amazingly turned on being naked in front of everyone, so she nodded her agreement and followed him to the bar. She felt very nervous as every eye in the place remained trained on her exposed body.

As they made their way through the crowd, she couldn't help but make physical contact with people. Not that anyone was taking liberties, but there just wasn't room to move through the crowded bar unimpeded. Complicating things was the fact that everyone was turning toward her as she approached. As a result, instead of her hips or butt making incidental contact with the other patrons, she was rubbing her whole front on them as she passed.

"First the full frontal show as I walk up, and then a feel for good measure," she thought. "God, I hope this isn't being taped"

On the other hand, she couldn't believe how aroused the process was making her. Everyone was treating her nicely, but she could feel the sexual tension in the bar. Some of the guys looked like they wanted to jump her bones right then and there. Part of her wanted it, too. The thought made a shiver pass through her lithe, little body.

A naked girl in a crowd of fully dressed people is a curious phenomenon. When the girl is very pretty, well...her body belongs to everyone. Not literally, of course. She didn't feel in any danger. She just felt like the main course at a banquet. Everyone drank in every detail of her naked body and, nervous as their attention made her, she didn't feel like stopping them.

Eventually they made their way to the bar, and placed their order.

"On the house," the female bartender said. "I would never have the courage to strip buck naked in the street. You have got to tell me what it was like."

With that, a crowd of patrons formed around them to hear her answer and she started to feel a little embarrassed again.

"Well," she started, "I didn't think that I was going to be able to do it, really."

"What did she say?" a patron near the back of the crowd yelled out." I can't hear her over the music."

"I SAID, I DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO IT," she shouted.

It was obvious that the patron still couldn't hear.

"I have an idea," the bartender said. "Why don't you get up on the bar and tell your story? Whaddya say folks?"

A loud cheer went up. Before she could process what was happening, several patrons had left their barstools to give her a path to the bar.

"I don't know," she said, a little queasiness creeping in for the first time in a while.

"Come on, hon. When will you get this chance again?" he whispered in her ear.

Blushing again, she made her way past the barstools. Putting her back to the bar, he lifted her into a seated position as the crowd pushed forward.

This was getting to be a little more than she had bargained on. The show outside was fun, but there had been glass between her and her main audience. She had been o.k. so far in the bar, because she felt shielded by the heavy crowd. Now she was sitting on the bar, her breasts at eye level with a crowd of people staring at her nude body with rapt attention. Everyone could see her breasts, even from outside the bar. Realizing what else she might be showing, she clamped her legs tightly shut, afraid her arousal would be evident. Only the top of her landing strip was visible.

"O.k., well, this isn't something I've ever done before. I was really scared thinking about it. In fact, I didn't think I could go through with it."

"So it was a spur of the moment thing?" one of the patrons asked.

"Uh, no. I planned it in advance," she confessed as a blush again covered her torso.

Why? Why had she admitted that? What kind of perv sits around plotting to strip in the street? She was starting to feel ashamed of herself again. Then things got worse.

"So was it fun? It looked like you were crying, but you also looked VERY happy," someone said. Something about the way the person emphasized the word 'very' made their real meaning clear.

She felt her pulse racing again. Here she was sitting buck naked on a bar with people asking her intimate questions about her arousal. A shiver passed through her body as she realized that most of the male patrons had shifted their gaze down to her crotch in response to the question.

Now she felt incredibly dirty. She sat there looking at her audience, looking at them looking at her. Their stares in the direction of her most intimate of places, still hidden between her tightly clamped legs, made her feel like a sexual object, and nothing more. Her body was theirs, and the sexual tension of the moment was overpowering. The worst part was that she wanted all of this. Breathing rapidly, her heart pounding with excitement, she could feel an almost overwhelming longing to give the crowd what they wanted...to be the girl they wanted her to be.

Slowly, as if in a dream, she felt herself shifting her slender legs apart. A tremor passed through her body as her desire overwhelmed her. She needed this to happen. She needed them to see her.

Blinded by another round of camera flashes, she could hear the crowd gasp as her beautiful moist vagina, inner lips and clitoris peeking out , emerged into view, on display for the appreciative crowd. Keeping her knees shoulder-width apart, arms at her sides, she offered all of herself for the crowd's inspection

"Umm...yeah," she finally said in response to the question. Head bowed but with a shy smile, she continued, "it was really fun."

"So who was that guy you were staring at?" another patron asked. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"No. I just..." she started to reply.

"Seriously? You don't even know him?" the patron interrupted. "Let's get him over here. You need to be introduced."

The crowd roared and laughed and called to the young man's table to bring him over.

She burned with humiliation. Shaking her head, she tried to protest, but the cries of the drunk men were too loud for her to stop what was happening.

In horror, she craned her neck and looked toward the young man's table. To her relief, he looked as embarrassed by the situation as she was. He tried to stay at the table, but his friends weren't having it. They practically dragged him out of his seat and pushed him in the bar's direction.

Their eyes met across the room, and she wanted to die from embarrassment. Here was a boy her own age, a boy for whom she had foolishly put on a very public 'private show', a boy to whom she had blown a girlish kiss as she stood before him naked in the street, and now he was stumbling awkwardly across the bar in her direction. His friends trailed behind him, loudly laughing and teasing him as they prodded him forward.

She felt fidgety and shy and wanted to hide herself as she watched him draw close. She was aware as never before of her nudity, of her total exposure and her vulnerability. This guy was different than the others. They had shared a moment that was very special to her and she had felt a connection to him. Afraid of what was going to happen, she felt herself involuntarily closing her legs and covering her breasts.

Things couldn't end this way. She had given herself so generously to the crowd up until now. She had been so brave with the other men. She couldn't let her shyness beat her like this.

True, the thought of displaying herself to the group of boys her age, and especially to the shy young man, sent her heart racing in panic, but she wanted so badly to push herself further. She needed to do this. She needed the boys to look at her nipples, her curvy waist, her smooth belly, and her wet, excited vagina. She wanted them to take in all of her, to see her as she was. Just the thought of it was almost more than she could take. Focusing on the strength of her desire, she vowed to overcome her fear.

Summoning all the strength she could muster, she forced her legs apart once again, even wider than before, thrust out her chest, and resumed her display. She trembled as she watched the boys approach.

The young man's friends were immature and rude. She heard them making vulgar observations about her physique as the group finally reached the bar. One guy loudly commented on her prominently aroused clitoris as the group laughed and pointed. Burning with shame, she sat still and let them stare, unwilling to let them ruin this moment.

Instead she stared into the eyes of the shy young man as he stared back into hers. Sensing his reluctance, she gave him a sweet, little smile and used her eyes to give him permission to examine her. Standing so close now, he was practically between her knees as his eyes finally started to roam down her body.

He took his time and she shuddered as he followed her neck down to her shoulders and then on to her breasts. She could see his breathing growing heavy as he stared at each of her breasts in turn. His attention driving her wild, she felt her nipples growing firm as her areola cinched up in the cutest, little wrinkles. Amazed, he stared even more intently as her sexual excitement grew.

As the young man looked questioningly back into her eyes, she smiled and nodded her encouragement as she shifted slightly to give him a better view of her vagina, not wanting to hold anything back. The shouts of the crowd faded from her awareness as she gave her focus solely to the young man. She watched his eyes travel down her smooth belly, down the cute little landing strip of pubic hair,and on to her throbbing, wet sex. She closed her eyes and gave herself to the moment, imagining the view he had of her most secret place.

Holding on for all it was worth, she savored the thought of the young man staring between her parted vaginal lips at the soft folds of her inner vagina. She stifled a moan as she imagined his inspection of her delicate pink clitoral hood, her arousal plain for him to see. For this briefest of moments, her body was his and his alone and she gave herself willingly.

Opening her eyes, she watched him staring lustily at her sex. Fearing the power of her excitement, she decided to assert some control over the situation.

Sliding her bum to the edge of the bar, she jumped down the short distance to the floor and took a step forward. Closer than she had ever been before to the young man, she felt his warm deep breaths as she gazed up into his eyes.

He started to speak, but she gently raised a finger to his mouth in a shushing motion. Leaning up on her toes, she pressed her lips into his in a soft kiss, her breasts pressing against his chest. it was all so wrong but it felt too good to stop.

Pulling away, she flashed a mischievous grin, grabbed her dress and panties, and bolted for the door. Passing through the crowd, she enjoyed the contact of her breasts and tummy rubbing against the clothed men and women as she hurried ahead. She laughed and high-fived everyone as they shouted with pleasure. At the door, she spun around and briefly posed for last round of naked photographs. Clearly, she had given them a night to remember.

Throwing the dress over her body, she ran out the door and disappeared into the busy street.

Carrying her panties, he followed close behind, as proud of his girl as he could be.