**Shirts vs Skins 41**

Miss Green sat on a sofa that was placed in the corner of the large room, with several regular chairs placed around it. She patted the cushion next to her, indicating for me to sit. I sat down to her right, when she immediately placed her hand on my bare left thigh, preventing me from crossing my legs. “Now explain the meaning of those most colorful panties again” she said, as she turned her focus from my eyes to my red tongue covered camel toe and back again. “There is no meaning Miss Green. They’re just a pair of panties a picked up at a store” I replied, hoping my rock-hard nipples were not going to be the focus of her next inquiry. Sadly, my instinct was correct. “It’s quite thrilling, isn’t it?” she asked, as she lightly placed my left nipple between her index finger and thumb. I started to shake as a shot of adrenaline ran through my entire body but mostly between my thighs.   
  
I was only seconds from having the most unwanted and humiliating orgasm of my life, when Miss Green finally released my nipple, but maintained her hold on my naked left thigh. My breath had become irregular and my heart felt like it was going to burst out of my chest. Every hair on my body was standing at attention, when Miss Green said in her most soothing voice, “Sharon. Relax girl. Relax”, as she released some of her grip on my thigh and started to gently rub it. I don’t know why, but I looked down at my crotch. I was probably making sure my panties weren’t wet enough to be seen by those around me, because my pussy surly was. It was then that Miss Green touched my right cheek and turned my face towards hers. “Relax child. Relax. Sharon, would it have been the worst thing ever if you had climaxed?” she asked, with this expression of total indifference on her face. How do you answer such a question? How? I just shook my head ‘No’ feeling somewhere between total arousal and utter shame.  
  
Miss Green never took her grand-motherly countenance off me, as she asked her next question. “So. Sharon. Am I being presumptuous in assuming that we are finally going to be able to complete our experiment?” Having no idea what she was talking about, I asked “What experiment?” She simply called out to Stacy and asked, “Stacy. Would you mind bringing the ‘permit’ over here?”, never allowing any break in eye contact between us. She went on to tell me how she and her class had been working on the ‘The Arousal Theory’. “You see Sharon. We are out to prove the theory that the physical environment can effect arousal levels by stimulating brain-based mechanisms. Stress and arousal are created when psychological or physical needs are not met. I.E. a lack of sex or in your case, clothing. Arousal, and therefore stress, increase when personal space is diminished, or when people are subjected to the ideas or preconceived notions of those around them, who they feel have some advantage”.  
  
Feeling totally and completely outside of my intellectual element, I just sat there, exposed on the sofa, as Stacy, Simon and Jackie walked up and sat in the chairs in front of me. Stacy had handed ‘The Permit’ to Miss Green, prior to taking her seat. Miss Green again gently turned my face towards hers, as she held the ‘Town Issued Permit’ up so I could see it. “Sharon. We have conducted every conceivable part of ‘The Experiment’, other than the ‘Naked Walk’ portion. It was by complete coincidence that we ran into you this evening, but after hearing about your recent escapades, I had every intention of contacting you anyway”.   
  
Forgetting how exposed I was, I took the ‘Permit’ from her hand and read it myself. I couldn’t believe it! The ‘Permit’ allowed the ‘Psychology Class’ of the college to complete their experiment by having someone walk around the campus and local streets completely naked. It was signed off by The College Board of Education, The Mayor of the town and the town’s Police Chief. That’s what Stacy meant by ‘Safe Passage’. Trying not to let on that this recent discovery had me seriously thinking about it, I sat there seriously thinking about it. Less than an hour ago I wanted to strip off my dress, throw it in the trash and walk home wearing just my panties and sneakers. Now I had a “Don’t Go to Jail Card’! in my hand! There were three stipulations to the permit.  
  
1) ‘The Naked Walk’ must be held during a weekday.  
  
2) ‘The Naked Walk’ was to be conducted between the hours of 9:30 pm and 11:00 pm.  
  
3) The Police Department must be notified at least one-half hour prior to commencement of ‘The Naked Walk’.  
  
‘The afore mentioned stipulations will be completely enforced. They are to assure no children will witness the ‘Experiment’ and there will be no crowd control issues created by the ‘Experiment’.   
  
My heart started pounding as I realized it was 8:52 pm, Wednesday evening. The ‘Permit’ was valid right now! “I could fulfill my deepest fantasy right now! There was no reason for me not to realize my deepest desires. After all, the entire school already had naked pictures of me. What did I have to lose?” I thought to myself. It wasn’t until I saw the ‘Date of Issue’ that I regained my composure. The ‘Permit’ was dated eighty-two days ago. I knew it was a 90-day permit, but why hasn’t anyone performed ‘The Naked Walk’ by now? Why? I handed the ‘Permit’ back to Miss Green and said, “I’m sorry Miss Green, but I just can’t go through with it”. She never missed a beat when she replied, “Let me get this right Sharon. You can play basketball with a group of guys you don’t know, wearing only your panties and sneakers. You are able to fulfill your punishment wearing only those same panties, in front of a full gymnasium, And, you are able to spend most of this evening wearing only these most colorful panties, but you can’t walk a mile home while naked? What am I missing?”, she asked.  
  
“Naked? Naked? I thought I would be walking home like this?” I said, leaving myself fully exposed to the four people in the room. “There is no way I am walking home naked! Permit or no permit!”, I snapped, as I stood up and walked across the room to retrieve my dress. I was fifteen feet away from Miss Green’s desk and my much-desired dress, when a handsome, young police officer walked into the room. I immediately froze, and for the first time all night, I covered my exposed tits. I was unable to move or communicate when he said, “Hi. I’m officer Tim”, as he held his hand out to shake mine. I removed my sweaty palm from my right breast and shook his hand, as I mumbled, “I’m Sharon”. He turned to Miss Green and said, “Well Clara. I wasn’t sure if I’d be the one to pull this duty, but I’m glad I’ll be escorting Sharon, and not some naked fat guy off the streets. I’ll be in my car whenever you folks are ready”.

**Shirts vs Shins 42**

Before I could turn to Miss Green and remind her how I had declined being the subject of her experiment, she called out to the police officer, “Timmy. I need to clarify a few things with you dear”. The handsome young police officer turned around and walked up to Miss Green, taking a quick eyeshot of my almost naked body. He then said, “Clara. Please refer to me as ‘Officer’ when I’m in uniform”. “Oh Mr. Bigshot! Don’t forget I used to change your diapers Timmy! Now Remember your job is to make sure Sharon is safe. You need to observe her from a distance, but do not disrupt the experiment unless absolutely necessary”, Miss Green replied. By now I had let my hands fall from my boobs and walked over to them, never attempting to retrieve the dress I was after, when the cute policeman walked in the classroom. “Miss Green! I told you already, I am not walking home NAKED!”   
  
I don’t know why but I felt immediately at ease around this ‘Officer Tim’, so turned to him, completely exposed and said, “I guess you are off duty officer, because I am ‘Not’ walking home naked”. What I remember most about the next few moments, was how this good-looking, polite, young policeman looked at my face, and not my body when he replied, “That’s your decision Sharon. I guess since Clara hasn’t been able to find anyone to perform the experiment in over two months, since the permit was issued, I’m most likely will be off the hook”. “OFF THE HOOK? OFF THE HOOK? TIMMY! I have years of my life into the research on this subject and I am only one experiment from having my Thesis published! I’m so happy, you’re ‘OFF THE HOOK!”, she said, as her eyes were the epitome of disappointment. “I didn’t mean it that way Clara”, he replied, in the most apologetic tone. The entire room felt so somber, I yelled out four words I knew I would regret.  
  
“O.k. I’LL DO IT! I’LL DO IT!” I announced, as the eyes of Miss Green, Officer Tim, Stacy, Simon and Jackie all fell on me. The only one who didn’t seem elated with my announcement, was me. Officer Tim looked at me and said, “If you’re sure Sharon, I’ll see you remain safe”. I nodded and reassured him that I was willing to go through with it. He winked at me and said, I’ll be in my car. I’ll have to remain indiscreet, but I will never be far away”. He turned and walked out the door. When I turned around to face Miss Green and the others, everyone looked stunned, yet relieved at the same time. I tried to justify my decision in my own mind, by remembering how I felt when I put my dress back on in the hallway. I fantasized about throwing my dress away and making my way home without getting arrested. Now I had the opportunity to fulfill that fantasy, but without the panties that were covering my pussy and ass.  
  
Miss Green walked up to me with a look of total gratitude. I took a deep breath and asked, “What’s next?” She took my hand and said, “Sharon. First, you’ll need to remove the rest of your clothes”. Knowing everyone was watching, I pulled my panties down to my ankles, then sat on a chair. As I attempted to pull the panties over my sneakers, she said. “Oh no, Sharon. You need to remove everything”. “Even my sneakers?”, I asked. “Yes dear. Everything”. Everyone in the room, other than Miss Green had already seen my pussy when Marybeth pulled down panties in the cafeteria, but it was still incredibly humbling. I untied my sneakers, removed them, then removed my ankle socks and put them in the sneakers. I then slipped my panties over my feet, folded them and placed them in one of my sneakers. I was now totally NAKED, and my heart was pounding a hundred beats a minute.   
  
Jackie gathered my sneakers, socks, panties and my dress together. She examined my naked form with an expression that could only be described as ‘Total Lust’, then put them in a basket attached to a bicycle that was in another corner located in the front of the classroom. Stacy asked me for my address, so she could plan out the route to my apartment on the computer. Simon was so shy he would only look at me when I was not looking at him. I decided to give the silent nerd a little show, while Stacy and Miss Green were planning out the last part of Miss Green’s experiment, or what I called, ‘my public degradation’. The clock read 9:18 when Jackie joined Miss Green and Stacy, allowing me a window of opportunity to torture this poor boy. It’s funny how when you are the one totally naked, yet you feel empowered when someone as shy as Simon is around.  
  
I sat up on a stool, spread my legs and placed my bare feet on the side rails, leaving my pussy wide open and on total display for Simon. With my hands on my knees and every private thing I had, available for his viewing, I sat there, waiting for him to either turn his gaze to my pussy or continue to turn away. When I felt he was going to pretend to occupy himself with anything but my now aroused pussy and erect nipples, I called him over. He could not have been more uncomfortable as he made his way over to me. When he had made it to within a few feet of my totally available form, I started to run my hands through my boy haircut black hair, keeping my eyes on Miss Green and the girls. After all. I didn’t want to come off looking like a slut.   
  
With ten minutes until the permit was to be in effect, I looked to Simon and said, “Simon. I’m not sure I should go out like this”, spreading my legs even further, as I continued to play with my hair. HOOK! LINE! and SINKER! Unable to take his eyes of my wide-open pussy, he mumbled something I could not understand, but I was just happy his eyes were glued to my wet opening. Miss Green called out, “Sharon. Please come here dear”. I was a bit startled, so I quickly closed my legs together and stood up. My abrupt motion led to Simon breaking out of his trance. When my feet hit the cold tile floor, shivers went through my entire body. Almost unable to catch my breath, I looked to Simon and said, “Simon, I’m naked. I don’t have any clothes on”, still leaving myself on display. He kept his gaze on my naked body but was unable to verbally respond. I let him have a few more moments to take in my naked form, then said. “Simon. Miss Green wants me”, as I turned hoping he was looking at my bare back and ass.  
  
The cold floors were bringing me back to reality. I was totally naked, and Miss Green expected me to walk a mile, outside in public, to my apartment. “Who might see me? What if I ran into a group of students from the college? What would I say? How could I explain it? Every inch of me was covered in goose bumps as I approached Miss Green. Stacy smacked my bare ass and said, “Sharon. You need to focus on the task at hand. I’m sure Simon appreciated the show, but we need to get back to business here”. I was totally mortified! I was completely unaware anyone else was watching. The cold tile floors started to feel like a sheet of ice under my feet as I was unable to contain my excitement. Rock hard nipples and a wet pussy is probably not the best way to start and experiment like this.

**Shirts vs Shins 43**

The cold floor beneath my feet and the air conditioning in the room were stark reminders of my total exposure. Teasing Simon was fun, but reality was crashing in fast and hard. I started to have second thoughts, as I approached Miss Green and the girls. I looked to Miss Green and felt awful, as I said, “I don’t think I can go through with this Miss Green. Not totally naked”. “Oh Sharon. You won’t be totally naked”, she replied. “I won’t?” I asked, feeling somewhat relieved. “Of-course not dear. You’ll be wearing this”, as she pulled out and electronic armband of some sort and started to put it on my left bicep. This will measure your heart rate, blood pressure, estrogen and female testosterone levels along with the hormones secreted by the adrenal glands, better known as adrenaline. I will be able to monitor every change in your physical condition with this recording instrument here.  
  
She was obviously misunderstanding my concern, as she continued her scientific explanation. “You see dear, this equipment will record the data of how your mental and emotional state is being transferred to the physical changes of your body. So, for instance. If you become so overwhelmed when a car approaches, that you hide behind some bushes, the feelings of fear you may be discovered will be turned into the useful data we need to complete the experiment. You see Sharon. This is a test you can not fail. All you need to do is make it one little mile to your home. Your mind and body will do the rest”. “That’s exactly how I was feeling when I put my dress back on. I wanted to throw the dress away and see if I could make it home without being arrested”, I thought to myself. And now I had no fear of being arrested. I was once again completely aroused as I looked to Miss Green and said, “O.k. I’ll do it”.  
  
“Good. Then let’s get going”, she said as she walked to the corner to retrieve the bicycle. “O.k. Sharon. You and Stacy walk outside and Simon, Jackie and I will follow. I want to make sure the equipment is functioning properly. There should be some change in your vital signs when you are actually outside”. Stacy looked up to me and said, “I really wish I had your courage. If I did, this experiment would have been completed the day the town issued the permit”. I took it as a compliment, then took a deep breath and Stacy and I walked out of the classroom and down the hallway, as the cold tile floors would not let me forget for a second that I was totally naked.  
  
By this time the college should have been empty, but every little creak and groan of the old structure sent shivers up my spine. By the time we made it to the exit door, I had my hands securely placed over my pussy and tits. Unlike playing basketball, this was an exercise I could complete while continuing to cover my shame. We made it to the exit doors in what seemed like seconds. I froze, turned to Stacy and started to shake my head back and forth, indicating I could not go through with it. She said, “Sharon! It’s 9:30 on a weeknight! Very few people will be out this late. This is a sleepy little town”. She looked out the glass doors and said, “Look for yourself. There’s no one out there except Officer Tim, and he’s a half a block down the road”. I looked out the glass doors, and for reasons unknown decided to take the plunge.  
  
With some bravado, I pushed open the door and walked out about three paces, before the gravity of the situation weighed on me more than the dress I so wanted to discard earlier. I turned to run back inside when I saw the door close behind Stacy. I pushed passed her, but the door was locked. In a panic, I covered myself with my hands and told Stacy to open the door. She looked at me with an expression that confirmed my worst fear. There was no way back into the school unless someone inside opened the door. I just stood there below the entrance lighting, peering through the glass, waiting for Miss Green and the others. After a few moments Stacy said, “Sharon! Maybe you should get out from below the lights if you’re so embarrassed”. That’s when I noticed my naked refection in the glass door, then took off for the side of the building, where there were no lights.   
  
I leaned over with my bare ass pressed against the brick building, my hands on my knees, while trying to catch my breath, when the damp grass beneath my feet seemed to proclaim to the world that I was locked outside naked, with only an electronic armband and my pubic hair for cover. Stacy walked over and started to rub my bare back, when she asked, “Where did Sharon go?” I stood up and looked at her, with yet another puzzled expression, as I attempted to comprehend her way of thinking. “What?” I asked, in somewhat of an aggressive tone. She simply replied, “I was just wondering where the Sharon I’ve recently gotten to know, went. I mean look around. There’s no one here. Even if there were an occasional car passing by, or we ran into someone out for an evening stroll, who cares? You have been exposed to literally hundreds of people this week, wearing nothing but your panties and sometimes even less. But now when a nude exhibition could really make a difference, you’re hiding in the shadows”.  
  
As I contemplated Stacy’s observation, I watched in horror when I noticed Miss Green riding her bicycle down the street. She looked like Miss Gulch from The Wizard of Oz, only instead of Toto being in the basket, she was riding away with my clothes. I was now truly unable to seek refuge inside the school. I was totally naked and had no other option but to make my way home. As I was accepting my fate, Simon and Jackie came around the corner. Unaware it was them, I covered up immediately. My heart started racing as I remembered how I thought it would feel, trying to make it home wearing just my panties and sneakers. Now with the possibility of arrest taken out of the equation, I had that chance. I started to realize since I was totally naked, there was an even higher probability, both the arousal and humiliation I was fantasizing about at the time, would come to fruition, whether I wanted it to or not.   
  
I desperately needed some stimulation to get me started, so I dropped my hands to my sides and said to my three clothed travel companions, “You guys heard Miss Green. If I decide to duck around a building, or hide behind some bushes, you can’t let anyone know I’m there. I will be the one to decide if I am willing to let someone, or anyone, see me naked. O.K?” They all shook their heads in agreement, so I took the first step of my naked walk. I made my way to the end of the building and peered around the corner, looking for signs of anyone who may be out on the streets. I turned and looked at the others as I took a deep breath, and said, “O.k. Let’s walk across the grass, down to the street and up the sidewalk to where Officer Tim is parked. Who has the time?” Simon told me it was 9:42. Believe it or not, I felt like I had wasted twelve minutes of my available time to be nude in public. “O.k. Let’s do this”, I said as I motioned Jackie to lead the way. I wanted Stacy by my side and knew if Simon was behind me, he would have a pretty nice view and that would keep me somewhat stimulated.

**Shirts vs Skins 44**

“Now you guys stay close to me in case I need to be shielded from anyone. Alright?” They all nodded, then Stacy gave me a second little smack on my bare ass, to get me moving. I didn’t complain, since I was focused on how the school lights seem to illuminate the lawn in front of me, as if it were daytime. I scanned the area one more time then gave Jackie a little shove, indicating it was now or never. We all started walking at once. I was now stepping across the cool, damp grass of the college lawn, totally naked. My heart was racing a mile a minute. At least for the moment, I was feeling exhilarated and more exposed than I had ever felt before. Knowing I could be discovered in my state of nudity at any time, was increasing the intensity of my situation. The further away from the grand old structure we walked, the higher the levels of both my excitement and my feelings of vulnerability, became. It felt so surreal, as we approached the mid-point of the fifty-yard distance between the school building and the street.  
  
Everyone stopped walking except me. Still in a partial state of euphoria, I continued for a few feet before I noticed I was walking alone. I turn around and yelled, “Why are you all stopping?” Stacy held her index finger to her lips, indicating for me to be quiet and listen. My heart sank as I could hear a vehicle approaching. I ran behind Simon and grabbed the back of his shirt, using him as a human shield. It was obvious by the sound, this was not a car, but some kind of a truck that was getting closer. All I knew is that I could see two headlights heading in our direction. I held my grip on Simon’s shirt, also holding on to what felt like the last remnants of my modesty. My mind was overcome with thoughts of how I had voluntarily surrendered all traces of decency, yet my body had been elevated to the point of complete titillation. Irrepressible emotions of fear, sexual arousal and utter humiliation, engulfed me as I awaited the slow-moving truck.  
  
Stacy turned to me and said, with great enthusiasm, “Sharon! It’s a ‘Fed-Ex’ truck!” “So!” I responded, holding on to Simon’s shirt with what had now become a death grip. “So? So, the driver will never recognize you! At least not from this far away! Give him a show!”, she replied. “How do you know it’s a guy?”, I asked, peeking past Simon’s shoulder, still holding on to his shirt. “Does it matter?”, she answered. I turned and noticed Jackie’s face had that same expression of ‘Lust’ I had seen earlier, as she eyed my naked form, then nodded in agreement to Stacy’s idea. The truck had made its way to the section of road at the bottom of the lawn in front of where we were standing. Before I knew what was happening, Stacy and Jackie had pried my hands from Simons shirt and held them apart, as he stepped to the side, leaving the view of my naked body available to anyone looking in our direction. Then they started to call out to the driver, jumping up and down, keeping me on total display. I started to fight to free my arms to cover my shame, when the horn of the truck started blowing and a male driver called out, “AWESOM GIRL! AWESOM!”, as he slowly continued down the street, taking in my full-frontal nudity as long as he could, without stopping.  
  
Stacy and Jackie released my hands. My arms fell to my sides, yet I made no attempt to cover myself, as I stood on the cool, damp grass of the well-lit college lawn. Simon and the girls gathered around me, most likely expecting me to scold them for exposing my naked body to the Fed-Ex driver. Instead I just looked at them with a glazed stare. Stacy leaned in and asked, “Sharon. Are you alright?” I turned to her and said. “Yeah. I guess”. Stacy asked again, “Sharon. Are you sure you’re alright?” I felt a sly grin come across my face when I answered, “Like the Fed-Ex guy said. I’m awesome!” Stacy instantly realized I had become euphoric, after my total exposure in front of the Fed-Ex driver, so she took my hand to lead me down the gentle slope of the college lawn to the street. We made it to the street without any additional spectators seeing my naked body. Is it possible to be grateful no one sees you naked, and disappointed no one sees you naked, at the same time?  
  
Standing in the street with no clothes on had me feeling thankful I had chosen such a small college. There were no dormitories or frat houses. Over 90 % of the students lived in the area with either their parents or some other family member. Less than 10% of the students rented apartments close to the college, like I did. Most of the local residences were occupied by elderly, liberal minded homeowners. Again, surrounded by Stacy, Jackie and Simon, I looked up to the stars, leaving every inch of my bare skin available to anyone who wanted to view it. Suddenly, I spotted Officer Tim’s police cruiser just down the road and felt compelled to thank him for caring for my safety. With reckless abandon I ran across the rough asphalt road, to the sidewalk and up to Officer Tim’s police car.   
  
I leaned against his car door and said, “Hi Officer Tim!”, as I tried to catch my breath. “I was naked in front of the Fed-Ex driver!”, I exclaimed. “Yes. I noticed Sharon”, he replied. “I just wanted to thank you for seeing to my safety”, I continued. He just sat in his police cruiser and smiled, somehow knowing what a ‘Rush’ this was for me. “You promise you’re not going to arrest me or hand-cuff me or anything like that?”, I asked him. “Sharon. As long as you are home by 11:00, I can’t arrest you according to the stipulations of the permit. And I promise I will not hand-cuff you unless you ask me to”, he said, with a sweet smile. “Officer Tim!’, I replied in a playful manner. Before our sensual banter could continue, we noticed that Miss Green was just a half block up the street. We both looked and recognized her silhouette under the street lights.   
  
Torn between meeting up with Miss Green and some internal need to extend my conversation with Officer Tim, I stood naked in the street, unable to decide. Stacy, Jackie and Simon had made their way to Officer Tim’s car. I knew they had been slow-walking, allowing me time to cultivate my new-found friendship with the handsome, young police officer. Miss Green rode her bicycle up to meet us, eliminating my need to decide between catching up with her, or spending a few more moments in the buff, with Officer Tim. I noticed immediately that my clothes were no longer in the basket on her bicycle. I questioned her about their whereabouts, and she simply replied, “My cousin is working the bar at ‘The Legion’ down the street, so I left them there, so they didn’t accidently fall out of my basket or get lost somehow”. The Legion, short for ‘The American Legion’ was at least two blocks from where we were standing, and another four blocks from my apartment.  
  
  
Surrounded by Miss Green, Officer Tim and my new-found friends from the psychology program at the college, I felt completely at ease standing naked on the sidewalk. A short way up the street, a car was heading in our direction. My heart started racing again, but I was determined to remain noticeable and in view of the vehicle’s passengers. To my disappointment, the car turned onto an adjoining street, never allowing those inside to see me naked. Miss Green was looking at her monitor, when she said, “Sharon. There was a small spike in your vitals just then, but as I expected, your readings are relatively stable now. They were off the charts a short while ago, so I think we need to spice it up a bit. Everyone in agreement?”, she asked.   
  
Standing naked in public, and pondering what she meant, I was stunned when Officer Tim turned on the blue lights of his police cruiser, while everyone scattered, and he drove away. Nothing will bring the residence of a small, quiet New England town to their windows and doors like the blue lights of a police car. I was left there totally naked, as the locals found their way to their doors and windows. “Hey Look! There’s a naked girl out there!” “Put some clothes on!” “Someone, call the cops!” “Bring that sweet pussy up here!”, were just some of the judgmental remarks that seemed to echo through the streets of this quaint college town. The readings on Miss Green’s monitor must have been going through the roof as I started to run down the street.

**Shirts vs Skins 45**

I reached the corner at the end of the block and tried to hide behind a large oak tree. This of course was all but impossible since the entire tree trunk was visible from one house or another. As I moved around the large tree searching for shelter, I was in the direct view of at least one of the four homes located at each corner of the intersection. Adding the street light above me to the many charming dwellings that line the picturesque streets, I realized any attempt at trying to conceal my nakedness was futile. I caught sight of my entourage, including Miss Green, sitting on her bicycle a few houses away, Officer Tim who was parked about fifty yards away on the other side of the street, having turned off his blue lights by this time, and of course Stacy, Jackie and Simon who were laughing at me from the sidewalk just ahead.  
  
I was unable to ignore the tingling between my thighs, as I leaned against the oak tree. I wasn’t even upset that everyone had brought the attention of the immediate neighbors to my impropriety, then deserted me. I hated to admit it, but I was really enjoying myself, despite the constant feelings of humiliation and vulnerability. Stacy’s words came back to me, as I contemplated my next move. “If I could guarantee you ‘Safe Passage’ home” she had said. ‘Safe Passage’ were the words she used that initially caught my attention in the college hallway. Knowing Miss Green had obtained a legally issued permit from the town, along with the presence of officer Tim, who was parked down and across the street, but well within sight, I decided to ‘Take My Sweet Ass Time’ as Stacy had put it earlier, and slowly walked up to meet them.   
  
My heart was pounding, but I no longer felt the urge to cover my erect nipples and moist pussy. Deep inside I knew, ‘I Wanted to be Seen’ by more of the local residents, or anyone who may be passing by. I slowly walked across the street, remaining under the street lights for a short, yet exhilarating few moments. I was almost hoping the neighbors at this end of the block, like those at the other end, would come to their windows and doors and discover me, as I was on my naked adventure. No matter how lascivious my desires seemed, I couldn’t help but crave the vocal opinions and personal viewpoints, no matter how crass or demeaning they may have been concerning my public nudity. I made my way across the street to the sidewalk, just a short way from Stacy, Jackie and Simon when I was reminded “You better be careful what you wish for’.   
  
RrRrRrRrRrRr, came the high-pitched barks from a little dog behind the picket fence surrounding an adorable little cottage on the corner. I was so startled, I covered my tits with my hands and just froze there. My eyes were bulging from their sockets, as I looked to Stacy for help. Before she could make it to me, a bitter old woman walked up behind me and grabbed my wrist, pulling my hand from my left breast, and abruptly turning me around. “Hey you little slut! What are you doing here? And why are you naked?” she asked. Before I could respond, she continued her verbal beratement of me, as she grabbed my other hand away from my right breast and held both my hands in her unbreakable clutches. “Have you no decency girl? Have you no shame? Oh Look! Your pubic hair is trimmed like a little arrow pointing to your vagina, that says, ‘Enter Here’. Is that what you want missy? For guys to ‘Enter Here’?” as she stared at my now quivering pussy.   
  
Embarrassed? Humiliated? Mortified? Oh No! There are no words strong enough to describe how I felt at that moment! Not one! Tears started to fill my eyes when Miss Green pulled up on her bicycle to rescue me. Feeling more powerless than I had ever felt before, I heard her say in the most forbidding tone, “O.K. Mrs. Crabtree! That’s enough! Let the poor girl go. “Clara? Is that you?”, the crazy old bitch asked. “You’re damn right it’s me! Now let her go!” All that went through my mind was ‘Mrs. Crabtree’, what a perfect name for the ornery old woman. “And if I don’t?”, she asked. “No problem. I’ll be back in a moment with my German Shepherds. They can floss their teeth with that little ‘Napoleon’ you have there”, pointing to her little two-pound dog. “You wouldn’t dare!” the old woman replied. “Wouldn’t I ?”, Miss Green responded.   
  
Miss Crabtree looked over my now trembling, naked body and said, as she looked me in the eyes, “Missy. I haven’t had an orgasm since my husband passed away fifteen years ago. I suspect you’ve had at least one or two today”, turning her focus to my pussy. You can’t imagine how embarrassed and indecent I was feeling. She continued, “Orgasms are wonderful child, but if you find yourself a good man, the orgasms will be better”. My jaw dropped open, as officer Tim, Stacy, Jackie and Simon joined this most unusual assembly. She looked toward officer Tim and said, “Like Timmy here. He’s a good man”. Officer Tim looked at the bat-crazy old woman and replied, “Miss Crabtree. Take Muffin (her little dog) into the house. I’ll be by with this year’s firewood before the cold weather sets in”. She turned and smiled at him, then turned back to me and said, “A good man will provide all the orgasms you want dear, but more importantly, he’ll provide for the rest of your needs”, looking back to officer Tim.   
  
Officer Tim simply smiled and said, “Alright Miss Crabtree. Let’s get you and Muffin back inside”, as he escorted the old woman and her little dog, back into her house. I was stark naked, standing on a public sidewalk of a street that was lined with houses, under the street lights, but my feelings of total humiliation were not due to the fact that I may be noticed by some strangers, rather than, this cute young police officer had just witnessed that crazy old woman, giving me a lecture about orgasms. I turned to Miss Green and said, “Thank you”, then started walking down the street before officer Tim had time to return. Stacy followed and said. “OMG Sharon! You like him!”, referring to officer Tim. “No, I don’t! Let’s just move on”, I replied as I continued to walk down the sidewalk, forgetting I was totally naked. I didn’t even feel the rough concrete below my bare feet. I just kept walking.  
  
Miss Green rode her bicycle past us, and down the street, as Jackie and Simon ran to catch up with Stacy and me. I had no destination in mind. I was just walking. Walking away from officer Tim, mortified that he observed Miss Crabtree’s public and iniquitous description of my precarious situation. Looking more at the sidewalk than the direction I was heading, I walked right into Miss Green. I was somewhat disoriented as I faced her on the public sidewalk. Goosebumps covered my bare skin, as I heard the first of ten ding-dongs of the old town hall bell, indicting the hour. I felt like the bell was announcing my nakedness to the entire community, even though it rang every hour, and no one from town would barely notice it.  
  
Miss Green looked up to her right, so I followed her line of sight to a sign I had walked passed numerous times, but rarely noticed. ‘AMERICAN LEGION’. I turned back to Miss Green and said. “No way! I am not going in there!”. She seemed puzzled and replied, “Why not Sharon? Your clothes are in there”. “I am not going to prance around ‘Naked’ in a room full of horny old men! Throw my clothes out here please!” She just sported a sly grin and said. “Suit yourself”, as she, Stacy, Jackie and Simon walked up the stairs and through the large wooden doors. I was now standing under the lights of the American Legion entrance, totally naked and alone. I decided to make the four block journey home without my clothes, knowing the location of my Hide-A-Key.

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I hesitated before starting on my naked journey home, hoping there was some possibility of a reprieve, knowing deep down there was no chance they would bring my clothes out to me. Undaunted, I started walking down the street, but only made it to the third house from the Legion when a car came up on the next cross street and started to make the turn that headed in my direction. I panicked, then hid in the front yard of the nearest house, behind some bushes that ran along the side walk. I figured it would only be a moment until the vehicle passed, when I heard the voices of some guys walking out from a house across the street. I kept crouched down and remained perfectly still, as I tried to regulate my breathing, so I wouldn’t be discovered in this most precarious situation.   
  
I was petrified the pounding of my heart would give me away, since it sounded like a bass drum to me. To my chagrin the car pulled to the side of the street, right in front of me and I could tell it had been put into park. To make matters worse, the guys from the house across the street, were making their way in my direction. I was now crouched in a fetal position, totally naked and completely trapped.  
  
Within seconds, I heard the voice of one of the guys who had walked over from the house across the street, ask one of the occupants of the car, “Did you see this one?” Confined in my humiliating and naked state, I somehow still felt curious, and listened in on their conversation. “Tell me those ‘Rolling Stones’ panties are not the hottest thing you’ve ever seen”, the guy outside the car continued. OMG! They were discussing photos they had of me wearing only my ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and sneakers! They must have gotten them within the last hour or two. Who were they? and how did they obtain my almost naked photos so fast? As best as I could tell, there were two guys standing only a few feet from me on the sidewalk, and I’m not sure how many were in the car. All I knew, is I was not willing to risk being detected, to find out.   
  
What I heard next would make me both mildly agitated, yet downright horny at the same time. From inside the car came the response to the question concerning my so called ‘Hot’ panties. “Yeah. No doubt she is cute, but her tits are too small man!”. “Who cares about her tits? Are you telling me you wouldn’t love to replace that tongue with yours?”, replied the guy on the sidewalk, who must have been holding the phone containing my photos. I almost let out a gasp, as they discussed my tits and fantasized about performing oral sex on me. “My tits are just right for my size!”, I thought to myself, restraining my every movement. “I like this one!”, came another voice, who must have been showing his friends a different, photo of me. “I love the look on her face, as her friend pulls down her panties, exposing that sweet pussy”, he continued. “Hey! Let’s start a petition to have her shave that little beaver, and play naked tomorrow night!”, came another voice from inside the vehicle. I was feeling overwhelmed and distressed, as I realized my nipples were totally erect again, and the pussy the guys were so casually discussing, was now extremely wet.   
  
Utter humiliation and absolute titillation were dueling for control of my psyche, as I became even more terrified that I might be discovered. Just when I thought I could take no more, another car pulled up. I was preparing myself to 'Make a run for it', then I paused when I heard the familiar voice of officer Tim. “What are you fellas doing?”, he asked them. “Nothing officer”, came their reply. “There’s no loitering here guys. Let’s move it on”, he said. “Yes, sir officer”, were the last words I heard from them, as the car pulled away and I could hear the closing of the front door of the house across the street. Emotionally exhausted, l collapsed in the damp grass, right there in the front yard of a complete and unknown stranger. I was so overcome with the two intoxicating sensations, to bother worrying about whether the owners of the home might come out and see me naked, hiding behind the bushes in their front yard.   
  
I few moments went by, then officer Tim also pulled away, leaving me naked and exposed on the public road again. Knowing he purposely rescued me without involving himself in Miss Green’s twisted experiment, I felt grateful but knew I had no other option but to rejoin Miss Green and the others at the American Legion. I peeked up over the bushes to see if the coast was clear. The street was again quiet and still. My fingers had made their way to my opening, confirming what I already knew. I was totally soaked down there. Knowing that would have to wait until I got home, I stood up and started toward the Legion, hoping to make it without any additional contact with people, dogs or whoever may be lurking along the quaint college town streets.   
  
I was only a house away from the Legion, when Stacy stepped out of the building and saw me approaching. “Girl! Where have you been for the last ten minutes?”, she shouted. I shushed her in anger, afraid she would bring some unwanted attention to my naked body, as I made my way the remaining fifty feet or so. I felt disheartened that only ten minutes had gone by. It felt like an hour. Seeing Stacy standing there at the entrance, gave me a strange sense of security, and I found myself shortening my stride. I continued at a leisurely pace, wondering if anyone from the neighborhood was watching me from the shadows. My thoughts were consumed with the notion that I was about to enter the Legion, not knowing how many horny old men were inside. Now standing at the bottom of the Legion stairs, looking up to Stacy, I put my hands on my hips and said, “Where have I been? Where have you been?”, as I made my way up the concrete stairs to Stacy, and the large wooden doors that led to my next public indignity.  
  
Standing on the landing, atop the concrete steps, feeling empowered with my naked body on display for any local residents that may want to view my petite, yet proportional frame, I looked to Stacy, and said, “So! Stacy. How many horny old men are in there?”, as I turned my gaze toward the big wooden doors that led to the interior of the Legion. “About eleven or twelve”, she replied. Just when I was feeling at ease, the headlights of a vehicle came around the corner and proceeded in our direction. My heart began to race again, as I pushed past Stacy, then into the Legion, into the unknown abyss of my next public exhibition.

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All eyes fell on my naked body as I entered the Legion. Standing on the cold wood floors reminded me of what a spectacle I must have been to the dozen or so old men. The large clock above the bar read 10:12. I let out a sigh as I realized my utter debasement had another 48 minutes to go. Miss Green walked up and took my hand to lead me into the midst of the smiling old men. “Gentlemen. This is Sharon. As you can see, she is the subject of the experiment”. The men cheerfully welcomed me, as their constant observation of my goose bump covered bare skin made me feel helpless and vulnerable. Miss Green looked at her hand-held monitor and asked, “Sharon! What were you up to out there the last ten minutes? Your vital signs have been off the charts! Especially those that indicate sexual arousal”.  
  
Unable to answer and feeling utterly humiliated, I just wanted to disappear as I worried my erect nipples and moist pussy were giving away the irrepressible titillation, Miss Green felt necessary to bring to everyone’s attention. I was so dazed by the recent events, I became dumb-struck and unable to react to my surroundings. I just stood there totally exposed and made no attempt to cover my shame as the old men continued smiling and taking in every inch of my naked physique. As Miss Green was preoccupied with studying my fluctuating vital signs and ever-changing adrenaline and hormonal readings on her monitor, Stacy took my hand and led me to the pool table where Jackie and Simon were playing a game. I think the worst part was that everyone was consuming alcohol, but I was underage. I couldn’t even have a drink to help numb these feelings of impropriety and indignity.  
  
Jackie suggested they re-rack the pool balls and start a new game, so all four of us could play. I was just grateful for the distraction. Simon did the honors and we decided Jackie and I would play against Stacy and Simon. All I knew is that I was starting to calm down a bit. I had no problem being naked in front of the girls and enjoyed flaunting my body in front of Simon. Jackie took the first shot and broke up the balls. As we became engrossed in the game, I would stand at the end of the table closest to the bar, so the old men had a clear view of my naked little ass. Just when I felt comfortable being nude in front of the nice old men, in came Dean Wallace. “Well Clara, I heard you found some little tart to be the subject of your warped experiment”, he said, as he made his way over to her. “What’s wrong, Dean? Still crying about being over ruled by the board of directors and the town counsel?”, she sarcastically replied. It didn’t take him long to zero in on my naked body. “I should have known”, he said, in his usual self-righteous tone.  
  
Once again, his presence immediately erased all my feelings of modesty and impropriety and replaced them with a rush of audacity. I walked right past him and remarked, “Hello Dean Wallace. Will you be at the game tomorrow night?”, as I made my way to the bar and asked for a coke. He looked over his glasses in his usual pompous way and was about to say something when one of the old veterans stood up and said, “Be careful Dean. You’re not a member here and this little young lady is our guest”. Several others stood up and made a circle around him. As bullies often do, he showed his true colors and backed down when confronted. It was priceless! He started to back up toward the door when officer Tim walked in. He asked if everything was alright, then made it a point to look to me and ask, “Hi Sharon. How’s the experiment going?” I replied, “Great officer! Thanks for asking”. “Well Dean Wallace. This would be a good time for us to leave” as he subtly escorted him from the Legion. Mostly for his own safety I’m sure. Everyone turned to me and started clapping their hands and cheering. I felt completely at ease among the group of old veterans.   
  
I was totally naked in a bar, surrounded by a dozen complete strangers and a few recent acquaintances, but never felt more safe and secure. Stacy suggested we return to our game. After a few moments, it was my shot. The only angle I had at one of our balls would need the use of the bridge. I went to retrieve it from the holder on the wall when Jackie stopped me. “You don’t need that. I think you should give them a little show”, she whispered as she looked over the old veterans. The only way to get an angle on the shot without the use of the bridge would require me to lean over the table leaving my pussy lips on complete display to all who might be looking in our direction. She again had that look of ‘Lust’ in her eyes and she motioned me to completely expose my pussy to my new-found audience. I was now comfortable enough to do it. After all, they stood up for me against Dean Wallace. Why not give them a them a ‘little show’ as Jackie had put it.   
  
Jackie gave me a wink and a thumbs up, as she stepped to the side allowing and unobstructed view of my pussy lips for both the old men and, herself. I took my pool que, leaned over the table with my right foot on the floor and my left knee on the rail of the table. I knew everyone could see my exposed opening, as I took my time lining up the shot. I sank the ball and we continued the game. No one seemed to care who won. We were just passing the time. It was now almost 10:35 and we needed to get going if I was to make it home by the 11:00 deadline. I thanked everyone for their hospitality and we made our way back out to the public streets, still four blocks away from my apartment. Jackie gathered my clothes and put them back in Miss Green’s bicycle basket. Miss Green laid her monitor on top of the clothes as we stood outside, under the bright lights of the legion.  
  
I was getting anxious standing under the lights when we finally started walking toward my apartment, and more importantly, more dimly lit or unlighted sidewalks. The streets were completely deserted, and I found myself forgetting I was nude as we talked along the way. We made it to within a block of my apartment without any additional contact with people. Miss Green was now walking along-side her bike as we made the turn onto my street. It was now 10:55 and I was only two houses away from my apartment. The magnitude of my adventure was sinking in. I was relieved to be home but wouldn’t trade the experience for anything. My landlord was fast asleep by now, so I gathered my clothes, said my goodnights and walked up the driveway to my apartment with no desire to put my clothes on. I retrieved my hide-a-key and walked into my apartment. Needless to say, I dropped my clothes right inside the door and made my way to my bed, so I could satisfy myself. I was so horny I wouldn’t need any of my toys.  
  
Within minutes I had a massive orgasm and laid on my bed with the evening’s events running through my mind. The door bell rang. “Who could that be?” I thought to myself. I grabbed a robe, through it on and went to the door. I peeked through the curtains to see Stacy and Jackie standing there. I opened the door and they walked in without being invited in. “Enjoy your orgasm?”, Jackie asked. I stood there open-mouthed wondering how she knew I had just masturbated. Stacy said, “Take the robe off Sharon”. “Why?”, I objected. Jackie pulled my robe off my shoulder, exposing the electronic arm band. She then said, “Miss Green needs this back. So how was it? And don’t deny it. Miss Green says the readings we were seeing outside meant only one thing. You just had an orgasm”. I removed the armband then handed it to Stacy, hoping to avoid any further discussion concerning me recent climax. “Have a good night Sharon”, they said as the walked out, leaving me humiliated and perplexed.

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