**The Ad**

by ENFJILL

**The Ad. - 1**

Like so many women today, I would get aroused reading the ENF (Embarrassed Nude female) stories on the internet. I have ventured into the realm of possible nude exposure, but nothing like the stories I've read so often. I even had my favorite authors that I followed. I've enjoyed so many of the stories I've read, however there are certain writers that capture the essence of the embarrassed nude female I imagined being.   
  
What little experimentation I have done, has been severely limited. You know, the regular stuff. Skinny dipping. Losing at strip poker on purpose so I could be the first one naked. Nude dares at college. Streaking down the dorm building hallway. I even posed nude for the college art class. The most embarrassing thing that happened there was when I fell asleep while posing nude on a very comfortable sofa.   
  
I don't know why, but when I read the stories of women who put themselves into situations where others can ridicule or laugh at them, I got so turned on. I read how some have gotten dirty looks and felt ashamed. I got turned on. The stories of those who are so humiliated, they just want to run away but can't. You guessed it. Turned on.   
  
I know this sounds insane, but I wanted to know what it felt like to be humiliated almost to tears. Not physically harmed in any way, or even touched for that matter. I'm not into that at all. And I definately did not want to be arrested. I just wanted the emotional experience of feeling that exposed and vulnerable. Like the women in the stories.   
  
My name is Jill. I graduated college three years ago and have a good job in advertising. I'm single but I date regularly. Like most women, I have my close girlfriends and I live alone in my condo. Since I graduated college, the amount of ENF and Public Nudity websites seems to have tripled. That's what kept me from thinking there must be something wrong with me. The more I looked, the more I found that so many women had these same fantasies.   
  
Two years after graduation is when this fantasy became an obsession. I had increased my reading and viewing of the subject from occasionally, to daily. I was stripping in my condo right after work, reading the stories, watching internet videos and masturbating. I would stand by my open door naked, and run in and close it when someone was approaching. I wanted to get caught, but not this close to home. I wanted someone to ask me why I was naked and not have an answer.   
  
I wanted the experience, but I didn't want to ruin my life. I knew I had to experience being an ENF at least one time for myself. I had to. But how? How could I do it without destroying my life and reputation. Where could I do it without the consequence of be arrested and having a record. I never told any of my friends about this, so I had no one to help me. That was all about to change.  
  
It all started innocently enough. I was surfing the net using the search criteria 'ENF Experiences'. I was only looking for some fresh stories. It was a Saturday so I had the day off. I went through the first five pages of listings. I had read almost everything there already.   
  
I decided to get my grocery shopping done. Things had gotten so bad that the entire time I was shopping, I was wishing I was naked and everyone was giving my dirty looks, as I past them in the isles. The cashier would shake her head in disgust as I got the money out of my shoe since they were the only things I was wearing.   
  
The same at the gas station. I was imagining I was unaware I was naked and people were yelling "Put some clothes on!". Then I would realize I was naked and had locked my keys in the car. I so wanted to know what it would feel like to be stuck there until AAA sent a truck to unlock the car. When I came back to reality, I sped home to masturbate.  
  
I didn't even put my groceries away before I was naked and working myself to climax. It had to be the fastest orgasm I ever had. This was getting out of control. The thought of the total humiliation was bringing me to orgasm faster than I had before. What was wrong with me? I kept asking myself.   
  
The entire day went that way. A little house work, ENF fantasy, orgasm. My buget and bills, ENF fantasy, orgasm. Wash the car, ENF fantasy, orgasm. By late afternoon I was sweaty, sticky and reading some more. I was on listing page thirteen when I saw it. Being in the advertising business, I recognized it immediately.   
  
'THE AD'. It was an advertisment . And it read ENF ADVENTURES!  
  
I couldn't click on it fast enough. As the page opened, I started frantically reading.   
  
  
"ENF Fantasies have become the # 1 source of arousal and pleasure for women today. All across the globe women are pushing the envelope of public eroticism. At 'ENF Adventures' we supply Safe, Clean Embarrassed Nude Female Adventures, that are completely within the laws of the areas we provide them. If you have these fantasies but suppress them for fear of Safety, Reputation or Legal Issues, Please click on the link below to research further.   
  
I read it four times. It was as if they were reading my mind. I was hooked.

**The Ad. - 2 - The Agreement**

The rest of the evening was a blur. Before I knew it the clock struck 3:00 am. The research link led to 42 pages of information. Everything from locations, costs, testimonials, right down to a six page agreement complete with disclaimers. I was used to advertising contracts, so I not only paid attention to the small print, but also looked for loopholes in the wording.   
  
One of the things that took the longest was the on line questionnaire. Ten thought provoking questions.   
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1) How did you hear about 'ENF Adventures'?  
  
2) If from the internet, were you surfing ENF websites or specifically looking for a company that provides ENF Services?  
  
3) Do you share your fantasy with family or friends?  
  
4) Have you ever had an ENF experience, either accidentally or deliberately?   
  
5) How much time a week to you spend feeding your ENF Fantasy?   
  
6) If you knew your ENF experience would be safe and secure, would you embark on your ENF Adventure?  
  
7) Would you be willing to travel to one of our ENF Adventure locations?   
  
8) When would you be planning your ENF Adventure?  
  
9) Would you be choosing our 4 - 6 or 8 hour fantasy package?  
  
10) What are you waiting for?   
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For the next two weeks I spent every free minute researching 'ENF Adventures'. I even went as far as hiring an out of area attorney to investigate their history. I couldn't let anyone I knew find out about my fantasy. What I found was encouraging. No lawsuits or complaint filings and the only recommended fantasy service in the areas their services are provided.  
  
O.K. O.K. I finally did it! I sent in my registration form and my payment. I was finally going to know what it felt like to me naked and humiliated like the girls in the stories. I thought I was going to be sick. What was I thinking? Had I lost my mind? I was a nervous wreck until my planning package came in the mail. It came complete with the contact information for my personal ENF advisor.   
  
My advisor's name was Kelly. I finally had a person with a phone number to walk me through this. I called Kelly immediately. She was waiting on my call and was so sweet. Her first instructions were for me to allow for a two hour phone conversation that night. She would call at 9:00 and I was to be alone.  
  
I tried to keep as busy as possible all day, but it was no use. I couldn't wait for her call. By 7:00 I started play acting to pass the time. I removed all my clothes and stood in front of my full length mirror inspecting the body that was soon to be on display for strangers.   
  
I am 5' 5" tall and 118 pounds. I have brunette hair and keep my pussy well trimmed but not shaven. My breasts are a size 'B'. I know. Not great but I have nipples that stand erect at all times and a killer ass, if I do say so myself. I started getting excited thinking how I would be exposed. I didn't know the where or when, but I did know some unexpecting strangers were going to get an eyeful this naked little body.  
  
Doubt and fear mixed with my erotic emotions as I pretended my condo was full of dressed people. One minutes I was working my moist snatch, thinking about people seeing me in such an exposed state. The next I was second guessing my decision. I had gotten so caught up in my dilema that I lost track of the time. RING RING. It was 9:00. That must be Kelly.  
  
I ran to my phone and answered it. "Hi Jill..it's Kelly" the voice said.   
"Kelly..Give me a minute, I'll be right there" I replied.   
"NO!" she said sternly.   
"No?" I wimpered in reply.   
"You're naked aren't you" she said.   
"How did you know that?" I asked.   
"Happens all the time. I would like you to remain naked while we talk" she said in the sweet voice I remembered from earlier that day. "I want you to relax, get comfortable and stay naked while we discuss your adventure".   
I poured a glass of wine and made myself comfortable in my favorite chair.

**The Ad. - 3 - The Airport**

Kelly was true to her word. We talked for two hours. She opened up by saying "Now Jill. You're probably going to want to masturbate while we go through this, but restrain yourself. You can do that after we're done talking. We have a lot of details to go over.  
  
I won't bore you with the entire conversation, but I will tell you this. Three times Kelly repeated that there were going to be three questions, I was going to need to ask myself during my experience.  
  
1) Did anyone touch me?  
  
The answer to this was to be 'NO', 100 % of the time.  
  
2) Was I ever in real danger?  
  
The answer to this should also be 'NO', 100% of the time. Hind sight was going to be the perspective needed to answer this question.  
  
3) Was I exposed and embarrassed?   
  
The hope is, this answer will be 'YES' most of the time.   
  
Kelly went on to tell me there would be no photos, audio or video of my experience. The only souvenirs I would have, would be my memories. She also told me 'ENF Adventures' is not responsible for photos or recording made my non ENF employees.  
  
Sensing this issue worried me a bit, she said "Jill....There are billions of nude posts on the internet. The chances of someone you know, seeing a post on the internet, made by someone who witnessed your public exposure, was millions to one. That wouldn't worry me".  
  
We ended the conversation with Kelly telling me "Jill...You will be safe, secure and experience those naked humiliation emotions you so desire. I will talk to you in two weeks. With that, the call ended.   
  
The next two weeks seemed like two months. Over and over I continued to question my decision and my judgement. But by the end of each day, I was naked in my condo, masturbating in front of imaginary clothes people. I contnued to feed my obsession, driving the need for it to be real.  
  
TWO WEEKS LATER  
  
Finally! The day was here. I had my carry on bag packed. Since I was arriving late afternoon, having my adventure the next day, and leaving the following morning, I didn't need much. I wore my jean skirt, T-shirt and white bra and panties for the flight. I had sandals on my feet and was as ready as I was ever going to be.  
  
Kelly told me to be three hours early. Missed flights were not grounds for a refund. I took an Uber to the airport. I hopped out and headed into the terminal. In my mind I was naked. Every eye was on me. Some smiling and taking photos on their phones, while others gave me looks of utter disgust. I was so excited! LESS THAN 24 HOURS TO GO!   
  
I made it through screening without setting off any alarms. As I collected my carry on bag, I heard a woman's voice saying "Excuse me miss. I'll need you to come with me please". I looked up and saw an airport security officer. I looked over my shoulder to see who she was takling to. "You miss!" she said as she looked right at me. I pointed my finger at myself and mouthed the word "Me?'  
  
"Yes You! Please come with me!" I'm not the type to argue, but I protested "What did I do?" She replied "Miss. I don't know who you are, or where you're going. All I know is instructions came down from upstairs, to come get you and bring you to security".   
  
Seeing how upset I was, she attempted to console me. "Listen. I'm sure it's nothing. Just come with me, let's get whatever it is straighten out, so you can get back on your way to where ever it is you're going". I looked at her name tag. It said 'Betty'  
  
"Betty...Am I in some kind of trouble?" She replied with an encouraging "I'm sure it's nothing. Please. Just come with me". I went with her to a room on a side corridor off the main walkway. We entered the room and I felt like I was going to be sick.  
  
Within a minute another security guard came through and adjoining door. This woman was twice my size and looked at Betty and said "Why is she still dressed?" Betty just shrugged her shoulders and had no answer. O.k. Betty. I guess I'll have to do it again. "Do what?" I asked.  
  
"I'll let you know when I want to hear from you missy" she said. "Now. This is the situation. For some reason you have triggered suspicion with security. I don't know if they think your smuggling something, made a threatening Tweet or Facebook post. I really don't care. All I know is I have been instructed to strip search you".  
  
"Strip search?" I argued. "For what?" She walked closer to me and looked down saying "Look. I never know what I'm looking for until I find it. Now remove your clothes or I will".   
  
"I have a flight to catch!" I complained. Her sarcastic reply followed next "Did you hear that Betty. She has a flight to catch. We never hear that at the airport" as she walked over and opened my carry on bag. Not looking up as she rifled through by belongings, she said "If you want to catch that flight, you'd better get moving.   
  
To my unbelievable mortification, she picked up my sex toy and started waving it in the air so Betty could see. "Looks like this is a solo trip Betty" as she started laughing at me. She looked at me still standing there and said "I guess you don't care if you miss that flight".

**The Ad. - 4 - The search**

With the clock running, I had no choice. I was so afraid of missing my ENF adventure, that I complied. I turned away from the women and I removed my shirt. I layed it on the table and then felt tears filling my eyes as my skirt fell to the floor. Trying to remain composed, I reached down and picked up the skirt, placing it on the table with the shirt.  
  
With my back to the guards, I reached behind and un-hooked my bra. Desperately trying to cover my now exposed breasts, I put it with my skirt and T-shirt. Now standing there with nothing but my white cotton panties covering my shame, I let them fall to the floor. Almost in tears, I stepped out of them and picked them up. I then put them with my clothes. I was now totally naked.   
  
With absolutely no sympathy, the mean guard told me "Now sit up on the table. Let's get this over with". Still trying to conseal my bare flesh, I heard her say. "Oh grow up. You're with two women. Get your ass up on that table so I can finish my inspection".  
  
I could tell Betty understood how humiliated I was. She would give me hints when the mean guard wasn't looking. Her eye gestures told me...'Just get it over with, if you have nothing to hide'.   
  
"Alright missy...Sit back on the table and spread your legs for inspection". Horrified, I sat on the table, closed my eyes, and spread my legs. "Now miss I have a flight to catch...I hope you will assist me, so I don't need to get the rubber gloves out" she said. I could barely get myself to look up at her, but I wasn't sure what she meant.  
  
She looked at me and said "Well..Come on. Spread those lips so we can be sure you're not smuggling anything". I dropped my head in utter shame and peeled back my pussy lips, giving them a clear view of my vaginal canal.   
  
Just when I was hoping I would die, two male officers walked in through the door the mean woman came through earlier. There I was. Naked with my legs spread open, and my fingers pulling back my pussy lips for all to see. I closed my legs in reflex and covered my breasts with my hands.   
  
Betty knew that was a mistake. Trying to alert me to the pet peeves of the mean lady guard, she worked her eye motion, as to say "Endure this humiliation if you want to catch your flight".   
  
I immediately spread my legs again, and opened my lips, exposing my most intimate organs. My labia and clitoris were on display, as my skin turned red. I kept my eyes closed as they all gazed upon my open pussy, looking for some hidden treasure I didn't have.   
  
Betty gave me another consoling look, in an attempt to re-assure me it would soon be over. The male security guards laughed at me as if this was an every day event. I don't know why, but I opened one eye just enough to see the expressions on their faces.   
  
The men were staring at my open lips, when I heard the mean guard say, " O.k. you guys. Give the girl some privacy. They muttered amongst themselves, still focused on my pussy, when I heard her say "Get Out!". As she pushed them toward the door, I heard one of them say "I love the way she mowes the lawn" refering to my trimmed pubic hair.   
  
Now completely numb and paralyzed from my humiliation , I remained sitting on the table with my legs spread wide open, and my fingers still holding back my pussy lips. I just sat there in a fog, as the two women had a discussion. The mean guard left the room and Betty approached me, waving her hand in front of my face in an attempt to snap me out of my stuper.  
  
I regained my composure and looked down at my naked flesh. I looked back up at Betty in horror. "It's o.k. sweetie. It's over. You can get dressed now and go catch your flight". I put my clothes back on and checked the contents of my bag. Betty said "Jill...Go right down this hallway to the main isle. Turn right and your gate is only 100 feet down on the left.  
  
I looked at her and tried to say someting. But there was nothing to say. I just broke down and said "Those men just saw everything". Betty replied "Oh I'm sure they've already forgotten it. And you should too. Now get going before you miss your flight".  
  
I left the room and made it to the waiting area for my flight. With 15 minutes until boarding, I quickly downed two shots of taquilla at the bar, only thirty feet from the boarding ramp. We all boarded the plane and I was happy I had a window seat. I just stared out the window, hoping no one knew what had just happened.  
  
As the plane was leaving, I checked my purse for my return tickets and credit cards. There was an envelope that I don't remember being in there. I opened the envelope and pulled out a letter. It was in someone's hand writing and read as follows:  
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"Well.........How did you like it? Your first ENF experience I mean. I know your fantasy doesn't start until tomorrow, but I couldn't resist. Now before you get upset, ask yourself the questions.  
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I recalled the questions in my head.   
  
"Did anyone touch me?" 'No'! They didn't, I concluded. They never even grabbed my arm. I followed that woman to that room. Stripped off all my clothes, and peeled back my pussy lips, putting myself on total display for four strangers. How could I have been so stupid?  
  
"Was I ever in real danger?' Of course not. I was safe on my flight. So that answer was 'No' also.  
  
"Was I exposed and embarrassed?". Well other than 'embarrassed' not being a strong enough word, that answer was 'Yes'. I couldn't believe it. I wasn't even even out of my home town. I now knew what it felt like to be naked, totally vulnerable and humiliated if front of clothed people. This is not what I expected it to feel like. I continued reading the letter.  
  
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"Now some things you should know. There were no surveillance cameras in that room. Only the five of you will remember the event as from a first hand perspective.   
  
I really wanted you to feel the naked humiliation you've told me you crave so much, without you having advanced notice of it.  
  
And....You'll be happy to know. Today was on us. The time will not be taken from your fantasy tomorrow. It's like a bonus. Haha  
  
Now relax and enjoy your flight. There will be sealed instructions in your hotel room, when you arrive. I will talk to you tomorrow.  
signed......Your ENF Advisor, Kelly  
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I put the letter away and stared out the plane window. What did I get myself into?

**The Ad. - 5 - The Flight**

I sat in my seat just staring out the cabin window, recalling the episode in my mind. They say hind sight is 20/20. I started seeing the events much more clearly. The uniforms didn't match those of the other TSA officials I had seen. They didn't have any weapons. Not even mace canisters! I just mindlessly followed Betty to my ultimate humiliation.   
  
Not once did I ask to see identification. Not Once! How could I have been so naive? I followed this woman like a sheep, removed all my clothes and sat in my total degradation for the entertainment of four strangers. I started rethinking my decision. Maybe I should just get a flight back when we landed.   
  
As we reached 30,000 feet, the anouncement allowing mobile devices, and seat belt removal, came across the intercom. That meant they would be serving drinks soon. I didn't want to get drunk, but I had to calm my nerves. I think I was more upset at falling for Kelly's impromtu strip search, than I was knowing those four people would be telling this story for years.  
  
We had been in the air 45 minutes, when I started to recollect so many other details of my humiliating experience. Remembering how I sat there, with my legs spread apart, my pussy lips pulled open, by my own fingers, I remembered their laughter. One of the male TSA impersonators had actually said "Check out her nipples! You could hang your keys on them!", as he and the others continued laughing at my expense.  
  
I ordered a drink when the flight attendant came around. Then another. I was ready to put my head back and get some rest. I closed my eyes and tried to nap. I wanted to forget what I had been put through. It wasn't ten minutes later when erotic thoughts started flooding my mind. I knew! I knew! I knew what it felt like! This was the feeling I had wanted all along.   
  
My heart started pounding. All of those fantasies I had while masturbating in private, were now a reality, whether I liked it or not. I drank down two shots at the airport bar, and had two drinks on the plane. I'm not a big drinker, so not only did I have a pretty good buzz, but I had to pee. I made my way to the back of the plane, trying to appear natural .  
  
I waited for the red 'occupied' sign, to turn to the green 'available' sign. A woman came out, and we worked around each other, as I found myself in the tiny room. I did my business and stood up. With my jean skirt and panties around my ankles, I studied my bottomless reflection in the mirror. The alcohol had me feeling somewhat frisky so I lifted up my shirt.  
  
Staring at my bra-covered tits and well trimmed pussy, I started to think how this was the body those four people had seen. I took off my shirt and bra and gazed at my naked body. My skirt and panties were still around my ankles, but the image in the mirror was totally naked.  
  
I found myself smiling at my naked reflection. Knowing four people I did not know, or would ever see again, had not only seen the bare form I was seeing at this moment, but in a much more compromising position. This was turning me on. I had to get a grip. I put my bra and shirt back on, feeling much better about my first ENF experience.

**The Ad. - 6 - The Introduction**

I made my way back to my seat and resumed looking out the window. I kept thinking about all that happened in that room. For some reason, the humiliation of being laughed at, while totally naked, and the added insult of having to open my own pussy lips for thier inspection, was making me moist. I couldn't think about anything else.  
  
As mortified as I was at the time, I continued to remember their expressions, and the way they made me feel. They were enjoying my humiliation so much, and now I was enjoying it too. I recalled how I just sat there exposing my most intimate parts, as they watched and laughed. I went over it in my mind a hundred times. I couldn't believe it, but I wanted more. It was so intoxicating.   
  
I had to fight the urge to reach up my skirt, and let my fingers find their way under my panties, to my now soaking wet mound. I could feel my panties were getting damp. I failed miserably at every every attempt to think of something else. All I could see in my mind's eye, were their faces as they witnessed my total abasement.   
  
I was glad I didn't find out until I was on my flight, that the entire ordeal was set up by Kelly and the 'ENF Adventures' staff. Not having that knowlege, heightened the experience. Not knowing had put me in a mind frame of utter helplessness and vulverability. I guess that's how it is. The anticipation of the exposure before it happens. The uneasiness and anxiety, while it is happening. Followed by the incredibly erotic memories after it happens   
  
I managed to fall asleep, so the remaining time of the flight went by quickly. I went right to the airport exit without incident, and got an Uber to the hotel. Check in also went smoothly, and I was in my room looking for the instruction kit that Kelly had said would be waiting for me.   
  
There on the bed was another envelope with my name on it. Like the letter in my bag, it was hand written on 'ENF Adventures' stationary. I liked that about Kelly. Recieving her hand written letters made me feel like I truly had someone looking out for me.  
  
The letter read:  
  
"Dear Jill.   
  
Welcome to your ENF Adventure. By now you have had time to look at your first experience in retrospect. I truly hope the emotions of being in such a vulnerable situation, while in such an exposed and defenseless position, were in line with your fantasies".   
  
"Based on our previous conversation, my guess is you were upset at first, as you ran to your flight. That was probably followed by feelings of inner humiliation, as you wondered if anyone knew what you had just been through".   
  
"The erotic mental playback was sure to follow. I bet you were barely able to refrain from pleasuring yourself on the plane. Your only thought was to get to the hotel room and have an intense orgasm. Since this was now a reality, and no longer just a fantasy, that would be easily achieved".  
  
  
"If this is truly what you want, I suggest you put this letter down for a moment. This is the right time to strip naked and masturbate until your skin is covered in goose bumps. Your climax should leave you so drained, you couldn't possibly move, even if someone let themselves in".  
  
  
"You should be so exhausted and immersed in your ecstasy, that you will just lay there, on you back, as your naked body will be on display to anyone who might walk in. You may even be in that state when the bodyguards, hired to protect you tomorrow, come in to introduce themselves".   
  
  
"You know Jill. It might not be a bad idea for you to get somewhat comfortable being naked, with those who will witness your public exposure from start to finish, from a distance, and keep you safe tomorrow. I'm just sayin".   
  
  
( Hint. Hint. This will be the one time you have a choice. I hope you choose wisely.)   
  
Letter Intermission:  
  
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It was like Kelly was in my head. She new what I was thinking. She knew what I was feeling. She knew my obsession as if it were hers. I came to the conclusion that Kelly was like me, at one time. Like me, I bet she was obsessed with ENF fantasies until she crossed the line and actually went through with them.   
  
All I knew is that the memories of my ENF experience, along with her letter, had me ripping my clothes off until I had nothing covering me, other than my little patch of brunette pubic hair. I laid on the bed, and as Kelly predicted, had a massive orgasm in no time at all. I let out a scream and collapsed, covered in my own juices.   
  
Almost on que, I could hear the door was being unlocked. I fought the urge to cover up, and forced myself to remain on display. As I waited to meet them, I even put my arms above my head so nothing was hidden. Kelly was right. The emotional tension fom the day had left me depleted.  
  
A man and a woman entered the room. They were in their forty's. Struggling to remain exposed I looked at the woman. She smiled and said "Jill, my name is Katherine and this is Robert. We'll be observing you tomorrow. Our jobs are to keep you under surveillance during your adventure".  
  
I just laid there, barely able to give them a little wave. I should have been at least embarrassed, but I was more numb than anything. I was relieved it was a male - female duo. Kelly always seemed to find a way to make me feel comfortable and safe.   
  
The two of them seemed so ordinary to me. Katherine told me they had fifteen years experience each, providing security. Their appearance was necessary to maintain anonymity amongst any group or crowd. You will be safe and no one will know we're there for you.  
  
"I want you to sit up for a moment" Katherine said. Still frozen in my state of exhibition, I re-grouped, and sat up on the side of the bed. Robert walked over and looked down on my naked body. For a moment I felt a chill, until he handed me a small box. It was about the size for a ring.  
  
I opened the box and took out some sort of electronic device. "What is this?" I asked. Katherine replied "This is a radio transmitter. It goes in your ear. You will be able to communicate with Kelly, and Robert and I will be able to keep tabs on you".   
  
I stood up with some excitement. This was like 'James Bond' stuff, I thought. For a moment I had forgotten I was naked. That is until I saw our reflections in the mirror. I covered up out of reflex, as this was the first time I had seen myself naked, while with clothed people. There was no mirror in the room where I was strip searched.  
  
Robert just looked at me and said "Don't lose it and don't get it wet" as he made his way to the door. Katherine gave me some brief instructions on how to use it. As quickly as they arrived, they were gone. I ran back to the bed and picked up Kelly's letter again.

**The Ad. - 7 - The First Step**

As I held the letter, I noticed my naked body in the mirror again. Kelly was right. Interacting with Katherine and Robert, while naked, was a stroke of genius. Knowing they were there for my safety was important, but it was equally important for me to have a level of inhibition, when it came to them. She really had thought of everything.  
  
The short time we spent together was perfect. Enough for me to have built much needed trust, but not long enough to interfere with the naked vulnerable emotions I was so looking forward to. I glanced at my refection again and returned to reading Kelly's letter.   
  
Her letter continued.........  
  
"I certainly hope my little pen pal took maximum advantage of the introduction to her new friends. I anticipate hearing how you had an incredible orgasm, and met Katherine and Robert with your wet swollen pussy and rock hard nipples, on open display for their inspection and enjoyment. If not...Well, your loss. O.k. Back to your adventure."  
  
"You now have the ear piece I provided, to allow us to communicate tomorrow. Keep it safe! Other than the ear piece, you are to wear only the yoga halter top and shorts I told you to bring. Please tell me you purchased them a size to small, as I instructed. We want that camel toe and nipples to draw attention, even before they are discarded. Wear only your sneakers and ankle socks with them. Nothing else. No bra or panties."   
  
"Do Not!' I repeat, 'Do Not', bring anything else when you leave the hotel in the morning. No cell phone, No money, No I.D., Nothing! They would only get lost, and you will need them to get home. Everything will be provided."  
  
"The rest of the night you will find it difficult to sleep. Please try. We want you alert for your adventure. At eight O'clock a.m., turn on the ear piece and put in in your right ear. I will speak to you through it, and instruct you where to go. I can't wait. I hope you're excited too. Now get some sleep and I'll talk to you in the morning.  
  
Your Friend and ENF Advisor,  
  
Kelly.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
Now with nothing but time to kill, I turned on the T.V. and sat against the headboard of the bed. There was a huge mirror opposite me, above the built in desk. Still naked, I sat up like I had been in the airport room, staring at my reflection. I spread my legs and pussy lips, as I had during my humiliating strip search.  
  
For al least an hour, I imagined Betty and the others were in the room with me. They were laughing and ridiculing me. I was seeing my naked, exposed body as they had seen it earlier in the day. Considering how upset I was at the time, I couldn't get enough. I pretended they wear all looking inside my opening, over and over.   
  
My actual strip search lasted only twenty minutes, but during my simulation of the event, I was made to endure it for much longer. As the laughter got louder, I fell prey to the eroticism, and started masturbating for my imaginary captors. I could envision their faces, as they made fun of me.   
  
Any dignity I had, was now completely eradicated. This only served to energize me to bring myself to climax, as they all watched at full attention. I imagined I was staring into their disbelieving eyes, as I was now in full motion and moaning out loud. I had another huge orgasm and collapsed on the bed.  
  
I knew I could never really live out such a fantasy, but it sure helped me to relax, so I could fall asleep. I slept through the night and woke about 6:00 am. I showered and was sure to remove any make up or nail polish, as I had been previously instructed.   
  
Completely bare, except my shoulder length hair and well trimmed bush, I put on a hotel robe and ordered breakfast from room service. I ate enough to keep from being distracted by hunger, but not enough to fill me so I would feel lazy.  
  
7:30 was here. It was time to get ready. I pulled my tiny white yoga shorts on. Kelly was going to be so happy. Total camel toe! Then I did the same with the halter top, which was also white. My perpetually erect nipples felt like they were going to pierce through the thin fabric. I turned in front of the mirror and admired my awesome ass.   
  
My white sneakers and ankle socks were next. I took a deep breath, as I looked at my form in the mirror. There was not a crevice on my body that couldn't been seen with the naked eye. I was now coming to terms with going out in public like this. My outfit was not un-lawful, but it was border line obscene.   
  
I realized that Kelly chose the color white to offset my brunette hair. The white yoga shorts and top became much more noticeable against the backdrop of my dark hair. That meant, my camel toe and gumdrop nipples were also more noticeable. If I were a blonde, I bet she would have chosen black. Still, I felt naughty wearing this outfit out in public.  
  
7:45 am. I turned on my earpiece and put it in my right ear, like Kelly had told me to. I went into the bathroom, where there was a full length mirror, and stared at the body that was about to go out in public. I hadn't been seen by anyone, but my nerves were already shot. Was I really going to go out like this? In public?   
  
From where I was standing, the yoga outfit material seemed non-existant. You could see everything! I was mentally talking myself out of going through with it when, in my ear, I heard, "Good morning Sunshine! Are you ready? I know I am !".   
  
Kelly had startled me. It took a moment to regain my composure, but I managed to utter the words "I think so".   
  
"Good" she replied. "Let's get started".  
  
What now? I thought. As I was attempting to get my bearings, Kelly asked "Do you drink coffee?". I was a coffee drinker, so I told her "yes".   
  
"Then let's go to the coffee shop in the hotel lobby" she said with excitement. Still looking at myself in the bathroon mirror, I found the nerve to agree. I took a deep breath and walked to the door. On the other side there could be anyone. The skin tight yoga shorts and top, felt like tissue paper against my skin. I felt naked.  
  
Kelly started directing and guiding my motions. "Come on Jill. To the coffee shop. Oh....And don't worry. Your coffee is already paid for" she said.  
  
I found the courage to open my room door and step into the hallway. I knew I wasn't naked, but I felt so exposed, wearing so little. As I stepped into the hallway, I let the door close behind me. My door key was inside. I was in Kelly's hands.   
  
"O.k. Jill...We have a long day ahead of us. Relax and go to the coffee shop. By the way. How's the camel toe and nipples?" she asked.  
  
"These shorts are so tight, you can practically count my pubic hairs, and my nipples feel like car headlights" I replied, feeling like I was not wearing anything.  
  
"Great! Just what we want! On to the coffee shop!" she said with such enthusiasm. "Keep your head high. You have a smoking hot body. Be proud of it. It's not like you're naked". I did as she said, while we talked on my way to the main floor. For the most part, no one seemed to notice my attire, or lack of.  
  
I entered the coffee shop and followed Kelly's instructions. I made my coffee and proceded to the counter. There were three women in their thirty's, pouring their own cups of coffee. As I approached the counter, I heard one of them say. "See that shit girls. A true slut".  
  
Without thinking, I turned and said, "What? A slut? Who are you talking about?" This was so out of character for me, I almost apologized the second I said it. The woman responded "YOU!...Your little exercise outfit is a little small. Don't you think?"  
  
I immediately returned to my normal timid self, and replied "I'm sorry. It fit when I bought it. It must have shrunk when I washed it" making excuses for myself.  
  
"Oh...It shrunk..did it? Did you hear that girls? It shrunk when she washed it". She walked right up to me and spun me around. I heard a tear and she spun me around again. Holding the price tag, I had forgotten to remove, in front of my face.   
  
She continued "If you washed it, it wouldn't have the price tag still on it! You bought it too small to show off your body. You young people today have no class. Let's get out of here girls". They all looked at me with total contempt as they left the coffee shop.   
  
I could barely catch my breath, as I saw the young kid at the cash register checking me out. Now Kelly was adding her two cents. "I couldn't have planned it better myself, Jill. That was perfect!" I stood there feeling so ashamed, as Kelly was going on and on in my ear about how she wished she had set this up.  
  
The kid at the counter, still gazing at my every curve , said "The coffee is on the house miss". I just looked at him and muttered, "Thanks".

**The Ad - 8 - Step Two**

Trying to shrug off my first taste of derogatory attention, I turned to the kid at the counter. His expression told me that he, at least, appreciated not only my skin tight outfit, but the body beneath it. I smiled at him, as I walked up to the counter.   
  
I spent a few minutes telling him of my appreciation for the free coffee and making small talk. What I was really up to, was allowing him to ogle the nipples that were putting permanant stretch marks in my halter top. I needed an ego boost and this kid was happy to help.   
  
With his eyes fixated on my tits, I stepped back a few feet and started some light stretching exercises, as if I was warming up for my morning run. Neither of us was complaining, as I put myself in full view of his awkward stares. Kelly of course had other plans. "O.k. O.k. That's enough. I can't see you, but I know what you're doing. Stop torturing the poor boy. Get your coffee and let's go".  
  
"Where are we going?" I asked. "To the beach of course" she replied. "That doesn't sound very exciting" I said. "But you're in charge".  
  
"That's right. I am. That'll be good for you to remember" she reminded me. I followed her instructions and walked in the direction she told me to. I was getting some stares, both admiring and indignant, as I walked the public streets.  
  
With my camel toe in bloom, and my nipples at attention (as usual) I continued walking, smiling at those who were smiling and ignoring those who were demeaning. I couldn't help but wonder, 'what was so embarrassing about going to a beach?', even in this tight little outfit. All I knew was, Kelly had not ceased to amaze me yet. I was going to trust her.  
  
I had been walking for about 20 minutes when I noticed the clock on a bank sign. It was 8:30. Wondering how long until I get to the beach, my thoughts were interupted by Kelly's voice. "Jill...I want you to walk into that hall at 241 Murphy Street. Do you see it?" I looked up and it was right in front of me. I told Kelly I saw it and she instructed me to go inside.  
  
I walked up, pulled the door open enough to peek inside. There were dozens of people attending some sort of breakfast function. "Go in and ask for Anita" Kelly said. I walked in and people started to notice me. Everyone was dressed in pants, shirts and dresses, which made me stand out like a sore thumb. An elderly woman came up to me and asked if she could help me. I replied "I'm looking for Anita".  
  
"Anita! Anita! She's here!" she yelled out. All of a sudden everyone seemed pleased to see me. Not having a clue what was going on, I just kept my mouth shut and waited to see why they were expecting me. A young woman in her mid twenties walked up and said "You must be Jill". Kelly was telling me to confirm and do what she asked.  
  
Anita held my hand and led me to an adjoing room. The room was full of paintings, no doubt by the people who were there. I thought to myself, "I'm going to be a nude model". I was actually feeling disappointed, when Anita grabbed a microphone and called the crowd around us.  
  
O.k. everyone. Settle down" she said. All eyes were on me, and it was obvious that I was the only one who had no idea why I was there. "People. This is our volunteer model, Jill". They started applauding when Anita calmed down the room again. "As you know, my artistic talent is body painting. Jill has agreed to let me paint a replica of the clothes she's wearing". They started applauding again as she looked me up and down. "It should't be hard to replicate that outfit" she said.   
  
'Afterwards, She's agreed to walk in our parade down to the beach. Let's hear it for Jill!" The applause became louder as I stood there like a deer in the headlights. Kelly was trying to tell me all applicable permits were in place, but I could barely hear her over the crowd.   
  
I asked Anita quietly "Do you want me to be naked in front of everyone, while you paint my body? Right here in this room?" She spoke into the microphone and said "Everyone... Jill just asked me the cutest question. She want to know if I expected her to be naked in this room...In front of all of you...While I paint her naked body. Isn't that fantastic?"  
  
Some started giggling while others started laughing, as she looked at me and responded. "No silly. Our permit allows me to paint your naked body down in the public square". The place erupted as everyone chanted "You'll be bare in the town square! You'll be bare in the town square!" Kelly spoke in my ear "Well kid..Can I deliver safe naked humiliation or what?" It was the 'Or What' I was worried about.

**The Ad. - 9 - Getting Ready**

My head was spinning as I tried to come to terms with what I was being asked to do. Walking in a parade, with nothing but body paint covering me, was so intimidating. Kelly was in my ear again. "Jill...You volunteered to do this. Well....I volunteered you, but they all think it was you. Plus. look at their faces. I promise you this. As disappointed as they will all be, you will be the one to regret not going through with it for years to come".   
  
Just then Anita grabbed my hand and led me to the corner of the room. Everyone followed, waiting to see my reaction. "Look Jill" she said..(as she pointed to pictures of nude women she had body painted) "I know what I'm doing, and I do it tastefully". I studied the photos and came to the conclusion she was right. All the women looked great. The big difference was, they were all in the safety of the hall. I would be in public.  
  
Kelly piped in again "You know you want this. All those eyes on your almost naked body, yet safe as if you were home in bed. Imagine the orgasms you will have later". I could feel that familiar tingling between my legs. Kelly knew how to get me aroused. I looked at Anita with everyone still behind me and asked "Are you sure this is legal?" She immediately pulled out the permit and read it out loud.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------  
  
The Permit:   
  
"This permit allows one female to have her body painted in the designated area at the town square. The painting will take place between the hours of 10:00 am and 11:00 am. Further more. The subject of said body painting will be allowed to walk in the town parade. The parade will start at the town square at 11:00 am and will end at South Main street and Beach road."  
  
Singed. The Town Councel  
  
----------------------------------------------------------  
  
Anita walked up real close to me and said "I know you want to do this". I looked at her and asked "How do you know that?" She got right up against me and whispered in my left ear "Don't look or react, but your crotch is soaked. Your little white yoga shorts have a big wet spot, right between your legs".  
  
I knew instantly, she was telling the truth. I could feel how wet I was now. I couldn't bare the thought of all these people knowing I was getting off, just thinking about my upcoming naked stroll. I looked to Anita in panic and mouthed the words "What do I do?" She handed me the permit and said "Here. Hold this. Everyone. Jill has agreed to keep her word".  
  
As the group applauded again, Anita knelt down in front of me, and said "O.k. Let's get these off" as she pulled my shorts down to my ankles, instructing me to step out of them. I submitted and allowed her to slip them past my sneakers. She stood up, concealing my soaking wet yoga shorts and reached out for the permit. I handed it back to her, now standing there with just my halter top and sneakers.   
  
She had found a way for me to display my pussy first. Of all the times I had played strip poker, undressed for skinny dipping or anything else, my pussy was always the last thing I uncovered. Now it was exposed as my tits were covered and my nipples pressing harder than ever against the tight halter top, yearning to be free.  
  
Anita called one of the girls from the group and saked "Cloe..Will you show Jill to the refreshments? Get her something to drink please". Cloe grabbed my hand and led me back out to the front room of the hall. I was being paraded around bottomless in front of dozens of strangers.   
  
No one in this group was offended. They were all so pleased I was going to let Anita paint my naked body in the town square. The problem was, I was still so overwelmed by the turn of events that I had no idea how to feel. I was petrified that I might get wet again. Within twenty minutes, I went from thinking I was going to be nude on some beach, to standing bottomless at a refreshment table, getting a glass of juice. "Man...That Kelly is good" I thought.  
  
Speak of the devil. Just on time as usual. "Hey Jill...Getting that sweet pussy out there first, huh? I Love It!" she said in my ear. "I Love It! I have plans to make, so just trust Anita to get you through the parade. Katherine and Robert will be on the parade route. Don't look for them, They'll be there". Gotta go". And with that, my earpiece went silent.  
  
It was now 9:20 am and I was starting to get used to the feeling of having no pants on. It was so weird compared to being naked. A whole different sensation. Cloe led me around the room, seeming more excited than I was. "I'm one of the girls in the photos" she said. I looked at her and replied "Show me".   
  
We walked back to the art room and she pointed out a photo of herself on the wall. She was totally naked and had a painted supergirl outfit on. If you can call it an outfit. "Oh you look so good! Why aren't you doing this? I asked. She looked at me and said "It took me six months to let Anita put the photo up. She was the only one here when I was painted. Just the two of us".   
  
"I could never let real, live people see me that way. I would be mortified. It's hard enough knowing people can see my photo". Well that brought me back to earth. Just as I was starting to worry again, Anita came in the room and said "O.k. Jill. I'll have that top now" as she reached out her hand. Cloe looked to me as if I was some sort of a hero. "Since I can't do something like this, I'm sure glad I get to be with you while you do it... Jill" she said.  
  
Cloe was my height and close in size. She had size 'C' breasts as far as I could tell. Her expression was so sincere that I removed my top and handed it behind me to Anita, allowing Cloe a good long look at my bare breasts and gum drop nipples. Standing naked in front of her was getting me aroused again. Anita stepped in saying "Come on you two. I need a calm, relaxed model". we smiled at each other and followed Anita into the other room.  
  
Being so caught up in the moment, it wasn't until I saw everone's eyes on my naked breasts, that I realized I was now totally naked. Anita and cloe each grabbed a hand to keep me from covering up. I was now totally exposed in front of dozens of strangers, with just my sneakers and little brunette patch for cover. Looking at the clock, I could feel all of their eyes focused on my smooth bare breasts and now throbbing mound.   
  
I had to get control. Like Anita said, she needs a calm relaxed model. But here I was. Totally naked and somewhere between eroticism and humiliation. As if on queue, a female voice from the crowd yelled out "I can't believe you're going through with this! The whole town is going to see everything. I would die of embarrassment !" The look of horror on my face must have made Anita nervous. She snapped at the woman "Mary. Be quiet! Why are you upsetting her?" The woman replied "I didn't mean to. It just slipped out".  
  
Instantly my balancing act went to full humiliation. Cloe and Anita immediately attempted to calm me down. It was no use. I decided I couldn't go through with it. As the entire plan was on the verge of collapse, a familiar voice. "JILL! stand up straight ! Put your hands on your hips! Spread your feet a foot and a half apart!" I did as Kelly instructed. "Now. How do you feel?" she asked.  
  
I found myself standing in defiance as everyone waited for my next move. "It's different being here with these people" I complained. "You are standing 'Naked' in front of dozens of strangers! Now quit crying and get your ass down there so Anita can paint your pussy! Got it?" I actually started laughing a bit. "Got it" I wimpered. I looked to Anita and Cloe and said "We better go now".

**The Ad -10 - First Walk of Shame**

Anita instructed Cloe to get me a towel to wear to the town square. She then informed me she would be going down 15 minutes early to set up. "I only get a towel to wear?" I complained. Anita calmly responded "Jill, it's only two blocks to the square, and you'll be naked anyway after you get there. I'll see you down there in 15 minutes. Don't be late. I'll need the full hour to paint you, in order to meet the permit requirements". And just like that, she picked up her supply kit and walked out the door.  
  
I stared at the door, knowing when I turned around, I would be seeing the eyes of dozens of strangers, soaking in my naked body. Where was Cloe with that towel? I turned around to find Cloe still in the room, talking to Mary. Feeling like a spectacle, I walked over to them, in some failed attempt to blend in. Yeah right. Like a naked woman in a room full of dressed people would ever be able to blend in.  
  
I asked Cloe. "Cloe, can you get me that towel now, please?" She replied "You don't need that until we leave. In 15 minutes you're going to be naked in front of the entire town! What you need, is to get used to functioning normally in a crowd of dressed people. We don't want you portrayed as some pathetic little victim, now do we?". But that's exactly how I felt. I had allowed myself to be a pathetic little victim. How could I have ever yearned for the feeling I was having right this minute.   
  
She walked over to the main wall and drew back a curtain that went the full length of the wall. I was petrified she was opening it to expose a large window, allowing people outside to see me in my naked state. It was much worse. The curtain hid a huge mirror that allowed my to see myself among all these clothed people. I looked so foolish. I just stared at the refection of all of us. Everyone could tell I was about to cry.  
  
Mary walked over and said "Jill. I didn't mean what I said earlier", as we both glared at the naked fool in the mirror. "I just meant that I wouldn't have the courage to do what you're about to do. You have an incredible amount of courage, and the body for an exhibitionist. What a great ass you have", as she turned me around. I was actually looking over my shoulder, at my own ass in the mirror. Everyone else was looking at my pussy and tits. Mary was right. I do have a great ass. An exhibitionist. Mary was right. I was an exhibitionist.  
  
By this time, Cloe had picked up the microphone Anita was using earlier. She announced "Every body. Come over and introduce yourselves to Jill. Don't smother the poor girl, but help her get comfortable being NAKED!" They all cheered and came up telling me their names, and how thrilled they were I was going to do this. I started to piece together what was going on, by the comments people were making.   
  
This was not a full scale parade I was to be in. It was mostly this group, marching my naked ass through town, wearing nothing but body paint. This was an attempt to move the town in a more liberal direction, and I was to be the on display. No wonder no one from the town wanted to do this. They'd probably have to move away. I was from out of town, so they got their political statement made without destroying the reputation of a local resident.  
  
As they were deperately trying to put me at ease, I woman came up and introduced herself. I had met so many people so fast, I can't recall her name, but I remembered what she asked me. "You didn't shave your pubic hair? Will body paint stick to pubic hair?" Every eye in the room, including mine, were on the brunette patch covering a small area of my pussy. Once again Kelly chimed in. "Don't even think about it. The pubic hair stays. Now it's time to go".  
  
As I looked up, I saw Cloe with the towel. When I wrapped it around me, it barely came from above my nipples to about three inches below the gap between my legs. I looked at myself, wondering how I got into this. Mary and Cloe got on either side of me, as we all continued staring at the reflection. Cloe quickly pulled the towel off me. In a reflex I covered up and yelled "Cloe!" She handed me back the towel as she was laughing. "I was only kidding" she said. "Besides. The whole town's gonna see everthing in a few minutes anyway. Come on, let's go". Why did she have to remind me of that?  
  
I took a deep breath and followed Mary and Cloe out the door. At the bottom of the stairs to the sidewalk, parked in the street, was a police car. One of the two officers, was leaning against the door. I just froze solid. Cloe said "It's o.k. Jill. That's my brother Eric. He voted yes for your little walk today. He's here to make sure you're safe. I reluctantly walked down the stairs, hoping Eric could not see under my tiny towel.  
  
As I reached the sidewalk, Eric looked me over and said "Wow. You're a cute little thing". "Cloe responded "Eric. Don't be a perv". I was standing in nothing but a towel on a public street, about to embark on my 'Walk of Shame'. I had no response. Eric said "O.K. everyone. Stay on the sidewalk and we'll escort you to the square" and got back into the passenger seat of the police cruiser. We all started walking to the public square where I would be exposed in all my glory to the entire town.   
  
I hadn't heard from Kelly since her insistance that I keep my pubic hair, but I was thinking about her now. How did she ever arrange for me to be legally and publicly humiliated in front of an entire town of strangers. I said it before and I'll say it again. "She is good".  
  
While on my walk of shame, I asked Cloe what was really going on. I mean a police escort? Really? Was that neccesary? Cloe said "Jill. This town has been going through debates on a new town ordinance up for vote, that would allow certain sections of the public park and beach to be used for nude recreation. The town is split down the middle on the issue. Younger people are for it, and older folks against it. It's been the hottest topic this town has seen for litterally decades. Your walk today is a milestone for our side".  
  
The two block walk, seemed like two miles. I was about to be standing naked, in a public square, of a town mired in a political debate, over the issue of public nudity. I could feel my face getting flush and I was so afraid my pussy would get wet again. I was actually hoping that the public humiliation I was about to endure, would shut down all my inner desires. Either way. There was no escaping my fate.

**The Ad -11 - Work of Art**

As we neared the square, I could see supporters on the right, and opponents on the left, side of the square. Some of the opponents were holding signs of protest. Wearing only this small towel, it was obvious who the subject of thier protests was. Anita was right ahead of us, smiling at her approaching canvas. This small town was in the middle of a political firestorm and I was to be made the example for both sides.  
  
Eric got out of the police car and walked with us to where Anita was waiting. Feeling so embarrassed wearing only this small towel in public, I could barely contain my utter humiliation, knowing I was about to hand it over. A crowd of at least 100 people were gathered around me,and another hundred to so protesters across the street. I was desperately trying to avoid reading the protester's signs, when one caught my eye.   
  
The sign read "NUDITY IS PRIVATE - NOT PUBLIC - KEEP YOUR CLOTHES ON". I wanted so much to obey that sign when Anita asked "Are you ready?" Right on time as usual, I heard Kelly's voice again. " Jill. This is your ENF Adventure. Your moment. This is what you crave. Now remove the towel and hand it to Cloe.   
  
I submitted to her command, and reached for the area where the towel was securred. Right between my now aching breasts. I summoned the last of my courage and removed the towel, handing it to Cloe, along with my dignity. Some cheered and some jeered as I stood naked in the public square of a small town, I had not even heard of until a week ago. It was all so surreal.  
  
Kelly continued instructing through the device in my ear. " Don't close your eyes. Look at their expressions. You're going to want to remember them when you're masturbating in your hotel room tonight. I know I shouldn't be bringing up masturbation. The last thing you want now, is for that sweet pussy of yours to get wet in front of all these people. That humiliation would be unbareable".  
  
I was in a total fog. I could see people talking, smiling, snickering, you name it. But I couldn't hear them. I could only hear Kelly's voice. Anita was in front of me saying "Jill...Jill.....Are you ready? I finally snapped out of it and nodded yes. She stood me facing the protesters and told me to put my hands on my head and spread my feet apart. I was on total display, as I watched to protesters waving their signs and showing their disgust in me and the entire event.  
  
All of a sudden I saw Katherine and Robert among the protesters. They too were holding signs. I felt so betrayed. The two people sent to protect me were protesting my public nudity. Robert must have informed Kelly that I had spotted them, because within seconds Kelly was back in my ear. "Jill...Listen to me. Katherine and Roberts are with the protesters for a strategic purpose".   
  
Kelly went on saying "If anyone seems to be getting carried away, they will be able to defuse the situation. Being disguised as protesters gives them the credibility they would need to assure cooler heads prevail. Now ignore them and let them do their jobs". I have a question that will take your mind off them. 'Is your pussy moist yet' ?" she asked as she was laughing in my ear. "I bet is is" she continued. "Well gotta go. I'll be in touch at the end of the parade. You're in good hands. Have fun!"   
  
Kelly was right. Standing in this position, giving the protesters a better angle than the supporters, I was getting moist. How could I have these conflicting emotions. I had allowed myself to be put in a position of total degradation, and yet I was getting wetter by the minute. I was afraid my pussy was going to drip on the concrete, right in front of everyone.  
  
Anita stepped in front of me and said "Let's get started". The first brush stroke sent shivers through my entire body, and increased the tingling between my legs. She was very focused as her brush went across my naked flesh. She said as she continued painting "I've changed my mind about the art work. I'm goint to cover you in Ivy. It doesn't seem appropriate to paint clothes on you if the rally is to support clothing optional recreation venues".  
  
Not having any idea how to respond, I just stood there as she painted me, among the hundreds of onlookers that had gathered by now. She painted a single ivy vine from my right shoulder down across my right breast to my rock hard nipple. The vine then headed up between both breasts and down again to the left nipple. Anita jokingly said "I don't know if there's enough paint to cover these nipples".  
  
The ivy vine now continued across the outside of my left breast and around my side to my lower back. From there it came around my right hip, across my right pelvis area and down to my pussy. By now it was 10"30 and I was becoming concerned we were running short on time. With the basic layout of the ivy done, Anita went back over with both her brushes and little air brush gun, and added the leaves. The seemed sparsely arranged but I figured she knew what she was doing.  
  
Anita went back and added additional ivy leaves to my nipple areas. What followed next was the most humiliating moment of my life, up to that point. As Anita knelt down to paint some ivy over my pussy lips, she looked up and said out loud "Jill. You're going to have to calm down. You are soaking wet down here. The paint won't adhere to a wet vagina". She then turned to Cloe and said "Cloe. Hand me that towel". She proceded to wipe my pussy as I stood there enduring my total debasement in front of the ever increasing crowd.  
  
With a few ivy leaves added to my pubic area (Or should I say public area) Anita put down her brushes to admire her work. I said "Anita....I don't think we have time for a break" as it was now 10:45. She replied "Break? Honey you're done".   
  
"Done! Done!" I exclaimed. "This is it? This is the only cover I'll have? What about my butt?" She replied "Sweetheart. Covering that sweet ass would be a crime". Then she looked toward Eric and asked "Eric. Does she meet the requirements of the permit?"   
  
Eric took his sweet time walking around me and taking in every inch. Finally he replied "Nipples and genitals must be covered. That's the wording in the permit. Looks to me like her nipples and genitals are covered. You're free to parade your new friend down the designated route in our fine little town. Standing there with a few ivy leaves barely covering my tits and pussy, with a single vine connecting them, I was now only 15 minutes from my second 'Walk of Shame' in the last hour.

**The Ad -12 - The Parade**

Standing there with just my ivy vine for cover, I started recalling the three questions. 'Did anyone touch me?'. The answer was still 'No'. Even Anita never had direct contact. Only her paint brushes and towel actually touched my skin. Was I in any real danger. Again the answer was 'No'. With a police escort, and Katherine and Robert maintaining the opposition crowd, I did feel safe.   
  
Was I naked and humiliated? The answer to this questions was definately 'Yes'. The only other question here.....was there a word more definitive than humiliation, to describe how I felt, when Anita announced this ordeal was making me wet?. To make matters worse, it was happening again.  
  
Anita looked disappointed as she gave her artwork the once over. Still hearing the comments from both crowds. "You look awesome sweetheart, way to go!" to "Put some clothes on you filthy tramp!" and everything in between, I knew what was wrong. I was soaked again. She walked up to me and this time whispered, "Jill.....Please honey. Try to control yourself. Now come over so I can touch you up".  
  
She opened her kit again and picked up the towel. "I'll need you to stand here and spread your legs and bend over". I looked at her in total horror. "Don't give me that look. It's not my fault you're soaked again". I did as she said and degraded myself even more in front of the crowd. She wiped my wetness again and touched up my pussy lips. She mentioned that keeping my pubic hair covered was easier that my wet swollen lips. I swear she took her sweet old time, as I stood there in that position. I must have looked as if I was waiting in anticipation for someone to penetrate my opening.   
  
Cloe walked up to me and said "We start walking in 13 minutes. I'll be right back". Standing there with my legs spread open and bent over allowing everyone a view into my inners, I gave her a pleading look that said "Please don't leave me". She gave me an empathetic look and whispered "I'll be right back. I live right there" as she pointed to a small house on the square. "I can't take it anymore. I have to masturbate. It'll only take a minute. I'm so turned on watching you, I have to climax now". She turned and ran into the house.  
  
I could feel the tickle of Anita's brush, as I was wishing I could masturbate. Just as Anita was finishing her touch up of the ivy leaves covering my lips, I heard her say "Oh good they're hear". I had no idea who 'They' were, but I can only imagine what they must be thinking. Anita told me she was finished and I could stand up.   
  
As I stood and turned around, my heart sank and I thought I was going to vomit. It was a local news van. I surmised they were here to do a story on the event. Could it get any worse? A female reporter and camera man jumped out of the van and headed for Anita. "Hey Anita" the reporter said. "Good morning Jen" Anita replied. It was obvious they knew each other. But I guess in a small town like this, everyone knows everyone.  
  
"So this is your volunteer? she said, as she looked me over. "How did you get her to agree to do this?" she asked, never taking her eyes off my body. "We knew we would need someone who was not from here this year. I plan on walking with others next year. A mutual friend made the arrangements for us" Anita replied. "Kelly!", I thought. "She is good".  
  
"Does she have a name?" Jen asked. "Well you can use the name 'Ivy' for your story. Her name has been changed to protect her innocence. Oh, and she does not do interviews", Anita replied. I was instantly relieved. Surprisingly, I was not intimidated by the camera man. I guess hearing hundreds of cell phone clicks and watching people film me with their cameras, the last hour had made me numb to it all.   
  
Jen looked at me and said "Ivy. Any film we take of you, will have your private areas blurred out, for tonight's broadcast. Yeah. That made me feel better. Anita told Jen we were getting ready for our walk and that she would give an interview at the end of the walk. We were down to two minutes before I was to endure my second 'Walk of Shame'.  
  
Cloe rejoined us, and just gave me a wink and a thumbs up. She must have had her orgasm. Anita announced it was time to get started. Eric had the police car take the lead while he walked in the rear of the parade. The supporters picked up their signs. They read 'YOU WERE BORN NAKED' and 'THE HUMAN BODY IS A BEAUTIFUL THING' etc. It was time. We were on our way.  
  
Cloe and Anita walked with me as the crowd made their way into formation and headed down the street. The opposition were yelling "You should be ashamed of yourself" , "Put your clothes on" and "Does your mother know what you're doing?" This small string of painted ivy was doing nothing to alleviate my humiliation. I did as Kelly had suggested and looked at their expressions. Good and bad.  
  
As we walked down the street, I was called everything from 'empowering' to 'disgraceful'. Cloe and Anita continued to keep me distracted so I could ignore the mean things some were saying. We had made a half a block in no time and I looked to Cloe and said "This won't be so bad. It won't take long to walk a few blocks".   
  
Cloe gave me a look as to say 'You can't be that naive'. "Jill. You are a celebrity in this town now. Everyone is going to want to stop and get a photo with you. They'll ask you what it's like to be naked in public. That sort of thing. That's why we have an hour to walk a few blocks. But don't worry, the haters will mostly yell from the sidelines and their homes as we walk by. They won't get in you face or anything".   
  
The next hour was just as Cloe had predicted. People taking pictures and asking why I was naked in their town. A question I did not have an answer for. As bad as my second 'Walk of Shame' might have been, most of the people who came up to me were supporters and pretty cool. Truth is, the exposure of body painting was much worse that the walk. It was almost noon and we were closing in on our destination, with me wearing barely enough body paint to cover a cell phone.

**The Ad -13 - The Parade Reception**

Less than 100 yards from the intersection of South Main St. and Beach Rd. , the crowd had doubled. The closer we got, the more lude the comments got. And these came from the supporters. Such as...."Can you bend over so I can get a picture of your clit? My friends won't believe this"....."You know we can see your pubic hair through the paint"....."So glad you didn't cover that great ass. I must have 20 pics on my phone of it. Thanks you little nymph". And the worst one. "Don't get wet again like you did at the square. Yeah, I saw that".  
  
Cloe tried to reassure me they were just teasing. That they were on our side. I could feel my entire body turning bright red. Here I had taken pictures and greeted people like a politician, in my scantly painted body. Now, as we were approaching the end of the walk, I felt like the word 'SHAME' was painted all across me. Anita and Cloe tried to help me recover my spunk, but my facial expression must have let everyone one know I was totally humiliated.  
  
All I could hear was 'click' 'click' click' 'click'. How many pictures of my degradation did they need? How many were already on the internet by now? Who would see them? Kelly had said the odds were 'millions to one', that anyone I knew would see them. But I knew, it would only take one. One friend, family member, or worse yet....an enemy, to see me in my moment of disgrace, then everyone would see me and know.   
  
I couldn't get the questions out of my head, when I realized we had reached our destination. Now instead of walking, I was surrounded by all these staring dressed people. Using every ounce of dicipline in me, I managed not to cover up with my hands. This would only have served to confirm what was already obvious. I was mortified.   
  
I had long lost interest in seeing the staring people's faces. I had seen enough excited, curious and discusted expressions, to last a life time. I didn't want to see any more thumbs ups, smiles or nasty looks. I needed a distraction. That's when I saw Anita getting ready for her interview with Jen.   
  
As the camera man was setting up, I realized, between my nerves and the hot sun, the paint was starting to loosen up. It wasn't running yet, but it was only a matter of time. I managed to get a glimps of some man's watch in the crowd. It was 11:52. Only eight more minutes of this demeaning public exposure.   
  
Jen spoke to Anita about the interview, while looking at me, as if to say "I can't believe you let someone talk you into doing this". She rolled her eyes and returned her focus to Anita. Her last minute instructions to the camera man were "Be sure to capture our discussion, but get at least three cameo wide angle shots of our girl Ivy here. And whatever you do, blurr out her private parts. We don't want the F.C.C. shutting down the station.  
  
The interview lasted barely two minutes, but it seemed like an eternity. The paint was starting to run, yet I had to stand there portraying an air of confidence. Not for the cause of the clothing optional recreation areas, but for my own sanity. I focused on the sounds of the waves, which were only a half block away. I was able to see the beginning of the beach sand. I guess this is what Kelly had meant when she said I was going to the beach.   
  
The interview had wrapped up, and it was just about noon. I saw Eric put a police barrier across the small alley that led to the beach. I turned to Anita to ask about my clothes, when I heard Eric say "O.K. folks. The show is over. Everyone return to your homes. Anita handed Cloe the towel I had worn to the town square. Cloe handed it to me and said "Better put it on. The permit has expired".  
  
"Where are my clothes? I protested, as I wrapped the now paint and cum stained towel around me again. "We don't have your clothes" Cloe responded. "Now come with me" she said. Anita gave me a look of genuine appreciation and said "Jill. You have no idea what you helped us acomplish here. Thank you". Then she, Eric and his partner dispersed the crowd, as Cloe led me around the police barrier, and down the small alley toward the beach.   
  
I pressed Cloe for an answer about where we were going. She was silent on the short run to the beach, until we reached the sand. "Get in # 4" she said, pointing to a one of six changing rooms set up for the beach goers. "Why?" I asked. "Just get in there" she said as she opened the door for me. As I stepped into the room, Cloe grabbed the towel and ran back down the alley yelling "Thanks Jill".  
  
I stood there with nothing but smeared paint on my skin, which was covering nothing by this point. I held the door open six inches and I yelled for Cloe to come back. "Quit yelling! You're giving me a headache!"..........Kelly was back. "So......Are you enjoing your adventure so far?" she asked in a sinister voice. I looked around the small changing room as I considered my answer.  
  
The room had a wooden bench, a shower and small locker. "Well ? Kelly pried. "Are you enjoying your adventure?" I paced back and forth in the tiny space and broke down and said "OMG Kelly....I can't believe it!" as I could hear my own voice start to crack. Reality was setting in and I was feeling regret and disbelief, about what has occured.   
  
As I was having my mini nervous break down, Kelly started instructing me again. "Alright. Pull yourself together. Now...I want you to take a shower and get rid of that paint. Do Not! I repeat. Do Not! get your hair or earpiece wet. Use the shower cap I provided. There are two wash cloths. One is for washing and one is for drying. If you get them both wet, you'll have to drip dry and that will put us behind schedule.   
  
I removed my sneakers and ankle socks and turned on the shower water. Following Kelly's instructions, I washed myself clean and kept my hair and earpiece dry. Stepping out of the shower, I used the remaining dry wash cloth to dry myself, while complaining "You could have given me a towel". Kelly responded "Yeah right. You're half way through your ENF Adventure. You're not getting a towel.  
  
For some reason I didn't question her. I had been basically naked and humiliated in front of hundreds of people, to the point I wanted to crawl under a rock, but I could still answer the three questions the way they needed to be answered.

**The Ad -14 - The Bathing Suit**

By the time I dried my body off with nothing but a wash cloth, my mind was wondering what form of humiliation Kelly had planned for the second half of my adventure. I mean really. What could top me being naked, with the exception of small bits of paint on my nipples and pussy, in front of hundreds of dressed people and their constantly flashing phone cameras.  
  
Kelly seemed to always know when I needed to be snapped out of my fog. Standing in this little room naked, with the memories of my little walk so vivid, I so wanted to pleasure myself. I even asked her if I could. Her reply was immediate and forceful.   
  
"No way! Get that thought out of your head right now Jill. Once you climax, the thrill will be gone, and nothing but the humiliation will be left. I haven't made arrangements to bail you out. You would end up being a blubbering mess of self pity. You must maintain that constant throbbing between your legs. It's the only thing that will motivate you to continue your adventure. You will be masturbating for years recalling today's embarrassing, humiliating, degrading and shameful exhibitions. No masturbating until I say so! Got it?"  
  
"Got it", I replied. "Now what? I asked. "Glad you asked. Open the locker and take out the swim suit I picked out for you, and put your sneakers and socks in the locker. You're going for a walk on the beach". Feeling more relieved than disappointed that I would be wearing a bathing suit on the beach, I took the two steps to the locker, and opened it. My relief turned to horror when I saw what was inside.  
  
I picked up the small pile of strings and screamed, "What is this?"   
Kelly replied with total excitement in her voice, "It's a Wicked Weasel micro bikini. Don't you just love it? I ordered it all the way from Australia just for your special day!".  
  
"This isn't a bikini! It's an eye patch! I can't wear this! It will show even more than the body paint did!" I complained, as I held the yellow strings up, looking for some part of it that might cover something. "Calm down!" Kelly said. "Now Jill....Listen to me. You are naked in a public dressing room. You have no choice but to wear it sweetheart. Now put it on or I'll sign off and you can find your own way back to the hotel. Try doing that with no clothes, money, or I.D.".  
  
That's the moment I realized Kelly was holding all the cards. I sort of volunteered for my little walk in town earlier. At least with the 'Nude Recreation Spaces Ordinance' rally, I had Cloe and Anita. There was a reason for me to be so exposed. This micro bikini was going to cover less skin than the body paint, and there was no earthly reason anyone would wear one of these on a public beach, other than to show what a tramp she is. My eyes were tearing up as I laid it out on the bench, trying to figure out how to put it on.  
  
The bikini bottom was a tiny triangle that had a string sewed to one of the corners. That string was attached to another string in the form of a 'T'. Having to wipe my eyes, I placed the triangle over my pussy lips. Next I fed the attached string between my butt crack. I pulled the two outward strings around my hips and put the tiny hooks in the designed holes on the fabric of the two remaining triangle corners. To add insult to injury, there was a tag on the outside of the top of the triangle. It had two 'W's printed on it, for Wicked Weasel. I felt like the tag read, "Look at my pussy. I'm a slut'. It literally covered nothing but my slot.   
  
I was feeling totally naked and ashamed as I laid out the top. It was no better. Two triangles as small as the one on the bottom half. The top was made the same way, with the two tiny triangles placed to cover only my nipples. A string was sewn along the bottom flat sides of the triangles, that went behind my back and clipped like a bra. Two strings attached to the upward facing corners of the triangles, and tied behind my neck. I would rather go naked on the beach, than wear this in public.  
  
"Look in the locker Jill. There's a small mirror in there so you can see how awesome you look" Kelly said. As usual she was right. I took out a small mirror placed against the side of the locker's interior. I held it out and looked at my tits first. I was glad I was only a 'B'. At least they weren't spilling out all over as only the nipples were covered.   
  
I lowered the mirror to see the bottom. Like I said. It literally covered only my slot. I looked at my butt next. Nothing was covered. Only the string emerging from my butt crack, and attached to the string that went out and around to meet the tiny piece of yellow fabric, that appeared to be designed to bring everyone's focus right to my pussy.   
  
"So.......What do you think of the color I picked out?" Kelly asked. I was so glad I went to the tanning beds at home, I was thinking. No tan lines, and my skin did look great with this really bright yellow fabric. "I actually like it. What made you pick this color?" I asked. Kelly responded with the same exuberance as before, "Because it's like a beacon that says "look at my awesome body everyone! I may as well be naked, but I'm not! So you can't have me arrested!"   
  
I looked at my face in the mirror. The red in my eyes was all but gone. Kelly had done it again. Brought me back from the brink. I smiled at myself and said "Why not?"   
  
"That's right Jill. Why not? Now that's the spirit. Put the mirror back in the locker and make sure your sneakers and socks are in there too. You'll want to be barefoot on the beach. You can get them later". I again did as she instructed, and turned and looked at the door. On the other side of that door was a public beach full of people that I'm sure are not expecting anyone in a micro bikini.

**The Ad -15 - A Walk On The Beach**

I stood there in my Wicked Weasel micro bikini, staring at the door that led to more public humiliation. I asked Kelly, "Are you sure I won't be arrested?" Her response was perfect. "Jill.....Can you remember a six digit number?", she asked.  
  
I was now shaking with both fear and anticipation as I wimpered "Yes". Kelly replied, "Good. Statute 'BC6752', states that genitals and nipples must be covered on the beach at all times. Are your genitals and nipples covered?" she asked. "Yes" I responded, with my now cracking voice. " Jill....You can remember it by thinking 'B' for Beach and 'C' for Code, then the numbers 6752. Got it?" "6752"......Got it" I replied.   
  
"O.K. Jill.....Head up....Shoulders back....Let's go for a walk", Kelly said. "BC6752..BC6752, was all I could think about, as I walked out the door, not realizing what I had done.   
  
When I realized I was standing in public like this, I panicked and turned to go back inside the dressing room. The door was locked. I was now standing in public in nothing but my 'Wicked Weasel' micro bikini, and my shame.  
  
Only a few people were using this path to the beach, but they all appeared to be disgusted with me, and my 'Wicked Weasel' micro bikini. I had no shelter. I was on the fringe of the beach sand, feeling like I was naked. I had now started covering my tits and pussy with my hands. I was frozen. Only five feet from the actual beach, and I was unable to move.   
  
Kelly heard my heavy breathing and said to me, ( in my ear of course ) "Jill...You can stand here for a month. Makes no difference to me. Or....you can walk your smoking hot body down the beach for our next audience. It's up to you. Now either get going, or let me know my job is over".  
  
I wasn't on the sand a second when I heard "OMG....Do you see that?" The response that followed was directed right at me. "Hey you little hussey. This is a family beach. Take your fornication somewhere else". Totally mortified and somewhat afraid, I started walking down the beach, away from my accusers. This was the first time I instigated conversation with Kelly. "What way do I go?, I asked. "Go right to the water" was her reply.  
  
"To the water?" I asked. "To the water Jill" she responded. As always, I followed my instructions. As I got close to the water's edge, I heard Kelly's voice again. "Go in the water up to your chest. Do not get your hair or ear piece wet". I walked into the water, still hearing the voices that were condemning the presence of me and my yellow Wicked Weasel on their beach.  
  
I waded in the water a while, appreciating the break from the from the constant beratement of the beach goers. Kelly allowed me five minutes in the water before she told me it was time to go. I exited the water to the rebuke of all who were watching. My micro bikini had become totally transparent! My little brunette patch and erect nipples were on display for everyone! I knew by their expressions and pointing fingers, they were not happy. I covered my tits and pussy with my hands and ran down the beach, still hearing their laughter and insults.  
  
"Stop right there!" came this voice of authority. I froze and turned to see where the voice was coming from. A middle aged woman was dragging a male beach security officer by his hand, right in my direction. I was petrified. Kelly said in my ear "Remember the statute number?" In seconds they were standing in front of me. Still covering myself, I just stood there, looking pathetic and ashamed.   
  
"Make her move her hands", she said to the young man. It was obvious this was a summer job for him. He couldn't have been twenty years old. He looked at me and asked "Miss. Can you please place your hands at your sides?" I moved my hands to my side, never having felt so dirty in my life. The transparent micro bikini seemed non-existant. I felt totally naked as my eyes started to fill up with tears.  
  
The woman berated me in front of everyone within hearing distance. She turned to the young beach security officer and said "Do your job. Arrest the little porn queen!" He looked to me as if to say "What do you have to say for yourself?" With tears now running down my cheeks, all I could muster was "BC6752.....BC6752". The young officer recognized the statute immediately. He turned to the woman and said "Maam. I agree with you. It's disgraceful. But technically, she is within the law. He turned to me, and with a slight smile, said "Miss. This would be a good time for you to move on".  
  
I briskly started down the beach with tears still rolling down my cheeks. "THAT WAS AWESOME!" I heard Kelly yell in my ear. I kept walking when she added "Jill. Did you see that couple with their metal dectectors?" I had noticed them, only because I was waiting for them to chastise me too. I replied "Yeah. So what?"   
  
"Don't look, but that's Robert and Katherine. I wanted you to know you are not alone out there", Kelly said with a sympathetic tone. I did feel a little better knowing they were that close. Kelly did most of the talking as I continued walking, coming to terms with my total public humiliation. "By the way. You haven't asked, but you are heading in the right direction. I bet you could use a drink. Know how I know?" she asked. Before I could respond she yelled "BECAUSE YOU"RE ON A PUBLIC BEACH WEARING A TRANSPARENT WICKED WEASEL! AM I GOOD OR WHAT?"  
  
Still walking, I actually managed to chuckle. With my tears now dried up, I said to Kelly, "You mentioned a drink?" Kelly replied, "The bar's up on your right. Do you see it?" I don't know how she knows these things, but up on the right was a tiny little beach bar. It was perfect since I couldn't go into a regular bar dressed like this. But did I need a drink.  
  
"O.k. Jill. Before you go up to the bar, get in the water again" Kelly said. "What? You know what happens to this thing I'm wearing when it gets wet", I argued. "That's the point! You don't have any money. You'll need to use your charms to get someone to buy you a drink" she replied. I did as she instructed and got the yellow weasel wet. Now with my micro bikini completely transparent again, I walked up to the bar. Perfect! There were only two young guys at the bar. It only had eight stools to begin with.   
  
I walked up to the bar and asked the bartender if I could have a glass of water. Both guys zoomed in on my flesh. "Not having a drink?" one of them asked. I turned facing them, so happy that someone wanted to see me like this, and said "Well. As you can see, I have nowhere to keep my money", turning my left leg outward, giving them a clear view of my brunette patch through the wet, transparent material. They both stumbled on their words trying to offer to buy me a drink. I sat on a stool as they each took a seat on either side of me.

**The Ad -16 - A Walk Off The Beach**

I was sitting on my stool, giving anyone on the beach behind me a clear view of my bare ass, when I heard Kelly say, "Don't tell anyone your real name. If anyone asks, your name is Jane. As in....Jane Doe". Just as she said this, one of the guys said, "Hi. I'm Jack and this is my friend, Ray. What are you having?"   
  
I responded, "I'm Jane, and I would love a strawberry daiquiri. When the bar tender was finally able to pull himself away from his gaze of my barely covered erect nipples, he brought me my drink. Ray said to me, "That's an awesome bathing suit. Where did you get it?" With my feet on the foot rail of the stool, I spun around and said "It's a Wicked Weasel. It's from Australia, allowing them to see the oversized tag with two 'W's'on it.  
  
Knowing they were focusing on my little brunette patch and exposed libia, not the label, I was thrilled to be on display. After the public degradation I recieved earlier, this was a much needed ego boost. "You don't think it's too small, do you?" I asked, as the three of us stared at my pussy through the transparent triangle.   
  
"No...Not at all", they both replied, unable to refrain from looking at my spread legs and open gap. I leaned back and put my elbows on the bar as I sipped my drink. I knew I looked like a slut, but after the emotional beating I took earlier, I didn't care. I needed that tingling between my legs to return, if I was going to continue my ENF adventure.   
  
Jack and Ray were very attentive as you can imagine. Kelly told me quietly in my ear that it was 1:05 and I had ten minutes left to rebuild my self esteem. I had to move on at 1:15 to remain on schedule. I was careful to only have one drink. I needed the attention more than the alcohol.   
  
It wasn't long until I was getting the kind of attention a girl wearing basically three tiny triangles didn't want. Four more young men joined us at the bar. I started getting nervous as they continued asking me to display my Wicked Weasel for them. As I explained that I had to leave to meet a friend, they all said, "No. Not yet. We're just getting to know you, as they encircled me at the bar.   
  
When I felt I may be in real trouble I heard, "JANE! What are you doing?" Everyone turned and paid attention. "I told you wearing that ridiculous thing would only lead to trouble! Thank your lucky stars your sister told us you wore that down here. Get your ass in the car!...NOW! It was Katherine and Robert. Katherine then looked at Robert and said "See what being to lenient has led to".  
  
Katherine was smart enough to know, these young horny guys would be more afraid of an angry mother, than some almost anyone else. Robert knew to be the hen-pecked husband was his role. I bowed my head and walked in shame past them. When we were about thirty feet down the beach, I heard all my admirers laughing at me. Again I was humiliated, but grateful for Katherine and Robert.   
  
I had walked another hundred feet or so down the beach, when I turned around to thank Katherine and Robert. They were gone! I was standing alone again, watching people pointing and shaking their heads. Kelly never mentioned how foolish I was, and just said, "Jill. Let's get you off the beach and to your last exhibition location. About another few hundred feet you will see a street sign that says 'Sunset Drive'. Let me know when you arrive there".   
  
I continued marching down the sand, feeling more than ever, that Kelly had my back. She has kept me safe in the most humiliating public exposure situations possible. I had been mortified for five straight hours. I knew that even if my ENF Adventure was to end now, my public naked humiliation fantasies had been realized. After all, that's what I had wanted all along.   
  
I thought of nothing but the feelings of utter huliliation I had, and how I experienced them in public. I could never explain it, but this is what I had craved. These were the emotions I would have when I masturbated every night in my condo. Only now they were real. I again started focusing on the expressions of the people I past, as I came to Sunset Drive.  
  
"I'm here Kelly", I said. "Good", she reponded. "Now you've had your fun. It time to get serious". I knew better than to interupt, so I listened as she told me about my next adventure. "You've had your little face...Oh...I mean body painting party. You've had your little parade and fun time at the beach. Now you're going to school".  
  
"School? What do you mean school?, I asked. "You're on a 'Need to Know' basis. Now. At the end of the block you'll see your ride to school". I looked down the short block and became nauseous. It was a bus stop. "You don't mean I have to ride the bus like this? Do you?" I asked, hoping for some other outcome. "Of course. How else does someone get to school silly. By the bus..Right?"   
  
Now that I had left the sand of the beach, I felt this overwelming feeling of shame come over me. Without even my sneakers, I felt totally naked as I walked towards the bench at the bus stop. Cars were passing me, beeping their horns, as I sat there waiting for the bus.   
  
"Look under the bench", I heard Kelly say. I was hoping it was a T-shirt or some sort of cover. It wasn't. It was the $1.25 bus fare. Five quaters sitting there under the bench. She was really going to make me do this. My Wicked Weasel was now dry, but still revealed almost everything, and I was soon to be on a public bus, wearing nothing else.   
  
Caught between the desire to get my almost naked body off this street corner, and the panic of taking a public bus ride dressed like this, I looked up and saw the bus approaching. I held the quarters in my sweaty palm, as if it was the last of my money. The bus pulled up and I heard that unmistakable sound of swooshing air when it stopped. The door opened and the middle aged female bus driver looked at me and said, "You have got to be kidding me".

**The Ad -17 - The Bus Ride to School**

Looking up at the bus driver, not only did I not feel sexy, I felt asinine. I can only imagine how pathetic I must have looked from her perspective. All I could do was stand there hoping she would show me some sympathy, and let me on. "You know I'm not supposed to let you on the bus like that. You're supposed to wear shoes" she said, as she chuckled.   
  
Are you kidding me? I thought. I'm standing on a public street corner, with only three tiny triangles, covering nothing but my nipples and vagina, and she's talking about shoes? WTF? Seeing the desperation in my eyes, I could see she was starting to feel some empathy for me. Finally she said "Alright. Get on. But don't do anything peculiar on my bus. Not that wearing 'that' isn't peculiar enough. What is that you're wearing anyway? A sling shot?" as she chuckled some more.   
  
I stepped on the bus and walked to the top of the stairs. As I was putting my sweaty quarters in the money slot, my hand was shaking, and I dropped one. I almost died as I heard it roll across the bus floor. The bus driver looked upset when she said, "Well. Go find it!" I turned to my left and was now facing the other passengers. Their eyes were filled with unbelief as they stared at me. Looks of disgust, contempt and elation, depending on age and gender, were piercing my flesh like a hundred knives.  
  
Tears started filling my eyes as I got down on my hands and knees. Frantically looking for my quarter, I moved up and down the center aisle looking under the seats. Seeing all these legs covered in pants, skirts, shorts and shoes, I realized how exposed I was to everyone. My naked ass and scantly covered pussy lips were on display for every eye that wanted to see them.   
  
By now the laughter had started and the cameras were clicking. The passengers were talking among themselves and snickering, as I scampered on my hands and knees between the seats, trying to hide my face from the onslaught of camera phone flashes. Tears were now dripping on the bus floor, blurring the vision I needed to find my quarter.   
  
An older man looked down and handed me a quarter. I wiped my eyes, as I looked up to him, and mouthed the words "Thank You". He gave me a kind smile in return. I stood up and walked to the front of the bus and put the quarter in the money slot. A ticket popped out of the machine and everyone started applauding.  
  
The bus driver looked right at my tits and then up to my eyes. She was motioning with her head for me to look down. OMG. My left nipple had fallen from behind the tiny triangle. Not knowing how long it had been uncovered, I desperately pulled the fabric back over it, wondering who had seen my exposed, erect nipple.   
  
The bus driver gave me half a smile and asked "So where's your stop?" Kelly whispered in my ear, "You're going to the college". I replied to the bus driver, "I'm going to the college". With a bewildered look, she said, "That Liberal Think Tank? I'm not a bit surprised. O.k. You can take a seat".   
  
The bus took off as I walked down the aisle to find a seat. I had to hold on to the seat backs for balance, exposing myself even more to my audience of amature photographers. I finally found an empty seat and sat next to the window, pulling my knees up to my chest, as I stared out the window.  
  
Each stop of the bus was incredibally nerve wracking. The way I was sitting gave the appearance I was naked, to anyone new on the bus that walked by my seat. I continued staring out the window, wondering how much longer to the college, and why was I going there in the first place?  
  
"I bet you dropped that quarter on purpose, so you could expose that sweet ass and pussy of yours, to the other riders on the bus. hahaha" came through the ear piece. "I can't believe you actually dropped a quarter on the bus. You are priceless Jill....Simply priceless". With the bus being so confined, I didn't dare respond. No matter what the other passengers might have thought of me, I wasn't going to add 'Crazy' to their lists. I just smiled a bit to myself.  
  
"O.k. When you get to the college, go up the main stairs and in the front door. Turn left and look for the admissions office. It'll be on your right. They'll be expecting you. Oh, and don't panic. Only 10% of the students and falculty are at the college during the summer months. You'll be fine. Again the buzzing in my ear was gone. The bus pulled right up to the front stairs of the college, just as Kelly had said.  
  
The bus driver turned around and said to me, "O.k. Sling Shot. This is your stop. I have no idea what you're up to, but based on the way you're dressed, this is the place for you". I wasn't sure what she meant, or why I was here. I just tried to leave the bus with as much dignity as a girl wearing only a micro bikini could. The remaining passengers applauded again, as I disembarked the bus.  
  
Once on the sidewalk, I looked up the stairs at the college entrance, trying to ignore the stares of the people around me. Figuring I had no other option, I marched up the stairs and through the front doors of this liberal college. The cold tiles under my feet made me realize how close to being naked I really was.

**The Ad -18 - Class Introduction**

I walked to the intersection of hallways, trying to remember the directions to admissions. The floor felt so cold under my feet even though it was summer. I felt my nipples get more erect than they already were. The tingling between my legs had returned, as I watched the stares of the few people who passed by me. I remembered I needed to turn left down the hall.   
Just as I was turning down the hall, I heard the incredibly loud ring of the school bell. Although it was just a few classroom doors that opened, allowing dozens of summer students to fill the hallway instantly, it felt like hundreds. I was standing there in nothing but my micro bikini as they all stopped and just stared at me.   
  
I was standing there like a deer in the headlights, when I felt dozens of eyes penetrating the tiny fabric triangles of my Wicked Weasel. The guys started closing in on me when one of the girls stepped forward and put her hand up. Everyone stood where they were and continued staring at me. The silence was excruciating.   
  
The girl who had put her hand up walked around my almost naked form several times, giving me a good look over. Well. well. well. It's a little early for a sorority pledge, but that must be what this is. She looked me right in the eye and said "So you have to humiliate yourself for your pledge, huh? Not having a better reason for being almost naked, I just nodded with my head hanging in shame.  
  
"O.k. people. Let's help the girl out" she said with authority. With that, the cell phone cameras starting clicking at lightning speed, as they were all laughing at me. There must have been hundreds of pictures taken in a matter of seconds. "Is this humiliating enough for you?" she said to me, as the clicks and flashes kept coming. Again I nodded yes as I looked for a sign that read 'Admissions'.  
  
The girl who's name I later found out was Lynn, aimed her cell phone to catch my bright red face and rock hard nipples. She showed me the picture and said "Let's get a close up of that pretty little pussy of yours", as she lowered her phone to get the angle she was looking for, while the laughter of the crowd got louder. I don't know why, but I just stood there letting them humiliate me, paranoid I was getting wet again.   
  
The totally erotic feeling was getting the best of me, when a falculty member walked up and said "What's going on here?" Some of the students stepped aside allowing him to make his way to the middle of the circle, and observe my complete debasement. "What are you doing here?" he asked in a stern voice. I cleared my throat and replied "I'm looking for admissions".   
  
"Like that?" he said. Again, a yes nod was all I could muster. "It's down the hall on your right" he said, as he pointed down the hall on my left. "Let's break it up people" he said, as he dispersed the crowd. I walked down the hall as they continued laughing and snapping photos of my bare ass.   
  
Relieved to see the 'Admissions' sign, I walked in, closed the door behind me, and leaned against it. There were six faculty members in the office, and all were now staring at me. "You're here for Dr. Shultz' class" Kelly said quietly in my ear. The woman behind the counter looked at me and said "Unbelievable...Don't tell me. You're here for Dr. Shultz' class". Stuck in a pattern, I nodded yes.  
  
"Shultz...That crazy old coot. What's he up to now?" one of the male faculty member asked. "You know that dream people have, when they are the only one naked in a crowd? Well this is his subject for today's class. There were one hundred and fourteen applicants, and Dr. Shultz chose her apparently" as their stares continued.   
  
"Oh. Did I mention I filled out your application for you?" Kelly whispered in my ear, as she was laughing. One of the women in the room said "I'll show her to Shultz' classroom. I'm going that way anyhow". Giving me one more look over she said "Come on. Let's go" as we walked back into the hallway. "I hope you know what your doing. Last time old man Shultz did a class on Sigmund Freud, his subject ran out of the college, crying".  
  
I followed the woman down the hall to the stairway. I followed her up the stairs and down another hall until we reached a classroom with a sign that said, 'Dr. R.L. Shultz. Psychology / Psychiatry'. The woman just said "Good luck", as she gave me one last once over. "You're gonna need it", and off she went down the hall.  
  
My heart was beating through my chest as I worked up the nerve to open the door. I opened it a little and peeked into the room. The class was full. At least forty students looked at me as I peered through the small opening. The door was opened all the way from inside. I was standing there in my tiny micro bikini as a sixty year old man, who was overweight looked at me over his reading glasses. "You're late" he said in a heavy German accent.  
  
I stepped into the room as he pointed to a podium in the front of the class. Stand over there. All all eyes were on me, and I could hear the occasional snicker. Dr. Shultz took his place behind the podium and had me face the students, as I stood next to him. O.K. give me that". "What?" I asked. "Whatever that thing you're wearing is", appearing to be getting impatient. "Come on. Hurry up, we're running behind" as he looked at the clock on the wall that read 2:08. "Class was supposed to start at 2:00', he said.  
  
He was actually telling me to remove my micro bikini and stand in front of the class, naked! As I hesitated, he looked at me while opening a folder. "Your application here states you wish to experience the connection between erotic fantasies and the anxiety of real life public exposure. Now please remove that thing you're wearing and hand it to me" as he held out his hand.  
  
Kelly had really done it this time. I was going to be the subject of a class that was researching the inner erotic emotions I had craved so much. The emotions that led me to degrading myself all day, and I had two hours left. I did as instructed and removed the weasel to the delight of the class. I laid the small pile of string and triangle patches in his hand. I was now totally naked in front of a class that was about to delve into the reasons for my fantasies. I was terrified.

**The Ad -19 - The Dr. Shultz' Class**

Standing in front of all forty students with only my brunette patch for cover, I saw the girl who organized my hallway humiliation. She raised her hand and asked, "Dr. Shultz, may I introduce myself to our class subject?" With a sinister grin, she waited for her answer. Dr. Shultz replied, "Yes Lynn, but make it quick. We need to get on with our studies". He was so aloof. He just let me stand there, naked! , as this girl approached me in front of the entire class.  
  
She leaned in and whispered in my left ear, "There was no pledge, was there? You dirty little slut. You actually like this, don't you? Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. You want naked humiliation? You're gonna get it". I was at a total loss. This girl seemed to have it in for me, and the 'Crazy Old Coot' (as the male falculty member called him earlier) didn't seem to be paying attention.  
  
  
Finally Dr. Shultz said something, just not what I was hoping for. He looked back at the folder, holding the application Kelly had filled out, and said "Lynn. Please take Jill around and introduce her to the class. I looked at him in total fear, pleading with my eyes, hoping for a reprieve. With the tile floor a constant reminder of my nakedness, I felt more exposed than at any point of the day. All those young college eyes on me. Their looks ranged from bewilderment to stimulation as they came to terms with having a naked woman in their class, for their observation.   
  
Lynn said, "Are you ready? Jill, is it?" I almost died as she led me toward the first student introduction. The class was made up of about 75% female and 25% male. You might think this was a break, but believe me it wasn't. First the girls all seemed to be sneering at me with disdain. The guys all leered at my naked body, leaving no question as to their sexual desires. Trying to avoid eye contact, I acknowledged my fate.  
  
As Lynn led me through the class, making me introduce myself, I realized no one was standing up, when we were introduced. They all remained seated, allowing themselves an eye level view of my naked pussy. Some of the students, both male and female, got within inches of my crotch. As they would look up to my tits, then on up to my face, I could feel their breath on my now stimulated mound. All during my public humiliation, Dr. Shultz went on teaching the lesson.  
  
Dr. Shultz looked over his glasses and went on saying, "By all accounts, the recollections of the 'Only One Naked' dream, has been described as follows. The one naked seems to be the only one aware that they are naked. Constantly looking for some cover, whether a piece of clothing or a space to hide, they desperately look for relief of their humiliating exposure, while no one else around them, seems to notice their nudity.  
  
The clock read 2:25, and I was only half way through the introductions. I had introduced myself (only as Jill) to twenty of the students, and had endured the most intimate of indignities. All I wanted to do was finish with the introductions, when Lynn asked Dr. Shultz "Should we take a five minute break and allow everyone to take photos for their reports on the class, Dr.?", all the while giving me that sinister grin of hers.  
  
Again I pleaded with my eyes, but to no avail. "Yes Lynn. This will allow Jill to look back and recall, 'The connection between her erotic fantasies, and the anxiety of real life public exposure'. He was quoting me. Well...not me, but the statement Kelly put in my application, that everyone thought was me. "I have her e-mail address in her file, so you can email your photos to her for her later recollection of today's class". He said it as though it was normal to humiliate someone and then remind them of it.  
  
"Jill...Why don't you sit here?", Lynn asked. (As she put a chair in an open space in the room, allowing everyone to gather around my naked body, and take their pictures) I submitted, and sat in the chair, as I looked at Lynn and whispered, "Why are you doing this to me?" I will never forget her response. She said, in my left ear, as if she knew Kelly's device was in my right ear, "I've filled out five applications for your position, and tore them all up. I wanted to be where you are, but I was afraid. You're not the only one to have these fantasies, but you may be the only one to have the guts to realize them". For the first time she smiled at me, and quietly said "Now get ready for your photo op".  
  
I sat in the chair, with my new found inspiration, and was sure to keep my legs open enough for all to see my pussy. I even put my hands on the side of the seat, keeping my arms from covering any portion of my torso. Not so much to be seen as an exhibtionist slut, but rather the subject of an "Only One Naked' dream psychiatry class. Lynn just winked at me, as everyone gathered around and took their pictures of my totally naked body. It was 2:30 and I was happy to be on display.  
  
The 'Photo Op' (as Lynn called it) was over, and I continued my rounds, meeting the rest of the class, on a 'one on one' basis. Dr. Shultz continued the lesson, but the the class seemed more interested in me, and why I wanted to be naked, than the lesson itself.   
  
For the next fifteen minutes I mingled with the students, unable to answer their questions. I honestly did not know why I wanted to be naked and humiliated. Dr. Shultz continued with Sigmund's ideas, but I didn't know. All I knew is that I was totally turned on.

**The Ad -20 - The Class Part 2**

It was approaching 3:00, as I was standing naked among all of the dressed students, answering their questions. They asked me everything from, 'Why was I only wearing a micro bikini when I arrived at the college' to 'How I was feeling now, being naked in front of so many people'. Some of the female students got into their deep psychological theories about my obsession, which made me more embarrassed than the guys who were unable to conseal their hard-ons.   
  
The questions were coming at a rapid pace. They were more and more personal, and aimed at exploiting my humiliating circumstance. The more humiliated I got, the more aroused I became. I could feel myself getting moist down there, as the questions and camera flashes seemed to have no end. I was so afraid someone would notice.  
  
My fear was soon to be realized. Lynn stood in front of me, and leaned over to get a clear view of my now wet pussy. "OMG Jill. You're soaked!", she said, in a loud voice, so all could here. "Look everyone. She's saturated down here! Wow girl, you must be really turned on". she continued.   
  
I was starting to tremble, as everyone maneuvered in position, to get a glimps of my wet crotch. Some of the students started snickering and making comments. "I guess she knows the anxiety of her public exposure now!", one of the girls said. "Looks pretty erotic to me", came from one of the guys. The snickers had now become full blown laughter. They were all laughing, while they pointed their fingers and camera phones at me. I was totally mortified.  
  
Tears were now filling my eyes as I covered my tits and pussy with my hands, begging them to stop. This only instigated more laughter and ridicule. Lynn yelled out, "Hey Jill! Is our little baby going to cry?" Right as I felts like I might pass out from the humiliation, Dr. Shultz stepped in and said "O.K. That's enough. Take your seats". They all went back to their seats, leaving me standing there looking like a total fool.  
  
Dr. Shultz looked me over and said "Jill. I think you need a break. I want you to take a seat in this safe room for ten minutes, as I continue this discussion with the class". He led me to a door that looked like it was a closet. He opened the door and I looked in. It was tiny room with two chairs, a small end table with a box of tissues and a copy on 'Phychiatry Today' magazine on it. There was also a small refrigerator with bottled water in it.   
  
He said "There are no cameras or microphones in here and it's sound proof. The door locks from the inside. Take a seat and try to relax, while I continue my course instruction". I walked in and closed the door behind me. I sat down and noticed there was a full length mirror on the wall, across from the two chairs. I was now looking at my naked refection and my red eyes.  
  
"That must have been intense" Kelly said. "Did you really get wet in front of the whole class?" she asked. I sat there staring at myself, with my arms at my side, and my legs spread enough, so I could see the glistening pussy lips that had so captivated my audience. "You must be incredibly horny by now", Kelly said. I responded. "I can't believe the things I've done today. But I have never been so horny in my life".  
  
"Well it's 3:10. You only have fifty minutes remaining in your 'ENF Adventure'. I thinks it's safe for you to masturbate now. After all, you're naked. Where are you going to go?" If I were you, I wouldn't be able to keep my fingers out of my sweet, wet, throbbing pussy".  
  
"I can't do that here! No matter how much I want to", I told her. Kelly replied, "You heard the doc. You're in a sound proof room with no electronic surveillance devices, and the door locks from the inside. How can you not? You must be dripping by now, huh?" As Kelly continued persuading me to masturbate, my fingers made their way to my opening, as I reached over and locked the door.   
  
Kelly was describing to me the events of the day, using the most sexually stimulating language. I peeled my lips back, exposing my clit, and started furiously rubbing it. I bit down on my lip to keep from screaming as a jet stream of my juices squirted all over the mirror. It was the biggest orgasm I had ever had. I looked in horror as the cum that had been building up in me all day, was now running down the mirror.  
  
I started to panic, as I told Kelly what had happened. I could tell she was trying to keep from laughing, as she asked me if there was anything in the room I could use to clean if off with. I grabbed the tissues and started wiping the mirror. I could see the expression of sheer panic in my refection as the tissues were only smearing my cum across the mirror. I grabbed a bottled water and used that along with the remaining tissues to clean the mirror. Seeing my naked refection, on my knees and wiping the mirror, I felt so ashamed.   
  
I had just finished cleaning myself and the glass, as I heard a knock on the door. I took a deep breath and looked at my naked refection, trying to maintain an aura of dignity. I opened the door and stepped out. The entire class was in a half circle surrounding the door. They all started applauding and pointing. I turned and saw the back side of a two way mirror. It had been hidden by a false panel.  
  
The entire class had just witnessed everything that went on in the room. I had just masturbated, squirted the mirror and cleaned up, as they all watched through the two way glass. The room erupted in a roar of laughter. I had just humiliated myself past the point of any morality or respectability. With no erotic thrill remaining (due to my massive orgasm) I was cloaked in nothing but utter shame and degradation. I started to cry and ran for the door.   
  
I opened the door and ran into the hallway, in a vain attempt to get away from the laughter. A faculty member and three students were in the hall. They looked at me and started snickering. I was naked, humiliated and trapped. With no clothes or options, I returned to Dr. Shultz' classroom. The clock on the wall read 3:25. I had thirty five minutes left in my ENF Adventure, and I was emotionally spent.

**The Ad - 21 - Almost Over**

With 35 minutes left in my ENF Adventure, I was at the end of my rope. I had enjoyed a good portion of the day's experiences, but now having had my orgasm, I was ready for it to be over. Once the thrill was gone, I kept having these thought of "Why was I doing this? How could I have allowed myself to be so exposed in front of so many strangers?" It may as well have been 35 hours left from where I was standing (Naked and humiliated down to my core)  
  
Dr. Shultz again had the class settle down and take their seats. He had me stand in front of the class and started asking me some questions, while allowing the students to give their take on all of this.  
  
"Jill. Now that you have climaxed, how do you feel?", he asked, in his heavy german accent. I was unable to reply. I just kept looking down at the floor in shame. Lynn of course, raised her hand and Dr. Shultz allowed her to speak.   
  
"I can't imagine what it must be like to be naked in front of a group of dressed people. Well actually I can imagine it. I do it all the time". That statement stirred the rest of the class, and I could see a lot of the girls unknowingly, nodding their heads in agreement. That made me feel a little better. "It's having the thrill be lost after having an orgasm, that I can't imagine. I've never experienced that, even in my fantasies....Jill. Whats that like?" she asked.  
  
I couldn't tell if Lynn has attempting to reduce my humiliation, or highten it. All I knew is that the eyes of the entire class, and Dr. Shults were on my naked body, waiting for an answer. Just then Kelly spoke into my ear. "Just tell them what you told me, when we first spoke. Now that you truly know what your fantasy feels like, let them know. After all, you may feel mortified right now, but many in the class are secretly wishing, or at least wondering, what it would be like if they were you".  
  
My heart started racing as the days events started flashing through my mind. The class went from laughing and ridiculing me, to giving me their undivided attention. I kept telling myself "Jill. You'll never see these people again after today. Stand tall and tell them about your fantasy and what it's like to experience it".  
  
I actuall stood their making eye contact with everyone, as I told them my story. I told them how I had these fantasies and read so much about other women on the internet, who also had them. I didn't get into ENF Adventures, or the events of the day. I just told them how I thought this class was a safe way to experience my fantasy. Everyone actually seemed impressed.   
  
I was now confident enough, that I put the palms of my hands on my lower back and upper butt cheeks, and took questions from the class. I was balancing my need to portray some level of dignity, but not wanting to look like some slut who was getting off being on total display. It wasn't long until one of the girls asked me how I felt after walking out of the safe room, and realizing everyone had just witnessed me masterbating myself to that huge orgasm.  
  
Determined not to surrender my new found poise and self respect, I simply said "There's no doubt I felt utterly humiliated at the time, however I'm sure I'll masterbate again tonight, with that exact moment in my thoughts". The class started applauding me. It felt so good to see some level of respect in their expressions.  
  
It was now 3:40, and my 'Enf Adventure' was coming to an end. I was feeling a bit disappointed, when Dr. Shultz (holding my little yellow micro bikini in his hand) asked, "Jill. The class would like to escort you, in your present state (meaning my nakedness) down to the courtyard parking lot. My notes say here, your ride to the hotel will be waiting there at 4:00. How about it?" Every eye in the class seemed to be pleading with me to take my naked body out of the class room and down to meet my ride   
  
I knew instinctively my ride would be there. Kelly had been so thorough throughout the day. If his notes said it, that meant Kelly had arranged it. I was giving my yes answer when I noticed he had already started putting my Wicked Weasel in his blazer side pocket.