**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 1**

By Hooked6

Man was I ever aroused. Sitting in the bathtub in my studio apartment soaking in scented bath soap surrounded by flickering candlelight all the while sensuously rubbing my fingers over every inch of my naked body - how could I help but not be? At times like these I am reminded of just how attractive and desirable a woman I am.    
   
I then pounded my fist angrily into the bathwater causing it to splash all over the floor yelling, “Then why is it that I haven’t had a date in TWO FRICKEN YEARS?!”   
   
I got out of the tub and began drying myself off as I looked at my body in the mirror. “I just don’t get it,” I muttered to myself. “I’m an attractive woman with a cute little butt, well formed breasts and a fit and trim body befitting the college sophomore that I am. I have a great personality and am easy to get along with – why everyone tells me so. I’m not conceited, arrogant nor a psycho. True I am shy, but when people get to know me they seem to like me. So what IS it then? Why don’t boys notice me?”    
   
I then turned my gaze away from my feminine form and looked at my face. “Could it be that I really AM a butter-face girl? You know the type – a girl where everything about her is gorgeous ‘but-her-face’. I stared at my countenance for a minute – “No,” I said convincingly to myself, “it can’t be that. I’m not ugly by any stretch of the imagination – plain . . . well maybe but certainly not anything unpleasing to the eye.” I reassured myself. I know how my body stacks up to other girls I see everyday – most girls do you know, whether they like to admit it or not.   
   
I must confess I get terribly depressed when I contemplate my life. I’m constantly broke, can’t seem to keep a job – not because I’m an undesirable employee mind you. It’s this rotten economy. No sooner than I get a part-time job someplace I get laid off for lack of work. College students don’t normally have a lot of money anyway but things are getting desperate. I’m not really sure how long I can keep this apartment. If I lose this place I’d have to drop out and return home. When I get overwhelmed by my financial situation I try and turn my thoughts to things that make me happy – which usually revolves around releasing some of my pent-up sexual energy. Lack of dates can do that to a girl.    
   
I dropped my towel and strolled naked into my living room. There too only the flickering of the scented candles illuminated my way. “Maybe it’s how I dress,” I said still talking to myself. “Maybe I’m hiding all my best assets under my garments so no one can really tell what I truly look like.” I casually strolled over to the open window of my second story apartment that overlooked the darkness outside. “Maybe I should just walk out there wearing nothing at all and show those bastards what they’ve been missing?” I then collapsed on the floor laughing – “Yeah, like I really have the courage to do something like that,” I chided myself aloud.   
   
Oh how I admired those girls on the NudeinSF Forum. I’d give almost anything to be one of them! Stories by Budgie, Leah, Cathy or even when Darcy appeared in a story stir my fantasies to such heights I can barely stand it sometimes. My mind began to recall other authors I liked such as Celestine, Abbycakes, and that Hooked6 guy.     
   
Oh how I wish I had the nerve! After all the hours I spent pleasuring myself as I fantasized about actually trying some of the things I had read about you’d think I would at least have tried ONE of them, but alas it wasn’t to be. I continued to stand naked in front of the darkened window and simply stared. I’d just have to settle for another Friday night alone – just me, the darkness and my fantasies.    
   
I then focused on the pedestrian Bridge outside my building. To get an idea of what I was looking at I’ll try and describe my neighborhood. I live on the second floor an old two-story red brick warehouse that was converted into modern, but affordable apartments located a ways out into the suburbs but close to the University I attend. The only drawback to this great place is that it sits next to several commuter railroad tracks that separate it and a few other buildings from a quant historical business district on the other side of the sunken tracks. The only way to get to that district for miles was via the pedestrian bridge as the railroad tracks were situated at least ten yards below ground level to limit the number of roads crossing the tracks thus decreasing the risk of collision or commuter delays. That bridge fascinated me.   
   
“Maybe I’ll write a fictional story about a girl daring to walk across that bridge completely naked. Yeah that ought to pick me up,” I mused as I gently touched myself in my favorite place. Though I didn’t have anywhere near the talent of the writers at that site at least I could live vicariously through one of my OWN made-up characters this time. I sat down naked at my computer and logged on. I chuckled as I wondered how many people log onto the NudeinSF site while they are naked! Well, certainly most of the men with their “tool” in hand, I thought smiling as I mentally pictured that in my mind’s eye and then looking down at myself added, and at least ONE woman too!   
   
“NO DAMN IT!” I shouted and slammed by laptop closed. I stomped across the room and once again stared at that bridge. “This time I’M the one that’s going to be having the fun! Tame it may be for some readers at NudeinSF, THIS time I was going to find out for myself what it really felt like.” I glanced at the clock on the wall – 2:00am. I looked back outside and as usual it was dead as a doornail. “Nothing ever happens in my neighborhood,” I told myself trying to muster my courage. It was true. After all with the economy the way it is half of the recently renovated apartments are still empty and, quant though the business district is, it’s practically, thought not completely a ghost town at night and not all that busy during the day either.    
   
“I’M GOING TO DO IT!” I said sternly to myself as I picked up my short satin robe and put it on. The robe felt soft and sensuous against my skin. It came to mid thigh but I liked it because it had no buttons – only a wrap around belt to hold it closed. A wicked grin came over my face as I quickly yanked the belt off the robe and dared myself NOT to hold it closed. I slipped on my sandals and hurried to leave my place before I chickened out.   
   
I quietly opened my door and peered into the hallway. There was a stairwell in the interior corridor just out my door to the right that led directly down one floor and exited almost directly under my window outside the back of my building which faced the bridge. I assumed that it was meant as a fire escape when the building was first designed as the door automatically locks on the first floor when the door is closed. All the tenants were given a key to this door as many of us use it as a short cut to the bridge to avoid having to walk out the main entrance out front and then all the way around the building just to cross the tracks. My plan was simple. I would go down the stairs, and once outside I would hide my key under one of the large rocks that adorn the greenery surrounding the building. I’d then drop my robe, walk over to the bridge, up the circular walkway to the main span itself and go at least to the center directly over the railroad tracks and stand for the count of five – no make that 30! (I was still feeling pretty brave at that point.)   
   
I was getting pretty wobble-legged when I looked at myself in the mirror again and my resolve stiffened just enough to leave my apartment. “This isn’t so bad,” I whispered to myself. “Why shouldn’t I be in my own hall in my robe – after all it’s nighttime and maybe I was just out visiting a sick neighbor or something,” I told myself trying to rationalize my actions in case I was caught. Of course I wasn’t holding my robe closed at the time which might be difficult to explain but I tried not to dwell on that too much. I didn’t have to think about it long as I entered the seclusion of the stairwell and made my way to the bottom. Once outside I was ever so excited! I hid my key and carefully closed the door so as not to make a sound. My robe practically slipped off my shoulders almost by itself – or so it seemed and I let it lay on the ground right where it fell! I DID IT! I was NAKED and OUTSIDE!!!! Me, little old boring KIM! I was ALIVE! It all felt so perfectly natural. “So THIS is what it’s like!” I thought.   
   
I marched myself right over to the circular ramp and began my ascent. When I reached the bridge structure itself I boldly walked right out to the center, raised my arms above my head and stood there completely naked on display for all to see – okay maybe for just a nanosecond – then I ran quick-like-a-bunny back down the ramp and over to my robe. I picked it up still breathing hard and held it.   
   
“DAMN IT! What happened to a count of 30?” I quietly chastised myself. I decided to make up for it by standing there outside my building for several minutes naked with my robe close at hand just in case it was needed. I was so proud of myself. I had done something that I had always dreamed about but never thought in a million years I ever would really do. I just HAD to tell someone.    
   
Back in my apartment I logged onto NudeinSF and wrote up my story exactly as it had happened and posted: “MY EXPOSURE – by KIM!” It all looked so impressive – my name in print. I stared in awe at the posting for many minutes. Unlike other stories there which are mostly fantasy, MINE was REAL – of course no one would probably ever believe that but at least I knew it was. Then after reading my short and pitiful tome I began to feel guilty. My lame story just bumped another more worthy story off the back of the board!    
   
After feeling sorry for myself I happened to glance out the window and spotted the bridge once again. “I was on that bridge – NAKED!” I squealed practically giddy with euphoria. I closed my laptop and pleasured myself to blissful sleep.   
   
The next morning I awoke still naked and decided to log on to NudeinSF. I feared that at the very least my post surely would suffer the ignominious fate of being ignored or worse I’d be harshly admonished for posting such drivel. Instead there were many comments. I was shocked and so soon! People were genuinely warm and encouraging. That’s what I’ve always liked about this site as that people are generally supportive of one another. Some replies offered some pretty far-fetched albeit highly erotic ideas for continuing the story. They might have made for some great literature but they certainly weren’t ideas that I would never be able to do in real life.    
Then I spotted a reply by “Budgie” My heart almost stopped. Someone whose work I had fantasized about; someone whose literary skills made mine look like trash was actually reading AND taking the time to make a comment! I dared not open it for fear of what it would say! I just looked at it. I convinced myself that no matter what the reply contained one of my idols had actually READ MY STORY and that in itself was a major achievement!    
   
I opened the reply and to my everlasting thrill the first line said: “GREAT STORY!” Then as I read on her genius with the simple use of words became clear: “Next time why don’t you try it leaving your robe locked in your apartment?”   
   
What a marvelous idea!! I could actually DO THAT! I walked around my apartment the entire day on pins and needles. Les wanted me to try something and for HER I was going to do it! I made a reply to his posting indicating that I was taking him up on his suggestion and would post the results on the storyboard. No one else might be interested but I knew SHE would be looking out for the details.   
   
I bathed as sensuously as I had the night before thinking of Budgie the entire time and when I was suitably refreshed and worked up, I dried myself off and walked into my candlelit living room and gazed at the bridge. It was almost 2:00am. That time had worked the previous night and all had gone well so I decided to try using it again. Even though it was Saturday, things were still quiet as usual.    
   
I glanced at my robe that I had casually had tossed on the couch the night before and smiled. “Not this time, sweetie,” I said mockingly as if it could somehow understand what was going on.   
   
I boldly walked out of my apartment without a stitch of clothing and down the stairwell and into the night air. I had wondered during the day if the second time being naked outdoors would be as exhilarating as the first or would it lose some of its luster by shear repetition. Let me tell you I was more aroused and excited than I was the first time. Perhaps Budgie knew the sensations would be heightened by not having a safety net to fall back on if I was caught! Oh, was he a clever one because I was sure that was exactly what was happening to me!   
   
I made my way up the circular ramp this time determined to stay at the center of the bridge for a full count of 30 no matter what. With each step I took I knew I was taking greater and greater risks. Once over the railroad tracks I closed my eyes, raised my arms over my head exposing myself for all to see and began counting.   
   
Then I thought I heard something! I opened my eyes and looked toward the shopping district and saw a two woman already on the bridge casually walking toward me! “Why hadn’t I spotted them before,” I asked myself angrily?!   
   
I began to panic and turned to run to my apartment when I saw another two women climbing the access ramp next to my building! Oh my gawd! How could I have been so stupid! I was trapped naked on a bridge with people approaching me on each end of the span and nowhere to go!

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 2**

I was frozen with terror and covered myself as best I could as the people approached. Then for some reason as they drew nearer my fear began to subside. They appeared like decent young kids my age and they stopped several feet away from me and looked at me with admiration. Not with lust mind you but with appreciation. People were seeing me naked and liking it. Then it hit me people were seeing me naked!!! I didn’t know quite how to handle my feelings right then so I didn’t try and cover up. I just let them look. I needed to find out what about me as a person was putting boys off from asking me out. No one my own age had ever seen me completely naked before and it was quite a rush! Then common sense took over my hormones and I began to realize how much danger I was in and I started to get antsy even though they were keeping a respectable distance away and as yet had done nothing to make me feel uncomfortable concerning my safety.   
   
Then one of them politely called .out, “KIM? Is that you?”   
   
“How did you know . . . who are you anyway? What do you want? If you try and assault me I’ll scream!” I replied with trembling voice.   
   
In a calm but reassuring manner the same person spoke out, “Please don’t be alarmed, we mean you no harm. We read your post at the NudeinSF Forum and after reading your very detailed description of the area we just KNEW exactly where you were referring to! Imagine something exciting happening right in our own neighborhood!”   
   
“You mean you were waiting for me? You KNEW I was telling a true story?!”   
   
“Well, not exactly,” the other girl answered politely. “But we were hoping it was true though and came to find out . . .”   
   
“And help you if that’s acceptable,” the girl added eagerly.   
   
“HELP me?”   
   
“Well, yeah,” the second girl finally spoke up who was standing between me and my apartment, “we all kind of figured, you know, that what you were doing was pretty cool, but not really very safe.”   
   
“That’s right,” the first girl said cautiously stepping closer into the light so I could readily see her face. “The four of us thought we’d hang around just to see that you came to no harm.”   
   
“Well, that and to maybe encourage you to do some things that we think deep down you really WANT to do but wouldn’t normally have the guts to do alone.”   
   
I cleared my throat after looking at each of them calmly, “And you think I’d be willing to do this with you watching? Are you nuts? Who ARE you guys anyway?”   
   
The first girl smiled and proceeded to do the introductions, “I’m Budgie, and that’s Darcy and the lady behind you is Leah, and this beauty is Cathy.”   
   
“CUTE,” I snapped, “and I suppose I’m Pinky Lee the porn star.”   
   
“Naw, you’re much better looking than she is, for sure!”   
   
“Really,” I quickly squeaked sounding like an immature schoolgirl? Still it verified what I had thought all along that my body wasn’t the problem.   
   
“Oh yeah, really, you’re hot. Much better than we had hoped for.”   
   
“Seriously what are your real names? I KNOW you’re not who you are pretending to be.”   
   
“Maybe we are; maybe we’re not. Does it matter if you call us Tom, Dick or Harry or Budgie, Darcy and Leah? One thing’s is certain we are all from the NudeinSF Forum I’m sure you’re real name isn’t Kim either is it?”   
   
Of course my name really was Kim but I thought it better if I let them think it probably wasn’t.   
   
I then realized that I had been standing conversing with these rather good looking girls and one obviously gorgeous chick without covering my nudity for almost ten minutes. If they had meant to do me harm they surely would have done so by now. Besides I was so aroused at being outdoors and having my naked body appreciated by others I was losing all common sense. They WERE really cute. I was sure that if they were on the level they could protect me if things got out of hand before I got back to my place.   
   
“Okay, so you guys think you can protect me, huh? Well If you read my post I was just going to walk to this bridge and I live right over there so you can just keep an eye out while I return home,” I said as I nodded my head in the general direction of the warehouse buildings.   
   
“What’s your hurry? Kim seize the moment! You may never get a chance like this again.’   
   
“And just think of the story you could post at the NudeinSF Forum tomorrow!”   
   
I shook my head and for the first time started to cover myself.    
   
“You know you WANT to,” the girl calling herself Darcy said coyly.    
   
“So what did you have in mind?”   
   
The girl calling herself Budgie stretched out her hand beckoning me toward him, “Let’s go for a walk. It might not be a good idea to go into too many details or unfairly set expectations. Let’s just see how far you can push yourself. Just let go and enjoy the moment. We’re here to protect you.”   
   
“I can’t do that! I’ll get arrested for sure.”   
   
“No you won’t,” Darcy added. I haven’t seen cop around here in ages. Besides If one does show up we will take the fall and tell him we forced you into it. Who’s he going to believe a naked girl or four clothed mischievous girls obviously up to no good at night? You’ll be off the hook for sure.”   
   
“You’d do that for me?”    
   
“Sure we would,” Darcy said as the others echoed their agreement.   
   
I mulled it over for a minute but I was still quite unsure of myself. The whole situation was insane! “No, I’d better not. This is crazy.”   
   
“What if we pay you? Would that make a difference?” Leah added eagerly.   
   
“PAY ME?”   
   
“Yeah, I’m sure we could pool our resources and come up with something to make it worth your while. I mean I’m sure you could use some extra cash. What college student doesn’t?” Budgie explained.    
   
As I looked around the others nodded their agreement.   
   
“What if I go with you and then suddenly want to change my mind? How do I know you won’t force me to go on or leave me stranded out there somewhere?”   
   
“Well, we’ll make up a safe word; something that will tell us clearly that you really, honestly want to quit and aren’t just kidding around. You can even pick the word so that you can remember it if you ever get frazzled over something.” Darcy said comfortingly.   
   
“I can’t think of a word except NO!”   
   
“How about Hooked6? That ought to be easy to remember.”   
   
I chuckled as it WAS sort of HIS fault in abstract way that I got myself into this mess in the first place. “Do you think he’d mind me using his name? I mean his stories are all about encouraging this sort of public exposure and here I am using his name to prevent it!”   
   
The girls all laughed and Darcy added, “No I don’t think he’d mind. After all he’s always encouraged everyone to share their fantasies and it doesn’t get any more real than this does it?”   
   
“Okay Hooked6 it is. If I say it – even whisper it - we’re quitting right?” The girls all nodded in accord and now it was up to me to make a decision. Deep down I couldn’t believe I was actually even considering their proposal.   
   
How much and what do I have to do?”   
   
“The group huddled around and began going through their pockets whispering to each other softly so that I couldn’t hear them as they pooled their cash.   
   
Darcy finally turned around and spoke up, “Well, we didn’t really plan on this turn of events but how about $75 for you to take a walk with us around the business district for say half an hour?”   
   
I tried not to gasp but $75 dollars was more than I had earned all month. I looked at the group and they didn’t seem to be menacing in any way but rather like eager puppies ready to go out and play their eyes practically begging me to accept.    
   
Before I really gave them an answer, the girl going by the name of Budgie, motioned me to follow her towards the business district. “I must be NUTS!” I said as I proceed to take her hand and follow her.   
   
“Once off the bridge exit ramp Darcy took my other hand and both of them gently walked along either side of me as Leah and Cathy brought up the rear. I could only imagine them concentrating on every little jiggle my backside made as I walked along. The fact my hands were no longer available to cover myself if need be was not lost on me but it made it all the more exciting! I wasn’t restrained mind you, I felt as though I could pull away at any time but I didn’t really want to and it gave me a reason to keep myself uncovered adding to my already excited state.

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 3**

When we turned the corner onto the main street through the business district, my eyes were almost shocked into closure by how bright it was! Up till then we had been in the relative darkness and shadows of the backs of the buildings. Now my body was clearly illuminated in light. Whatever imperfections I had sought to hide from these boys was now exposed for them to see. Still they said nothing disparaging so I wanted to believe they still liked what they saw.   
   
Budgie stopped at the corner of a road as I looked around. The area was quiet. No cars were about and everything seemed closed. Of course one could have driven by at any moment and I would have been caught. Still, I began to feel a little better though I couldn’t help thinking about how only a few hours earlier this section was filled with people going into the various clothing shops, antique stores and various markets. Well, I had wanted to know what it felt like to be in an erotic story, I guess I was getting the education I had sought for so long. That fact alone added to my already heightened adrenalin rush kept me going deeper and deeper into town!    
   
I was really getting into this. Maybe I was more like BudgieBare in one of her stories than I cared to admit. And the girls were right about one thing, I really DID feel safer with them about even though I was most likely nuts for going along with the group. My mother always told me to never let my guard down. She lectured me over and over. If she only knew what her sweet, innocent daughter was doing right now!    
   
Well she may have been right but right now I only wanted one thing – to let them ogle my body and I was quite happy to do so. Yes it did make me a little more self-conscious with them being all females as we girls tend to be more critical of each other than men are of their peers. I mean what guy ever criticizes his buddy about whether his tan is real or fake or pans the style of his hair. WE girls do - trust me. When another competing female enters a room we’re all over her mentally sizing her up or finding reasons to put her down. Honestly I sometimes think we girls dress more to compete with other women than we do to attract men! Here I am displaying my body to these girls my age.  Heaven only knows what they were thinking about me!    
   
We reached the end of the street where the businesses ended and the road turned to the right. Budgie gently tugged at my arm and said, “Now let’s go the other direction.” Of course I timidly followed without protest. I was scared out of my wits but I was so aroused I would have practically done anything they asked!   
   
As we passed the point in the road where my pedestrian bridge was located and headed off to the other side of the district I felt a great sense of accomplishment that I had made it so far from home exposed as I was. It was all so surreal.    
   
My thoughts were interrupted as Budgie spoke up again “This is where I work,” she said proudly as she pointed to a small clothing store on my right. We all stopped and looked at the mannequins in the window all smartly dressed. It seemed odd to be admiring trendy women’s clothing when I was standing on the sidewalk completely naked! “You’ll have to stop by sometime and visit,” Budgie said eagerly. “I’d love for you to see the place.”   
   
“I’d be happy to,” I replied not sure if after tonight I’d ever want to see any of these people again knowing that they were witnesses to what I did.    
   
As we walked along Cathy stopped in front of a sporting goods store to look at some weightlifting equipment displayed in the window. We all talked about the importance of keeping fit. Having normal conversations with clothed people while you’re the only one naked is a weird feeling I can tell you.    
   
Just then my heart stopped as I swore I saw movement inside the store! “What was that?!” I whispered in a panic. “Is somebody in there?”   
   
Darcy spoke up, “I do believe there is.”   
   
I instinctively yanked my arms out of the hands of my guides and covered myself as if my hands offered some type of decent covering.    
   
Budgie gently took hold of my right hand and placed it at my side. “You’ve nothing to be ashamed of,” she said reassuringly. “Oh look he’s spotted you; wave at the nice man, Kim.”   
   
I have no idea why but I took my left hand out of Darcy’s grasp and politely waved as if it was the most normal thing in the world to do. The man’s eyes bugged out as he stared at me as I was looking at him through the glass window. I was so afraid he was going to come out and make a scene or call the cops. I knew everything was going to be okay however when he gave me a nervous smile, returned my wave and went back to his work.   
   
Actually as I thought about it I think I would have preferred that he WOULD have made a scene or came out and made some lewd or lustful comments about my body. As it was with him just smiling and going about his business I was sure that he wasn’t impressed at all by what he saw and my self-esteem plummeted.    
   
Fortunately Cathy spoke up and came to my rescue. “Don’t worry about Dan. He’s a mate of mine from way back. I told him we might bring a naked lady by his shop this evening IF he’d promise to behave and he assured me he wouldn’t cause any trouble.    
   
I could have just hugged Cathy right then and there. His remarks were just what I needed to restore my self-image. Dan wasn’t disappointed in my body. He was just being polite!!    
   
We headed out towards the end of the district and ever closer to the commuter train station which was open 24 hours a day by the way. I think the group sensed my apprehension about further potential exposure and casually headed me back towards the pedestrian bridge.    
   
When we finally reached the intersection to turn off towards my apartment building, Darcy announced that my half hour was up. Everyone congratulated me on such an outstanding excursion and made me promise to write up my little adventure and post it on the NudeinSF Forum as soon as possible. What a great way to spend an otherwise boring Saturday night, I thought to myself!   
   
Darcy handed me my money which I gratefully accepted. “Do you think you’d be up for another adventure tomorrow night?”   
   
I was still charged up over all the fun I was having that I wanted to blurt out “hell yeah!” but caution won out and I replied a noncommittal “maybe.”   
   
Everyone looked at me silently waiting for me to say something else.   
   
I shivered a bit in the night air and replied, “Same terms . . . I mean you’d be willing to protect me, I’d have my safety word and um . . . you guys would pay me too?” I asked meekly afraid of what the answer might be.   
   
“I think I can speak for everyone in assuring you that if you’d agree to play along again we might offer you say . . . oh, $300 for another adventure like tonight – only . . . it might be a little more involved than this evening’s stroll but along the same lines. What do you say, are you up for it?”   
   
My hormones were screaming and I was dripping wet with excitement at another episode among my friends that I quickly answered, “I’ll do it!” before I even thought it through as to what I was expected to do. Sure, I desperately needed the money but my body wanted the attention! After all, everything worked out okay so far and they paid me like they had promised so what did I have to lose? Of course if I had been thinking clearly I would have thought of a million things I stood to lose. But no, my mind was on having another one of those explosive orgasms that I had given myself only the night before. Saying “yes” only added to my arousal and the anticipation of such relief that I was sure was soon to follow as soon as I returned home.   
   
I thanked the group and turned to head to the bridge when Leah reached out her hand and stopped me. “Kim, would you like to earn another $100 tonight?”   
   
I looked down and in her hand was a crisp new-looking one hundred dollar bill which she was waving at me teasingly.   
   
“What do I have to do?”   
   
Leah’s face broke into such a wicked-looking grin. “See that bench over there on the sidewalk?”   
   
“Yes.”   
   
“I’ll give you this hundred if you walk over there, sit down and get yourself off while we all watch.”   
   
My jaw must have practically dropped off my face! “I . . . I can’t do that! It would be too embarrassing!”   
   
“No it wouldn’t,” Cathy interjected. “We’re all friends here and I’m sure you were going to do it anyway once you got home. Weren’t you?”   
   
I was so embarrassed. How did she know?! A girl shouldn’t be thinking such things about me!   
   
“Just think of how intense it would feel doing something so personal in such a public place,” Cathy said encouragingly. “It would be such a waste to miss out on this opportunity.”   
   
Just talking about such an intimate act with virtual strangers made my pelvic muscles stiffen that it was all I could do to hold back what I was sure was soon to be the inevitable.    
   
“Just think of how exciting it will feel walking by this bench during the day knowing what you did there.” Leah added. That was all the incentive I needed.   
   
Okay,” I said trying to sound courageous. I took a deep breath and headed towards the bench as the others followed. I stopped and asked nervously, “You aren’t going to follow me over there are you? Couldn’t you see just as well by staying here?”   
   
Everyone just grinned and I knew what the answer was without them speaking a word. I gave a half-hearted chuckle and resumed my walk to the bench. Upon arriving I sat down keeping my legs clutched together and nervously slid a couple over fingers down across my clit. I was shocked at how wet I was and I hadn’t even reached down deep between my labia. The fact that the bench was directly under a streetlight did little to calm my nerves. I was lit up like a Hollywood actor on stage.   
   
The sensations were exquisite but as I looked at the all too eager faces staring back at me I almost lost my nerve so I closed my eyes and continued rubbing my finger across my clitoris making small circles of pleasure. Soon I forgot all about my modesty and shyness and my legs were splayed wide as I furiously attended to the business of self-pleasure.    
   
My breathing quickened and I was on the edge, I was close . . . so close! The muscles between my legs began to tense and I inserted two fingers into my vagina and WOW! I exploded in an even more powerful orgasm than I had the night before.    
   
As I was still enjoying the spasms of pleasure I heard a noise which caused me to open my eyes and to my absolute horror I spotted a car driving right by my bench and the driver looked me right in the eye as I convulsed anew. MY GAWD HE SAW ME CLIMAXING!   
   
I closed my eyes as I almost passed out from the combination of passion and fear! I can assure you I’ll never forget that feeling – NEVER!   
   
The others giggled as I collapsed into a crumpled up heap on the bench too exhausted to move. I stayed there for several moments unable to do anything else. When I did finally open my eyes and propped myself up again everyone gave me a round of applause which embarrassed me so much that I must have been crimson in color. It didn’t help matters that the first person I saw smiling back at me was Leah! Once again I found myself wondering what she thought of me!   
   
Once my hormones had subsided I felt ashamed – VERY ashamed and I wanted to crawl under a rock and die! Suddenly what I had done didn’t seem like such a good idea anymore.    
   
The girls all escorted me back to my building. I paused outside my back stairwell door not wanting to give away the hiding place of my security key. I awkwardly made my best attempt at thanking them and bid them goodbye. Les reminded me of my promise to post my account at the forum and to meet them again on the bridge at the same time tomorrow. I reluctantly agreed and waved as they walked off back across the bridge. I stood there naked in the shadows until I was sure they were gone before retrieving my key.    
   
Back in the safety of my room and collapsed on the couch and looked at the bridge. It wasn’t long before I found myself able to reach another orgasm just thinking about what I had done! I didn’t even have to touch myself – THAT was a first! One thing was for certain, I’d never look at that bridge or the town the same way again!    
   
Now all I had to do was get up the nerve to follow through again tomorrow. Seeing the $175 sitting on the floor I was pretty certain I would be there. “I wonder what they’ll have me do,” I asked myself silently. I forced myself NOT to imagine what might be in store. I didn’t think I could handle any more excitement just then.

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 4**

I’m not sure how long I had been on the couch. I must have drifted off into a peaceful slumber sometime during the night. As I gazed out across the bridge I saw that dawn was breaking across the business district. It was going to be another beautiful Sunday morning – no classes, no job, no responsibilities. Still naked, I stretched my muscles, let out a yawn and then spotted the $175 still sitting on the floor. My gawd it really happened! Though it seemed like a dream, the proof of my erotic and shocking adventure was laying right in front of me! There was no denying it.   
   
People were crossing the bridge now that same bridge that only hours before I had strolled across exposing myself like a shameless little slut. As I watched the passersby going to and fro I began to get that funny feeling deep from within. I imagined each of them seeing me as I ran through town without a stitch to cover myself. Of course I wasn’t seriously wishing such a thing would happen but it was fun thinking about it.   
   
I flipped open my laptop and logged on to the Forum. I decided to at least make good on my promise to write up the previous nights activities. I was sure that at least the people that I had met calling themselves, Darcy, Budgie, Cathy and Leah would be looking for it. I wondered what the “REAL” Darcy, Budgie, Cathy and Leah would think of these people using their screen-names. Writing up my account got me all worked up again. Try as I might to suppress such feelings every sentence that I wrote made the whole situation worse. My final report wasn’t much and I did leave out a few details like my public masturbation – way too embarrassing to admit to. It wasn’t much – only a few paragraphs but it was my story and it did really happen to me. I was worried that I’d knock another story off the board with a new post so I added my account under my previous post entitled: “My Exposure #2.” I sat looking at the “post” button for several moments debating about whether this was a good idea or not. Finally I got up the nerve and clicked it. It was done. For better or worse my story was now public.    
   
The rest of the day I busied myself doing housework and a little studying. When dinner time rolled around I realized that I now had a little extra cash to actually buy some REAL food, not just the usual Mac & Cheese or Ramen noodles – the staple of every college kid I knew. No, I could actually splurge a little. Regardless of that subtle feeling of self-recrimination over what I had done, the money at least was a welcome addition. I was too chicken however to trek over to the market though lest someone recognize me from my little illegal jaunt and make a scene so I settled for a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.    
   
Around midnight I proceeded to fill my tub, light a few candles and prepared to soak away my tension. A big decision was facing me and I needed to think. There is something so relaxing about sitting in a warm bath; candles flickering filling the room with soothing scents that makes stress just seem to disappear. I was worried about my promise to meet the group again. Yesterday was all so spontaneous and I got caught up in the moment. Today, if I went, would be different. It was planned. I tried to be rational. On one hand I really, really needed the money. The rent is due and my utility bills were way overdue. This was just a simple business deal I told myself. I wasn’t demeaning myself. A girl has to use whatever assets she has to make it in this rotten economy. Then a little voice in the back of my mind remarked, “I think the term for that is called whore!”   
   
I slammed my fist angrily in the water splashing soap bubbles everywhere and yelled,” Ooooooo, I AM NOT A WHORE!”    
   
So back and forth it went until I realized that amongst my mental discourse I noticed that my hands had been busy gently teasing my nipples and the intimate place between my legs. It felt good! I smiled. I knew what my decision was going to be. I got out of the tub and dried myself, dabbed a little perfume in the usual strategic places, and then wrapped the towel around me and headed for my living room.    
   
I looked out my window. There was the bridge. It was almost as if it was calling me, “Kim, come out and play.” My heart began beating faster. I paused a few moments wondering what the group had planned for me to do to earn my money this night. All sorts of things popped into my head – some exciting, some a bit disturbing. Surely these were nice people and wouldn’t do anything severe or harm me in any way. Still, first impressions can be deceiving. Perhaps they were only nice just to lull me into a false sense of security and then when my guard was down - WHAM!    
   
I glanced at the clock. It was 2:15am. I was late! I looked outside hoping to spot my friends, but the streets seemed empty. Perhaps they were waiting for me outside the door downstairs. I knew what I had to do. I swallowed hard, let the towel fall to the floor and left my apartment.    
   
When I carefully exited the stairwell door on the first floor I was surprised to find that no one was around. I began to worry that they may have left since I was running late. Perhaps they figured that I wasn’t interested since I didn’t show at the appointed time. Maybe they decided that I wasn’t worth it – perhaps my body wasn’t good enough to play with. Then I got a worse thought – maybe they didn’t have the $300 they promised me! Damn it, I needed that money!!!   
   
I decided to walk over to the bridge and see if I could see them as the vantage point would be better there. Once on the bridge I looked around but still the streets were deserted. Disappointment began rearing its ugly head. Still, the night air felt gloriously sensuous on my naked skin and I relished it. I closed my eyes extended my arms above my head and exposed myself for all to see as I had done the previous two nights. I felt wonderful!   
   
“So THERE you are,” came a familiar voice startling me back to reality. “We thought you had changed your mind and decided not to go through with it.”   
   
“DARCY!” I exclaimed as I opened my eyes happy to see the group again.   
   
Everyone seemed pleased that I had showed – especially Budgie for some reason. They all made me feel welcome like I was the center of attention for the entire planet. Good friends can do that for you. I felt good standing naked among people that seemed to appreciate my body. Each of them complimented my write-up on the Forum and reiterated how impressed they were with my bravery taking my stroll like I did. I was even more thrilled however when Darcy held up three new one hundred dollar bills. Was I ever relieved to discover that they had the money after all!   
   
“Are you ready for another adventure?” Darcy asked me as she waved the bills in the air.   
   
“Um . . .” I stammered hesitantly. “I think so . . .”   
   
“Before we start,” Budgie interjected. “We all got to talking last night and, well to be blunt, we are all taking some risks here and though we are going to do everything possible to keep us all out of trouble, things can happen that are out of our control. So we think that it’s in the best interest of everyone if you sign this.” Budgie then extended a paper she had in her hand out to me.   
   
I took the paper and struggled to read it in the relative darkness of the bridge. “What is it?”   
   
“Nothing to worry about, really” Budgie reassured me. “It just says that we haven’t FORCED you to do anything.”   
   
“It’s not that we don’t trust you, Kim” Cathy explained. “It’s just that we don’t really know you that well. I mean you might feel guilty about all this later and start accusing us of all sorts of things, you know how it is. I’m sure you’ve read stories about stuff like that.”   
   
“The girls just felt it would be better to have something that said we are all doing this freely.”   
   
I chuckled a little. THEY were worried about ME? “Relax guys, I understand. You’ve nothing to worry about. This isn’t a Hooked6 story you know.” I took the pen that Budgie held out and signed the document and handed it back to her. “I still have my safe word, right? I can quit anytime without prejudice?”   
   
“True. You just say ‘Hooked6’ and we’ll quit and see you safely home. Of course $300 is a lot of money for us so if you quit before we’re done it’s only fair you forfeit the money.”    
   
I hadn’t expected that but thinking it over it seemed only fair. I mean if I was unscrupulous I could play along for a few minutes, quit, grab the money and run.   
   
“Okay,” I replied a bit apprehensively, “I agree, now what do you want me to do.”   
   
Darcy gave me a comforting smile. “Kim, what we thought we’d have you do is take another stroll around the business district like last night to get you comfortable and then venture out a little farther. We all think it would be helpful for you to push yourself this time.”   
   
Cathy interjected, “A half an hour isn’t really much time for you to truly get the feel of taking risks and enjoying the thrill of it all.”   
   
“We have every confidence in you little lady,” Leah chimed in. “You just need to place your trust in us. We’ll be right with you all the way.”   
   
I began to subconsciously tremble just a little and started to fidget with my fingers. “Just how long is this going to last and . . . um . . . where are we going?”   
   
“You’ll see when we get there. It’s more exciting if you don’t know too much,” Darcy said coyly. “As for how long it will take, well that will depend a lot upon you. We aren’t going to rush you. I guess it could take anywhere from an hour or two depending, you know.”   
   
“So how do I know when we’re done?”    
   
“That’s easy, when we get back to this bridge we’re done.” Darcy explained. “Now that’s all we’re going to tell you. You have to decide if you want to play. All I can say is that you’ll have an adventure of a lifetime if you go all the way. You took a risk last night and trusted us and from what I saw you REALLY had a good time.” Cathy winked at me as she finished her last sentence and I felt myself getting flushed as I knew she was referencing my explosive orgasm.   
   
“Well . . . “I replied nervously. “One thing is certain. I really will have something to write about tomorrow won’t I?” The others laughed and started casually walking towards the shopping district.    
   
Even though this was the third time I was completely naked outside I must tell you that it was still as exciting as the first. I had wondered if I’d get used to it and it would all become boring but so far at least I was still a complete nervous wreck. My pulse was rapid, my mouth was dry and my breathing somewhat labored, though I tried not to let on to the others.    
   
Like the night before they took me around the district, Budgie once again holding my right hand and Darcy holding the other. Oddly enough there were a few parked cars scattered around now which to me at least implied that there were more people still in town even at this late hour – gee and on a Sunday too. Maybe they had been there the night before and I just hadn’t noticed them. In any case they gave me pause. After reaching the end of the street the group turned around and headed back in the other direction. When we passed the bench on the sidewalk – the scene of my embarrassing thrill of a lifetime - I literally oozed excitement from my nether regions. I looked up at Cathy who by then was displaying such a wild grin my face turned bright red once again.    
   
Though I realized their intent was to relax me I couldn’t help but wonder what this was all building up to. I mean they weren’t just going to give me $300 for another casual stroll through town. Still it was dark and quiet out and there was only so far we could walk in an hour or two so I tried to relax and enjoy the moment. The girls were looking really happy.      Then I spotted it.  
   
“Um . . . we aren’t . . . I mean . . . we CAN’T . . . “I muttered in a panic as we drew closer.

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 5**

The group just kept walking ignoring my protestations.    
   
The train station! We had avoided it yesterday but now we were headed right for it. It was lit up as bright as any billboard at night. The closer we got the more illuminated my body became. Perhaps they were just testing me to see how close I would go before panicking. After all they did say they wanted me to push myself. My legs grew weaker with each passing step.   
   
Surely they were going to stop before we actually reached it. Weren’t they?   
   
I had known about the station ever since I had moved into the neighborhood but I had never actually been inside. In fact I had never actually ridden on a commuter train before, ever. I knew the trains ran all day and night because I could hear them in my apartment constantly passing by at all hours but I never had a reason to use them. I tried to act brave but inside I was a nervous wreck! Closer and closer we approached the terminal with no sign that they were going to stop. If they were testing me they were doing a darn good job I can tell you.    
   
Finally I had to ask, “Um . . . guys have you ever been around the backside of the business district waaaaaay over there?” I asked pointing in the opposite direction. “I haven’t. Wouldn’t it be fun to check it out?”   
   
Silence.   
   
Since that little ploy didn’t work, I decided to confront the issue head-on hoping to convince them that I wasn’t scared and call their bluff. “Well lookie there, it’s the train station.” I said as if I had just discovered it.   
   
“You aren’t afraid are you?” Cathy asked probingly.   
   
“Me? Of course not! What’s the big deal about a silly old train station anyway?” I asked trying to hide the trembling in my voice. “It’s pretty boring I’d say. Not much fun in there, no sir. I can think of a hundred places that would be worse for a naked girl to wander through that’s for sure.”   
   
“Good!” Darcy remarked. “That’s just what I was hoping to hear you say.”   
   
“Um . . . like, why?”   
   
Budgie squeezed my hand playfully and said, “Because silly, we’re all going for a little ride. Just THINK of the excitement you’ll experience riding a train exposed to the world and NO SAFETY NET! Why it will be nothing like you’ve ever felt before!”   
   
“We can’t . . . I mean it isn’t possible . . . is it?”   
   
“Sure it is. We’ve ridden this thing many times late at night. Everything will be fine, you’ll see.”   
   
“I . . . I don’t know . . .”   
   
“You can always use your safe word,” Darcy reminded me. I knew that as I had been silently muttering “Hooked6”, “Hooked6” over and over in my mind just in case I needed it. But I wasn’t quite ready to give up my $300 yet. That, along with some of the cash from the previous night was my rent money! Of course my mind may have been screaming “Hooked6” but my body, or more specifically that little sweet spot between my legs, was prodding me onward to see what would happen.    
   
I shook my head and reluctantly kept walking.   
   
All too soon we turned the corner and entered the station. Blinding fluorescent lights bathed my body literally screaming” LOOK AT THE NAKED GIRL!” There was no hiding in the shadows now. I was exposed for anyone to see. I was prepared for the worst – hoards of travelers, a security guard or at the very least a ticket agent. But when I looked around all I saw was a couple of weird vending machines. The girls’ shoes echoed throughout the station with each step they took on the tile floor unnerving me to no end. My head must have been revolving like a ceiling fan constantly scanning for witnesses. It was all too much. I opened my mouth and was about to utter my safe word when I got an unexpected surprise that startled me so that I lost my thought.   
   
A hand!   
   
Someone had placed their hand gently on my naked behind and was slowly rubbing it making small but distinct circles. I froze not knowing quite what to do. The sensation was ever so arousing. I had to know who it was so I tried to nonchalantly turn around.   
   
Cathy!” I exclaimed in a whisper!   
   
“Oh, sorry,” he replied and quickly removed his hand. “Got carried away there, couldn’t help myself.”   
   
I didn’t really want her to stop. I mean it HAD been a long time since I felt the touch of another person and I actually found that it kept me on edge – sort of a stimulant to keep me going. I couldn’t very well tell him or the rest of the guys it was okay to fondle me all night, but I didn’t really want him to stop either. So I did the next best thing – I innocently backed up a step as we stood there so that I “accidentally” came in contact with his hand. Of course I had to pretend it was unintentional but I think he got the message as this time he just kept his hand still not moving a muscle, his fingers delicately sending their warmth through my skin.    
   
Darcy walked up to one of the vending machines and purchased several tickets which were actually small cards with a magnetic strip on them. “The trip’s on us.” She said as he handed me my card. We walked over to a turn-style and each of us inserted the card and the bar clicked and allowed us through. Darcy led us down a series of stairs which opened up onto a covered platform which was next to the outdoor tracks. No one was there except us.    
   
My apprehension was at an all-time high. I wasn’t really going to go through with this, was I?   
   
Then I heard the familiar rumbling sound of the train as it approached from my right. It must be 3:00am I thought as I usually heard a train pass my apartment at that time. I instinctively jumped behind the line of my friends using their bodies to shield mine as the train entered the platform area. This train had four cars. As the first passed I saw through the windows four or five people sitting in the illuminated car. No one seemed to notice me. The second car had two people, the third only an older gentleman reading the paper. As the train stopped the group walked towards the last car. I awkwardly tried to shield myself from any passengers as we walked along. My antics caused several of my friends to giggle but they allowed me to continue huddling behind them as we entered the fourth car.    
   
To my relief the car was empty save for the five of us. “Take your pick of seats,” Budgie said with a smile, “or you can stand if you’d like.”   
   
Just then a buzzer sounded and the car door began to close. When I heard the distinctive metal on metal sound of the door latching closed and the train lurched forward I embarrassed myself terribly. I couldn’t help it. I was so nervous I momentarily lost control of my bladder and squirted a couple of small streams of urine onto the train floor before I could regain my composure and stop myself. Of course EVERYONE saw that happen and laughed heartily. I wanted to crawl under a rock and die!   
   
Cathy gave me a hug and told me not to worry about it and that it was alright. “It was a very endearing sight to behold,” she said sincerely.   
   
I decided to sit down in the last seat the farthest away from the door. I pulled my feet onto the bench using my legs to cover myself as best I could. I was still naked but at least nothing of importance was showing in case someone from one of the other cars came into ours. The others all just seemed calm and stood around chatting aimlessly about this and that.   
   
After we had been moving awhile and the train was up to speed I nervously asked, “Um, guys, where are we going? Are we getting off at the next stop?”   
   
Everyone chuckled but no one answered me.    
   
“Seriously, guys, I’ve never ridden this train before and I have no idea where it goes.”   
   
Still no one answered.   
   
Finally I stood up and put my hand on Darcy’s shoulder and asked again firmly, “Come on you guys, where are we going?”   
   
“Oh THAT’S much better,” she said with a smile as I now stood openly in the aisle without covering myself. “Like we said earlier we’re going to take a little stroll in town.”   
   
“We already DID that. My town was back there! Where are we going now?”   
   
“Not YOUR town silly,” Laura said grinning from ear to ear, “Downtown.”   
   
“Oh my gawd, oh my gawd, OH MY GAWD!” My legs started to grow weak and began shaking a little. “This train goes . . . I can’t go . . . THE CITY?! I can’t go walking around downtown like this!!!”   
   
“Sure you can,” Cathy said giving me a reassuring hug. “We scoped this out. It’s early and everything will be fine. Relax and enjoy yourself.”   
   
Just then the train’s horn blurted out a long blast. “Oh look, “Darcy said eagerly, “we are coming out of the trench and will be even with the streets now; time for a little fun.”   
   
“Fun?”   
   
The girls guided me to the car door, which had a large glass window starting about waste high, and told me to stand with my hands on my head. It all was happening so fast I just did as I was told. No sooner had I put my hands on my head the train began to slow coming almost to a crawl.   
   
“We’re pulling into another station!” I yelled in a panic!!   
   
“Yes,” Leah replied, “but we’re not stopping. This 3:00am train is an express right to downtown. But you MIGHT just give some guy a thrill though if anyone is waiting on the platform.”   
   
My mouth fell open and as I turned my head back around to face the door I came face to face with a young man looking right at me! He was seeing my naked boobs! He smiled as the train crawled by and that made me feel good so I wiggled my chest back and forth so that my boobs jiggled drawing more attention to them. I saw him laughing as he disappeared from my view so I knew he saw what I was doing.   
   
“That’s the ticket,” Darcy said playfully. “Now you’re having fun.”

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 6**

Just as the train began to speed up a little I spotted a professionally dressed older lady staring at me. She was giving me a rather stern and disapproving look. I didn’t know what to do so I just smiled and waved like a total idiot. To my surprise, she grinned a little and returned my wave. I guess a little kindness goes a long way. I was definitely doing to have to remember that. I had a feeling I was going to need all the help I could get before this evening was over.   
   
Once the platform was out of sight the train began to resume its normal speed. I’m not sure why but I kept my position at the window watching the scenery pass by. It was indeed pretty cool flashing the occasional car stopped at a crossroad waiting for the train to pass. I’m not sure if they really saw me as the train flew by but it was fun to imagine that they did. I felt relatively safe as they couldn’t possibly interfere or catch me yet I was exposed for them to see and that was pretty arousing. I was finding that I liked exposing myself to others if the risk of getting into trouble was remote.   
   
Despite my on-going apprehension I was starting to enjoy myself. That is until I turned my head to my right and saw that I could see into the car in front of us and then realized that if I could see them THEY could see me. I lost my nerve and quickly covered myself and made my way back to my seat and crouched down. The girls all made a mock-frown of disapproval which I thought was kind of cute. Once again they had done something simple that boosted my self-image. I was beginning to really like these girls whoever they were.    
   
Everyone tried to put me at ease by talking about general junk – you know like what movies they liked, their favorite tunes, you know stuff like that. It did take my mind off my fears for the moment. I was doing fine until the train began to slow again.   
   
“Are we passing through another station,” I asked.   
   
“Nope, we’re here,” Darcy said enthusiastically. I think that my heart completely stopped beating at that very moment.    
   
My mind must have thought of a million questions all at the same time and of course I suffer from the “think it – speak it” disorder that affects many girls my age.    
   
I rambled off my sentences so fast I sounded like an amateur version of an auctioneer: “How are we going to get off the train? Are there places for me to hide in the station? Is there normally a security officer at this station downtown? How long until the next trains comes so I can get back home? What are we . . .”   
   
“Kim, take a deep breath and CALM DOWN,” Darcy advised me in a very soft and soothing voice. She was beginning to impress me as a “take-charge” kind of person. She seemed to have a natural talent for sizing up a situation and dealing with it head on. She kept her cool and I liked that - especially when I was losing mine!   
   
The train screeched to a halt. A buzzer sounded and the doors opened. The girls had to practically pry my hands off the seat back I was holding onto. It was all I could do to walk.    
   
We all got off the train. The first thing I noticed was that there were people on the platform – PEOPLE!!! It took me a moment to finally realize that they all had their backs to us and they were all walking away from us to the exit. They were all so wrapped up in their own little worlds they hardly noticed what was going on around them. All anyone had to do was turn around and they’d see a naked college kid following them! I guess city folk are like that –afraid to make eye contact lest they get mugged or something. It was weird. Thank goodness there were no passengers waiting to board the train. Or were there? I snapped my head around to look at the train as the doors closed and sure enough there were new people that had boarded in the first two cars and several were staring right at my uncovered ass! I whipped my arms around my backside to cover my crack and hurriedly looked away before any of them got a good look at my face! I couldn’t help but wonder what they were thinking. I was never so grateful for locked doors in all my life!   
   
As the train lurched forward leaving the station I felt the true, full and inescapable realization of my situation. Even IF I uttered my so-called safe word now, there was no way out of my predicament. I was stuck – my gawd, I was at least 20 MILES from my clothes!!!   
   
The group followed the rest of the passengers up the stairs to . . . CRAP, I had no idea where the stairs were leading us to. Still I had no choice but to follow my friends.   
   
Surprisingly at the top of the stairs everyone turned down a corridor to the right but we turned left and out a door into the shadowy outside world of early morning downtown.    
   
The sidewalk we were on was deserted at the moment. Still I huddled behind my friends using them to screen my nudity from any potential passersby. As I looked around, there were buildings everywhere. Many had lights on inside but there was no way to tell with certainty if anyone was at home or not. There were cars here and there but mostly the streets were pretty quiet.    
   
“Um . . . what do we do now?” I asked in a frightened whisper.   
   
“I don’t know,” Budgie replied, “what do YOU want to do?”   
   
What a stupid question, I thought Once again Darcy came to my rescue. “Cut it out Budgie,, can’t you see she’s nervous? You know what the plan is now let’s get going.”   
   
“How about telling ME the plan?” I snapped sarcastically. No one answered. It figured.   
   
We walked along the sidewalk for quite a distance, yes with me practically shoved up two of the guys asses in front of me as I tried to conceal as much of me as possible. If a cop car came by I would have found a way to crawl up in there and hide if I had to – anything to keep from going to jail.   
   
“See isn’t this fun?” Cathy asked excitedly. “I’ll bet in a million years you never thought you’d be naked downtown and look at you now!”   
   
“You got that right,” I retorted flippantly.   
   
Darcy was leading the way, Budgie and Leah were in front of me and Cathy was covering my backside. After crossing a couple of blocks Darcy turned toward an entrance of a tall building.   
   
“A dear friend of mine lives here. I want to stop and say hello. You don’t mind do you?” Darcy asked with a sly smirk not really expecting an answer. What choice did I have? I followed the group into the empty lobby and stood waiting for the elevator.    
   
We got off on the fourth floor and walked to room 412 and Darcy rang the bell. A moment passed and then she rang again, then again. I was sure that whoever lived here wasn’t expecting us and I began to get worried.   
   
Just then I heard the unmistakable sound of a security chain being unlatched and the door opened wide. There before me stood the most handsome guy I had ever seen clad only in . . . a towel, which was loosely wrapped around his waist. His hair was wet and it was obvious that we had gotten him out of the shower.   
   
“Ah . . . hello Darcy, I wasn’t expecting . . .” he said as Darcy interrupted him.   
   
“I know, sorry. We were in town and I thought I’d introduce you to my good friend Kim.” With that the guys in front of me moved aside exposing me to this young man.   
   
His eyes widened and his expression quickly went from one of surprise to one of absolute pleasure. I looked down in embarrassment and noticed that his face wasn’t the only thing that responded immediately – his towel began to tent out away from his waste. Now I was REALLY blushing.   
   
I just had to look away so I raised my head and his eyes met mine and held me captive. I HAD to say something so I asked, “So I guess you now know my name, what’s yours?”   
   
“NudistWalker,” he said with a wry smile.   
   
“Good grief,” I said with a sigh,” Does EVERYONE read the NudeinSF Forum?”   
   
The guy smiled all the wider and invited us in. Just as we entered a cute girl nicely dressed entered the room and stopped when she saw me standing there naked.   
   
The guy turned to the girl and introduced her. “Everyone, this is my plaything. AbbyCakes, say hello to our guests.”   
   
The girl nodded to us and meekly said, “Hello.”   
   
Everyone sat down except Abby who continued to stand without saying a word. The man listened intently as Darcy explained EVERYTHING – the entire story of my nude excursions through the business district, my masturbation on the park bench, the train ride and walk through downtown. He heard it all and seemed pleased.   
   
“It must have been very uncomfortable for you to come all this way exposed as you are.” The man then turned to his girl and continued, “Abby, why don’t you strip off and make Kim feel a bit more comfortable with her nudity.”   
   
The guys in our group seemed shocked at this turn of events and eagerly watched to see what was going to happen. Sure enough without saying a word, Abby began unbuttoning her blouse and unzipping her skirt. In no time her clothes were on the floor and she was standing naked before is. She was indeed beautiful.    
   
“I can’t believe she did that.” I said incredulously.    
   
“Oh, she does everything I tell her to do, don’t you babe?” The girl simply nodded in agreement.   
   
“Don’t believe me?” the man asked as he looked at the disbelief on my face. “Abby, go get your whistle and stand on the balcony and blow it until I tell you to stop.”   
   
Without so much as a protest she turned and opened a drawer and pulled out a whistle and headed for the sliding glass door and opened it. She stepped outside and raised the whistle to her mouth and puffed up her cheeks getting ready to blow.   
   
“STOP!” I yelled in a panic. That was the last thing I wanted was to wake up the whole neighborhood while I still had to get home again without being caught. “That’s okay, I believe you.”   
   
Abby looked at the man who silently indicated to drop the whistle but he made her stand outside exposing herself to anyone who happened to be on the street.   
   
We visited for some time talking about the thrill of doing erotic and dangerous things. I was enjoying the conversation as this guy NudistWalker had some wicked ideas. We kept on talking as Abby listened from her place on the balcony until Darcy announced that we had better go. Our gracious host stood up to bid us goodbye and as he did so his towel slipped completely to the ground, exposing his wonderfully erect and well-endowed penis to the entire room.   
   
“Oops,” was all he said and made no attempt to retrieve his cover but rather stood there as Darcy and I got an eyeful. Suddenly I wasn’t in such a hurry to leave anymore.    
   
“Oh you’re such a pervert,” Darcy said jokingly and gave him a playful kiss causing his member to jerk a bit as she did so. “We had better go,” she said, “I know you have to get to work soon.”   
   
“WORK?” I exclaimed as I suddenly realized that it was now MONDAY morning and people would ALL be getting out and heading for their offices. “What time is it?” I asked in a panic!

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 7**

“It is 4:15am,” NudistWalker said as he glanced at his clock on the wall. “Why, do you have to be somewhere?”    
   
“Oh crap,” I said with my voice cracking. “We gotta go . . . NOW!”   
   
“There’s plenty of time,” Leah said with a grin. “The next train back isn’t until 5:00am.”   
   
“But you don’t understand,” I said more than a bit frustrated, “It’s Monday morning! People will be going to work soon. There’ll be people everywhere!!”   
   
“So, a few people might see you, is that so bad?” Cathy asked.   
   
“Look, I’ve done my two hours, is there some way I can borrow a coat or something?” I asked of anyone who was listening.   
   
“Oh, I see . . .” Darcy said with an overdramatic flair, “you want more money. I’m sure we can scrape together a little more if that’s what’s bothering you.”   
   
“NO!” I protested “That’s not it at all. It’s just that . . . wait, how much are we talking about here?”   
Darcy grinned widely as she knew he had me. “Oh, I think we can come up with another $100. Mind you its short notice but I’m sure we can manage it.”   
   
I thought about it for a moment. Another $100 would pay my electric bill and at least get me current. Still for the risk I was taking $100 wasn’t all that much. Running around exposing myself in my quaint little town in the wee hours of the morning was one thing but being naked downtown when rush hour was fast approaching was quite another. I was hesitating and leaning towards declining his offer when Darcy’s friend spoke up, “I’m not sure what you guys are talking about but if it means keeping this charming young thing naked a while longer I’ll kick in another $50.”   
   
His remark took me by surprise. Another $150! With the economy being so bad there was no telling how long it would be before I found a regular job and I really did need the money. “Yeah, to post bail when you get arrested,” a little voice screamed at me from inside my head. Still it was tempting and my adrenalin was pumping and my sweet spot aching for attention.    
   
“So you’ll give me another $150 if I stay naked until we get home – and we ARE going straight home, right?”   
   
The gang all seemed to agree that was the plan so I looked at them long and hard. I had to be out of my mind. I sighed and finally gave in and replied, “Okay, but we have to leave NOW!”   
   
“That’s the spirit,” Cathy said happily as everyone got up and headed towards the door. Laura’s friend, NudistWalker, was still naked and still quite erect and it didn’t seem to matter than he had been that way for some time in the presence of two female guests – one quite nicely dressed and the other, well, quite embarrassed. It was all I could do to keep from gawking at it, I mean HIM!    
   
As he bid us goodbye and we exited his apartment I heard the guy call out as he started to close the door, “Abby, come in here. I need you to give me a hand for a minute.” I mentally pictured what she was about to do for him and felt myself getting wetter by the moment.    
   
The lobby was still empty and mercifully it was still dark outside. As we left the building and stood outside the front entranceway, however, the first things I noticed were the cars! There was way more traffic now. Not exactly rush hour, but the streets weren’t deserted anymore either. Vehicles were driving about scattered here and there. I huddled ever closer to my friends once again using them for cover. There was no doubt about it now – I was definitely insane!   
   
“What time is it now?” I asked nervously.   
   
“4:30am” Budgie replied.   
   
“Is that all? I have another 30 minutes before the train even arrives! That’s a long time! What am I going to do?”   
   
Darcy turned and gently touched my shoulder and smiled. “Well, the first thing you’ve got to do is pull yourself together and stop cowering. You’ll only draw more attention to yourself that way. The second is to try and keep your wits about you. I’m a firm believer that things always work out. Now relax and have fun. Just go with the flow,” she advised as she looked down between my legs, “and from what I see, things are flowing along nicely.”   
   
My face flushed at her suggestive comment. It didn’t bother me as much when the boys were caught looking but when she did it, I felt guilty or something. I don’t know. On one hand I wanted her attention on the other hand it sent shivers up my spine. “Okay, I’ll try,” I said responding to her advice.    
   
As we walked along I still huddled close to the guys and nervously looked around but I did at least try to stand up straighter.    
   
I almost fainted when a car horn sounded from a vehicle that passed us from behind. I knew at least one driver saw me and was aware I had no clothes. After that, Cathy moved closer and put her hands around my waist as we walked, I’m guessing to reassure me that he was still back there. It did do that but the touch of his hands around my waist heightened my arousal and helped me “want” to keep going.    
   
We eventually passed the door of the train station that we originally came out of when we arrived. “Hey, where are we going? Isn’t that the door?”   
   
“No,” Darcy said a bit amused, “Trains going away from town travel on another track and we leave from a different platform.”    
   
‘Oh. Shows you how much I know about trains.” I was glad they were here to help me. I would have never figured that out by myself.   
    
We finally entered another door and traveled down a series of stairs to which I could only hope would lead us to the platform and a place where I could hide. As we descended, I could hear voices, LOTS of voices all talking at once. I began to worry. The morning commute had already started. I was about to be busted for certain. My mind began to race as to what I was going to do or what I would say. Then I heard the sound of a train. “It’s already here!” I exclaimed. “We’re going to miss it!”   
   
“Relax,” Darcy admonished. “That’s not our train. Trains come into downtown every twenty minutes in the morning but they go back out into the suburbs this time of day only on the hour. They reverse that schedule in the afternoon. We’ve still got 20 minutes yet before our train arrives.”   
   
The noise level coming from the bottom of the stairs seemed much louder than I had remembered it from a couple of hours ago confirming my fears that I was about to get screwed.    
   
As the others exited the stairs and turned to the right I hesitated. I carefully peeked around the wall of the stairwell.” My GAWD, look at all the people,” I whispered to myself. Of course they weren’t on our platform. Ours was essentially deserted. They were on the platform across the tracks exiting the train that had just arrived – the place where we had departed our train when we first came into town.    
   
I stood there and watched from the safety of the stairwell as the others of my group lingered around on the walkway awaiting the arrival of our train. Leah beckoned me to join them but there were still too many people about – even if they were on the other platform. I needed some courage – real courage if I was to make it back without having a mental breakdown. So I did the only logical thing which I knew would help. I reached between my legs and pressed the fingers of my hand against my clitoris and savored the warmth and moisture I felt – and trust me it DID feel good!   
   
I gently moved my fingers about and the electricity I was generating jolted me out of my fear and into euphoria. I had only started when I thought I heard a noise or something coming from somewhere above on the stairwell. I wasn’t about to get caught there alone so I had no choice but to rush to join my friends.   
   
“About time,” Budgie teased. I, meanwhile, ignored her comment as I huddled around them and kept looking behind me to see if anyone was coming, but after a few minutes no one did. I figured the sounds from all the activity in the terminal must have echoed around and fooled me.   
   
I looked over at the people still exiting the train. I couldn’t believe what I was doing!!   
   
“Go on,” Darcy prompted me. “Stand out in front us. I’ll bet no one even notices you or even looks this way. They’re all preoccupied with their own agendas, worrying about work or suffering from the Monday morning blahs to even care. Go on, try it.”   
   
I watched a moment and so far she seemed to be right. Even those on the stairwell perpendicular to us above the train only looked down at the steps or straight ahead.   
   
“Ten bucks says you can’t do it,” Darcy egged me on.    
   
I looked at the others and they were all encouraging me with their eyes to take a chance – so I did. I actually put my arms at my side and backed away from them and walked around in front of the line where they were loitering and stood there. I was standing completely exposed in front of many people in a public train station and . . . no one noticed me. I can’t describe the feeling of fear, exhilaration, sensual arousal, self pride at having the courage to do such a thing all rolled up into one giant mess of confusing sensations. I was addicted. This time I wasn’t “doing it for the money.” No, I WANTED to be there. It was fantastic!   
   
I stayed there and watched as the last of the people exited the platform and the train departed to my right leaving us once again alone on the walkway.    
   
“See, I TOLD you, didn’t I?” Darcy said smugly.   
   
“Yes you did and I’m glad I listened to you.”   
   
I hung around now much more confidently and chatted about things with my friends. I FINALLY was having a good time. I wanted more. I was insane but I wanted more.   
   
Then I heard footsteps; the unmistakable sound of dress shoes on pavement footsteps of someone coming down the stairwell on our side of the platform.    
   
I just KNEW it was a policeman or something eating a donut. I was going to get busted – up close and personal I was going to get busted. Suddenly I didn’t want "more" any longer.

**The Bridge – Where Fantasy Meets Reality Part 8**

Everyone in our group stopped talking and turned towards the stairwell. There was no mistaking it. We all heard it – the sound of hard-soled shoes striking the concrete stairs.    
   
Darcy sensed that I was about to do something stupid like jump off the platform and run down the tracks or something as she grabbed hold of my arm and firmly whispered, “I’ll handle this. You just stand up straight and look confident. Don’t try to hide anything. Just do as I say and stand there quietly and everything will be fine. And for Pete sakes try not to look scared to death.”   
   
“Easy for YOU to say,” I mumbled back under my breath. We were all facing the stairwell when a smart-looking young man wearing a business suit rounded the corner and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me. It was all I could do not to have my legs buckle out from under me at that point but I remembered what Darcy had said so I placed my fate in her hands and tried to act confident. As I said before, she had impressed me with her coolness under fire so I trusted her now. The man looked a bit tired so I guessed he was obviously on his way home after working a long night.   
   
“Hey, what’s going on here?” he said in a no-nonsense manner as he approached us.   
   
“Excuse me, sir,” Darcy said with professional poise, “I wonder if you could spare a moment and help us out by answering a few questions.”   
   
The man stopped only a foot away from our group and looked puzzled. “Huh? What are you talking about - what questions? And why is this girl naked?””    
   
Darcy wasn’t deterred. “My classmate and I are conducting a survey for our Sociology class at the University regarding current American attitudes towards nudity – specifically in unusual or public settings. I wonder if you’d care to answer a question or two. It won’t take long, I promise.” Darcy was really turning on the charm and gave no indication that she was flustered in any sense of the word.   
   
“University class, huh. I can’t imagine any reputable university condoning what you are doing nor such wild methods such as this to conduct a legitimate survey.”   
   
“Well,” Darcy replied, “That’s true. Our professor doesn’t know about HOW were conducting this survey, but the subject and material is legitimate I assure you. You see we’ve been trying all week to get enough responses but people just don’t want to be bothered. They just ignore our requests or just walk on by muttering some rude remark.”   
   
The man rubbed his chin and replied, “Well . . . that’s true I probably would have been one of them; I HATE surveys.”   
   
“Most people do. That’s why we resorted to this desperate measure to at least have a CHANCE of getting people to talk with us – and it IS after all related to our survey.”   
   
“Okay, I’ve got a few minutes. What do you want to know?”   
   
Darcy thanked him and proceeded to get down to business, “What would be your reaction to seeing a person naked in an unexpected place?”   
   
“I can honestly answer that one now. I don’t even have to think about it,” the man said smiling at me as he looked me over. “I was shocked at first then puzzled as to what was going on.”   
   
“Were you offended in any way?”   
   
“Not really. Mostly confused as it was out of place, you know.”   
   
“Do you think your reaction was based on the fact that my classmate here is pretty?”   
   
I blushed when I heard her ask that question and even more so when I saw the man slowly gazing over my body mulling the question over, purposely taking stock of every aspect of it, starting at my boobs, then down to my navel and finally stopping at my pubes.    
   
“That’s hard to say,” the man answered. “I mean she CERTAINLY is pretty, isn’t she?”   
   
“You’re not just saying that because she’s standing here flashing her charms at you, are you, you know, just being polite?”   
   
“Oh no, definitely not, she’s very pretty, honestly.”   
   
I could tell from the look in his eyes that he was obviously pleased with me and my body – and not just because I was naked.    
   
Darcy continued, this time flirting with him a little bit in her body language and the tone of voice she was using. “So when you saw this ‘pretty’ woman standing out here on the platform, what were you thinking?”   
   
“Ahem, I don’t think I had better answer that.” He said looking a bit flustered himself now.   
   
“Well that’s the crux of our survey really so it’s important that you DO answer. You see we are trying to determine if Americans automatically associate nudity with sex or do many just see the human body as, say, art. That is, something to be appreciated for its diversity and beauty.”   
   
“Oh . . . I see . . . well, um, honestly . . .” the man hesitated and began fidgeting with his hands, “My first thought was, man would I like to Fuuhhh . . . no make that - gee would I like to get her in bed.” I about lost it hearing that. I was already horny as hell having this man check out my naked body and now hearing that this guy wanted to ravish me – a guy under different circumstances I wouldn’t have minded dating was almost too much for my libido. I almost had an orgasm just standing there. It was all I could do to hold it back and I wasn’t even touching myself.   
   
“So you’re saying,” Darcy continued, “that at least as far as you’re concerned nudity DOES equate with sex.”   
   
The man now visibly blushed and replied, “I’m ashamed to admit it but yes, I do believe that I do.” He then lowered his eyes towards the floor as if he wasn’t proud of his honest answer.   
   
“Well thank you, sir. We all appreciate your help. Have a nice day.”   
   
The man cleared his throat, nodded his head in acknowledgment and went over to the far end of the platform. I was expecting him to linger or make himself a pest but he didn’t. He just politely left. Who said chivalry was dead? After he was some distance away I let out a HUGE sigh and almost collapsed.   
   
I leaned over to Darcy and whispered, “You were magnificent.”   
   
She just smiled and said, as she playfully polished her fist on her chest, “I know, it’s a gift.”    
   
The guys all chuckled at that and Budgie even gave me a congratulatory pat on the back. Just then I heard our train approaching. My normal reaction would have been to huddle behind the guys again but after seeing Darcy in action I decided just to stay put. Besides it would look better if that man happened to want to check me out again. If I hid myself it might look suspicious. Mighty brave of me I know. The train crawled past where we were standing and eventually came to a stop. As far as I could tell there were only a few people in the first car and none on the rest of the train. Like before we entered the last car and took our seats. The door closed and once again the train lurched forward. I breathed a silent sigh of relief as I appeared to have made it through the worst.    
   
The train stopped at several stations on the way back and each time I tensed up fearing passengers would get on. I died a thousand deaths at each station waiting for the doors to finally close. There were indeed people waiting at each station but those that did get on must have entered the forward cars.    
   
Finally after another half an hour we pulled into the station at the shopping district. The girls exited the train first and waited until they were sure the coast was clear before signaling me out. Sure, NOW they are cautious, I thought. I surmised they were being extra careful as this was so close to where I lived and I was grateful for their courtesy.   
   
It was now 5:40am and dawn was beginning to break. I was never so glad for daylight savings time in my life. I used to curse it but now I was thankful, because without it, it would have been daylight much sooner. I had been naked outside without a safety net for over three and a half hours!    
   
The girls escorted me to the bridge without incident.    
   
When we reached the center of the span, Darcy handed me my money. “Here’s the 300 we promised, plus the extra 150 we added and the ten dollars you won off my bet – that’s $460.”   
   
I just looked at it with amazement. Here I was without a formal job and in just a couple of hours had earned more than I had in several months! PLUS, I had the added benefit of truly enjoying myself. Cathy asked for my phone number and I reluctantly gave it to her.   
   
“I’ll call you in a few days to see if you want to play again.” She said as she wrote my number down. “I’m sure we can think of a few new and exciting things to keep you satisfied.” Speaking of satisfied that’s all I wanted to do – satisfy myself and this time in private!   
   
I thanked them all and though I wanted to spend more time rehashing the night’s events I decided that with daylight fast approaching I needed to get back into my apartment before I got caught. We all said our goodbyes and once again they made me promise to write up my account at the Forum. I watched as they left and headed towards the business district until they were out of sight. I then ran to the back fire escape door of my apartment building and bent down to search for my key.    
   
MY KEY!    
   
In all the excitement and concern over possibly missing my appointment with the girls I had forgotten all about bringing my key!    
   
I checked under the rock just in case I was wrong but it wasn’t there. I tried the door but it too was locked tight as it could be. I was locked out! HOW STUPID COULD I BE?    
   
It was getting lighter by the minute and I was stuck outside with no clothes and no way to contact anyone for help. I jumped behind some small knee-high bushes and crouched down. They weren’t much cover but they were better than nothing. I was starting to panic and I needed time to think. I kept telling myself to try and be more like Darcy. Surely if I thought about it long enough I’d think of a way out.    
   
Unfortunately I wasn’t Darcy and I certainly didn’t have her creativity. I deliberately concentrated on calming myself. “Okay,” I said to myself, “What are my options here? I could try and run back to town and see if I could find one of the girls, but if they had already left I’d have to run across the bridge in broad daylight and surely the risk of being seen by one of my neighbors was high. I couldn’t let that happen. I’d be the talk of the building. Of course I could just walk around the front of the building and say that I got locked out and ask the super to let me in. Of course he’d then probably evict me for being morally irresponsible or something. I couldn’t risk that either.   
   
As I crouched there thinking I was startled by a stern lady’s voice yelling at me, “YOU THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HOLY SHIT YOU’RE NAKED!”