**The Office of Decent Exposure**

by [Ainttellin](mailto:aardor1@hotmail.com)

**Preface**  
  
"Audrey, are you ready?" Agent Sinclair turned to me and asked.  
  
I shook my head yes.  
  
"I hope so because they're going to announce us any second now," he said as if I needed a reminder.  
  
I must have looked nervous because he put his hands on my upper arms, looked me right in the eye and said, "Don't worry, you've got this. Just do the exact same thing you've been doing all along. The only difference is that you'll be on stage at a national TV press conference."  
  
"I'll be fine," I said.  
  
Inwardly I thought, "Easy for you to say. You're wearing a finely tailored, expensive suit. I'm standing here stark naked, and I'm about to be, stark naked, on stage, at a national press conference, in front of dozens of TV cameras."  
  
Agent Sinclair let go of me, turned back towards the entrance to the stage and said, "I know you're going to do great. You were born for this job. I knew it the moment I saw you."  
  
There were people buzzing all around back stage. Most of them were too busy to stop and look at me as stood there, naked. Although, every now-and-then I caught someone looking me up and down. I leaned forward just a bit, looked past the stage at the audience. There must have been 50 to 75 people crowded into the tiny press room. Most of them had video cameras and looked like they were eagerly awaiting our entrance.  
  
There was a man on stage. He was talking but his words were just background noise to me. At least they were until I heard him say, "Audrey Wilson and Agent Bradley Sinclair of the newly formed Office of Decent Exposure."  
  
My heart pounded in my chest as I took my first steps towards the center of the stage. I also felt more than a twinge of excitement as my naked body became visible to everyone in the room.  
  
The audience stood up and murmurs of shock went through the crowd. The flashes from the still cameras went off all through the audience like twinkling explosions of light. Dozens of video cameras caught my every move as I walked out onto the stage.  
  
There was no podium of course. They wanted my entrance to be unblocked and dramatic. Everyone else had clip on mics. I had a high tech wireless headset. A plastic piece hooked over my ear and a slim wire snaked around my cheek. There was a small transmitter at the back of my neck, hidden under my hair. I had my belly chain and a few other pieces of body jewelry. Other than that I was completely exposed to the entire world.  
  
As I stood there looking out into the audience I couldn't help but think about how simply this all had started.

**Chapter 1**  
  
It was a warm summer day in Florida. I couldn't stand being locked up all day in my dusty office. So I decided to go to the park right near the building I worked in. I found a nice bench, sat down and ate my lunch as I watched the people walk by.  
  
One of the things I liked about living in Florida is that most offices loosen up the dress code during the summer month. It gets way too hot to wear formal business clothing. In the name of Florida heat I don't have to worry about being covered from head to toe. We can't be inappropriate or slutty but we are given a little more latitude in how we dress.  
  
That day I was dressed in a skin tight black skirt that came down to my mid thigh.  
  
My top was thin, tight and cut just low enough at the top to be cool without showing off too much. Not that anyone could see it but I wore a pretty, lightweight bra that allowed my breasts to sway, just a bit, under my blouse as I moved. I hadn't bothered with panties that day. I didn't want panty lines to show through my skirt. I topped all that off with a nice pair of black high heels. As long as they were polite and not creepy, I won't deny that I enjoyed the appreciative looks I got from the guys.  
  
I had just finished my lunch and decided to go on a little walk before I headed back to the office. I walked down the path and through the park. Despite the heat it was a really lovely day.  
  
I was just enjoying my walk when I spotted a handsome man in an expensive suit with a briefcase looking my way.  
  
He looked at me for a moment and then walked towards me. I kept a cool uninterested look on my face. There was no way of knowing what type of guy he was. So, I didn't want to encourage him until I knew. Like I said he was handsome and well dressed so if he wasn't a total creep he just might get lucky.  
  
"Excuse me Ms., may I talk to you for a moment?" He asked politely in a soothing baritone voice.  
  
"Yes?" I asked with a plain look.  
  
"My name is Bradley Sinclair. I'm from the office of Decent Exposure," he said as he held up a small leather wallet.  
  
One side of the wallet held a badge and the other side had a picture ID. It all looked real and official. It had his name on it and the words The Office of Decent Exposure.  
  
"The Office of what?" I asked as I looked at him.  
  
"The Office of Decent Exposure," he said with a charming smile. "It's a newly formed government agency that I work for."  
  
"And, what can I do for you Agent Sinclair?" I asked as I tried not to succumb to his smile.  
  
"As an agent of the Office of Decent Exposure I have the authority to offer you a legal exemption from the indecent exposure laws. Basically, I can give you legal permission be without clothes in public, if you wish."  
  
I just stared at him blankly not knowing what to say. Finally, I gathered my wits enough to laugh and say, "You must be joking."  
  
"No, no, I'm quite serious. It's a new government initiative to increase body acceptance and encourage physical fitness among the general population. I assure you Ms. it's all quite on the level. I've already spoken to at least ten women besides you today."  
  
"And they all just got naked in public?" I asked skeptically.  
  
"I admit, not all of them did but almost half of them agreed to it," he said happily. "We are a new, relatively unknown, agency that is looking for volunteers before the publicity campaign begins. I spotted you from across the park and thought you might be interested in the program. There are some very nice perks if you agree to volunteer."  
  
"What made you think I might be interested in something like that?" I said flattered and at the same time a little offended that he might think I'm some kind of slut who'll get naked at the drop of a hat.  
  
"Well, you're a very attractive young woman," he said with his charming smile. "And, while you dress in a very tasteful and elegant way your clothes are also fairly revealing."  
  
I looked down at myself and said, "I'm not showing an inch of skin that could be considered obscene or offensive."  
  
He took the opportunity to look me up and down in detail. By the look on his face there wasn't anything he saw that he found offensive.  
  
"Certainly not Ms.," he said apologetically. "And I didn't mean to imply that you were, in any way, immoral or improper. We at The Office of Decent Exposure believe that there is nothing immoral or improper about the human body. We want to change the way the American people think and we're looking for courageous people such as yourself to help us."  
  
"So, you want me to just remove my clothing and walk around stark naked, all the time?" I asked with a doubtful tone in my voice.  
  
Outwardly I was doubtful but inside I have admit that I was a little excited by the idea. I was being coy about my outfit. I knew it covered me well enough while at the same time outlining all that I had to offer quite well. Almost all of my clothes were chosen to be tasteful, classy and as sexy as I could possibly manage.  
  
I work hard to maintain my figure and I like to show it off.  
  
"Yes, precisely, once you signed up with the Office of Decent Exposure you would be allowed to go unclothed anywhere you liked."  
  
"Uh, I, I couldn't," I said pretending to be shocked when I was really a little excited. "I would be arrested, or attacked, before I got halfway down the street."  
  
"You'll find that the laws concerning violence against women have changed drastically. There is now a zero tolerance policy and strict punishments for anyone who attacks or sexually abuses a woman. There are also serious fines and strict punishments for any woman who is caught falsely accusing someone of an attack but, we don't expect that to be much of a problem.  
  
You'll also find that the police force has been doubled and tripled in some areas. All for the safety of those who join the program."  
  
I had noticed more of a police presence around the city. It seemed unusual but, with things the way they are today I just assumed it was a sign of the times.  
  
"And what do I have to do to join this program?" I asked skeptically.  
  
"Simply remove your clothes. Once you hand every last stitch of clothing over to me, you may keep your shoes if you wish, you'll fill out a few forms, I'll give you your ID card and you're all set," agent Mr. Sinclair said as if that was the easiest thing in the world to do.  
  
"And that's it? I walk through the center of town stark naked and back to my office like nothing had changed?" I asked like he was crazy.  
  
"Well, there is one other thing I'd need to give you," he said as he lifted his briefcase up.  
  
"I thought as much. What's the catch?" I asked.  
  
"No, no, it's nothing like that. This," he said as he held his briefcase flat and popped open the top, "is one of those perks I was talking about earlier."  
  
There, on the inside of the top of his briefcase, against a black velvet backdrop, hung a long golden chain. In the center was a nice sized gemstone that strands of pearls hung off of and looped back to the gold chain. There was also a strip of cloth about four inches wide.  
  
"Oh my God, is it real?" I asked as I looked at it closely.  
  
"100 percent, the chain is 18 karat gold and the cultured pearls are the finest money can buy," he said proudly.  
  
"It's amazing," I said awed by the beautiful piece of jewelry. "And I could just, have it, for free?"  
  
"Yes, it's yours, once you join the agency as a volunteer."  
  
"Oh, right, I have to be naked to wear it," I said as if even thinking about this was crazy. "It's kind of long for a necklace."  
  
"It's meant to be worn around the waist actually. Is your belly button pierced by any chance?"  
  
"It happens to be, yes. Why do you ask?"  
  
"Well, I have a chain that is designed to hang off a belly piercing. In my opinion it's the prettiest. And, I'm sure it would look lovely on you."  
  
"What is the strip of cloth for?" I asked.  
  
"It's a sort of loincloth," he said delicately.  
  
"So it would cover my?" I asked as I looked down my front.  
  
"No, the strip of cloth is meant to hang down the back, for public heath reasons you understand," he said with a knowing look.  
  
I realized that it was meant to cover my anus and vagina when I sat down. I didn't think it would cover much when I stood or walked though. I imagined it swaying from side to side as I walked. It would probably give the world peeks at everything as I moved. I doubt it would cover anything if I bent at the waist.  
  
My heart skipped a beat as I imagined myself bent over to pick up something. The tiny little strip of cloth would fall to one side and show anyone who was behind me, everything.  
  
"No, this is crazy," I said as I came to my senses. "I couldn't possibly do this for a piece of jewelry no matter how pretty it is."  
  
"As I said there are other perks. You get a nice tax break and think of all the money you'd save on clothing. There is a lot of beautiful body jewelry you'd be able to buy with that money," he said convincingly.  
  
I imagined myself walking stark naked down the street covered in nothing but gold and jewels.  
  
"No, this is crazy, my boss would fire me on the spot if I showed up for work like that," I said.  
  
"That would be against the law. With your ID card you'll also get an official pamphlet to hand out to anyone who questions you. In addition to giving a summery of the new rules regarding public decency it will point the reader to an official dot gov website. On there they will find your name, under the registered participants, and a full list of all rules and regulations that everyone must follow."  
  
I just looked up at him blankly. I thought about doing it, I actually did. I thought about taking off all my clothes, all three pieces of clothing, right there in the park. I looked around to see who might end up watching me. There was a smattering of people all over the park. There were three people here, four people there and a small group over by that tree. I knew that every single one of them would take notice of me the minute I started to remove my clothing. I imagined all those eyes on my naked body. I can't deny that I liked the idea. Then I thought about my friends, family and coworkers.  
  
"I, I don't know if I can do this," I said nervously.  
  
"There's no rush to make this decision," Agent Sinclair said reassuringly. "Here, I'd like you to have something."  
  
He reached into the bottom of his briefcase and pulled out a card. Attached to it was a set of earrings that matched the belly chain.  
  
"This is a temporary exemption card," he said as he held out the card to me. It will allow you to experiment on your own until the date printed on the bottom. This way you can get a feel for it and see if you'd like to go full time. The earrings are a gift. They are yours to keep whether you decide to become a full time participant in the program or not."  
  
I took the card from his hand and asked, "I'm not obligated to anything if I accept them?"  
  
"Not a single thing," he said sincerely.  
  
"They are lovely," I said as I looked at the earrings.  
  
I also couldn't help but look at the date. The card was good until Monday. That would give me the weekend to try it out if I wanted to.  
  
"You'll also find a few of my business cards clipped to the back of the temporary ID. If at any time you change your mind about the program, or have friends you think might like to join, feel free to give me a call," he said with a warm smile.  
  
I looked at the belly chain one last time and then said, "Thank you, I will."  
  
"You're very welcome. And you really should test out that temporary exemption card. You can't make a fully informed decision unless you know what you're considering," Agent Sinclair said as he closed his briefcase.  
  
"I'll think about it," I said truthfully.  
  
"Good, hope to hear from you soon," he said as he waved and then walked away.  
  
This story will be updated for free regularly. Keep an eye on my home page and my Twitter for notification of when new parts have been added.

**The Office of Decent Exposure Chapter 2**   
   
I looked at the earrings one more time and then I put them in my purse. I saw I still had a few minutes before I had to be back at work. So, I decided to stop for an iced coffee. I couldn't think of anything but being naked. As I walked through the park I imagined that I was naked. I imagined the warm sun on my naked skin. I imagined my breasts gently bouncing as I walked. And, I imagined that every single person I passed could see me, all of me, stark naked from head to toe. By the time I reached the coffee place my breathing was a little heavy and uneven.   
   
There was a small line in the coffee shop. There were only two people in front of me. I stepped up to the second person and a moment or two later someone got in line behind me. Neither one of them were on top of me but we were all standing close enough together as we waited to order our coffee.   
   
As I stood there waiting, with people all around me, I suddenly imagined myself the only one naked in line. I know it was all in my head but it was so bizarre and surrealistic. I was naked in a very public place with completely dressed people all around me. Somehow it felt really real to me.   
   
When the person at the register paid for their coffee and walked away we moved forward. The guy in front of me stopped short and I brushed up against him briefly. When he turned to look and see who it was that had bumped into him he smiled when he saw it was me. I tried to imagine what his reaction might have been if I was naked. I tried to imagine what it would have felt like to feel his clothing against my naked skin.   
   
God, this was driving me crazy.   
   
The guy in front of me got his coffee and left. He smiled at me as he walked by. I turned a little bit towards him and imagined that I gave him a really good look at my breasts. I had that card. I could actually give him a really good look at my breasts. My hand started to reach for the top button on my blouse when I heard the girl behind the counter ask if she could help me. I snapped out of my thoughts, stepped up to the counter and ordered my iced coffee.   
   
As I stood there waiting, my hand reached up for that button again. I twiddled it between my fingers and played with it. I pulled on the button and felt the fabric of my blouse tug on my breasts. I tried to play it off like it was something I was absentmindedly doing. Just a girl, at a counter, toying with a button. I really wanted to pop it open though.   
   
I though about pretending it was some kind of accident. While I idly toyed with my top button maybe, the thread would come loose and it would pull off right in my hand? I twisted, turned and pulled on the button but it wouldn't budge. Damn high quality clothing. About then the girl came back with my drink. I paid for it and walked out of the coffee shop.   
   
As I walked back to work I thought more and more about being naked in public. Just as I was about to cross the street and head into my office building I saw a policeman. I thought about the card in my pocket and what Agent Sinclair had said. How could all this be for real? I decided to ask the policeman and see what he had to say.   
   
I walked up to the officer and said, "Excuse me officer, I wonder if I could ask you a question?"   
   
He gave me a pleasant smile and said, "Of course Miss, how may I help you?"   
   
"Well, I met this guy in the park who claimed to be from some new government agency. He gave me this," I said as I took the card out of my purse and showed it to him.   
   
The officer looked at the card and then he smiled. He looked back up at me and asked, "What did you want to know?"   
   
"Is it for real? I mean, if I showed you this card, would it stop you from arresting me, if I was, you know, I mean, you know" I asked in a quiet voice.   
   
"It's 100% real. With that card in your possession it's perfectly legal for you to walk down the street as naked as the day you were born. Until Monday that is," he said a little louder than I would have cared for.   
   
I just looked at him stunned. Then I asked, "Have, you seen anyone actually do it?"   
   
"Go naked in public you mean?" He asked in what sounded to me like a booming voice.   
   
I shook my head yes while glancing out of the corner of my eyes to see if anyone was looking at me.   
   
"Personally no, but we've all been made aware of the new rulings at the precinct. You're not the first one to ask me about it though. Are you thinking about using that card?" He asked hopefully.   
   
"I, um, I'm not sure yet," I said in a nervous tone of voice.   
   
"If you do Miss I can assure you that the police will be here to protect you anytime you need it," he said eagerly. "But, we've all been pulling double duty to ensure that you'll have no problems. The streets are safe for you."   
   
"T-thank you officer," I said feeling reassured.   
   
"You're welcome Miss, have a nice day Miss," he said with a friendly nod of his head.   
   
"You too," I said as I walked away.