The Store Promotion

Part 1

Sun Apr 20, 2008 09:5597.100.140.208

Trisha sat in the back seat of the taxi, buzzing with anticipation as the

subtle, early morning sounds of a city awakening drifted in through the

cracked-open window. Cindy was sitting next to her, and her boyfriend Rob was

in the front seat. Trisha smiled as her eyes ran across the back of Rob's

head, knowing that he would be the first of many people that day to see her

nude for the first time.

Cindy was saying something about airplane tickets, but Trisha wasn't paying

much attention. She alternated between imagining what was about to happen and

reliving the night before, when she and her friends had finalized the plans.

Cindy and Rob had invited Trisha over for a few drinks, wanting her to join

them in a pre-vacation celebration of sorts. Trisha had readily agreed, partly

because she wouldn't be seeing her best friend for 10 days while they were in

Italy, and partly because she wanted their help.

In looking over the previous weekend's paper, Trisha had noticed a very

unusual store promotion by Sigmund's, a local department store that was

apparently trying to make a bigger name for itself. The store was going to be

giving away a complete designer wardrobe, including undergarments, shoes and

the whole works, to the first 100 people who showed up at their front door the

following Saturday morning...nude.

"Wow...you really want to do that?" Cindy had asked the night before.

"Awesome," Rob said.

"Well," Trisha said, "I figured it would be a good way to build up my

wardrobe...and besides, it sounds so cool I think I would regret not doing

it."

She smiled sheepishly, knowing that Cindy knew some, if not all, of her

fantasies about being naked in a public place. She wasn't the type to pull off

a random streak or flash a bunch of unsuspecting strangers, but something

about being naked where you're not supposed to be was an incredible turn-on

for her...and when she found out she could do it without any chance of getting

in trouble, she decided she would have to try.

Cindy looked at the paper again.

"But it says here you can't have anything with you...no shoes, no jewelry, not

even a purse or wallet. That sounds a little dangerous to me."

"I guess," Trisha said, "but it's not that bad a neighborhood, and it's only

15 blocks from my apartment. Once I was dressed, I would just walk home and

use my spare key to get in. No problem!"

Rob smiled, and so did Cindy, but she still looked a little concerned.

"What if you're not one of the first 100 people?"

Trisha raised an eyebrow and smiled.

"Well, that's where you two come in. You're heading to the airport first

thing, right?"

Cindy nodded.

"So, we'll share a cab...I'll put on a coat, and we'll ride to the store first

and check it out. And if it looks like there are more than 100 (giggle) naked

people already waiting, we can just circle back around to my place."

Cindy thought for a moment, then smiled.

"And if there aren't a hundred naked people?"

Trisha blushed, and her mouth went dry.

"Then I get out of the cab, and you guys take my coat with you on vacation."

The smile on Rob's face was even wider, and even Cindy looked to be on the

verge of laughing. Her face was flushed, and Trisha wondered if a part of her

wanted to be the one to step out of that cab. Cindy was blonde, tall and

slender, with pale but beautiful skin and just enough curves to look

feminine...and Trisha had fun for a moment imagining her best friend standing

bare on a public sidewalk.

Trisha, for her part, was slightly shorter (5'6" if she stretched), with dark

brown hair and a bit more of a tan. She was in great shape, having worked out

regularly for over two years to finally shed that "freshman fifteen" and look

the way she wanted to. She had round, natural breasts that were a healthy B

cup, with nipples that were both a little darker and a little larger than one

might expect. She had a flat stomach that led down to a neatly trimmed, dark

brown bush. But perhaps her best attribute was her backside, which was round

and firm...with a delicious line of separation where the bottom edges of her

cheeks met the tops of her nicely toned legs.

Trisha was busy replacing the image of Cindy on the sidewalk with one of

herself when her best friend snapped her back to reality.

"You know, we have to be at the airport by around 6:30...you'd be standing

outside naked for a long time before the store opened."

Trisha nodded.

"And," Cindy said, "we'll be on our way to another continent."

Trisha shuddered, and felt a definite stirring between her thighs. She knew

what Cindy was getting at. They were her only friends in the city, and when

they left for the airport, she would be all alone...and naked.

"I know," she said breathlessly.

Cindy giggled.

"All right, it sounds like you've thought of everything," Cindy said. "Let's

drink to it."

"To naked Trisha!" Rob said, holding up his glass.

Cindy jabbed him with an elbow playfully, then raised her own glass.

Trisha raised hers, and downed the first of many drinks she would have that

night. They talked and laughed and drank, passing the time without so much as

turning on the TV or radio. And Trisha fell asleep feeling like it was the

night before her own personal Christmas.

Now, as the taxi approached the store's block, she was almost shaking with

excitement.

The Store Promotion - Part 2

Mon Apr 21, 2008 11:2297.100.140.208

It was nearing 6:00, but since it was a Saturday, the streets were relatively

empty and the taxi cruised effortlessly toward the store's main entrance.

Trisha alternated between holding her breath and panting quickly, trying to

calm herself down while at the same time enjoying the buzz she was feeling.

"Almost there," Cindy said, nudging Trisha's arm with her elbow and winking.

"I know," Trisha said, wishing she had something more interesting to add but

not feeling any other words enter her mind.

"There it is," Rob said from the front seat. "Looks pretty dead to me."

Trisha looked out her window at the entrance to the store. The sidewalk was

empty, aside from a few people strolling past.

"Wow," she said. "I figured there'd be at least a few people here by now...the

store opens in three hours."

"Yeah," Cindy said. "Weird."

The taxi driver pulled to a stop right in front of the entrance doors and

shifted into park. Rob turned to look at Trisha with a grin, and Cindy looked

at her too.

"You know, you totally don't have to do this," Cindy said. "We have some

time...we could circle back around and drop you off at home, no problem at

all."

Trisha looked at the entrance and thought for a moment.

"No," she said, "if I don't do this I'll regret it for a long time. I mean, I

wasn't planning on standing there all by myself, but I'm sure it won't be long

before some other people show up."

"Yeah," Rob said, "and then you'll at least have something to look at while

you wait."

Trisha and Cindy giggled.

"Is someone getting out here?" the taxi driver asked.

"Yeah," Trisha said, "just give me a second."

Slowly she reached down to untie the belt that was holding her long coat

together. In her mind, she congratulated herself on not wearing anything else,

because she wasn't sure she would've had the guts to take off any more pieces

of clothing.

"By the way, Mr. Driver," Cindy was saying, "if you look to your left when she

gets out, you'll be getting a nice visual tip."

Trisha shoved Cindy and feigned annoyance, but Cindy and Rob just laughed. The

driver appeared confused, but he was now watching Trisha intently through his

rear-view mirror.

As she let the belt straps fall to her sides, the coat began to slide open on

its own, and she felt herself going damp almost instantly. She was hoping it

wouldn't show on the coat, since it would be traveling with her friends

overseas. She stared down at her very bare legs and stomach, and the barely

perceptible pubic hair coming into view between her thighs.

"Oh god," she said quietly. Cindy looked like she was about to say something,

but apparently thought better of it.

"I'm so sorry," Trisha said, "I don't want to make you guys late, I really

don't...this'll just take a second."

"Take your time," Rob said, his eyes locked unapologetically on the field of

bare skin that was now visible from Trisha's neck all the way down to her

toes. Cindy shot a glance at him, but then smiled.

Taking a deep breath, Trisha brought her hands up to her lapels and began

pulling the coat away from her chest. Her taut breasts came into view, along

with their prominent nipples that were now standing out even more than usual.

She closed her eyes and quickly pulled it backward and off her arms, leaving

her sitting on the coat with no covering of any kind.

Cindy gave a playful wolf-whistle, and Rob yelled out "Yeah!" like his

favorite team had just scored a touchdown. The driver gasped and did a

double-take.

"Okay," Trisha said, "I guess I better go."

Cindy and Rob just sat watching her. She was glad they weren't trying to rush

things along.

"Have a great trip," Trisha said. "I can't wait to hear all about it."

"And I can't wait to hear all about this," Cindy said, pointedly gesturing at

Trisha's exposed body.

"Me neither," Rob said.

Trisha leaned over to hug Cindy, and felt the contrast between her erect

sensitive nipples and Cindy's soft sweater. It turned her on even more, and

she knew she had reached the point where if she was going to exit the cab,

this was the time to do it.

"I'll get out and give you a hug too," Rob said, jokingly pretending to open

his door.

"Oh stop it," Cindy said laughing.

Trisha then reached for the handle to her door and pulled, feeling a slight

breeze flow in as the door cracked open.

"Take good care of my coat," she said, glancing at the last piece of clothing

she would be wearing for the next few hours.

"Don't worry," Cindy said. "Now, go for it!"

Hearing her best friend's words of encouragement, she threw the door open and

swung her bare legs around, feeling the cool pavement on her feet. She closed

her eyes again, and summoning all her strength, she stood up, completely

naked, on the sidewalk in the middle of the city. Not wanting to give herself

the option of chickening out, she shut the door quickly, leaving herself

completely exposed.

"Have a great time sweetie!" she heard Cindy say as the taxi pulled away

quickly. She wasn't expecting them to leave so fast...they did have a plane to

catch, but still.

Realizing for the first time the gravity of her situation, Trisha looked

around at the stunned faces of the handful of people nearby. She had never

felt so exposed, so vulnerable and so utterly turned on in her life. Men and

women she had never met before were staring at her completely exposed breasts,

pussy, legs...everything. And there wasn't much she could do about it, she

thought, making herself shudder visibly.

She didn't know what to say, so she instinctively covered her aching breasts

with one arm and threw the other hand over her now slightly dripping pussy,

and darted over toward the entrance doors to wait...giving everyone a free and

unimpeded view of her well-toned, bouncing bare ass.

She reached the doors, leaned back against the cool glass, and tried to catch

her breath. Now, she thought, I just have to wait for reinforcements.

The Store Promotion - Part 3

Mon Apr 21, 2008 16:5397.100.140.208

It had been almost two hours, Trisha guessed, since the taxi pulled away, and

nobody had arrived at the store. No naked people, no tv cameras, no

nothing...except the steady stream of people gawking at her naked body and

occasionally making rude comments.

"This isn't that kind of neighborhood, you hussy!" an older woman had yelled

at her. "Go home and put some clothes on!"

Trisha was beginning to wish she could do just that, but she knew that if she

just held out a little longer, she wouldn't be the only one getting stared at.

There would be other women there with their breasts and butts and pussies

exposed for all to see...and there would be men too, probably a lot of men,

letting it all hang out for the viewing pleasure of anyone who cared to look.

She started imagining, wishing that Cindy and Rob were there with her. Cindy's

perky little pink nipples and shaved pussy would be quite a hit with these

people, she thought.

She just had to wait it out. People would come...they had to come. There was

no way she was the only person in the city who'd want to do this for a free

wardrobe.

"Hey honey," said a grizzly voice that brought her out of her thoughts and

back onto that unforgiving slab of concrete. She looked to her left to see a

dirty, bearded man who was staring at her like she was a piece of candy. She

tried to look away and ignore him, but he just kept staring.

A tear crept into the side of one eye, and she tried to squeeze it away but it

ran down her cheek and dropped onto her breast, reminding her once again of

her complete lack of clothing. But despite the humiliation and discomfort and

fear that were slowly creeping over her, she still felt incredibly horny.

She almost laughed to herself when she realized that as soon as she got home

in her new outfit, she would have to take it off immediately in order to

satisfy her incredible urge to masturbate and relieve the amazing tension that

was centered between her legs. She knew she would relive these moments over

and over again as she lay naked and spread-eagled on her bed, letting her

fingers do their dirtiest...but right now she wanted some safety, some clue

that her plan hadn't somehow fallen through.

A few minutes later the grizzly man walked away, replaced by a man in a

suit...with a briefcase. Trisha smiled when he approached, thinking that he

must be involved in coordinating the event that had become her ultimate

fantasy. But as he approached, he didn't smile back.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Trisha just stood there, stunned. No words came out.

"I asked you a question, miss," the man said curtly.

"I...I..." Trisha stammered, "I'm here for the promotion. You know, the free

wardrobe?"

The man looked at her and sighed, shaking his head.

"My god, lady," he said, looking around. "Don't you watch television? Listen

to the radio? Read the paper?"

Trisha's short-lived relief was quickly turning into panic. She didn't want to

continue the conversation, because somehow she knew where it was leading. She

simply shook her head, and felt tears welling up again.

"It was all over the news last night," he said, "everywhere. The protests, the

pressure on our sponsors, all that crap. Damn moral conservatives. I can't

believe you didn't hear about it."

Trisha's breath quickened, and her legs felt shaky.

"We had to call off the promotion," he was saying. "It's not happening. I'm

sorry, but you need to go home."

He started to unlock the store's front door, but Trisha shook herself out of

her panic-induced fog long enough to stop him.

"Please, wait," she said. "Can't you let me in and give me something to cover

up with? Please?"

The man looked at her and sighed.

"I wish I could," he said, "but I could get in a lot of trouble. Look, just

because nobody's protesting doesn't mean nobody's watching."

She wiped the tears away and pleaded with him.

"But I have nowhere to go," she said. "I have nothing to wear and I have

nobody I can call."

"I'm really sorry, miss," he said. "But I can't risk my job for you. This is

serious stuff...we can't risk any more attacks or bad publicity. In fact, the

last thing they told me last night was that if there's anybody stupid enough

to show up here naked today, I'm supposed to call the police."

Trisha's heart dropped.

"Oh god," she said.

"But," he said, softening his face just slightly, "if you leave right now, I

won't call them. I'll say I felt sorry for you or something...but at least if

anyone's watching, it won't look like I helped you."

Trisha looked around, from side to side and behind her. There were still

several pairs of eyes, drinking in every inch of her naked frame from varying

distances.

"You...you want me to leave? Like this?"

He nodded.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's the best I can do. Anyway, wherever you're going,

you better get moving. This is Saturday, and these empty streets are going to

fill up mighty fast when these stores start opening."

She stood still, not moving, just shaking her head.

"I...I can't," she said. "I have nowhere to go."

"Sorry, lady," he said. "If I come back to this door and see you still

standing here, I will call the police."

With that, he closed the entrance door behind him and locked it again. She saw

him through the glass, walking between the displays, climbing the main

stairway and disappearing out of sight. It wasn't like when the taxi had

pulled away...a good chunk of that excitement had been replaced with fear and

helplessness.

She did her best to shake the tears away so she could see straight, and looked

up and down the street, desperately searching for an idea...a solution that

wasn't coming. She was stranded...completely naked...15 blocks from home...on

a public street that would soon be jam-packed with shoppers. And her only

friends were on a plane that would be heading over the Atlantic Ocean. She had

no options...even giving up wasn't an option. It was a nightmare...an

incredibly scary, incredibly sexy nightmare that she wouldn't be able to wake

up from.

People had started gathering up the block where a coffee shop had just opened,

and despite the fact that her head was still spinning, she was finally able to

make a decision based on that. Even though she knew she would be giving all

those caffeine cravers an unlimited view of her absolutely bare ass, she

summoned the strength to start her legs moving away from them.

Slowly, feeling the cool breeze pass between her legs and hearing her bare

feet slap against the pavement, she started walking in the direction of her

apartment...and wondered how this had all turned so wrong so fast.

The Store Promotion - Part 4

One of the first things that surprised Trisha as she started walking was the

tendency of a lot of people to ignore her, or pretend they didn't see her.

Obviously it wasn't every day that a completely naked, very sexy woman walked

down a main thoroughfare, but a surprising number of people just took a quick

glance and kept walking. One couple with a small child, however, had some

choice words for her (not surprisingly), and the mother pulled out a cellular

phone as they walked past...which made Trisha even more nervous. Being naked

in public was one thing, but getting handcuffed and hauled off to jail was

quite another.

Although the people she approached as she made her way down the block were

only seeing her blushing nudity for a brief moment at a time, she could

definitely hear consistent footsteps behind her, and her ass burned as she

realized it was being stared at intently. She could barely concentrate, she

was so turned on by the thought of anonymous people drinking in the bare

curves she'd worked so hard to perfect.

She thought about jogging home...after all, 15 blocks would normally be

nothing to her. But given the combination of her bare feet and the fact that

she was constantly on the verge of hyperventilating, not to mention the

difficulty of keeping covered up while running, she quickly dismissed the idea

and kept walking, hoping someone would help her before the streets filled up.

Every step felt like it took an hour, and with every step it seemed there were

more people coming into view. She would be lucky if she could reach her

residential block before things really got crazy.

Just as she was completing her slow, humiliating stroll down the first block,

a voice from behind interrupted her.

"Hey," the female voice said. "Are you okay?"

Trisha turned to see a young, slender woman with jet-black hair holding open a

shop door. She looked friendly, and Trisha, grateful for any semblance of

hope, nearly sprinted to her side.

"Come on in," the girl said to the breathless naked walker. She ushered her

inside the shop and re-locked the door. Must not be open yet, Trisha

thought...surprised that she could still think at all. She looked around and

saw bras, panties, satin, lace...she was in a lingerie store. How ironic, she

thought.

"So," the girl said, "what's your story?"

Trisha shook her head and struggled to catch her breath before relaying the

entire story, from the time she saw the ad in the paper to her agonizing, yet

incredibly stimulating walk down the sidewalk. As she spoke, the girl's eyes

got wider, as did her smile.

"Oh my god!" she said. "That is awesome!"

Trisha frowned.

"Awesome?"

"Yeah!" the girl said. "Man, that is so hot. I bet you're so cranked up you

can't wait to get home and take care of things, huh?"

Trisha blushed. She didn't want to give away too much, but something about

this girl made her feel comfortable, so she admitted that it was pretty exciting.

"I bet," she said. "You know, I was going to call in sick and go down there

this morning, until I heard it was cancelled. Talk about an opportunity."

Trisha nodded and smiled.

"Yeah, unfortunately I didn't hear about the cancellation."

The girl shook her head.

"What do you mean, unfortunately? You're in, like, the ultimate hot situation

here. You're buck-ass naked, in public, and there's nothing you can do about it!"

Trisha shuddered and felt the tingling between her legs grow even more. This

girl was right...she couldn't wait to get home.

"Anyway, my name's Dana," the girl said, holding out her hand.

"I'm Trisha," Trisha said, shaking Dana's hand and inadvertently flashing her

bare, moist pussy.

"Oh my," Dana said, not even bothering to pretend she didn't notice. Trisha

saw her eyes locked on her most private area and felt her legs go weak.

"Listen," she said, trying to regain her composure. "Can you help me?"

Dana thought for a moment, looking the naked woman up and down and giving a

big, toothy smile.

"Well sure I can," she said finally. "I can help you in more ways than one."

Trisha cocked her head to the side.

"See," Dana said, "the way I see it, you want to be watched. Nobody needs a

new wardrobe this badly."

Trisha took a deep breath, and in spite of herself, she let her eyes drift to

the floor and nodded slowly.

"Anyway, I think you're hot," Dana said, "and it's not every day that a hot

naked woman wanders into my store. So I know I'll regret it if I don't take

advantage of the situation...you know? I'm sure you understand."

Trisha looked into Dana's friendly eyes.

"What do you mean?"

Dana smiled.

"I want to watch, and you want to be watched. So, how about you give me a

little show for a while, and then I give you something to wear home?"

Trisha smiled nervously.

"A show?"

"Yeah," Dana said. "I'll grab my camera, you'll make some great Hallmark

moments, and then you'll head home."

Trisha's mouth went dry.

"Did you say camera?"

Dana sighed.

"Look Trish, you just walked a whole block in front of what, dozens of people?

At least? You really think none of them had a camera phone?"

Trisha's heart sank.

"Trust me," Dana said, "there are already pictures of your naked ass out

there...hell, the way things are today, I wouldn't be surprised if you were

already on the internet."

Trisha sat on the floor and started breathing heavily again. How had things

gotten so far out of control? This girl was offering to help her, but at what

cost? If she left now she might miss most of the traffic, but if she waited

and "put on a show," she would at least have something to wear.

"Anyway, come on," Dana said. "Quit acting like you're not excited by the

thought."

Trisha looked up at Dana's cute face and made a decision.

"Okay," she said finally. "Where's your camera?"

The Store Promotion - Part 5

Fri Apr 25, 2008 20:3597.100.140.208

Trisha looked over her shoulder, through the window that revealed the

sidewalk. She counted five people walking by the front of the shop while Dana

was rummaging for her camera. By the time she finished her "show," whatever

that entailed, the streets were going to be pretty packed. Thank goodness Dana

was going to clothe her before she had to leave again.

She turned to see if Dana was having any luck, and was struck by the sight of

her tight little ass being hugged by a pair of cute low-rise jeans. She

apparently wasn't wearing any underwear, because the top of her ass crack was

peeking out above her jeans. How strange for someone who works in a lingerie

store, Trisha thought.

"Here it is," Dana said, hopping up and coming face-to-face with Trisha. She

paused and smirked when she noticed where Trisha's eyes had been.

"Checking out my ass, huh?" she chuckled.

Trisha shook her head.

"No," she said, "I, uh...I was just looking to see if you were having any luck

finding your camera...you know."

"Sure," Dana said, "whatever you say. But in case you were checking out my ass

and you're just too shy to admit it, here's a little show for you."

With that, she turned around, unzipped her jeans and thrust them down to her

knees. Trisha's mouth gaped open at the suddenly bare ass of her new friend.

It was really cute, and Trisha felt embarrassed for enjoying the view. She had

never really thought about girls that way, but she'd never been wholly against

the idea either. Just when it seemed she couldn't be any more aroused, this

young woman had found one more way to push her buttons.

"You done?" Dana said, giggling.

Trisha realized she was staring, and immediately felt herself blush from head

to toe.

"Uh, sorry," she said.

"Don't be," Dana said, pulling her pants back up. "Nothing wrong with it. Did

you like what you saw?"

Trisha's head was spinning, and her horniness was definitely beginning to

affect her judgment, because she heard herself saying something completely out

of character.

"Yeah," she said, "your ass is hot."

Dana smiled and giggled again.

"Thanks."

Trisha smiled and felt slightly more at ease. She was beginning to think this

could turn into one great day, instead of a great disaster.

"So," Dana said, "are you ready?"

Trisha's smile faded and she felt herself becoming self-conscious again. She

was buzzing with excitement, but her shyness was still a problem.

"Come on," Dana said, snapping a picture quickly. "Relax sweetie, you'll like it."

Trisha smiled shyly and rocked back and forth, something that really played up

the innocent angle, especially since her hands were still clasped in front of

her sensitive areas.

Dana snapped another picture and said, "very cute."

Trisha smiled and playfully blew a kiss toward Dana without moving her hands.

"Okay," Dana said. "I like the shy thing, but why don't we do a few without

the hands?"

Trisha took a deep breath and didn't move.

"It'll be fun, come on," Dana said. "Look, I'll show you how easy it is."

Before Trisha could react, Dana set her camera down and reached for her black

t-shirt, which escaped quickly over her head, revealing gorgeous, unexpectedly

large C-cup breasts with perfect pink nipples. Then for the second time, she

unzipped her jeans and shoved them down, this time stepping out of them. As

she straightened up, Trisha couldn't stop her eyes from locking on the shaved,

pink, puffy lips of her new friend's pussy.

"See?" Dana said, picking up her camera again.

Trisha was out-of-her-mind horny at this point, and against her better

judgment she dropped her hands, revealing her own tits and pussy for Dana.

"Nice," Dana said, snapping away. "Smile big!"

Trisha smiled and played it up to the camera, loving the attention. She

massaged her aching breasts, licked her fingers, bent at the waist...the kinds

of things she'd seen famous models do before.

"I love it," Dana said, letting one hand slide down to gently stroke her clit.

"Now how about you turn around and show me what first drew me to you?"

Trisha gulped and turned around, looking over her shoulder and glancing down

as if checking to make sure her bare ass was really facing this person she'd

just met. She'd stared at it herself many times in the mirror, and letting

someone else stare at it was beyond hot.

"Incredible," Dana said, continuing to touch herself.

Trisha looked into Dana's friendly face and took another step beyond her

boundaries, bending over and showing Dana everything from behind.

"Whoa," Dana said. "Now we're talking."

Trisha smiled and stood back up, giggling and blushing again.

"So," she said, glancing out the window again at the people walking by, "are

we done?"

"Almost," Dana said. "Just need to switch this thing to video."

As Dana stood there naked, fiddling with the buttons on her camera, Trisha

took stock of the situation. She had no idea how she came to be standing naked

in a lingerie store, with an equally naked sales associate about to take naked

video of her. Something told her she should stop, but Dana wasn't asking

anymore...she was directing.

"Okay, I got it," Dana said. "Go ahead and sit on the floor there and spread

your legs."

"What?" Trisha said breathlessly.

"Well," Dana said, "you can keep your legs together if you want, but it'll be

harder to play with yourself."

Trisha's face went numb. She was so turned on and so confused and so excited,

she could barely speak.

"Go on," Dana said. "The sooner you do it, the sooner you can get dressed and

go home."

That did sound good, Trisha thought. And despite herself, she had to admit

that masturbating sounded good too.

Slowly, she lowered herself to the floor and, like Dana asked, she spread her

legs so her bare, dripping pussy was laid out in front of the camera.

"Okay," Dana said, suddenly sounding out of breath as her off-hand found its

mark again, "go for it, girl."

Trisha slowly slid one hand down her stomach to where her hot, swollen pussy

lips were waiting. She started to close her eyes, then changed her mind and

locked them on Dana's naked form. Something about masturbating naked in front

of a naked masturbating woman was almost too much to handle.

"Great," Dana said, her voice cracking and her fingers working quicker. Trisha

followed in kind, working her fingers harder and hearing her breath escaping

in soft, high-pitched moans. This wasn't going to take long at all, she

thought.

Dana was apparently in the same boat, because she collapsed to one knee and

breathed even harder, struggling to keep the camera fixed on Trisha, who was

rapidly losing control. Trisha felt as though she might pass out as the orgasm

approached, consuming her as she watched Dana fingering herself. Suddenly she

came, her body throwing itself into convulsions and her hips bucking with

pleasure. She heard Dana coming too, which made her own orgasm even more

pleasurable. Wave after wave crashed over her and she felt her fingers getting

drenched before she finally collapsed back onto her back on the carpet.

"Wow," Dana said, sitting down next to her. "That was freakin' hot."

Trisha could only nod, pant, and smile.

The Store Promotion - Part 6

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When she finished catching her breath, Trisha sat up and wondered what time it

was. The ultimate euphoria of her orgasm with an audience was beginning to

wear off, and she was starting to think clearly again about her situation. She

still had to get dressed and head home, although she wasn't as worried as

before since she would no longer be nude when she hit the streets again.

Looking up, she saw the gorgeous vision of her new friend Dana, still naked as

the day she was born as she strolled back toward Trisha from the back room.

She was carrying a handful of tissues, which she used to touch up the very wet

area between Trisha's legs. Trisha shuddered as she realized that despite the

very personal moment they had shared, it was the first time they had touched

since they shook hands earlier.

"Thanks," she gasped.

"No problem," Dana said. "It wouldn't be fair to send you home all drippy."

Trisha blushed.

"Um...can I ask you a question?"

Dana smiled.

"Of course baby."

"What are you going to do with the pictures and video?"

Dana smiled a devilish grin.

"Turns you on not knowing, doesn't it?"

Trisha shook her head unconvincingly.

"Well," Dana said, "why don't you write down your e-mail address and I'll send

them to you. You'll definitely want to have a look."

With that, Dana turned around to grab a pen and paper, giving Trisha another

look at her perky bare ass.

"Here you go," Dana said. "Trust me, receiving naked pics of yourself from

someone else? Very hot. You'll love it."

Trisha smiled weakly and wrote down her e-mail address, still wondering how

she got here.

"So," Trisha said, "can I get dressed now?"

"Oh, but you look so hot," Dana said, intentionally looking over every inch of

Trisha's body.

"Th-thanks," Trisha stammered, "but I really should go before it gets too busy

outside."

Dana glanced out the window.

"Too late for that, I think," she said.

Trisha swung around and saw that the sidewalks were now full of people. Was it

already time for the stores to open?

As if she was reading Trisha's mind, Dana responded.

"Not quite opening time, but close. I guess it is time to put something on."

Trisha sighed and gave a smile to her new friend, who was now standing up and

pulling her jeans up. Once she yanked the t-shirt down over her head, it made

Trisha feel exceedingly naked once again.

"Wait right here," Dana said. "I have the perfect thing for you to wear. It's

in the back."

"Really?" Trisha asked, glad that her ordeal was finally coming to an end.

"Yeah," Dana said from the back room. "The warehouse sent it to us by

mistake...it's not really the sort of thing we usually carry. My manager

wanted me to send it back, but I'm sure she'll forget about it if I don't

mention it again."

Trisha looked around at the bras and panties, along with the pajama tops and

bottoms, the modest nightgowns, the stockings and garter belts...she would

have to return here to do some more shopping, she thought.

"Why don't you duck into the changing room there, in case people start looking

in the window?"

Suddenly the lights in the shop came on, bathing Trisha's naked body in

unforgiving light. She squealed and dashed into the changing room without

checking to see if anyone was looking in.

"Here you go," Dana said. "Try it on...it'll look great on you."

Trisha reached out to grab the item and pull it back in the changing room.

Closing the door and unfolding the garment, her heart began to sink again.

"Be sure to come out and model for me too," Dana said, giggling.

Trisha held up the item in disbelief. She had posed and masturbated,

completely naked, in front of a stranger with a camera...and all she got in

return was this.

"Are you kidding?" Trisha asked.

"Nope," Dana said. "I told you I'd give you something to wear, and that's

something to wear."

"But..."

"Now, now," Dana said, "don't be upset. When you look back on this, you're

going to thank me for all the masturbation material I'm helping you build."

Trisha blushed again and shuddered. She was really in trouble now, but the

longer she waited, the worse it would get. Feeling defeated, she slipped into

the item and looked at herself in the mirror.

It was a black teddy...sort of. The front was a thin mesh material, so thin

that it left everything completely visible. Her areolas were there, clear as

day, and her dark nipples were straining against the material, which would

draw even more attention. Her pubic hair was also showing through, and even

her vaginal lips were somewhat visible.

In the back it was even worse, if that was possible. She was essentially still

naked from behind, because all there was to "cover" her were two thin straps

that came together in a "t" shape at her upper back. One strap crossed

horizontally from under one arm to under the other, while the other descended

from the halter at the back of her neck and disappeared into the crack of her

ass. The straps were so thin, they didn't serve to cover anything...they were

only there to keep the front of the teddy from falling off.

Turning back around and again being stunned by how bare her privates still

were, Trisha began to panic. Dana, her sweet new friend, was going to send her

home like this. She couldn't decide whether it was even an improvement over

her previous situation. At least if she was naked, people might think it was

accidental and feel sorry for her...wearing this in public would just make her

look like a slut.

"Come on," Dana said. "What's taking so long? Don't you want to go home?"

Sheepishly, Trisha opened the changing room door and stepped out, cringing at

the bright lights that would make her visible to anyone walking by.

"Hot mama," Dana said. "I like it."

"Thanks," Trisha said absently, already wondering how she could possibly make

it home.

Dana seemed to notice her concern, because she smiled smiled sweetly and

walked to her, wrapping her arms around her and giving her a hug.

"I know you'll thank me," she whispered, running her fingers down the bare

skin of Trisha's back and squeezing her perfect ass.

Trisha was breathing heavily, waiting for the final words to escape Dana's

mouth. She didn't have to wait long.

"Okay, babe," she said, "time for you to go home. I have to open the store in

a few minutes."

Overcome with a hundred different emotions and feeling her pussy go damp

again, Trisha stepped robotically toward the front door.

"See you soon," Dana said, blowing her a kiss.

Trisha turned and looked at her new friend, and managed a smile.

"Thank you," she said, and stepped out into the bright sunlight.

The Store Promotion - Part 7

As the door to the lingerie shop closed behind her, Trisha's new-found

euphoria quickly started to evaporate. What was she thinking? It was almost

like she was drunk, having somehow reached the point of looking forward to

walking home dressed in something that was equivalent to nothing.

She started to turn back to the door for help, but she noticed her new friend

Dana standing there. As if to signal that she was finally on her own again,

Dana locked the door and blew Trisha another kiss, smiling big the entire time.

Trisha managed to return a half-hearted smile before turning back toward her

task.

The streets were heavy with shoppers, but fortunately very few of them were

children. Trisha hadn't considered the fact that she might be unwittingly

encouraging "facts of life" questions that parents might have to answer

earlier than they expected to. Luckily, most of the people on the streets were

young or middle-aged, but there were still so many of them.

"Oh god," Trisha said under her breath as she cautiously took a step toward

her apartment. If only she had kept walking earlier, she would be home safe by

now. Instead she had let herself get caught up in a play date with a stranger

who had now increased her exposure exponentially.

"Put some clothes on, you skank," said an angry-looking middle-aged woman as

she walked by. Trisha started to feel tears forming again, but did her best to

push them back down. Was she really becoming a skank? What did it say about

her that this humiliating exposure was turning her on so much?

A pair of teenage girls walked past, whistling and laughing when they saw her

attire. This was going to be one long walk, she thought.

For the first few steps, she kept one arm over her breasts and used the other

hand to cover her pussy, much like she had earlier when she was officially

naked. But she started to wonder if her body language was making it more

obvious that she was underdressed. As much as the thought scared her, she

decided that if she walked normally, she might be less noticeable to these

shoppers...who were largely stuck in their own little worlds as they sought

their consumer goods.

Taking a deep breath, Trisha cautiously lowered the arm covering her breasts,

glancing down only briefly to see her painfully obvious nipples poking out.

Shaking her head and looking skyward, she let her other hand slide to the side

as well, knowing that now anyone who looked would get to see essentially

everything she was used to hiding.

Lowering her arms allowed her to walk faster, and she pushed ahead, feeling

her upsupported tits and 99.9% bare ass bouncing and shaking with every step.

If she just kept walking, she would be home soon.

"Whoa baby, slow down," came a male voice behind her. She knew he was staring

at the exposed skin of her backside, and he probably wasn't alone, but she

didn't turn or try to cover up. It would be too much to deal with. She just

had to keep walking.

As she walked, she couldn't keep her mind from emphasizing her situation. Her

tits, ass and pussy were all on display, and she was walking down a public

street intentionally not covering them with her hands. People could see her

breasts...her nipples...her pubic hair...her bare butt...everything. They

could see everything.

All of a sudden, Trisha found herself on the verge of an orgasm. She was

walking down a busy street on a Saturday, wearing the equivalent of nothing,

and she was building to an orgasm. She tried to think about something else,

but her mind was stuck on the same track. She desperately wanted to masturbate

and take advantage of the delicious tension that was throbbing between her thighs.

Much to her surprise, she began looking for a place to do it. She was actually

trying to find somewhere, in public, to masturbate. She was so turned on by

being exposed in public that she had to play with herself in public too. What

was happening to her? She couldn't think about it...she just had to find a spot.

Suddenly she saw it. One of the stores had a side alley where deliveries were

made, and without giving it a second thought, she turned and walked down

toward the back of the store.

There, she saw her opportunity. As though it had been laid out for her by

destiny itself, there before her was an empty delivery truck, and on the

ground behind it was a brand new couch.

How much more trouble could I get in, she thought as she tossed herself onto

the couch, spread her legs and started going at herself vigorously. At this

point, she hardly cared if anyone came along...in fact, she almost hoped

someone would.

Her fingers rubbed furiously as she felt her orgasm approaching, but she was

having trouble working them in through the tight mesh fabric. Pulling it

aside, she dug her fingers into the wet folds of her pussy and exploded into

ecstacy.

Her muscles clenched, her body jerked and the familiar waves of pleasure

crashed over her, again and again, nearly making her lose consciousness. It

was still the morning, but the day had already brought her the two most

powerful orgasms of her life. She lay there dazed for a few moments, drinking

in the feeling.

When she came to her senses, she realized a problem. During her orgasm,

between the bucking of her hips and the tension in her muscles, the hand that

was holding the fabric of her teddy aside so she could work her pussy had, in

fact, torn the garment where it had attached between her legs.

As she sat up, she could feel the thin strap dangling harmlessly down to the

middle of her back, no longer reaching the crack of her beautiful ass.

Meanwhile, the front of the teddy now hung loosely from her breasts, with the

torn bottom edge resting just below her belly button.

"What's going on here?"

Trisha looked up and saw a sweaty man in jeans and a t-shirt, staring right at

her gaping pussy with wide eyes.

"Hey Joe," he yelled, "come on man, you gotta see this!"

Trisha, rapidly coming out of her post-orgasmic paradise and falling into a

state of panic, jumped up from the couch and turned back to the alley. She

ran, feeling the cool breeze against the wet patches on her inner thighs. The

flimsy material swung from side to side as she ran, never coming close to

covering even a part of her lower body.

She reached the street, and despite the fact that her legs were shaking and

her head was swimming, she turned to the right and kept on running, trying to

ignore the stares from the ever-growing crowd.

The Store Promotion - Part 8

The streets were so full, Trisha desperately wanted to close her eyes so she

could pretend the prying eyes weren't really there. But they were...hundreds

of pairs of eyes. They stared right at her bare pussy, visible below the

dangling edge of mesh teddy that had torn during her passionate public orgasm.

And even more stared at her sculpted, bouncing bare ass as she ran away,

feeling the torn spaghetti strap tickling her lower back but reaching no further.

She also noticed the camera phones. There must have been dozens of them as she

ran past. Did everyone have to have a copy of her bare privates to share with

their friends or post online? She hated to even think of it. At least she

didn't know anyone, and she was pretty sure it wouldn't be her face they would

be remembering later.

She couldn't believe what she had gotten herself into. This was supposed to be

a fun day. She was supposed to stand around naked with a hundred other naked

people for a couple of hours, and then get a free outfit. Instead she was

streaking down a busy sidewalk in broad daylight, wearing a torn teddy that

never covered anything to begin with but was even less useful now.

Running was bad, but at least people didn't have too much time to see

anything. When she was unfortunate enough to get caught by a red light, she

really started to panic.

As the cars whizzed past, the sidewalk started to fill up with pedestrians

behind her, and their quiet chatter made it clear that every one of them

noticed her. How could they not, she thought. The comments ranged from

confused to rude to almost flattering.

"What the hell?"

"Damn...friggin slut should put some clothes on."

"Yeah, she should be in a whorehouse window or something."

"Look, you can see her whole ass."

"That is hot."

"Hey baby, how about turning around and letting us see the front?"

Trisha tried to keep her cool and hold back the tears, but it was getting to

be too much. Between the peanut gallery staring at her bare ass and the cars

in front honking at her lack of attire, it was putting her into sensory

overload. She was tired, humiliated, excited, mortified, scared and horny all

at the same time. As much as she fought, she couldn't hold it in any longer.

As the tears came down, the comments stopped. Her torn teddy must have

suddenly appeared more tragic than trashy. A man next to her put his hand on

her shoulder.

"Are you okay, miss?"

She jerked away and blubbered, "no thank you."

Why wouldn't the light change? Why did she have to stand here giving all these

strangers a close-up view of her most prized asset in all its glory?

"You sure?"

Just then, the light finally changed, and Trisha bolted ahead with a new sense

of purpose. Just get home, she thought. Just get home and it'll be over. But

even in her current state, she wondered if she would be glad to reach her door

or if a part of her would be disappointed.

When she reached her block, her question was answered. She felt a huge sense

of relief that grew with every step. When she approached her apartment

building, she started to slow down to enjoy the feeling of the wind between

her bare legs just for a moment, then sprinted onto the property.

Not wanting to waste any more time, she ran down the hall toward her

apartment, stopping at the shadow box full of bulletins. Carefully she reached

her hand up above to the spot where she kept her spare key, knowing full well

that a neighbor could come by at any moment and catch the view that everyone

else had enjoyed that day.

Then Trisha gasped in disbelief, and felt her heart almost stop. Her spare key

wasn't there.

Feeling the panic start to set in again, she turned clumsily toward her

apartment, where she saw a note wedged in the door frame. Grabbing it and

unfolding it quickly, she read the words.

"Trisha, we found your key on top of the bulletin box. There have been a lot

of break-ins lately, so for your safety we took it back to the office. You can

come pick it up any time. Thanks! - Jesse, Maintenance"

And with that, her adventure wasn't quite over. She sank to the floor, feeling

the cold concrete on her bare flesh, and read the note over and over again,

hoping the words would magically change.

"Oh god," she said out loud. Up until now, it had been friends and strangers

who had seen her. Now the leasing office would get a peek. She didn't know how

much more she could take, but she knew she had to get it over with.

Willing her bare legs to support her one more time, she tried to straighten

out the teddy as best she could, but it just wasn't working. She decided it

might be easier to explain herself if she didn't have it on at all, so she

tore it off and tossed it on the floor by her door.

Breathing heavily again and trying to steel her nerves, she once again clasped

an arm over her breasts and the other hand over her pussy and began walking

down the hall.

The leasing office was just one building over, next to the pool, and Trisha

was hopeful that if she was careful, nobody but the leasing assistants would

see her. As she emerged from the hallway, she saw that the complex was pretty

empty.

It's now or never, she thought as she jogged around the corner toward the

office.

Then she stopped dead in her tracks. Unfortunately she hadn't noticed the sign

in the bulletin box announcing a free Saturday barbecue at the pool for all

the residents. And now practically all those residents were silent, staring

right at her as she stood...completely naked.

Looking back, it was a mixed blessing. Because of the mass confusion, Trisha

was able to get her key back from the office without much of an explanation

beyond "I got locked out and I need my key." And of course, there were plenty

of greedy stares, both from the men and the women who saw her, which made her

horny all over again. When she did finally reach the safety of her apartment,

she added to her daily orgasm total by more than a couple.

From that moment on, two things were different at Trisha's apartment complex.

Whenever anyone saw her, they would make a joke like "don't forget your key"

and package it with a friendly smile. And the torn teddy was now displayed on

her wall, with a small handwritten sign that read:

THE FREE OUTFIT I WON FOR GOING NAKED IN PUBLIC

The End.