**The urge**

by Zelten

Janet felt free, freer than she had ever been. Running through the crowded streets of her town. People pointed, stared, gasped as the naked beauty tore through the crowds, her breasts bouncing with every step, her long flowing hair brushing past her bare shoulders. She loved it; the crowd was chanting her name...

"Janet!"

She closed her eyes and let the voices go over her

"Janet!"

It sounded like they were going into a single voice...

"JANET! WAKE UP!"

Janet’s eyes blinked open as she saw the found, perky face of her roommate standing over her.

"W-what?" She stuttered.

"About time you woke up sleepy head. We're going to be late for class." Her roommate, Mila said. "Get ready; I don't want to make excuses for you again."

"Oh..class...right." Janet said, still sleepy and thinking about her dream. "um..shower open?"

"Yeah." Mila said, walking over to her bed. "Might be a bit cold because you slept in though."

Janet stretched, looking around the dorm room she shared with Mila. The two girls had been friends since grade school, graduated High School together last June, and now shared the same college dorm. While their room was a bit small, Janet couldn't think of any other person who she wanted to stay with.

Mila was in the process of putting her books together while Janet got out of bed, still thinking about that wonderful streaking dream, which hadn't been the first time she had it.

Mila turned back to Janet. "Have you seen my History text...book." Her face suddenly turned red and she turned her head away.

"What's your problem?" Janet asked, confused.

"Janet how many times do I have to tell you, when you get out of bed to out your damn clothes on. "

"Wha-oh!" Janet blushed when she realized that she was completely naked! In the confusion of waking up and still being sleepy she had forgotten that she slept this way. She quickly grabbed a towel and wrapped it around herself. "Sorry Mila, I'm still tired. You can look now."

Mila turned back and smiled. "You must have some pretty good dreams if you forget that you sleep naked."

Janet thought back to the euphoric feeling of her naked ream run and blushed. "Yeah, well I see..um."

Mila held her hand up to shush her friend. "Whatever. Just get showered already. If you're not done in 20 minutes I'm leaving for class without you."

Janet nodded and quickly ran off across the hall for the shower. Luckily for her most of the girls in the dorm had already washed up by now so she had it to herself. After only a five minute shower (she washed fast under pressure, and Mila WOULD follow through on her threat and Mila) she stepped out and took a moment to look at her naked body in the mirror while she dried.

Janet was 19 years old, and stood a reasonable 5'7. Her face was rather pointed, with big dark eyes that seemed slightly too big for her face, full lips and long flowing black hair that reach down past her shoulders. her skin was tan and her body had a reasonable hourglass figure, not to firm but not to soft c-cup breasts, reasonably long legs, a butt that wasn't flat but wasn't 'big' per say and finally a nicely trimmed bush. It wasn't full and wild like some bad 60s porn star, but not completely shaved. Just cut and trimmed to look tidy and healthy. For everything it was worth, Janet really liked her body but was never one to flaunt it or brag about it. She preferred being a modest everyday girl, always look attractive but never turn heads the second she entered the room, or at least that's what she told herself.

That's where the dreams came in. The dream of running through a street, strutting into the classroom, or simply casually walking through the main campus completely naked was something she had been having for some time now, since last year at least. Part of her always wanted to simply take all her clothes off and expose her bare naked body to the world, to have the thrill of everybody staring in shock and awe at her bare figure, to hopefully spend an entire day just walking through public in her birthday suit was something that entered her mind at least once a day, and every time Janet suppressed it because she knew how idiotic it would be.

Not that Janet hadn't tried other methods. She had tried going naked at home while her family was away, longed about her dorm in the buff when Mila was gone (she tried to do it once when Mila was there but was quickly forced to put something on and play it off as a joke), heck her and Mila even tired going to a nudist resort over the summer (Janet’s excuse was that "it was something different") but both got cold feet about that, with Janet being both relived and disappointed she couldn't go naked in public. The urge had been getting strong almost daily for the three weeks she had been in college and Janet wasn't sure if she could keep it in much longer.

"Janet! Five minutes!"

Mila’s call from outside snapped Janet out of her thought. She looked at her naked body one more time and wrapped the towel around herself, fighting the urge to simply walk across the hall without wearing it at all.

"Coming!"

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A few minutes later the two were walking across the sun-lit main campus to their history class. Janet was wearing a pair of yellow short shorts, with a tight, lime-green tank top which pressed against her breasts just enough to show them off, but that wasn't intentional on Janet’s part.

Mila on the other hand was wearing a modest denim skirt which went past her knees and a regular T-shirt. Modest, boring, an unnoticeable which oddly enough described Mila to a T.

Mila’s body shape could be described as small. She was much shorter than Janet, at only 5'0 even. Her form was incredibly skinny but luckily still healthy to look at. She had A-cup breasts, a rather flat backside, and gave off the aura of a rather plain girl. Like Janet she had tan skin and black hair, only hers was shorter, not going past her neck and her eyes were small and beady, which looked odd on her oddly round face. Mila was still a pretty girl but wouldn't be the first runner-up in a beauty contest.

Janet was still thinking back about streaking. She looked across the campus and could just picture herself frolicking in the grass.

"No clothes right?"

Janet snapped out of her trance again. "What?"

"When the Europeans made contact with the Natives. I don't think they had clothes."

"What are you talking about?"

Mila looked worriedly at her friend. "History? The thing we're going to right now?"

"Oh, of course they wore clothes."

"Really? Dammit why can't we study the naked tribes?"

Janet giggled; Mila always had a way to start conversations off the right way.

"It's just a funny way to think about how they lived, imagine going without clothes all day."

Janet saw an opening to finally talk about her own issues. "Would you be OK if everybody was naked?"

"Hell no!" Mila protested. "For one thing, all the ugly people would ruin it and the porn industry would be ruined."

"Yeah but what about the people who like to do the naked in public thing?"

"Exhibitionists you mean? They can do what they want. See what I care."

Janet couldn't hold it in; she had to tell somebody about this. "Mila I wanted to talk to you ab-"

"Hey guys!" Another girl suddenly ran up. One with strawberry blond hair, named Liza. "Looking forward to the lecture?"

Her and Mila suddenly got caught talking about it and Janet cursed under her breath, the secret would have to remain even longer.

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A few minutes later Janet was absently mindlessly scribbling down notes as her History professor droned on and on about European colonization of America. She caught Mila’s eye a couple of times, and each time her expression said the same thing: “I’m bored.”

Janet, bored and unable to focus started wondering what would happen if she suddenly took all her clothes off right here and now. If she just stood up, stripped naked and sat back down again. Would the lecture continue? Would she be forced out? The lecture was so boring that even the professor seemed to be out in space, if he actually id notice anything the crusty old bastard would probably have a heart attack.

Maybe she wouldn't sit down after all, stay standing, walk to the front of the class...and dance? It would help relive the monotony; the boys would enjoy it and possibly some girls too. Just seeing her bare form spinney and dancing all over the place, her breasts bouncing to every movement, her poses showing off everything she had. Nobody would think she was crazy. Would they.

Janet felt her fingers subconsciously go around the bottom of her shirt her figure would soon be exposed for everybody to see...

“Miss Janet, do you have something to say?”

The statement was so sudden and came out of nowhere that Janet almost fell down from the impact. Her professor was looking at her with an expression of complete annoyance on his face, it was then Janet realized what she was doing.

She was standing up, next to her desk, holding her shirt which she had lifted up past her stomach and was now just below her breasts. Blushing from the sudden implications of this she straightened it out and tried to think of an excuse. The whole class was staring at her and Mila had a look of confusion and worry.

“S-sorry Mister Plinket I was just...uh.” Janet stuttered.

“Yes girl spit it out.”

“Can I be excused to use the toilet?” She blurted out.

The whole class laughed and Janet blushed. Plinket was not amused and re-adjusted the glasses on his face.

“You interrupt my lecture because you can’t wait ten minutes to pee?” He said with irritation. “If it’s so important go, and take your things we’ll b finished before you are.”

The class giggled again and Janet, her face a tomatoes ran out of the class and into the girls’ toilet. There she splashed some water on her face and looked in the mirror.

“It’s just fantasy.” She told her reflection. “I can’t take my clothes off in public! It’s immoral! It’s illegal!”

“But it’s fun.” It seemed like her reflection had a mind of its own. “Think about it, tearing this restrictive fabric from your body, exposing your naked form to the whole world! You’re beautiful, share the beauty!”

“But they might laugh instead! This isn't some erotic fiction story, this is real life!”

“If it’s life, then live that life.”

Janet felt her hands go to her tight shirt again. “I don’t know...”

“The shirt is making it hard to breathe, just take it off as a precaution.”

Janet nodded at the rationalization. It was tight, she was having trouble keeping her breath and it pressed against her boobs awfully hard.

She pulled the offending garment off her body, now her reflections only top was the white lacy bra, but it wasn’t over, she felt her hands go to the button the front of her shorts.

“These clash too much.” She said to herself. “Right?”

The reflection nodded. “It’s good to have matching outfits. Everybody is in such a rush that they won’t notice anyway.”

Janet felt herself unbutton the shorts, unzip them and then heard the soft thud of the garment landing on the floor.

Janet now stood there in only her white lace bra and panties, matching and slightly see-through. Her dark nipples just barley hidden from view by her lacy cups, the panties rode up slightly, displaying the curves of her sex and the park patch of bush. Janet felt better but it wasn't enough.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked Mila. “Janet what the hell or my god you took your clothes off.”

“Hi Mila.” Janet said quietly. “I’m in my bra and panties.”

“I see that. Janet what the fuck is wrong with you?” Mila’s tone was filled with confusion, anger, and a lot of concern. “In class I thought you were just having an off day but now I see you’re crazy.”

Janet giggled. “I can see your nuts.”

“Huh?”

“The expression. When you see somebody in their underwear or naked you say ‘I can see your nuts.’ It’s a pun.”

“That only works on boys.” Mila said. “But back to the fact that you've completely lost your mind! Put your clothes back on!”

“I can’t.” Janet told her. “I like my body.”

Mila was getting frustrated. “Janet you’re beautiful, you know it I know it. Your body is fantastic. If you want to admire it so much then wait until you have some privacy.”

Janet shook her head and reached around to unclasp her bra.

“This isn’t enough, everybody has to see it.”

“Janet!”

Janet unhooked her bra and let it slid off her shoulders, exposing her full, C-cup breasts the world. For once in a place that wasn’t her home. Her round dark nipples stood erect, seemingly aroused at the thought of standing topless in a public bathroom while her best friend looked on.

“They look amazing.” She told her reflection. “Why haven’t I done this before?”

“Because it’s illegal!” Mila half-shouted, glad that nobody else was in this bathroom. “Now Janet, for the love of god stop doing this, put your clothes on and get naked in the dorm if you want to. I won’t stop you this time if the whole nudity things mean so much to you.”

“It’s not illegal if it’s casual.” Janet said. “If I go outside naked, and don’t draw attention to it. Then nobody will mind.”

Mila couldn't believe what she was hearing. “You really are bonkers if you think that’ll work.”

Janet meanwhile put her thumbs around the waistband of her panties. Mila’s eyes went wide as without hesitation, Janet pushed them all the way down to the ground, and then kicked them off. Now wearing only a pair of socks and shoes.

“That’s better.” She said, looking at her nice full bush and spinning around a bit. “This feels much better.”

Getting tired of this Mila picked up Janet’s discarded shirt. “If you won’t listen to me, then I’ll have to use force. So last warning Janet, no not a warning a plead. Please for the sake of our friendship and your sanity, put your clothes back on.”

Janet walked over to Mila and put her hands on her best friends’ shoulders. Mila was obviously uncomfortable being this close to her completely naked best friend but figure it would help her breakthrough.

“I love you Mila.” Janet said sincerely. “You know that right?”

“I love you too buddy.” Mila replied. “But this is ridiculous.”

“Join me.”

“What?”

“Do what I did and join me in walking naked through public. The more there are, the less silly it looks.”

Mila shook her head. “No.”

“If you try to leave you’ll stop me?”

“Yes.”

Janet thought for a second. “Then I’m sorry. Really, truly sorry.”

Janet reached down to Mila’s skirt and with great effort pulled it straight down around her friends ankles, pulled upwards, tripping Mila to the ground and leaving her clad in a pair of panties. Janet discarded the skirt to the far corner of the washroom and turned to leave; knowing Mila wouldn't follow her until her modesty was intact again.

“Janet!”

The naked girl didn't listen and opened the door into the hall.

It was as if somebody shut off all the sound in the world as students, professors, and the like stopped in their tracts as a girl they barley new strode completely naked through the hallway. Soon there were whispers, the clicks of camera phones and people documented the girls’ naked stroll through the school. Her bare breasts bouncing slightly with every step, her bare backside slowly swaying back and forth, as she simply walked through. Absorbing their stares, their gasps of astonishment. It was her dream, a dream that finally came true...

The crowd continued to follow and stare as she walked out onto the campus, the sun now shining down on her bare skin. Janet felt calm, collected; she closed her eyes and spread her arms out, falling backwards into the campus grass and allowing the sun, and the people to stare down about her beautiful naked body. But then this bliss stopped as she heard a deep gruff voice speak to her.

“Alright miss shows over. You have to come with me.”

Janet opened her eyes to see the large figure of a campus security officer standing over her. She stood up.

“Why does it have to be over?”

‘I’m going to turn you into the authorities on grounds for indecent exposure.” He said. “Please come with me.”

“But I thought it was fine.” She said quietly. “I’m being normal.”

“It’s not and you aren't. Now come on.”

The officer grabbed her arm and began leading her through the campus.

“Can I stay naked?”

“We’re going to find something for you to cover with.”

Suddenly another voice called out to them.

“Take her and you take me too.”

The officer stopped and looked at who the voice belonged to. It a short, skinny girl with A-cup breasts, a small ass, and clean shaven pussy. How did he know it was clean shaven? Because she was naked, completely naked.

Janet was as equally surprised as the officer. “Mila?”

The naked Mila walked up to both of them. “Janet’s body is beautiful, and so is mine.” She said this nervously, obviously not as comfortable with nudity as Janet was. “If being beautiful and wanting to show that beauty to the world is a crime, then I’m guilty too.”

The security officer grunted. “Your funeral, alright come with me.”

He led both of the naked girls to a waiting area and while the security was looking for something to cover the streakers up with Janet turned to Mila.

“Why did you do this for me?”

“I knew if I let you do this I would lose you and since we’re inseparable and always do the same thing together. I decided to do this too.”

Janet smiled and hugged Mila, a new experience for both as their naked bodies pressed into each other.

“I've wanted to do this for awhile.” Janet said, letting go. “Now that I have, I want to do it more.”

Mila gave a nervous smile. “Really?”

“Really?”

“Looks like I’ll be wearing a lot less clothes than usual now.”

The two naked exhibitionists laughed, both wondering what their future exhibitions would hold.

THE END