**What Happened to Me at the Coffee Shop**

I lifted my eyes as I reached to take another sip of coffee; thankfully I hadn't swallowed, or else I might have been buying a new laptop.  
  
Standing in front of me was the by far the most beautiful woman I'd ever laid eyes on, and she was completely naked. Chestnut brown hair with blond highlights fell to just below her shoulders. Dark eyes looked at me with a wide look of nervousness, and perhaps excitement. Her skin was a golden tan with not a tan line to be seen. An arm crossed her breasts covering her nipples - but didn't hide the fact that they were perfectly round globes for her short, hourglass frame. And though her other hand hid what was between her perfect legs, I did take note of the fact that there was not a single pubic hair to be seen peeking out.  
  
"Hi," she said, surprising me. Up until then I hadn't been sure if I only imagining what I was seeing. "Um, can I use your laptop to send an email?"  
  
"Are you alright?" I said dumbly. Although this was perhaps a wet dream come true, I simply couldn't fathom why a beautiful woman would approach me naked in a coffee house. Some might call me a fool, but my morals dictated that I see about her well being before taking any sort of advantage of this situation. I could see she was blushing furiously, and nervously shifted her weight from bare foot to bare foot, glancing around at the otherwise empty room. The server was around the corner and out of site, no doubt obliviously watching TV as he'd been when I came in, and this being the middle of the day there was no one else in the shop.  
  
"Y-Yeah," she said, her voice cracking. "I just need to send an email. Please."  
  
I looked at her incredulously - nothing about this made sense. "Why?" I asked. "You look like you should have other priorities than email right now."  
  
"Please," she repeated. "It's... just something I have to do. It'll help a lot the quicker I can get this done."  
  
My jacket lay on the armrest of the couch I was sitting on. I noticed her eying it longingly, but that was the only indication of interest in it that she gave. I considered offering it to her, but I guessed that if she wasn't asking for it, she wouldn't accept it.  
  
"Are you being forced to do this?" I asked, still trying to get my head around what was happening.  
  
"No," she said, a little too quickly. "Well, yes. Kinda. It's complicated. Just, I really need to send an email. Please?"  
  
This was too surreal. Nevertheless, I nodded my head, and slid my laptop over, inviting her to sit at it. She breathed a sigh of relief, in doing so letting a hard pink nipple slip from behind her arm. I was torn about how to feel. On the one hand, there was definitely something not right going on here. On the other, here was a beautiful naked woman a mere inches from me, and my hormones wouldn't let that go unnoticed.  
  
She sat down gingerly next to me, taking obvious care to expose no more of herself than was strictly necessary. I saw her shapely ass for no more than a brief second, and then she sat with her legs held closed and her arms tightly against her sides as she hunched over and reached for the keyboard. I briefly considered turning my head, offering not to look, but my desires got the better of me and I took a long look. In my head, I rationalized: "Why is she naked in public if not to be seen?"  
  
She brought up gmail and logged into her account. She then started a new email with the subject "Task 1: Coffee House". In the body, she simply wrote "Completed", and then clicked send.  
  
Task 1? I thought to myself, becoming even more confused. Some kind of dare? Did she lose a bet? And - if this was only number 1, what was number 2 like?  
  
I didn't ask any of those questions though. "So, what's your name?" I asked instead.  
  
"Amy," she said. "You?"  
  
She'd sent her email but continued to sit apprehensively, looking at the screen and tapping her foot. She was obviously anxious to move, but waiting for something.  
  
"James," I replied. "I think you have the honor of being the first woman to use my laptop naked." Lame attempt at humor.  
  
"Believe me," she said. "New experience for me too."  
  
An email showed up - a reply to the one she'd just sent. She opened it, and it just had one word: "Proof?"  
  
"Crap," she said. She looked at me, eyes pleading. "Do you have a camera?"  
  
"What?" I asked, surprised.  
  
"A camera. I... I need to prove I was here. Naked. Please?"  
  
The poor girl looked like she was about to cry; I realized how utterly embarrassed she felt. Feeling a bout of sympathy, I dug around in my bag and pulled out a digital camera. Amy's face lit up at the sight of it.  
  
"Thank you. Thank you," she said, looking around. She got up, giving me another view of her beautiful ass, and walked to the wall where the coffee house logo was painted. Then turned to face me, arms still covering herself as best she could. "Okay... take my picture, with the logo - "  
  
I obliged and snapped a photo.  
  
"No, hold on..." she said.  
  
I was confused. "But - "  
  
"I know. I just need to... to... "  
  
She let her hands drop to her sides, for the first time fully exposing her nude body to me. She had perky, hard pink nipples, and a bare, pouting pussy. "Now," she said.  
  
I took another shot. Her hands immediately shot up to cover herself when the flash went off.  
  
"Wait," I said. "I don't think that came out." Not that I was complaining... I was definitely enjoying this view of her.  
  
Reluctantly, she put her hands at her side again. "Smile!" I said.  
  
She didn't laugh, but she did manage a half half smile. I snapped the shutter again, and this time was sure I got a good one. "Okay," I said. "Got it."  
  
She sighed with relief, and ran back to the laptop, not quite managing to cover herself this time. We took the card out of the camera and plugged it into the laptop, then brought up the nude photos on the screen. They were unbelievably beautiful - even moreso given that the subject of the photos was sitting next to me.  
  
She attached the last one I took to an email reply and typed "Happy?" before sending it along to her unseen taskmaster.  
  
"I don't suppose you'll tell me what this is about?" I asked simply.  
  
She looked at me, then back at the screen, unwilling to take her eyes off of it for too long. "I... I just have to do these. I'm sorry," she answered. "I know this must seem crazy. It feels crazy."  
  
"Don't be sorry," I said. I got the sense that she wasn't in any real trouble, if I had I'd have called the cops. Beyond that, there didn't seem to be much more I could do for her other than go along with it. The only real clue she'd accidentally divulged was in saying "these" - definitely plural. There was definitely a "task 2" in store for her.  
  
An email came back. "Acknowledged. Task complete." It said.  
  
She leaned back with relief, momentarily forgetting her modesty. She quickly realized that and regained her shyness though, shielding herself as she stood up and started to walk away. I thought that would be it, but then she turned. "Thank you so much," she said. "A lot of guys wouldn't of... well, thank you anyway."  
  
I watched that beautiful ass as she peeked around the corner, probably looking out for the barista. She then darted away towards the front door and out of my sight. The only memory of the incident was the photos.