Nude on the rooftop

Hi, my name is Sheri. Just lately I got into college, so now I'm living away from home for the first time. In a lot of ways, I'd say I'm just a normal college girl. Most of the time, I'm either studying in the library, cooking in my little kitchenette, or talking to my mom on the phone - you know, stuff like that.

But I guess I do have a sort of secret life. Up until now, I haven't really told many people about it - just a few people I met on the internet. The main reason I can't tell anyone is because it's a little bit weird I guess. What I do is... oh god, this is so embarrassing (I'm thinking to myself, 'Why am I even writing this?'). I don't want you to think I'm strange or anything. Like I said most of the time I'm just living my life the same as everyone else. Well, anyway, I guess it's better if I tell you the whole story.

I guess it all started when I moved out of my parents' house last September. I was just starting college, and this was my first time living away from home. I'd managed to talk my parents into letting me have my own apartment. It's just one room with a little bathroom and a kitchenette, but it was so exciting because this would be my big chance to be free, and do whatever I wanted to do.

I remember though that first night after my parents went home, I felt so excited about starting my new life, but to tell you the truth I felt a little lonely too. My room was filled with all these boxes, and my bed was about the only thing that was unpacked and ready. The feeling slowly sank in that I was out on my own now. I had a shower, and started getting ready for bed.

Usually - I mean like when I was living at home with my parents - as soon as I got out of the shower, I'd have to put on a dressing gown, or else my mom would yell at me to get dressed. Here though it was just me, so I could do whatever I wanted. I remember getting out of the shower, drying myself off, and then going straight out into the middle of my room, completely naked. I didn't have any curtains or anything, and one wall is just like these two big glass doors leading out to the balcony. Out the balcony door, I could see it was getting pretty late. It was all dark out, and I guess a lot of my new neighbors had already gone to bed.

I know this is going to sound crazy, but I starting to get all excited just from standing there in the nude like that. Don't you ever feel like that? It's hard to explain. It just kind of feels good all over. I guess I should have hidden, or covered myself up, but just the whole excitement of moving out on my own and everything had me all worked up, and so I just couldn't think straight anymore. I don't think anyone was watching, but those first few weeks before I got my curtains, I did a lot of silly things that I probably shouldn't have if I'd been thinking. Everything was all so new then. It was like every day was an adventure.

I guess I should tell you too that I donft have a boyfriend yet. There were a couple of guys in high school who asked me out, and like even complete strangers come up to me sometimes, but basically I'm pretty shy, and so I never know what to say or do, and so I've never had a serious boyfriend.

Oh, I kissed a guy once at summer camp. I met him in town on one of our days off, and the two of us walked back to camp together on this road through the forest. There was some kind of electricity between us that day, and finally we just kind of ended up kissing. I don't really know why. After that, back at the camp, I didn't get a chance to talk to him again, alone I mean, and so like we never got together. Still it's one of my happiest memories, and that's one of the reasons I want to find a boyfriend.

Anyway, what was I telling you about? Oh, yeah. My new apartment. I guess the next big thing was the time I ran into Mr. Carlaw outside in the hall. One of my classes is at night, and afterwards, I stopped to have supper. I ended up getting home pretty late. It was way past midnight, and I was so tired. I brushed my teeth, and started to get undressed, but as soon as I lay down, I fell fast asleep.

Then a few hours later, I woke up again feeling a bit thirsty. I went over to the kitchen, when suddenly I realized I was just wearing my white silk blouse, and nothing else! Here I was standing there with no bottoms on. I felt so embarrassed. Maybe it's just me, but I felt kind of kinky standing there dressed like that. I guess it's not that strange, but anyway, that's how I felt.

All of a sudden, I started wondering if I'd remembered to lock my door. I quickly went to check it, and sure enough, it was unlocked. Can you imagine if a burglar, or someone had come in, and found me lying on my bed there half naked? I would have died of embarrassment. How could I be so careless?

Anyway, I was about to lock my door again, but for some reason, I started wondering if there was anyone around outside in the hallway. I looked down at my blouse, and it was more or less long enough to cover up my.. well, you know, my private regions, even though it had these long slits running up each side. I just sort of stood there for a long time, trying to get up the nerve to open the door, and take a look outside. It was the middle of the night, after all, and it sounded pretty quiet outside. I didn't think there would be anyone out there, but there was only one way to find out for sure.

I slowly turned the door handle, and opened the door, just like an inch. The hall that runs past my door is outside - in the open air with no walls, I mean. I felt this kind of swoosh of air, and it tickled a bit between my legs. Outside in the hall, I could see this railing and the buildings across the way on the other side of the parking lot. I could even hear cars driving by in the distance. It didn't sound like there was anyone in the hallway though.

I opened the door more and more, and took a peek outside. It was dark in my apartment, but outside, it was a bit lighter because of the lights in the hall and from the other buildings across the street. The feeling of the air was cool and refreshing, much better than my stuffy apartment. I took a step out, and shivered as soon as my bare feet touched the cold concrete floor. The shiver seemed to settle in my most sensitive place, reminding me in a very noticeable way that I was naked underneath my blouse. I have to admit I was starting to feel a little excited.

I stepped right out into the hall, and let the door close behind me. I was so thrilled that I'd actually got up the nerve to do such a thing. I walked over to the railing, and looked out over the parking lot and the street that runs behind my building. I kept looking back and forth down the hall to see if anyone was coming. I was so-o-o nervous. I spread my legs a little though, kind of enjoying the feeling of the cool night air on my privates.

Suddenly, just a few feet away, the elevator opened. Out came Mr. Carlaw, one of my new neighbors. I just kind of froze, panicking, as I realized there was no way I'd be able to make it back inside my apartment before he saw me. I completely freaked. I just stood there waiting to see what he would do. He looked surprised to see me, but he didn't look down at my bare legs, not at first anyway, though it must have been obvious I wasn't wearing any bottoms.

"Good evening," he said slowly. I'd met him before a couple of times because he has a daughter in high school, and they'd asked me if I could tutor her.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I.. uh... I couldn't sleep, so I..." I looked down at the hem of my blouse, wondering whether he could see my pubic hair or not. I felt so hot and flushed, and I'm sure my face must have been bright red by then.

"No, that's alright," he gave out a little laugh, as he tried not to stare too much at my bare thighs. "I just nipped down to the store myself."

We stood there awkwardly for what seemed like forever, but then he walked past.

"Good night, then."

As he walked away, I dashed back into my apartment, and closed the door locking it behind me. I was breathing so hard, and my heart was beating a mile a minute. How on earth could I have done such a thing? How could I be so crazy as to flash my own neighbor? What had he thought? I couldn't believe he hadn't said anything. I couldn't believe I'd gotten away with it.

Almost without thinking what I was doing, I reached down, and slid my hand between my legs. I was shocked because I was wet, like I mean really wet, more than I'd ever been in my life. Why was I getting so excited after doing such a horrible, terrible, silly thing? The look on Mr. Carlaw's face kept running through my mind. He must think I'm some kind of nymphomaniac, so unable to control myself, that I'd run out there to flash him. Horror and fear and embarrassment and excitement kept running through my mind. What's wrong with me? How could I be so naughty? I used to be such a good girl. What was I turning into?

In my mind's eye, I kept reliving that moment, the look on Mr. Carlaw's face, my own complete and total embarrassment at being caught like that. It's almost too embarrassing to admit, but I guess my fingers were sliding around, getting all wet and sticky, and I was breathing faster and faster, getting more and more excited. It kept building inside me, and I couldn't stop. The whole shock and stress of what I had just done was too much and I just lost control. Soon, this tidal wave of pleasure - excitement, ecstacy, whatever - ripped through my body like nothing I'd ever felt before. My knees gave out from under me, and I fell, gasping for air. I can still remember the feeling just like it was yesterday, even though it was months ago now.

As my mind slowly cleared, I was even more shocked and confused. What happened? What set off that wave, that beautiful wonderful feeling? I staggered back to my bed, and lay down, still thinking over and over again about what I had done. Was I really turning into some kind of nymphomaniac? I lay there for a long while, wondering about the whole thing till I finally managed to drift off to sleep.

The next morning, at first I wondered if I'd maybe dreamed the whole thing. Unfortunately though, I was still dressed in my blouse, and my fingers had this strong smell of me on them. 'Ooo! What's that?' I thought. My whole encounter with Mr. Carlaw seemed as fresh and real as ever. As I showered and dressed for work, I felt even more worried and embarrassed than the night before. I really hope I don't run into Mr. Carlaw on my way to school. It's not like I like him or anything, I mean not in a romantic way anyway. It didn't even matter to me that it was Mr. Carlaw. That wasn't what had got me excited. It was something - I still don't understand it, but something about that whole situation and getting caught in it, that seemed so incredibly arousing to me.

As I left my place, I glanced over at his apartment, but there was no sign of him or his wife or daughter. It was still early, so not many people were up. I went to school, but for the next few days, I kept thinking about that night.

A couple of weeks later, at school, we got a break. I showed up for class, but there was a note on the board saying that today's class was cancelled. That was fine with me, and I started phoning some of the new people I'd met at school to see if they wanted to go out, but it was like everyone already had plans. I took the train home, feeling a little sad and lonely having no one to go out with. I really need to find a boyfriend.

Before that, I hadn't really spent much time in my neighborhood on a weekday. It's mostly houses and a few apartments, but I guess most people around there work in the daytime because when I was walking back from the train station, I didn't see many people around. It was a nice day out, very sunny and warm. I went into my empty apartment, and opened up the glass door to my balcony trying to think of what I could do for fun. Maybe I'll just go up to the roof, and take a look around, and see what's nearby.

I took the elevator up to the tenth floor, and found a stairway leading up to the roof at one end of the corridor. There was a lock on the door part way up, but it was broken. The hinge on the door creaked as I opened it, and I was a little bit afraid of what might be up there. Once I got on the stairs though, I walked up till I was surrounded by the bright blue sky, the whole city stretching out all around me. I took a peek over the edge, but it was pretty high up, so I got scared a bit, and walked back to this little shed on the roof where the elevator gears are. There were a few empty pop cans lying on the roof, but other than that, it was clean and bright, and it didn't look like anyone had been there for a while. I sat down on the steps that led up to the elevator gear room, and looked out over the city.

Around there, there aren't really that many buildings as tall as ours. There are some off to the left towards the subway station, but I couldn't see any people in them. Just in front of our building, there are some gardens, and a little ways off, there's a school. I basked in the warmth of the sunshine. This would be a good place to do some sunbathing, I thought.

As I sat there, I remembered that night when I bumped into Mr. Carlaw. Nothing bad had happened to me since then. I had seen his wife a couple times, but she seemed as friendly as ever. I guess he hadn't told her. Or maybe he didn't think it was so strange for me to be walking around outside in just a blouse like that. Maybe it wasn't nearly as bad as I'd thought.

The more I sat there, the more I began to feel like I wanted to try the same kind of thing again. Something inside me had really enjoyed that night. It had felt so free, so exhilarating, so naughty I guess. Almost without realizing it, I slowly began to undo the buttons on the front of my dress. I was so high up, and I was pretty sure no one would come up here. I was trying so hard to justify to myself what I was doing, but to tell you the truth, even as I started to undress, I was terrified. For one thing, it was broad daylight out. For another, if anyone in one of those buildings nearby had a pair of binoculars, they'd be able to see me clear as day sitting out in the open like this. I knew the whole idea was crazy, but somehow I just couldn't stop myself. I wanted to see how far I could go.

Even though in my mind I'd decided, I still found it so hard to get up the nerve to actually take my clothes off. I jumped when I heard some people yelling in the distance. I soon realized they couldn't see me, but still it was so unnerving. I kept telling myself over and over again to calm down, that everything would be alright, that no one could see me. I finally got up enough nerve to reach up inside my skirt from below, and grab a hold of my knickers. If I just took these off, no one would be able to tell. I took a deep breath, and steeled myself, then lifted my bum up, and pulled my knickers down. I felt so embarrassed as they slid down my legs. I wasn't used to feeling the air on my privates especially when I was outdoors. I quickly pulled my knickers off over my black leather boots, and hid them behind my back on the step.

I felt between my legs, and sure enough I was wet as anything. This was such a complete turn on for me. I just sat there for a while with my legs apart, enjoying the feeling of being pantiless in the sun. I felt good that I'd made it that far, but I couldn't help wondering if someone in those buildings was watching me. I finally decided to get up, and find a place that wasn't so out in the open.

I picked up my knickers, and walked around to the side of the elevator shed. My heart stopped as I realized that the building behind us was at least as tall as ours. I stood staring over at row after row of apartments just across the way. Some of the windows had their curtains open, and it definitely looked like people were home. To hide, I ducked behind this slanting ledge at the corner of the shed. Had anyone seen me? If they had, they would probably be wondering what I was doing up here on the roof all dressed up. Good thing I was still wearing my clothes. I'd gotten so worked up over what I was doing, I'd almost forgotten to take a better look around.

I hunched down behind the ledge to hide, and stared at a smaller building off to the side. The windows all seemed to have their curtains drawn shut. I took a deep breath, and slowly pulled my dress up and up revealing my naked hips and black pubic hair. I stared down at my pussy, feeling it heat up, getting more and more excited. My heart was pounding away, but I was so wrapped up in my own naughtiness that I couldn't stop myself. Peering over nervously at the building behind us, I pulled my dress up and off over my head. The feeling of being almost completely nude outside just blew me away. I'd never felt anything like it. I was just so completely aroused my head was swimming with euphoria.

I still had my bra on, so I undid and took it off. I set all my clothes down in the corner. I was completely naked except for my watch, necklace and boots. I nervously played with my necklace, and then touched my breasts. They were so sensitive from the excitement of being outside naked.

I was so terrified my whole body was shaking. Worried that someone would see me, I edged around toward the front of the shed. All those tall buildings near the station looked pretty scary too, but anyway, I'd come this far, so I decided to at least take a look around, and enjoy my new found nudity. I walked out to the middle of the roof. Oh god what on earth am I doing walking around outside with nothing on in the middle of the day? I couldn't get up the nerve to go all the way to the edge, so I ended up coming back toward the shed. At least, it blocked part of the view from the building behind ours.

I kept teasing the tip of my nipples with my fingers, bringing myself closer and closer to orgasm. I was completely out of my head with desire by then. I didn't know what I was doing anymore. I just wanted more, to see how far I could take this.

I bit my lip, and slowly walked, still naked as anything, toward the stairs I had come up. They were right at the corner of the building, and I could see some people walking on the street below. My heart sped up, but luckily they weren't looking up this way. As I turned toward the stairs, I suddenly realized I was now in view of the tall building behind us. I could see curtains fluttering in the wind, fans rotating, and the feet of a mother cooking lunch for her kids.

I was so panicked I almost tripped, and fell, but I steadied myself against the railing, and tried to duck down, so I wouldn't be so out in the open. I looked down at my naked body. The bright sun made my pink skin really stand out against the grey concrete of the building. What on earth am I doing? This is crazy!

Deciding I'd better hide, I hurried down the first short staircase, and crouched down in the shadow of the railing. I felt so completely naughty as I moved further and further away from my clothes. I peeked out over the railing, and scanned the building across from us more carefully. At least, no one was standing at their window, although I could still see that mother scurrying around. I heard a car horn honk, and I jumped, but I kept telling myself they couldn't see me. I was safe for now, anyway. Not that I felt safe. I was breathing really heavily, and my whole body felt like it was on fire.

I looked down the next set of steps. The next landing was still a short flight up from the tenth floor. I didn't know if it would be safe to go any further, but something in me wanted to try. Still crouching down, I carefully made my way down to the next turn. I peeked over the edge of the railing again, but it looked like no one had spotted me yet. I was still feeling shaky, but I was almost starting to enjoy the adventure, prowling around in the nude up here on the rooftop. I felt like a spy, except spies wear clothes I guess. I was a sexy spy, like one of those James Bond girls. If anyone bothered me, I'd just kick them unconscious, I joked to myself.

Yet hunched there like that, now miles from my clothes, I began to feel more and more vulnerable. If anyone got the same idea as me, and decided to take a stroll up to the roof, I'd have to run up as fast as I could, and get dressed again. That would be so-o-o embarrassing if they caught me. But maybe they'd be like Mr. Carlaw and not even say anything about it, or apologize for disturbing me. Or maybe they'd phone the police! Maybe I'd better go back, and get my clothes.

I looked for a moment at the slatted steel door that I'd come through on my way up. Probably everyone thinks the door is locked... but then why were those pop cans up there? Part of me wanted to go all the way down to the door, but all the excitement was getting to me. I finally turned, and made my way back up to the roof, and dashed to put my clothes back on. When I was all dressed again, it took me a long time to calm down, but I eventually went back down to my apartment, and ended up going out to buy some curtains. If I didn't buy curtains soon, I'd end up giving myself away for sure.

Anyway, that's basically how I got into all this. Anyway, I hope you're not all disappointed and think I'm crazy or something. I'm just a sweet sensitive girl who does some crazy things sometimes. What I'd really like to know is if you've ever done anything like this? If you have, please post a message to the group. Hope to hear from you there.

Sheri Wild

Hi Sheri, Elaine and everyone,

I got an email from Sheri a while back, saying she was going to try to start up our chat group again, and I thought that sounded great. I missed talking with you guys too, and I think it'll be cool if we can find some other girls who want to join our little circle. Sheri said in her email, I should start by telling everyone about Luke and me, just to give everyone some background on how I got into all this.

Basically, I guess it's all my boyfriend, Luke's fault. (Stop laughing you guys. It's true). Like I mean, I like him, and everything, but sometimes he's a bit of a weirdo. Every once in a while, he just gets like these crazy ideas. He's always trying to talk me into doing the most embarrassing things. He wasn't always like that though. I've known him ever since we were kids, and he used to seem like just your average

everyday nice guy. It was only after we started going out that I found out he was into all this other stuff.

We'd just graduated from high school, and we were both trying to figure out what we're going to do with our lives. We'd get together and stay up late just talking on into the middle of the night. We weren't actually dating yet, but like all our friends thought we were going out, and kept teasing us, and then one day, Luke stopped denying it. He just all of a sudden put his arm around me, and said 'yeah we're going out.' I was a bit surprised 'cause up until then we'd just been friends, but to tell you the truth, I'd always thought he was kind of cool, so I was glad in a way.

Then, he got his mini-van. That was when the real problems started.

He'd been saving up for it for ages, and one day, he just shows up at

my place driving this big shiny black van. I don't know much about

cars, but I thought it was cool that we'd be able to go anywhere we

wanted without having to bum a ride off someone. Straight away, I

told my mom that we were going out and not to wait up, and before she

could say anything, we were out the door. We drove all around the

city, had dinner and took a walk in the moonlight. It was so

romantic.

When we got back to the van, he was like,

"Let me drive you home," but I said

"No, no, I don't want to go home." I guess I shouldn't have said

that, but it was just such a perfect evening, I didn't want it to

end. We drove around some more, and eventually we parked on this

little side street that ran next to a park.

My heart was all kind of pitter-pat, because like we'd never been

alone like that before. We'd never even really kissed, although

every time we said good night in front of my house, I could tell he

really wanted to. I never let him though 'cause I was always worried

my parents or brother might be watching. Finally now, we were alone

at last.

We just kind of sat there in silence for a long time neither of us

knowing quite what to do. Inside I wanted to kiss him, but I didn't

want to seem too forward or anything, so I just kind of stared at my

knees, and waited. The tension was incredible. I was like so tense

but kind of excited too in a good way. When he finally leaned over

and tried to kiss me, I turned away and pretended not to want to, but

he kept coming closer, and then he reached right over and tilted my

seat all the way back. Suddenly, I was lying flat on my back looking

deep into his eyes in the dim light.

The tension, the electricity in the air was just too much, and this

time when he started kissing me, I just melted, and went with it. My

head was swimming with all these sensations, and then I felt his

fingers fiddling with the fastener on my skirt. I tried to stop him,

but to tell you the truth, I was getting pretty excited too, and

before I knew it, he'd started to slide my skirt down, and push his

hand up the front of my t-shirt. He had this wild look in his eyes,

and everything was going so fast, so I finally broke away and said,

"I'm thirsty."

Luke looked in my eyes a bit longer, then let go of me, and took a

deep breath. We had come so close, closer than we'd ever been, but I

guess he realized I needed some time to be sure that this was really

what I wanted to do. Slowly, I began to calm down a little, and we

started looking around to see if there was anywhere we could get

something to drink nearby. Just down the lane, we spotted a vending

machine by the roadside. I reached down to pull up my skirt, but

Luke put his arm out, and stopped me.

"No, no, don't do it up again."

"What? Why not?"

"Here, just take it off. I want to see how you look."

I just stared at him at first wondering what on earth he had in

mind. He started begging me to just try it, and eventually I agreed,

although I knew that the whole thing was definitely pretty kinky. I

slowly let him pull my skirt down and off over my running shoes. It

was pretty humiliating to be sitting in his van in just my t-shirt

and undies.

"I look absolutely stupid."

"You look great. C'mon."

"What? What are you..." I felt so hot all over. I looked out the

window to see if anyone was watching us.

"Let's go," he said, smiling this really evil grin.

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm serious. C'mon, it'll be fun." Luke threw my skirt into

the back seat, and then started to get out of the car. I, of course,

was completely freaking out. I just sat there for a long time trying

to think what to do. I knew this was wrong, dangerous probably, but

I didn't want to ruin the mood either. I guess I was all excited

from having him touch me and it being the first time and everything.

I kind of shifted my bum in my seat trying to get the t-shirt to

cover my exposed knickers, but it was just too short. Luke was

standing outside looking at me and urging me to come out.

"C'mon. It'll be alright."

I pulled my t-shirt down as far as it would go, and very slowly

opened the door on my side. The cool night air felt so ticklish on

my legs, and it was getting me all excited. I finally stepped down

onto the street, and felt this complete rush. I couldn't believe I

was walking around outside in just my t-shirt and undies. I swear

I'd never done anything like that before. When I looked over, Luke

was already standing in front of the vending machines. I was so

frightened, I ran over to where he was, and held his arm. I could

feel the hem of my t-shirt bouncing up and down though as I walked.

I pulled it down as best I could, but I really felt terribly

vulnerable and helpless.

"Um, Luke, maybe this isn't..."

"What do you want?" he said pointing at the drinks in the machine.

My heart was beating so fast I just quickly picked out a drink, and

huddled close to him, looking this way and that to see if anyone was

coming. The cans made a big clatter when they fell down, and I

thought the whole neighborhood would hear, and come out to see what

was going on. Luke nodded for me to take the cans out of the

machine. When I bent down, I felt my t-shirt pull up at the back,

and I realized he'd got me to get out the cans on purpose, so he

could get a better look at my bum. I felt so obscene standing there

with my bum up in the air like that. I quickly straightened back up,

handed him his can of pop, and ran back to the van, but he caught up

to me, and right in the middle of the street pulled my t-shirt up

exposing my knickers. Lord, I hope no one saw us.

I waited for Luke to open up the car door, but instead, he started

walking over toward the park.

"What are you...?"

"It's such a nice night out. Let's sit outside, while we finish our

drinks."

I looked down at my knickers, and then back at him, but he was already

at the park entrance. The doors to the van were all locked, so I had

no choice but to follow him. The longer we stayed outside, the more

frantic I got about my missing skirt. If we met anyone, what on

earth would I say?

Around the park, there was this line of trees which kind of blocked

the view from the street, but off to the left, you could see an

apartment building, and on the other side of the park there was what

looked like a factory. The lights in the apartment seemed to be out,

so maybe everyone had gone to sleep. Luke threw his coat down on

this little grassy hill, and motioned for me to sit on top of it. At

first, I just looked at him, but then he sat down, so finally I

plunked my bum down next to him on his coat. His coat was kind of

this slippery material, and it felt cold on my thighs. I still

couldn't believe I was doing this. I pulled my t-shirt down again to

cover up.

Luke just calmly sat there drinking his pop and smiling over at me.

I couldn't get my can open, so I gave it to him, and he opened it for

me. Something rustled in the trees, and my heart jumped, but it

turned out to be just a bird. I was a nervous wreck though.

I quickly finished my drink, and was all ready to head back, when he

motioned for me to lie down. I did, but I was so aware of how out in

the open we were that I couldn't relax at all. He slipped his hand

into my knickers and started pulling them down, but I was completely

panicking because here we were on this hill in the middle of this

wide open park. Even though it was night the moon was out, and it

was pretty bright out. I said,

"No Luke, not here," but he'd already pulled my knickers part way down

my thighs, and was staring for the first time at my furry little

bush. We were both pretty excited by then to say the least, but

finally he agreed to go look for some place not so out in the open.

I quickly pulled my knickers back up, and looked around trying to tell

if anyone had seen us.

Luke headed off, and I followed him into this narrow path that ran

between some kind of fenced in soccer field and the street. The line

of trees on the right was thick enough that it blocked the view from

the road, but it was so dark it was hard to tell if there was anyone

watching us from the other side of the field. The path suddenly came

to an end, and suddenly, we were standing on this street corner.

Fortunately, there weren't any cars coming, but off to the left I

could see another major street with a steady stream of traffic. I

got scared and held Luke's arm really tight, but he nodded that it

would be alright, and started to cross. My heart was pounding as I

scurried across in clear sight of this never-ending line of cars.

To make matters worse, half way across the road, Luke suddenly

grabbed my knickers, and yanked them down again. My mind went blank

as I stared in disbelief at the long line of cars streaming past, my

knickers tangled around my knees, my delicate little pussy naked and

uncovered. I felt humiliated, but I felt something else too. (The

first time I told this story to Sheri and them I didn't mention this,

but to tell you the truth, even then that first time, I felt like

this wave of pleasure running through my body from deep inside me. I

bent forward, and was shocked to notice this warm wet feeling between

my legs.) I quickly pulled my knickers back up, but my head was still

spinning from the shock. Luke grabbed my hand, and pulled me across

to the other side, and back into another long path next to a fenced-

in field.

"Hey, steady there missy. I was just joking around."

Finally, realizing what he had done, I slapped him on the shoulder

for being so bad.

"Oh, I can't believe you did that. Do you realize how many people

must have seen me?"

"I doubt anyone did. They were all too busy watching on the road."

"Anyway, don't do that, OK? I've never been so humiliated in my

whole life." I really tried to sound angry, but part of this was to

cover up my own mixed-up reaction. I know this sounds crazy, but

there's this feeling of shock with myself, like 'how could I be

enjoying this so much? That's so wrong!' (Sheri knows what I'm

talking about, don't you, Sheri? Maybe some of you other people do

too?)

Anyway, we walked all the way down, and finally came to this other

smaller park a bit darker with a lot more trees. Luke led me over,

way to the back into this little glade of trees. It was so dark I

felt a little afraid, but at least it would be harder for people to

see us. There were houses to the left and right, but we were far

enough back that they wouldn't be able to see us anymore for the

trees and this utility shed on our left. Right behind was a fence.

I looked over top, and it was a parking lot, but it all seemed pretty

quiet.

"Are you sure this is safe?"

"I've been walking out here plenty of times before. No one comes

here at night."

I looked at him not particularly convinced. We could hear some sound

water dripping or something, but Luke said it was coming from inside

the utility shed. I felt so nervous and afraid. Luke spread out his

jacket on a flat patch of earth between the bushes, but I didn't feel

much like sitting down. I wanted to go back to the car as soon as

possible. Luke took my hand and finally pulled me down onto the

jacket. I was just like frozen and stiff, completely unable to

relax, but he got me to lie down on my back, and we started kissing

again. I could hear the sound of cars going by not too far away, and

every once in a while, I'd jump when I thought I heard a sound coming

closer. No one came into the park though. He seemed to be right at

least so far.

I started to relax a little bit, but then he grabbed hold of my

knickers and pulled them down again. I covered my pussy with my hand,

but he started to pull my knickers right off.

"Oh, god, Luke. Leave them on. What if someone comes?"

"It'll be OK," he said, spreading my legs and motioning for me to

move my hand. I finally did, still really worried about being naked

outside like this. He started licking me, and It felt so good. I

almost forgot where we were, and really started enjoying it. He

started to undo his pants, but then he stopped, and sat back up.

"Damn!"

"What?"

"I left my condoms in the car." He stood up and started walking that

way.

"Hey, what about my knickers?"

"Don't worry. I'll be right back."

I started panicking, as he loped out of sight. I looked down at my

pubic hair glistening slightly in the moonlight, and felt a shiver

run up my spine.

"Hey, come back," I yelled, but he was already out of sight. I

couldn't believe he would leave me here half naked shivering alone

under the dark trees. I wrapped his jacket around my hips, but the

front wouldn't stay together so you could still see my pubic mound.

Worse, I had to go to the washroom. I could see a small building off

to the right that must be a washroom, but to get there I'd have to

walk across the field in view of the houses and main street. I try

to hold it in, but all the excitement was making me want t go really

badly. Maybe I could just go here, but that would be even kinkier if

someone saw me. Besides, my purse with my tissues and stuff was back

in the van. I'd better make a run for it. At least, then I can hide

in the washroom till Luke gets back.

I dashed across the field as fast as I could. I could see all these

cars on the street just a block away, and even closer there was a

window with a light on. I was moving so fast that the knot I'd tied

with the jacket sleeves came undone, and the jacket fell off. I was

so scared I just left it there, and dashed into the women's side.

The light in the washroom was so bright. I could see myself in the

mirror, naked from the waist down, and I felt even more embarrassed.

I quickly went into the stall, did my business, and then came out and

washed myself off. From the sink, you could see out over the whole

park, so I went back into the stall to hide. I felt my breasts, and

they were tender and swollen from all the excitement.

I was so relieved when I finally saw Luke coming back. I waved my

hand till he saw me, and he found his jacket lying on the grass,

picked it up and put it on. When he got closer, I saw that he was

carrying the box of condoms in his hand.

"Where are my knickers and my skirt?"

"They're back in the car."

I hit him really hard on the shoulder.

"Why didn't you bring them? I can't walk around like this all night."

He looked down at my bush by now quite wet.

"You look gorgeous." He wrapped his arms around me, and grabbed me

by my bum cheeks pulling me into him.

"Not here," I said softly, burying my head in his chest.

"Where would you like to do it, my dear? My wish is your command."

I didn't know what to say. I wanted my knickers back at least. I

finally motioned toward the glade of trees we'd been sitting in

before. At least it was darker than the washroom. He led me over,

and I had to suffer through the gaze of the cars and the lighted

window again. He spread out his jacket again, but I felt really

obscene lying back there and spreading my naked legs. Instead of

licking me though, he started pulling off my top first. I was

surprised, and ended up feeling even more exposed than before as he

took off my bra too.

This was the first time he'd seen me completely naked, and I felt so

embarrassed as he looked me over. I could tell from the look in his

eye though that he liked what he saw, and I felt glad in a way. He

started kissing my breasts and massaging them, and it felt really

good. I was almost able to forget my fear, and get into it a bit as

he kissed me and caressed me all over. The cool breeze wouldn't let

me forget we were outside, but I tried to just relax and go with it.

When he pulled down his pants, I took his member, and massaged it a

bit, and put it in my mouth the way I'd seen women do in the movies.

I'm not very good, but he seemed to enjoy it. Once we were both

ready, he tried to slide it in. It wouldn't go at first and then I

remember like this really sharp pain. My mind went all hazy and

stuff, but I could kind of feel him banging away, and after a while,

the good feelings pushed out the bad. I was really sore afterward,

but I was still glad we had done it.

While I was lying there recovering, Luke went to get the van and

bring it to the entrance. I was still naked, but I almost didn't

care anymore, I was so overwhelmed by what we had just done. I

walked naked like that over to the washroom to get washed up, and

Luke came over, and he was so excited to see me like that. I wasn't

ready to try again, but I did walk naked all the way to the van, and

that got me pretty excited. I drove around a bit like that with no

clothes on, but it was obvious that some people could tell, so I

eventually got back dressed, and he took me home.

Anyway, that's basically how it started. I guess it sounds a bit

weird, but let me tell you I never expected anything like that to

happen, and afterwards I felt kind of guilty and worried about how

many people must have seen us. Nothing bad happened though, and

eventually I met Sheri and stuff, and so I didn't feel quite so

strange. Anyway, I'll tell you more next time.

Linda

Bottomless at the zoo

By Linda Dane

Hi everyone,

Sheri, thanks for your email. Sorry I've been so bad about writing lately, but I've been kind of busy with this and that. Glad to hear you're doing well. Say hi to Elaine for me if you talk to her.

I've been up to the same old things, mostly going out with Luke, and fooling around a bit. All last winter, we stayed home a lot, so it was hard to do anything, but once it started getting warmer, I just wanted to go out, and enjoy the good weather. As usual, we've been doing some really dangerous stuff. I'm trying to think what the first thing was. I guess it was the time we went to the zoo. I'm trying to think how it all started. I guess we were driving around in his van, and on the way, we stopped at a drive in to get something to eat.

I guess I was like trying to eat while we were driving, and I ended up spilling mustard and relish all over my jeans. I tried to wipe it off, but it was just like a complete mess. Luke was like,

"Oh, why don't you just take off your jeans?" and I was like just looking at him like,

"Are you serious?" It was the middle of the day, and there were all these cars on the road. Luke was getting all excited - you know him- and he kept saying how I should go for it, so I ended up taking them off just to make him happy. I had on this pair of lacy white knickers, and they were kind of see-through in parts of the pattern, so you could see my pubic hair through them. I lifted up my hoodie, and showed him, and he really had a hairy then, getting this wild look in his eyes and breathing really heavily. When we stopped at the light, he rubbed his fingers in the mustard, and started rubbing it all over my knickers, and I was like,

"What did you do that for?" I mean, I know he was just teasing and trying to get me hot, but he'd got my nice new undies all dirty.

Finally, we made it to the zoo, and he pulled into the parking lot, and here I am sitting in my knickers with mustard all over them. It was just so stupid, but I mean that's how he is all the time I swear. Anyway, I'm like,

"Now what am I supposed to do?" and he's like,

"Just take them off." Can you believe it? We're like sitting in this big parking lot with all these cars around, and he wants me to take off my knickers. At first, I was like,

"No way," but then he started kissing me, and giving me these puppy dog eyes, and so I started looking around outside the car to see if anyone was watching. Now that I think about it I never should have done it, but I was still kind of like on a high from us finally being able to go out, and do stuff after the long winter. I slipped off my knickers, and Luke just about blew his stack. He leaned over, and was kissing me real hard, and then suddenly I felt his hand between my legs, and I was like,

"Oh no. Here we go again." I was like so worried that someone would walk by, and see us, but actually the way he was touching me felt so good I was starting to get all hot and bothered if you know what I mean. He undid his pants, and we were trying to figure out how to do it in his van again, but there were like too many people around, so it was just impossible. I was like,

"Let's go someplace else," but he was like,

"Let's go wash your knickers and jeans first."

He reaches over, scoops up my clothes, stuffs 'em in his bag, and gets out of the car. I'm like sitting there, randy as anything, in my hoodie and blouse with nothing on underneath, and he's standing there waiting for me to get out of the car. It was the middle of the day too all sunshiny out. I really didn't want to get out of the car, but anyway, I took a deep breath, pulled down my hoodie as far as it would go, and slowly opened the door. I guess the hoodie was almost long enough to cover me up but still I could feel the breeze blowing between my legs, and the feeling was driving me crazy. I swear I felt like so excited and horny and afraid all mixed up together. That's got to be one of the craziest things I ever done.

We walked over to the ticket gate, and Luke asked where the washroom was, but the guy was like,

"They're inside." Next thing I know, Luke is plunking down money on the counter, and I'm walking into the zoo with no knickers or jeans or anything. Luke was just beaming like that cat that ate the canary. Some people who passed by looked down at my bare legs, I felt so embarrassed, but mostly people didn't bother us too much.

When we came to the monkey cage, Luke was like he wanted to take some pictures. I stood by the rail, and we waited till everyone had gone by, and we were alone. I was feeling pretty good by then, so I leaned forward pretending to be looking for the monkeys, but what I was really trying to do was to pull the hem of my hoodie up to tease Luke with my bare bum. I know it drives him crazy when I do stuff like that. He took a picture, but then some people came, so I straightened back up, and tried to act innocent. I was starting to enjoy it though, the teasing, even though I was really seriously frightened.

We went into this building where they have some birds and stuff, and inside there didn't seem to be anyone there. I quickly hiked up my hoodie, and let him take a picture of my pussy, but apparently there were some kids just outside behind me, and they saw me. We ran away so fast.

We ended up walking way down to the far end of the zoo where they have this park with trees and grass, and not so many people. Luke dared me to flash him, and even though there was this dad and his son not too far away I lifted my hoodie way up, and let Luke take my picture. Both of us were getting really seriously turned on by all this, but it was getting out of hand, so I finally convinced Luke to look for a washroom, so I could wash up, and get changed. We eventually found one, and I gave him one last kiss before I went in. I washed off my jeans and knickers, and put them on, still wet. It felt kind of funny, but anyway, it was a whole lot safer than walking around half naked, that's for sure.

I guess that's about it. (There's more, but maybe I'd better leave that part out). I'm dying to hear what you guys have all been up to. How are things at school, and what's new in the guy department? Anyway, I'll drop by again soon. Be talking with you.

Linda Dane

Girls Night Out

By Linda Dane

Hi everyone,

Sorry I haven't written for so long, but I've been kind of busy doing different things. As usual, my boyfriend Luke has been trying to get me into some pretty weird stuff, so I thought I'd better write, and tell you about it, and see what you think. Lately, last summer especially, I ended up doing some really daring things on my own, so I guess I'd better tell you about that first.

When Luke and I started going out, this stuff was all so new to me, and at first, I felt really embarrassed, but lately, I'm getting more and more used to some of his crazy ideas, almost to the point where they don't seem so strange anymore. I can still remember my reaction when I first heard Luke and his friends had all gone to this strip club, last year I guess it was. I felt shocked, betrayed almost. How could he do such a thing while he was going out with me? Luke, of course said it wasn't his idea, though it sounds a lot more like him than something his friends would cook up.

What really got me worried though was that he wanted me to come with him next time. At first, I thought that he was trying to talk me into stripping at the club! I completely freaked. I thought never in a million years would you catch me doing something like that. He said that wasn't it though. He wanted to show me something, but he wouldn't tell me what it was. He wanted to go on a particular night, which sounded pretty suspicious to me, but he kept saying that lots of guys take their girlfriends, and that I was making a big deal over nothing.

I still wasn't too keen, but eventually, I gave in, and agreed to go. That night, I just wore jeans and a t-shirt 'cause I didn't want anyone mistaking me for one of the dancers. The doormen didn't seem surprised to see me at all, but there weren't that many other girls in the club, other than the dancers, so I felt a bit weird. Inside, the club was a bit like a dance club - all mirrors and flashing lights with a glittery stage at the front. There was one dancer on the stage, and a couple of others doing "table dances" for particular groups of guys.

We just watched for a while, but then this one girl came out and Luke called her over to do a table dance for us. She was blonde with a deep tan. As she took off all her clothes, I realized that she was tanned all over. The music stopped, and she sat down on the table still completely nude, but she didn't seem embarrassed at all. I guess you get used to it after working there a while. Luke started talking to her.

"Hi Celine, this is my girlfriend, Linda."

"It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance," she said in a thick French accent.

"Yeah," I blinked nervously not quite used to talking to another girl standing there nude.

"Could you tell her where you got your tan?" Luke asked Celine.

"Euu, do you know Renford Park?" she asked in this unbelievably calm voice. I guess I was still pretty freaked out about being there.

"Yes, I do," I nodded shyly trying not to stare at her breasts, which seemed a bit bigger than mine.

"About cinq... euu, five minutes walk on za left, zere is a hill, no?"

I found her accent a bit upsetting too because she sounded so sexy. Luke seemed pretty calm considering that her breasts kept jiggling every time she moved.

"I see," I said finally beginning to see what Luke was up to.

"Zere is a path going up. You follow, but before you get to za main field, you turn left."

I kind of knew where she was talking about, but I'd never been up that way. I didn't know there was a path there at all. Probably not too many other people knew about it either. I suddenly realized why Luke had invited me. She was describing a place where he and I could go to be alone together.

"You will come to a little clearing. Zat is where I sunbathe," she told me smiling away happily.

"Have you ever seen anyone else there?"

"Non."

I still wasn't completely convinced that this was such a safe thing to do. I looked over at Luke, but he was just grinning at me. The music started again, so Celine stood up, and danced some more. I just sat there a bit freaked out, but glad to have found out what this was all about.

After that, I went up to the clearing a few times. It is pretty cool, and I've never seen anyone around. I'll tell you more about that next time, but actually, that whole trip to the strip club gave me another idea. At the entrance to the strip club, I'd seen a sign pointing upstairs to what looked like a club for women with male strippers. It wasn't like I wanted to get revenge on Luke exactly, but I did think it would be fun for my friends, Cindy, Kim and I to go check it out.

The three of us have been friends since high school. They are two of my closest friends here, but I haven't really told them yet about all the stuff Luke and I have been doing. Like I mean, Sheri and Elaine and you guys are pretty open-minded, but maybe things are different here. One time, I tried to convince Cindy to go up with me to the nude beach in Vancouver, but she was like 'are you crazy?' Anyway, I thought maybe it would be easier to convince her to go to the strip club. She didn't exactly say yes, but I could tell she was interested, so I went ahead, and asked Kim too. Kim is even shyer than Cindy when it comes to these things, but somehow I managed to talk them both into coming downtown with me.

Cindy and Kim showed up dressed pretty conservatively. They are always like that, but I was in kind of a party mood, so I went in a tube top and a mini-skirt. I wanted to have a bit of fun. When we got there, we went up the stairs, and as usual, we got carded at the door. We all turned 21 this year, so we had to show them our ID, but anyway, they eventually let us in. The inside looked a lot like the club with the women strippers, except that the dancers were all men. These guys were so big. I mean like neither Cindy nor I are that short, but these guys were towering over us, and they had rippling muscles like Arnold Schwarzenegger or someone. And they were all wearing these tiny little bikini briefs. You could see their... well you know what I mean, their bulges sticking way out.

We sat down, ordered drinks and just kind of soaked it all in for a while. The guys were really getting into the dancing. There were a lot of other women there, a bit older than us maybe. They were all cheering, hollering and egging the guys on. I was kind of surprised because they were all a lot more rambunctious than the guy customers downstairs. It was fun though, a great atmosphere.

After a while, the alcohol started to hit the three of us two, and we started yelling at the guys too, "Take it off! Take it off!" I wanted to call one of the guys over to get a table dance, but I didn't have much money. I was pretty drunk though, so I eventually called one of the guys over, and offered to give him my knickers if he did a table dance for us.

"How old are you girls?" he said looking a bit uncomfortable. I get this a lot because I guess we do look pretty young. I told him 21, and at first he wouldn't believe me, so I got out my driver's license, and showed him. He looked worried, like stripping for knickers instead of money was wrong, but finally I just sat up, took them off, and left them lying on the table. Not quite thinking straight, I sat back leaving my legs wide open, but then I noticed one of the other stripper guys staring at my pussy. I looked back at Cindy and Kim and they were completely freaking. Self-conscious, I sat up, and closed my legs, and anyway finally the guy agreed to give us our dance.

His dancing was a bit stiff, but anyway, it was pretty exciting when he finally took his briefs off, and the three of us all cheered and hooted just like the other women had been doing. When the music stopped, I hoped that he would sit down, and talk with us the way Celine had done, but he made some excuse about having to go, and slipped away. Eventually, I remembered my knickers, but they were gone too. The guy must have taken them with him. Can you imagine? I guess it was my own fault for taking them off in the first place but really! I was so embarrassed. I sat up, and pulled the hem of my mini-skirt down to try to cover up, but a lot of people seemed to be staring over this way, so I must have looked pretty indecent.

After we'd been there a while, the novelty started to wear off a bit. I mean the guys' bodies are nice to look at, and it was exciting, but we didn't really know them, and it's not as if any of the three of us were going to date any of them. Cindy suggested we go downstairs, and take a look at the women strippers. I laughed.

"What? So you like girls now?"

She gave me a funny look.

"No, c'mon let's go. I just want to see. You went, didn't you?"

I looked at Kim. Her face was bright red, more from the cocktail she'd drunk than embarrassment I think, but it looked like she was up for anything. We headed downstairs, and I had to hold my skirt down to prevent people on the street from peaking up it. Maybe I should go buy some new knickers.

Anyway, we got carded again, but finally got in. I recognized some of the strippers from the time before, and when Celine saw me, she came over, and said hi. She was wearing a lot more clothes than the last time I saw her.

"Where is Monsieur Luke?" she asked looking over at Cindy and Kim.

"Oh, I left him home this time. We're on a girl's night out."

Cindy and Kim smiled at Celine, surprised that people knew me. I briefly wondered how much money Luke had spent on Celine's table dances, but then remembered our conversation about the park.

"Oh, thanks for telling us about that sun tanning spot. It's great, isn't it?"

Celine flashed me this big grin. On the main stage, there was a woman I hadn't seen before very awkwardly going through the motions. I nodded toward the stage, and asked,

"What's going on?"

"Tonight iz amateur night. Anyone can try. Would you or your friends like to try?"

Cindy immediately shook her head no, but Kim didn't seem to be listening. A couple of the guys at the bar were staring hungrily at my skirt, so I tried to push the hem down a bit lower.

"You mean that that woman is not a stripper?"

"I sink she said she is a secretary."

I was a bit surprised that a regular person would want to try stripping.

"You are une belle fille, eu, a good-looking girl. You could make a lot of money I am sure," Celine said staring straight at me.

"How much money?" I asked, curious.

"Would you like me to ask my boss?"

I told her no, but she had already gone off to fetch him. He was youngish for a manager, and dressed in a very expensive suit. The way he looked me up and down, reminded me of a hunter examining some animal he'd just caught.

"What's your name, miss?" he asked politely enough.

"Linda."

"How does a hundred dollars sound?"

I just kind of laughed thinking that maybe they were just teasing me for a joke. I couldn't figure out if a hundred was a lot of money or not. It was certainly a lot more than I was making at the video shop. Celine leaned over, and whispered to me,

"Ask him for two."

"How much do you normally pay?" I asked still playing along.

The manager said one hundred, but Celine repeated two. Neither of them was smiling at all which struck me as strange.

"OK, OK, you're a good-looking girl. Can you dance at all?"

Getting into this a bit, I started dancing a little to show him. There was a dance club near us, and Luke and I had been a few times. They have exotic dancers (not strippers) there who dance in cages on either side of the stage. I used to tease Luke a lot imitating their moves. I must have been pretty drunk that time too.

"Do you want a job here?" he asked.

I looked at Celine, and then back to him, and finally realized that they were serious.

"Oh, no, no, no, wha-" I was about to say 'what do I look like?' but stopped not wanting to offend Celine.

"OK, two hundred bucks, twenty minutes on the main stage. And you can do as many table dances as you want." He got out his wallet, and started counting. If I'd been more sober, I would have just walked away then and there, but somehow in my hazy state, the whole idea of stripping sounded quite reasonable. I'd already lost my knickers that night. It was just a small step more to get naked. Cindy looked horrified, and was shaking her head no, but for some reason this made me want to do it all the more, just to show her there was nothing to be afraid of.

I looked around the club. There were quite a lot of guys there, probably a lot more than last time. My heart started pounding, but I was getting more than a bit excited thinking about it. Cindy grabbed my arm to get me to stop, but Celine took the money from the manager, and handed it to me.

"Here, I'll show you our dressing rooms."

We followed her back, Cindy still clutching my arm. I'd invited her to the nude beach so many times I guess she knew how I felt, or else I'm sure she would have tried harder to stop me. Celine fixed my make-up, and helped me straighten up my clothes. Cindy said,

"Maybe you should call Luke, and ask him about this."

Celine brightened up at this suggestion, and Cindy realized he'd probably say go ahead. I wasn't sure what he'd say, but I was too high to be thinking things through sensibly.

My turn came, and I got up on the stage. All the blood in my body rushed to my head, and I was so completely wired. I do remember the audience clapping and cheering a lot. There was one roar when I pulled off my tube top, and another when I pulled down my skirt. It was such a complete buzz to be parading around in front of all those men completely naked. I remember jumping down from the stage, and dancing around right up close to all these guys, playing with their ties or blowing them kisses. I was so sad when the music ended.

I went to the back of the club, and Cindy and Kim came up. I was still completely naked too excited to know or care where my clothes had got to. While I was standing there, two guys I recognized from the video shop came in, so we all hid around the corner. Celine came over to congratulate me, but she noticed how worried I looked.

"What's wrong?"

"Those two men. They live in my neighborhood. I've seen them around a lot."

We were all panicking, but Celine just said,

"Why don't you give them a table dance? You'd get a huge tip I'm sure."

Cindy flew off the handle, but I peaked around the corner at them. They looked pretty handsome in their suits. Something about the idea appealed to me, but Cindy managed to talk me out of it.

"Here can you go find my clothes? I have to go to the washroom."

Cindy handed me my purse, which she'd been holding onto. I walked around the corridor checking doors, but before I found the washroom I found a door leading outside. It was a back laneway with a few cars parked in it, but no sign of people. I stepped out into the cool night air. The club is right downtown, so you could hear the sounds of traffic from the streets around the front. The air was sobering me up, but realizing I was standing naked in the middle of the city started getting me all excited. I slowly tiptoed down to the end of the cars, and peered around the corner toward the side street not too far away. I could see a convenience store across the street, and this gave me an idea.

I stepped out from behind the car, and cautiously walked down the dark laneway towards the brighter street at the end. My whole body was on fire from the feeling of being naked in such a public place. All my inhibitions had broken down, as I walked out onto the sidewalk now in full view of the busy main street off to the right. No one stopped or paid me any mind, so I kept right on going across the street heading for the convenience store. Behind me to the left was a Japanese restaurant with a patio and the people sitting there were perhaps the first to notice me. They didn't move or call out, but I could feel their eyes on me as I went into the store.

The clerk, a young south Asian man, gasped when he saw me.

"What happened?" he asked perhaps thinking I'd been attacked.

"Oh, I was just stripping at the club across the street, and..."

The way he was staring at me I finally realized that what I was doing was completely crazy. No one walks around the city in the nude. I felt really embarrassed but excited too. I covered my pubic hair with my hand, and walked to the back of the store to get a drink. There was a guy there, and he looked pretty shocked too when he saw me. I covered my mouth with my hand, but I felt unbelievably naughty standing right next to this complete stranger in the nude. He didn't say anything, but he just stared and stared. My whole body was getting really hot. I could feel an orgasm coming on, and boy, was it going to be a doozy.

I quickly walked back to the counter, but I was so aroused I was shaking all over. I handed the clerk the money for my drink, and ran out of the store back toward the strip club. The people on the restaurant patio had all spotted me by now and I could see them pointing and shouting. I ran across the street as quick as I could, and breathed a big sigh of relief once I'd made it back inside the door of the club. Cindy and Kim were waiting for me by the dressing room door, half in a panic about where I'd disappeared to.

"Where'd you go?"

"To get a drink."

"Like that?"

"Yeah," I said. I couldn't stop smiling. I was so amazed that I'd actually got up the nerve to do such a thing.

"Here, you'd better put your clothes back on."

I took them from Cindy, and wriggled in to my skirt. It was a relief in a way to get back dressed, but also a bit of a letdown after walking around nude like that. It was such a buzz. I almost wanted to do it again.

Anyway, I guess I'd better stop for now. More next time. Haven't heard from you guys for ages. What's new with you?

Linda Dane

By the way, my friends and I are looking for other women who would like to get together and trade stories about our experiences with nudity or "light" exhibitionism. If that's you, come join us at:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/wildgrrls/