

nude in public
all day long
book 3: bus ride



by an
embarrassed
wife

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by an Embarrassed Wife

Author's Note: Despite my initial projection that Nude in Public All Day Long would be published in three parts, the story does not conclude in this third volume, and will continue through one or more further installments.

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Students

I stood on the sidewalk below a fire-escape and tried to figure out how to reach the lowest level, which was drawn up as a security precaution against precisely the sort of thing I intended to do—climb up several floors and sneak into someone's open window.

I would never have done or even contemplated this in my boring everyday life as a law-abiding, happily married woman who taught high school math. Then again, in that life, I would never have been caught dead nude in public either. And yet there I was, outside in broad daylight for all the world to see, wearing nothing except my wedding ring, an amethyst dangling from my pierced navel, and Vibram Five Finger "toe shoes." I wasn't quite as naked as the day I was born, but my small breasts, *derrière*, and embarrassingly conspicuous *labia minora* were all exposed to anyone who glanced in my direction.

I'd been nude in public since that morning, when I deposited a package containing my dress and purse in a FedEx drop box. The earliest I would be able to get the package back would be the next morning, when I hoped to claim it at a FedEx Express location elsewhere in the city. No matter why I committed myself to this crazy situation or how much I wanted to escape it, I had no choice but to see it through to the end.

For now, that meant climbing the fire-escape. The lowest level was suspended at a height meant to be inaccessible from the ground, even for a tall person. I'm petite.

Nearby on the building wall, however, a jumble of power boxes, meters, and metal-encased cables could serve as a ladder for someone fit and determined enough. Scaling them should have been easy for me, since I'd spent many hours on the rock-climbing walls at my gym to get in shape for this day. The problem was, only minutes before, I finished a hot but grueling bout of sex in the wheelbarrow position, supporting my weight on my hands. My arms still trembled with fatigue.

In fact, the reason I needed to climb the fire-escape was because someone up there filmed me in that act of public sex, and I wanted him to send me a copy of the video file. My husband was back home, halfway across the country, because we didn't want him to be able to help me in any way, so video and pictures were his only chance to see me in action on this

adventure. Since the whole thing started as a fantasy of his, I felt I owed it to him to make sure he got to see all the best parts, and the sex in question certainly qualified.

I put my fitness and determination to the test. Despite the burn in my muscles, I grabbed onto the various protrusions and hoisted myself up.

As I stretched for each new hand-hold, I caught unpleasant whiffs of my armpits. No wonder—it was a warm day, and I had been vigorously active. I probably didn't smell so great "down there," either. If I found a shower inside, I'd take a quick one.

I made rapid progress. It helped that my Vibrams let me grab with my toes. I couldn't believe I was climbing up the side of a building, like some naked super-heroine. As I said, that's not the sort of thing I would ever have done under any other circumstances, but here I was doing it nude. A lot of buildings surrounded me. How many people on the other sides of all those windows watched, maybe through binoculars, or even filmed me?

I reached the fire-escape landing, pulled myself up, and swung myself over the rail.

As I ran up the metal stairs, my legs were tired from all the sprinting I did earlier to get away from police. Thank God for my personal trainer's severity. He pushed me to build up my conditioning and endurance. Without them, I would surely be in handcuffs by now. How much more did I have left? I would only know for sure when it wasn't enough.

I slowed to a tiptoe on the flight below the window. It remained open when I reached it. As is common in big cities, there was a lockable barred gate, but it was open too.

I peeked into a young man's dorm. The single twin bed was raised on a loft over the desk, which was the only feasible arrangement in the room's closet-like dimensions. The area rug on the bare tile floor lent the place a spartan air, and the door surely led to a hallway as dismal.

The young man himself sat at the desk, eagerly at work on his laptop, to which a camera was connected by a cable. He was plain, with short brown hair and a smooth, round face. He wore a tee shirt, shorts, and sneakers. He was on the chunky side, just shy of what I would consider fat.

Since I've always valued athleticism in both myself and my partners, I'd never given anyone like him a second glance. In the interest of new experiences, however, I held myself to a rule today that I couldn't say no to anyone. If he wanted sex, I would have to give it to him. This forced me to

see him in a different light. I thought about the use for which love handles are named, and found the idea surprisingly erotic.

I climbed onto the windowsill, then dropped into the room.

He looked over.

I smiled. "Hi."

He jumped up. "Jesus!"

"Sorry," I said. "Didn't mean to scare you."

"What are you—?"

"You made a video of me, right?" I pointed at the camera on the desk.

He looked caught, and nervous.

"Don't worry." I stepped closer with my hands up. "I'm not angry. I'm glad you did."

He relaxed a little and arched an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Sure. You're putting it up online now, right?"

Now he looked guilty. His posture sagged. "I'll take it down if you want."

"No," I said. "Leave it up. But send it to me, too."

He sat back down, but kept a wary eye on me. "Where do you want me to send it?"

I turned away from him. On my lower back, where a "tramp stamp" would go, I wore a temporary tattoo decal of a QR code. I pointed at it with my thumb. "Here's the upload link."

He picked up his phone and scanned me. "It's a pretty big file."

"That's fine. I got the unlimited plan."

He set to work on the upload. "Who are you and what's going on? Is this some kind of reality thing?"

"I explain it all in an interview I did earlier today. Let me know when you're ready, and I'll tell you where to find it."

After a final click, he turned to look me up and down. His gaze consisted of about ten percent ogling and ninety percent incredulity that I stood there live and naked in his dorm room. Finally, he said, "All right . . . ?"

"You know that local blogger, Amber Jones?"

"No."

"Google her name," I said. "Along with [the name of the city]. That should bring her up."

He did. "Okay, got it. Oh, there you are."

I stepped close enough to peek at the screen. The video was still up, and still on DailyMotion. Prior to that, YouTube and Vimeo took it down for Terms of Service violation, because the end explicitly shows me having sex in public with . . . let's call him a volunteer. He was a disgusting creep I would never have touched with a ten-foot pole if it were up to me, but I followed my rule and did it with him anyway, in front of a crowd of shocked onlookers in the middle of a busy plaza. To everyone's surprise, especially mine, I ended up squirting from a toe-curler of an orgasm. The memory simultaneously aroused me, shamed me, and made me want to throw up a little in my mouth.

I shook my head. I checked the time. It was still a long, long way to go until morning.

The video started. Amber introduced me as Susan, which is actually the name of a character based on me in an erotic story that my husband posted to the forum of a nude-in-public website. Since I was living out my own version of that story, her name seemed an appropriate pseudonym.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Ben."

My stomach growled. I hadn't eaten since I left home that morning. I already felt dehydrated, but now I realized how famished I was too.

That's when I noticed an open pack of saltines on Ben's desk. I'd been on a "low residue" diet the past few days, which means I only ate things that wouldn't result in much poop. I was still in the middle of a best-not-to-poop situation, and the crackers were on my diet, so they jumped out at me.

I snatched them up. "Oh my God, can I have some?" I shoved two in my mouth.

"Sure."

I wolfed several more. I was so parched that I needed something to wash them down. Ben had a dorm mini-fridge. I found a bottle of blue Gatorade inside, and chugged it.

"Help yourself," he said.

I ravenously finished the makeshift meal. Then I burped, much louder than I meant to.

He looked over.

I covered my mouth and looked, as usual, embarrassed. "Excuse me. Jesus, I needed that!"

"You're welcome."

"Where's the nearest shower?" I said. "I need one of those too."
He turned back to the video. "One floor down, middle of the hall."

"There's no bathroom on this floor?"

"Yeah," he said. "But it's for guys."

A travel kit sat open on the edge of his dresser. I borrowed it. I glanced around for a towel. One hung from the end of his bed. It looked damp still from whenever he used it last. Since I wouldn't dress afterward, I wouldn't need to dry myself, so I didn't bother with it.

The interview would run a while. I'd be back before he finished it.

At the door, I heard male voices outside. A familiar knot formed in my stomach. I put my hand on the knob, but hesitated to turn it.

Entering the private space of Ben's room broke my most fundamental rule, that I had to stay in public. I only did it for the video he took, but the short time I spent inside was enough for me to get relatively comfortable. Now I felt reluctant, almost petrified, to leave this haven and go out again where strangers would see me. I hadn't begun the day as an exhibitionist, and my experience so far hadn't made me any more of one. My skin hadn't thickened. On the contrary, my nerves were raw from the constant, overwhelming sense of exposure.

That was the deal I signed on for, though. And no matter how uncomfortable it made me, part of me truly relished it. Many times already, I wished the earth would open up and swallow me, but of course it never did, so I had to stand there naked among clothed strangers and deal with my feelings of embarrassment and shame. I knew in advance that these feelings would be incredibly intense. That's exactly why I subjected myself to them, for the intensity. They didn't disappoint in that regard. If anything, they exceeded all my hopes and fears.

My pulse pounded, but I also heard thumps that seemed oddly out of sync. I put a hand over my heart to be sure.

thump-THUMP . . . thump-THUMP . . . thump-THUMP . . .

The sound definitely had another source. I turned the knob and opened the door a crack. The sound grew louder. I also caught snippets of conversation:

"—according to Paul Krugman—"

"*Krugman?* Seriously?"

If I didn't want to stink of sweat and sex for the rest of the day, I would have to go take that shower. I swallowed hard, steeled myself for the

inevitable embarrassment, and stepped into the hallway.

"Listen," the first speaker said, "whatever you think of—" That's when he saw me. His jaw dropped mid-sentence.

I froze in place, as embarrassed as I expected to be.

Two other guys looked over. I faced three nearly identical expressions of shock. One guy had been bouncing a handball from the floor to the wall and then catching it, hence the thumps. He missed the next catch. The handball gradually bouncing to a stop was the only sound for an awkwardly long moment.

Someone had to make the next move. I memorized Ben's room number, then pulled the door behind me, careful not to let it latch. "Excuse me, gentlemen." I walked through the gauntlet of guys to get to the restroom.

When I reached the doorway, one of them said, "Uh, Miss? That's for guys."

"Do I have to go downstairs?" I said. "I need a shower. That's all. I'll be quick."

"Personally, I'm okay with that," one said. The others nodded. "It's just, while you're in there, guys might come in."

"And then they'd see me?" I said.

"Yeah."

"Like you guys see me now?"

"Well, yeah."

I went in.

I suppose an open communal shower was too much to hope for. Instead, the showers were sectioned into stalls with curtains. There was nothing I could do about the arrangement, except not draw the curtain.

I looked in the travel kit, praying I wouldn't have to douse myself in "manly" shit like Axe or Old Spice to get clean. On top were a toothbrush holder and tube of toothpaste. I rummaged past those and a bottle of store-brand shampoo to reach a plastic soap case. When I opened it, I was relieved to see a relatively new bar of Dial. That would do.

I took off my Vibrams, tossed them in the corner, turned on the water, and got right down to business with the soap. I figured it was only a matter of time before those guys followed me in. If they wanted to join me under the shower, my rules required me to allow it. If they wanted to get even closer, they would meet no resistance for any boundary they crossed. In

order to smell as inoffensive as possible, I gave myself a "whore's bath" first. Sure enough, no sooner did I lather up my "pits, tits, and naughty bits" than I heard footsteps and male voices.

I soaped myself all over, expecting at any moment to see the guys at my stall door. I moved briskly, but it still surprised me when I made it all the way down to my toes with nary a sign of them. I heard them talking through the shower's roar, but they didn't sound any closer, and I didn't hear any more footsteps. If they were working up the nerve to approach me, they needed to do it soon.

I dribbled a handful of suds into one of my Vibrams.

One of the guys peeked around the edge of my stall. I never did get any of their names, but let's call this one Frank.

"Hi," I said. "Don't worry—I'm almost done here."

"Oh, okay," he said. "No worries. But, um, you and Ben . . . ?"

"Yes . . . ?" I would answer a question as soon as I heard one.

Another of the guys stepped into view. Let's call him Greg. "Are you, like, his girlfriend, or an escort, or what?"

The third guy, call him Harry, moved to the other side of the stall and leaned against the edge. They were all taller than me, and penned me in.

I rinsed out one shoe, then gave the other the sudsy treatment, and rinsed it out. "I'm not his girlfriend or an escort. What I was doing in his room is between me and him. The most you need to know is that I'm going nude in public all day long on a dare from my husband."

"You're married?" Frank said.

"Mm-hmm." I showed them my wedding band. "As part of this dare, I also have to do whatever anyone asks. So if there's anything you've wanted to try with a woman, now's your chance."

I didn't even watch for their reactions. As the shower streamed over me, I sat down on the tiles and put my Vibrams back on.

A "shoe pocket"—a small, square nylon pouch—holding only my driver's license was attached to the left shoe by a velcro strap looped under the laces. I would need to present the photo ID at FedEx the next morning in order to claim the package with my dress and purse. Since I couldn't wait to put my dress back on, I made extra-sure that everything was completely snug and secure.

When I stood back up, Harry had a look on his face like a drooling cartoon wolf. The other two shook their heads. Frank told him, "No! Don't

even think about it."

That worried me, but I was committed, so I added: "The only thing I ask is that someone catch it on video, and send it to this link." I showed them the code. "So my husband can watch."

"Oh, I get it," Greg said. "It's really for one of those reality porn sites, right? Don't we need to sign releases or something?"

"Do I look like I'm carrying around release forms?" I said. "It's not for a porn site. It's for my husband and my own personal use. I promise. You'll just have to trust me. Or not. Up to you."

"I'll take my chances." Harry stretched his hands toward my stomach. "Okay if I touch?"

"Sure, if one of you would go ahead and start filming this."

Frank got out his phone. "Start now?"

"Yes please." After he nodded to me, I nodded to Harry. "Go ahead." I was proud of my abs, and flattered whenever someone admired them. I flexed as he traced his fingers over and between the segments of muscle.

"You have the most awesome stomach."

"Thanks."

He gently touched my bruised solar plexus. "What happened here?"

"Someone speared me with an umbrella."

"Jesus! Did it hurt?"

I laughed. "Have you ever been hit in the solar plexus?"

"Yeah."

"Then you know."

He touched a small blister on one of my abs. "What about this?"

"Some asshole threw a cigarette on me."

He looked fascinated. "Why did those people assault you like that?"

I shrugged. "Some people see a nude woman, and can't resist the urge to punish her, I guess."

He took my dangling belly ring between a finger and thumb. "Can I take this off?"

"Uh, okay, as long as I get it back."

Even my husband doesn't touch my navel very often, so it felt unusually intimate and even a little invasive to have this stranger's fingers inside it. He held the little piece of jewelry back toward the other two.

Frank took it with one hand and held the phone steady with the other. "Please don't ask her what I think you're about to."

Now I was nervous. "Tell you what—I'll do one thing with each of you, and then I need to get back to Ben."

"You're up for sex, right?" Greg said.

"Sure," I said. "If that's how you want to use your one wish."

"Just do that with her," he told Harry. "Come on, man. Shower sex, with her! That's like the best you're ever gonna get."

"I've had sex," Harry said. "I'm sure I'll have it again. But I may never get another chance to try this with a beautiful, consenting woman. And I mean, Jesus, look at that stomach!"

"Can we move this along?" I said. "Say what you want, and let's do it."

"Okay, this isn't about punishing you for being naked, but—" Harry lightly poked me right above the navel. "I want to punch you there."

"What?" I said. "You're shitting me. You'd rather punch me than have sex?"

Frank said, "It's some stupid Japanese fetish thing he found online. There's whole movies where girls get punched in the stomach over and over for half an hour or whatever."

"You can take it," Harry said. "Just flex your abs really hard, and it won't hurt."

"*Maybe* once or twice," I said. "But not for half an hour." If we weren't going to fuck under the shower, I didn't want to waste any more water, so I turned it off.

"Three punches. Please! That's all I ask. Just three."

"What the hell, I said I'm up for anything, and I am," I told him. "Let's start with one. After that, we'll see. I'll take as many as I can, up to three."

As he got into a punching stance, he looked into Frank's phone and said, "Hey man, I'm about to punch your hot naked wife in the stomach! Bet you've never done that before."

He was right. My husband never punched me in the stomach.

I exhaled completely and flexed my abs as hard as I could. When I was ready, I nodded.

He punched me in the belly. On impact, I grunted, flinched, and curled around it, but it was still a solid shot.

"There," he said. "How'd that feel?"

"It didn't tickle," I said. "But you were right. I took it. Then again, you obviously held back."

"So . . . you think we can try that again, where I don't hold back?"

Although I was as familiar as any average person with the idea of S&M, I never imagined there could be such a thing as getting punched in the stomach erotically. I can't deny, though, that my stomach has erogenous significance for me, and taking a punch there by flexing my abs made me feel athletic and badass. So yeah, it was kind of sexy. I began to understand the appeal.

I couldn't help grinning. "Okay."

"Ha! You see? She likes it!"

"No, that's a stretch," I said. "But I am willing to try taking a harder punch."

We got ready again. This time he grabbed and held me by the shoulder. He punched me hard. I didn't flinch or anything, so it was a very square shot with not a lot of give on my part.

"How was that?" he asked.

I felt some soreness there as I inhaled. "Harder. Much harder. Honestly, that kind of hurt a little." I looked down. There was a fist-shaped red blotch where he hit me. It stood out starkly against my pale skin. "Shit. Now I'll have a bruise there."

"But you're okay, right?"

"I guess. But that's it. No more punches."

"That was so fucking hot." His erection straining through his khakis proved he meant it. "You've completed me in a way I doubt any other woman ever will."

I couldn't leave him so hard. "Not yet, I haven't. Come here." I undid his belt and opened his fly. The bar of Dial was still wet and lathery enough to get my palm good and slick. I stood close enough, aimed him, and angled my torso so that when he came, it would hit my abs. A few vigorous pumps was all it took to make him blast his load, right on target.

He stared at me in awe. "You're a goddess!"

"You're welcome." I didn't think the other two would want to deal with his semen on my tummy, so I turned the shower on again and washed it off. "Now can I have my belly ring back, please?"

He got it from Frank. "Can I put it in for you?"

"Only if you know what you're doing."

Apparently he did. As I stood there with my hands on my hips, he got the job done almost as smoothly as Rhea did when she inserted the new piece back at the tattoo parlor.

"Who's next?" I said.

Frank and Greg looked at each other. Greg said, "I won't tell Janice if you don't tell Julie."

"Go ahead," Frank said. "I won't tell anyone."

"Hold up." Greg pointed a thumb at me. "You saying you're not gonna hit this?"

When Frank blushed, Harry said, "Aww, he wuvs his girlfwiend."

"If he wants to be faithful to someone he loves," I said, "you leave him alone." I told Frank, "Good for you! You should be proud. And so should . . . was it Janet or Julie?"

"Janice." The way he said it told me all I needed to know about how he felt for her.

"All I ask is that you please keep filming," I told him. I asked Greg, "And what would you like to do with me?"

He hurried out of his clothes. "Good old fashioned shower sex, please! Nothing weird for me."

It didn't thrill me that he was so eager to cheat on Julie, but that wasn't my business.

On a more practical note, my husband and I occasionally do sexytime in the shower, so I had some practice with this sort of thing. The arrangement here was different, though. I assessed the possibilities for a safe and mutually pleasurable position. I grabbed a handrail. It felt solid. Then, I stretched one leg straight up like a ballerina, and grabbed the neck of the shower-head with my foot, in the cleft between my big toe and the others. I had to go up on the ball of my other foot to reach it, but with the Vibram's rubber sole, I didn't feel any danger of slipping. In this position I felt both secure and sexually open. I liked it. "How's this?"

"Holy fuck," Greg said. "You're amazing!" He walked up to me. The water sprayed over him. He was dripping when he slid his arms around me to cup my breasts. His body rubbed slickly all over against mine. Not even an hour had passed since the last time I had sex, but this revved me up again.

He reached between my legs. I gasped when his fingers found my pussy. He played with my labia for a few seconds, gently squeezing, pulling, tracing. I was grateful that he didn't remark on them, as so many others had done earlier.

He guided the tip of his cock to the opening between them. I rewarded him with a happy noise, part-moan, part-sigh. He pushed in, penetrating me and joining our bodies in the act of intercourse. This was a very big deal for me. Before today, I never had sex this casually. I was still getting used to it, but so far enjoyed it quite a lot.

I haven't mentioned a condom because Greg didn't wear one. In fact, our sex was probably more unprotected than he realized. I wasn't using any contraception. If he came inside me, I could get pregnant—that is, if one of the last two guys who came inside me didn't knock me up already. My reasons for going without birth control were an extension of my reasons for letting anyone do anything they wanted with me, and for going nude in public in the first place. In my husband's story, Susan had a motto: "Big risks, high stakes, no defenses." I took that to heart and embraced it, and tried to live it out to the fullest extent. Giving my partners an honest, natural chance to impregnate me took my nakedness to the next level. It also made the sex much hotter.

The position I improvised turned out to work gloriously. Greg bumped my G-spot on the very first thrust, and every one after that.

"Oh!" I said. "Right there! Like that." And then I was moaning. I expected to come before he did.

"What the fuck?" a strange new voice said.

Greg paused. We both looked around.

Another person walked in—a young guy in a navy blazer, tie, dress shirt and dress khakis, with what I'll call frat boy good looks. His bearing instantly reminded me of a few guys in suits who weren't very nice to me earlier that day. Would he be as mean and shitty?

"What, did you kids all chip in for a hooker?" he asked Frank.

"She's not a hooker," Frank said. "She started out in Ben's room. I guess she's doing this for fun."

"Keep going," I whispered to Greg.

He did, and I came. I put on quite a show, but I didn't fake anything, or need to. Even in the shower, I'm sure everyone could tell what I contributed to the falling liquid. The tremors my orgasm sent throughout my body must have been spectacular to watch as I struggled to hold the position.

One of my aftershocks prompted the frat guy to exclaim, "Jesus!"

"You want in on this?" Harry asked him. "What she told us is, she has to do anything that anybody asks."

Frat guy looked at his phone. "I'm already late for this goddamn ceremony. I heard noises in here on my way out, and wondered what the fuck was going on."

Greg groaned and clutched me harder as he came inside me.

"Oh God," he said. "That was incredible!"

As he pulled out, frat guy told him, "Hey, kill the water, would you? Yeah, off. Turn it off."

Greg did as frat guy asked, then stepped away. He pulled some paper towels out of a dispenser, and started to dry himself.

"Hold that pose, babe," frat guy said.

"Care to tell me what you have in mind?" I held the pose, but now felt far less comfortable in it. Wide open like that, I was completely vulnerable.

He popped his middle finger in his mouth, and pulled it out glistening with spit. "Just hold that pose."

Where do you suppose he stuck that finger? Up my ass, of course, all the way to the knuckle, in a manner clearly intended to degrade me. I was fine with it, though. I expected that day to involve some anal before it was over with. I had a lot of fun preparing for it with my husband. I wouldn't say I was ready like some porn-star for double-anal with no lube, but a single spit-slick finger was well within the range of what could feel good to me back there.

"You like that, huh?" he said.

"You sound surprised," I said. "Did you hope I wouldn't?"

He yanked it out, viciously enough to make me yelp. "Look at me and say 'Ah.'"

I dreaded this request: ass-to-mouth. Another creep tried it earlier with his thumb. I didn't let him do it. Breaking my own rule like that nagged at the back of my mind ever since. I hated giving a creep like this the satisfaction, but I wouldn't break my rule again.

"If I do," I said, "you have to look me in the eye."

"Whatever. Come on. Stop wasting time."

I looked at him with my mouth open, and tried to meet his gaze. It didn't work. I was nothing but three holes to him. He only cared about seeing his nasty finger go all the way into my mouth.

The other guys cringed and made disgusted noises. I couldn't blame them. That was how I felt about it, too.

Even so, I did what the frat creep expected of me. I closed my lips over his finger, swiped it with my tongue, and sucked as he pulled it back out, like a good little slut. To get it over with was my only thought. I didn't even notice what it tasted like.

He grimaced at me in utter repugnance. "Jesus Christ, you're trash." He slapped one of my ass-cheeks, then turned to walk away. "Catch you guys later." That quickly, he was out the door.

Frank looked uncomfortable. "Well, that was icky. Sorry. You okay?"

"Thanks. I'm fine." I pulled my foot loose from the shower-head, and eased it down. "Every once in a while, my nudity brings out something awful in a person. It's part of the experience. You got the whole thing, right?"

"You sure you want your husband to see all that?"

"Yep. Go ahead and send it to him, please." I turned to let him scan my code.

After a moment, he said, "All right. It's sent. I can't imagine how I'd feel watching . . ." He shook his head.

"It won't be comfortable for him," I said. "But I promise you he'll jack off to it hard. More than once, I'm sure."

Greg was dressed now. Harry still hung around.

"I guess we're done here," I said. "Thanks for everything! I'm glad we got to do this."

We exchanged awkward hugs. I let them go out first, and lingered to take care of some cleanup. There was a spare toothbrush still in the wrapper in Ben's travel kit. I helped myself to it and a bit of toothpaste, and vigorously scrubbed any trace of ass out of my mouth. Then, with a damp paper towel, I took care of Greg's cum leaking out of my pussy. Finally, there was a bottle of sunscreen. The SPF wasn't as strong as I would have preferred, and the bottle was well past its best-by date, but as pale as I am, I had to put something on before I went outside again. I quickly but thoroughly slathered it all over myself.

Ben should have finished the video. Now it was time to offer him a wish. I hoped he would ask to do it with me. Sex was turning out to be my favorite way to kill time. It sure beat walking around. The way I imagined public sex while getting ready for this day was mostly fun-yet-vanilla intercourse in a park. I hadn't acted out that particular scenario yet. Maybe I could persuade him to try it with me.

Teacher

I found Ben's door with no problem. Still unlatched. I let myself in.

He was (re)watching the sex I had after the interview. With one hand on his crotch, he rubbed his erection through his shorts.

I startled him. He immediately stopped the video, and looked guilty over it, even though I told him where to find it and knew what he would see. I couldn't blame him, either, for being turned on by it, considering how hard I came in it, even though the men in it treated me horribly.

"So," I said, "that answer all your questions?"

"You really teach high school math?"

"Yep."

"Dang," he said. "I graduated from high school last year! Why couldn't I have teachers like you?"

"Maybe you did," I said. "But didn't know it. I seriously doubt any of my students ever imagined me like this."

"You might be surprised," he said. "Then again, like you say, maybe so would I." His eyes unfocused, and his expression turned wistful. "There was this one teacher. She was so pretty. She had these awesome boots she always wore with skirts."

"Oh really?" I said. "Sounds yummy. You have a little crush on her?"

He blushed. "Kinda. Yeah."

"Was she married?"

"No. I don't think she even had a steady boyfriend. Every once in a while I'd see her out, and she was usually with a different guy."

"Well, if I had to guess, I'd bet some of them got lucky."

"Lucky is the right word, if they did."

"My point is," I said, "teachers should, and most do, keep their sex lives private from their students. Who knows how wild hers is? I wouldn't want my students to know anything about mine, especially this."

"I wish I could picture you as a teacher," he said. "I'm trying, and please don't take this wrong, but I can only seem to imagine you as, like, a porno version of one."

"I . . . can show you pictures," I said. "But that would make you privy to some of my personal info, like my real name and where I work. Can you promise not to doxx me, or stalk me, or anything like that?"

He nodded eagerly. For some reason, I trusted him.

"Scoot." I waved to shoo him out of his seat. When he moved, I sat down in front of his laptop. From sites like Facebook and my faculty page on my school's website, I pulled up pictures of myself in teacher mode. In several, I wore a turtleneck sweater, a plaid wool skirt, and my favorite boots. "Check this out."

"Wow," he said. "That's literally everything I was trying to imagine."

He lingered over other pictures, too, including a dorky one of me in khakis and an oversize homecoming school spirit tee-shirt.

"Now can you see me at the front of the class?" I said.

"My God," he said. "You really are a teacher. I could have been your student."

"Maybe it's luckier you weren't. Because now we can do things I would never, ever do with any actual student of mine, even a former one. There's just one catch."

He paid enough attention to the interview to guess correctly: "It has to be in public?"

"Is there a park nearby where we can go?" I said.

"Yeah. But what I really want to ask is . . ." He bowed his head, as if in embarrassment or shame. "would you . . ."

"Would I what?" I said. "Spit it out. You know I can't say no."

". . . help me with some homework?" He looked forlornly at a calculus textbook I hadn't noticed. "I'm terrible at math."

I laughed. "Of course! Of course I will."

"I mean, that's not all I want to do with you," he said.

"Well, let's get out there and see what happens. I'll do as much as I can, but being nude in public is unpredictable."

"Can we do the homework part before we go?"

I shook my head. "I've been breaking my rule about staying out in public ever since I came through that window. I need to get back out there. So get your stuff. Everything you'll need. Do you have a blanket we can take along?"

"The comforter on my bed." He stuffed the textbook in a backpack.

I whipped the comforter off and folded it.

He made one more quick survey of his desk and backpack. "Okay, looks like I'm ready. I can't believe we're going to do this."

"Believe me, the further we go, the stranger it will feel." As gracefully as I could, I climbed through the window, onto the fire-escape.

He followed, then closed the gate and window.

Clouds darkened the sky. It looked like a matter of time before I would get to experience rain outdoors while nude. I smiled, and looked forward to it.

Running down the fire-escape added a dash of action to our adventure. Instead of lowering the ladder, I dropped to the ground. Ben did too, but was more careful about it.

As if to remind me I was nude in public again, with my body exposed for everyone to gawk at, several cars passed by in both directions, and all the drivers slowed to rubberneck at me. One even came to a full stop and took a picture. I probably sound like a broken record at this point, but yes, once again, I blushed.

"Wow, you really attract attention," Ben said.

"I'd tell you to get used to it," I said. "But I'm not used to it even after all this time. So, which way? Lead on."

He did. I fell into step beside him. As we encountered more cars and pedestrians, though, and especially if they looked at us, he sped up like Amber did earlier on our way to the plaza.

He got about five paces out in front of me, and I said, "Hey, slow down. Come back here." When he did, I took his arm. "Let's walk together, okay?"

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't realize how . . ."

"Nervous? Self-conscious? Uncomfortable?" I suggested.

He blushed and laughed. "Yeah, all of the above."

"And you're the one with clothes on," I said. "Imagine how I feel." I didn't want him to feel awkward, though. To help take his mind off it, I said, "This teacher you liked so much—what subject did she teach?"

"History."

"How'd you do in her class?"

"Great! I got an A. History's not hard to understand like math. And the way she taught made it fun and relatable, not just a bunch of dates or whatever."

"It sounds like she was a good teacher as well as an attractive one."

"Definitely. I learned a lot from her. She even opened my mind about politics. Not just because she's hot. She really made me think."

"That's a special thing," I said. "I'm glad you had that experience. I'm almost sorry you couldn't be with her like you wanted, even though that would be wrong."

"That would have been nice," he said. "But I can't feel too bad, if I get to be with you."

"I only hope I can honor her place in your fantasy," I said.

He gave my ass a surprisingly confident, playful slap. "I have a feeling you'll do just fine."

When we came to the park and started in along a brick path, we left car traffic behind. There were fewer pedestrians. Trees, bushes, and other landscaping elements interrupted lines of sight and provided a measure of concealment. Any relaxation this might have afforded us was offset, however, by our nervousness over being that much closer to having sex in what was still a very public place. This was underscored by a young woman walking the other direction, who called me a slut as we passed.

"You've dealt with that all day?" Ben said.

"All day. That, and then some. Fortunately, I've experienced plenty of positive, too."

I looked around for a good spot. Of course, for our purposes, any spot would be as good as any other. Though we both felt the urge to keep walking and looking, we needed to get down to business. "How about here?" I walked a few yards off the path, and spread the comforter on the grass. I made sure to sit down in a way that left my legs open and my pussy exposed for anyone who wanted to see it.

"Oh, there?" Ben said. "It seems a little, um . . ."

"Public?" I smiled.

"I was going to say 'close to the path,' but you're right. Sorry. I know that's the whole point."

I patted the comforter. "Come on. Let's do some homework."

He sat down beside me, and got out his book.

The path turned out to be fairly busy. Not everyone looked at me directly as they walked by, but a lot of people did.

Then a thirtysomething woman stopped in front of us.

I smiled. "Hi."

"Could I borrow you for a moment, please?" she said to me.

"Uh, sure." I shrugged at Ben, got up, and walked with her around a nearby bend in the path. Her uptight manner set me on edge. I hoped she

wasn't about to pepper spray me like another woman did earlier, or anything like that.

She held up her phone, and whispered, "You're safe now. I'll call 911."

"What?" I said. "No! Please don't!"

"Clearly, you're being abused or trafficked or something. There are shelters where you can stay that will help you out of that life. If you're from Russia or wherever and afraid of being deported—"

"Stop!" I said. "You have it all wrong. Look, completely of my own volition, I'm acting out a dare to go nude in public for a day."

"What about that?" She pointed at the bruise where Harry punched me. "Was that completely of your own volition, too?"

"Actually, yes," I said. "Not that I owe you any explanation, but if that's what you need to leave me alone, you know Amber Jones? The local columnist? And blogger? Women's issues, etc.?"

Recognition dawned in her eyes. "Oh, right, her. I know who you mean."

"If you go to her blog, there's an interview with me, where I explain all this."

Rather than check my story on her phone, she shook her head. "All I know is, you're out here naked with a fully-clothed male, with bruises and scrapes all over you. No matter how you got this way, there's nothing right about any of that. I'm calling the police."

I grabbed her hands. "Please! Can't you just keep walking and forget you ever saw me?"

People on the path either ignored us and hurried by, or looked pointedly at us in alarm and took their time, presumably to give one of us a chance to ask for help.

"I wanted to act out a little sexual fantasy," I said in the lowest voice I could muster in my agitated state. "It's extreme, I admit. But I teach high school back home. If police get involved, my career will be over."

"Maybe it should be. If you're a teacher, this is some of the poorest judgment I've ever seen in my life."

"Do you have to be the one to punish me for it?" I said.

Ben wandered into view. "Uh, is everything all right?"

"Give me one more minute," I called to him, then said to the woman, "He needs help with some homework. I teach math. He's in college pre-

calculus. Come on. You saw the textbook. Will you please let me get back to that?"

She gave me serious side-eye. "I don't like to wash my hands of people who might be in trouble, but this once I'll make an exception. If what you say is true, I sincerely hope you do get caught and fired. But whatever happens to you after this is on you."

I sighed. "Thank you! Thank you. Thank you."

I watched her leave, then trembled as I walked back to Ben.

"Are you okay?" he said. "What was that about?"

I took his arm and steered him back toward the comforter. "She wanted to call the police because she thought I was some abused sex slave or something. I barely talked her out of it."

He smiled. "No pun intended?"

"What?"

"You said barely."

"Oh." I laughed. "Sorry. She shook me up. Okay, now where were we?"

We took our places on the comforter again. He opened his textbook to the assignment, and by God, I taught that boy some math. I worried that my nudity and the promise of sex would distract him, but he listened intently to everything I said, and explained it back to me in his own words. He solved the problems and showed his work.

Between the concentration demanded by mathematics and the fun we had with this part of the fantasy, I didn't spare much attention for other people, but every once in a while I glanced up to see who might be looking. As I mentioned in the first book, a surprising number of people deal with the presence of a nude woman in public by ignoring her or pretending she doesn't exist, so there were times when nobody on the path would look at or acknowledge me. When I did make eye contact, I smiled—not seductively, but to be friendly. Some looks lingered longer than others. When they did, I said, "Hello." A few times, people stopped to talk.

For example, one older couple stopped to stare at me.

The man said, "What happened to your clothes?"

"I'm going nude in public all day long," I said. "On kind of a dare."

"Oh," the woman said. "And you're his . . . tutor?"

"Teacher," I corrected. It was technically true, since I was teaching him. It also sounded more scandalous.

The couple exchanged looks of startled indignation. They kept on along the path.

Another older man said, "You're naked."

I said, "Yep."

He looked from me to Ben and back again. "Pardon me for noticing, but you two don't look very close in age."

"I'm his teacher." I held up the textbook so he could see the cover. "Math."

"Some things never change," he said.

I laughed. "Two plus two will always equal four."

"No," the man said. "I mean, there was a teacher like you at my school, way back when. I never had her—for class, or the other way. But she got caught with a student, and fired. Aren't you asking to be caught, out in the open like this?"

"I'm risking it," I said.

"You certainly are." He winked at Ben. "Good luck!" He kept walking.

Another time, Ben saw something, and made a face.

I looked.

Two guys his age slowly approached, watching us.

"You know them?" I asked.

"Sort of," he said. "They're in my math class."

When they stopped in front of us, I looked up, smiled, and said, "Hi."

One smiled and nodded to me in acknowledgment. The other looked at the textbook, then said to Ben, "Oh, you're doing that assignment? Pretty hard, huh?"

"Yeah, but she teaches math," he said. "She's helping me with it."

"Are you, like, some kind of private tutor?" the one who nodded to me asked. "Like, this is how you tutor?" He waved at my body, presumably to indicate my nudity.

"If you want to know my rates for a naked tutoring session . . ."

They waited expectantly, eyes wide, mouths open.

"Sorry to disappoint," I said. "But that isn't actually a thing I do. I teach math in my normal life. I'm spending today nude in public. I happened to meet Ben when he needed help with some homework. So I'm helping him. That's all."

"That's . . . still pretty hot!" one said.

The other said, "Some guys have all the luck."

"Could one of you take a picture of us, please?" I nudged Ben.

"Oh, right." He got out his phone.

One of them whipped out his own. "Okay if I get one on mine, too?"

"Sure," I said. "As long as you send me a copy."

"Me too?" the other one said.

"Yep," I told him. "On the same condition."

Ben and I moved closer together.

I whispered, "Put your arm around me."

He did, shyly at first, but he seemed to get more comfortable when I snuggled up against him.

The other two took a few pictures of us on each phone. Then they wanted pictures of me. Then each of them wanted a picture of me with himself. Ben grew impatient and maybe a little jealous, so I moved us along to the scanning of my code.

"That's getting raggedy around the edges," one observed.

"Yeah," the other said. "If you have a replacement, it's about time to switch."

I turned my back to Ben. "Is it really that bad?"

"It's starting to peel. Even in the middle, it looks a little rough. I don't suppose you have a spare?"

I didn't, and it never occurred to me that I might need one. Even so, I stored the graphic online where I could easily access it, so all I needed now was a way to put it on the right kind of decal paper. "I guess I'll have to find a print shop that can make me one." To the other two, I said, "Listen, guys, Ben's almost done with the assignment here. Then I'll have sex with him. I'd like video of that. Any chance you could hang around to take it?"

One of them had to leave for some reason I didn't bother to remember.

The other (who gets a name for sticking around; let's call him Nathan) said, "You said you two just met, right? I mean, you're not like some exclusive couple, right?"

"I'm actually married to someone else." I showed him my ring. "That's why I need video. So my husband can watch. Would you please take it for me?"

"If I do," he said, "can I have sex with you too? Maybe he can take the video of us?" He gestured at Ben.

I was afraid he'd ask that. It wasn't that I didn't want to do it with him, but I wanted it to feel somewhat special for Ben when we acted out his

fantasy. Then again, Ben had seen me with two other guys, and knew my rules from the interview.

"We'll see," I said. "I will if I can, but no promises. Ben definitely gets me first, and for as long as he wants. Or until the cops show up."

"Cops?" Nathan said.

"Sex in public is against the law, you know," I said.

"One dude already got arrested for doing it with her today," Ben said.

Nathan looked at me skeptically. "How'd you get away?"

"Ran faster."

Ben nodded. "There's video of it online."

Nathan looked like he would prefer not to believe us, despite a nagging sense we were right. "If I get my turn, I'll take my chances."

"Fair enough," I said. "We'll just be a few more minutes."

Ben was hard at work on one of the problems.

"While he's doing that . . ." Nathan unslung and opened his backpack. He pulled out his own math textbook. "I had a lot of trouble with a few of those problems. Could you maybe help me understand this better, too?"

If there's one thing I never expected to do that day, it was teach math, but there I was doing even more of that for Nathan while Ben finished the assignment.

"Wow," Nathan said at one point. "I didn't honestly believe you were a teacher, but you're the real deal, no joke!"

"Hard to imagine, isn't it?" Ben said. "But she showed me some pictures. I can totally see it now."

I laughed. "Okay, are you done yet? Here, let me check your answers." I took the pages where he'd scrawled his work.

The first few raindrops fell.

"Oh man, I didn't bring an umbrella," Nathan said.

I glanced around, then pointed at a tree. "Maybe you can take shelter under there while you're filming us?"

Nathan went over, made himself comfortable, and settled in.

"This looks fine." I handed Ben's answers back to him. "I'd say you learned the material."

He put them and his textbook back in his backpack. "Now can we . . . ?"

"Yep." I held my hands out to catch the rain, which fell lightly but steadily now. "I've never done it outside in the rain. This should be

interesting."

Ben started to take off his shirt.

"Don't undress," I said. "Just move what you need to out of the way."

"But I want to be with you like that."

"I understand," I said. "But I wasn't kidding about cops. Even if no one reports us, there are probably patrols through here. Do you want to have to scramble to put everything back on when they come around that corner?" He looked so disappointed, I said, "I mean, it's up to you. But I promise, this will end with us running from police."

As he pushed his shorts and boxers down past his ass, I gently pushed him onto his back.

"Here, lie down," I said. "Let me ride you first."

"So you can jump up and run at the first sight of cops?"

"No. You'll see why. You won't be sorry, either."

For the first time that day, I got to savor the moment of penetration at my own pace and on my own terms. Taking Ben hot and hard inside me contrasted deliciously with the cool, light sprinkle of rain on my skin.

Then I started to move, grinding down on a student who adored me as a teacher. I'd never given this fantasy much thought before, but now as I acted it out, the reality both stirred and satisfied a deep erotic longing I never knew I had within me. That felt confusing and dangerous. If somehow I had a job when I got home, I could easily imagine myself craving sex with a student, now that this taste of the forbidden fruit awakened me to its pleasures. There was nothing I could do about that now, though. I could only enjoy it in the moment, and I did.

As I got into my groove, the rain came down hard enough at last to force umbrellas open throughout the park. Traffic along the path thinned out and hurried along. Almost nobody lingered to watch. Having sex where clothed strangers occasionally passed by and went about their business was kind of surreal, like getting caught in the act over and over, but without it ever being a big deal.

Nathan filmed us from under the tree.

I think it shocked Ben a little, how aggressively I pursued my own orgasm. Honestly, it shocked me too. This was, yet again, a whole new facet of public nudity for me. As active as I'd been in my previous sexual encounters, this was the first time anyone saw me on top and in control, at my most uninhibited. I still wasn't used to my new dangly belly ring, and

the unfamiliar sensation of it jouncing and swaying and slapping around in my navel as I moved made me that much more self-conscious. Every time someone walked by, shame and embarrassment filled me with the urge to stop, run, and hide, but I let these feelings wash over me, and kept going. I rode 'em cowgirl as hard as I pleased, no matter who saw or how they judged me.

As luck would have it, only one person, a woman, approached on the path as I came. Being in public didn't guarantee me a large audience, apparently. Letting my pleasure overwhelm me in front of her wasn't easy. More passers-by wouldn't have made it easier, but the fact that her reaction was the only one I would get intimidated me. My eyes rolled back in my head and my whole body trembled as I rose off Ben to squirt. Strong, sharp pelvic tremors sent my ejaculate all over his cock and torso. Rain already soaked his shirt, but I'm sure he felt the difference in the cum, hot from my body.

As the throes of my orgasm subsided, the woman's heels clicked on the path in that stiff, rapid, disapproving way I'd grown to hate. In the crisp staccato of her footsteps, what I heard was, "slut!-slut!-slut!-slut!-slut! . . ." She hurried past, her umbrella rigidly aloft, and kept walking. She never once looked back. In her wake, I felt as filthy and hard-used as the floor-mats of taxi, in a way that only another woman could shame me into feeling.

Eager to reconnect with Ben, I guided him back inside me.

"There," I said. "Wasn't that nice? I wanted to make sure you got to experience that."

"Thank you," he said. "It was awesome as you promised."

I smiled. "Now let's do it like you wanted to with your teacher."

"I never imagined any wild positions," he said. "Just, you know, missionary."

"That's fine," I said. "Roll me over. Stay inside me."

He did as I said. The thoroughly drenched comforter made squishy-squelchy noises as we shifted positions. After we settled into place, he peeled his shirt off and tossed it aside. He also worked his shorts and boxers much further down, but didn't kick them all the way off as I worried he might. Even so, he was taking his chances.

Then again, so was I—flat on my back, with my legs wrapped around him, my feet in the air and crossed at the ankles. He was balls-deep inside

me. And though he supported himself on his forearms and knees, I bore some of his weight where his gut pressed my stomach. If police showed up, I was trapped, as vulnerable as could be. Having sex as a teacher with a student in a public park in the rain aroused me plenty already, but embracing this risk of arrest sent a fresh thrill coursing through me that carried me to the verge of another orgasm.

I glanced over to make sure Nathan was still filming. I winked at him. He waved back.

Ben started thrusting, and seemed determined to match the pace I set before. That was fine for now. I wanted him to come inside me at least once before we got interrupted. It didn't take long. He thrashed and groaned and made a big production of it.

After a final thrust, he started to withdraw, but didn't soften much.

I held him with my legs. "Can you keep going? I'm close again." I wanted him to slow down and relax, though. I kissed him, long and deep, which shifted him into "love-making" mode. That doesn't mean the sex got less intense. For one thing, Ben didn't just regain his full erection; his penis swelled even harder and larger than before. Together, as we found a great new rhythm, slower and more sensual but every bit as passionate, we let the kiss trail off and got down to serious fucking again.

"You must love each other very much," someone said.

I glanced up. A little old lady smiled down at us, with the halo of a clear plastic umbrella over her head. She seemed so genuinely happy to believe we were a loving couple, I didn't have the heart to burst her illusion.

Instead, I focused on the pleasure building within me. It took slightly longer than if she hadn't interrupted us, but I came, good and hard. Instinctively, I reached for Ben's body, seized big handfuls of flesh, and urged him with a back-and-forth motion to keep thrusting.

The lady smiled sweetly. "I'll leave you two alone." She walked away along the path.

Ben blew another load inside me, much to my delight. Coming together is always nice.

With the afterglow tingling through me, and my senses returned to normal, I kissed him again. But as we separated, he looked down at himself, frowned, and said, "I can't believe you grabbed my fat!"

I left horrid red marks on his sides where I dug in with my nails.

"Oh my God, I'm sorry!" I said. "But it was wonderful." I couldn't help laughing. "Don't be mad, but that's the first thing I thought when I saw you through your window—that I wanted to try out your love handles, in the use for which they're named."

He didn't look amused. "I hope you enjoyed it."

"I did. It was sexy as hell."

"Oh, hey, uh, so my turn now?" Nathan walked toward us, no longer filming.

Ben pulled his shorts and boxers up. "Whew, I'm spent."

"In other words, yes," I told Nathan.

Ben put his shirt on. Nathan took his off.

A woman struck a domineering stance on the path and demanded, "What is going on here?" She was tall, stout, and somewhere in her fifties. Everything about her, from her pants-suit to her hair to her jewelry and makeup, looked tackily expensive.

Her tone irked me. I said, "What does it look like? I'm a math teacher, fucking two of my students." When she flashed me the shocked expression I hoped for, I continued: "A little extra motivation never hurts. And it worked. They learned the material." Which was true enough.

She narrowed her eyes. "What school do you teach at?"

All I could think to say was, "None of your business."

"Oh, no? Let me tell you what's none of my business." She pointed angrily at my crotch. "The sight of your nasty junk hanging out everywhere! Not that I'd ever flaunt mine to the world like you're doing, but if I had a pound of roast beef like that, I'd keep it under my skirt."

Having my genitals insulted yet again infuriated me. It made me tense all over. That caused me to queef and push a huge glob of Ben's semen out, right while she stared and pointed. That would have embarrassed me enough in private with only my husband to see and hear it, but in front of three strangers, one of whom was already judging me as a tramp, it shamed me profoundly. Her eyes widened. I felt the creampie dribble down my taint, and could only imagine how it must look to her.

"Oh my God, you're disgusting!" She whipped out her phone, and stormed away.

"She's calling the cops," I guessed. While both guys watched her go, I used a corner of the soggy comforter to clean myself down there. Ben would have to launder it anyway. Then I said to Nathan, "We better hurry."

"What, really?" he said. "You still want to do it?"

I wanted to run, but rules were rules. Plus, yeah, I did still want to do it. "I said I'd give you a turn, and I will. If you want it, come on. We need to start now." I lay back and spread my legs. Rain filled my navel.

Nathan foolishly took off all his clothes, even shoes and socks, which made him more naked even than I was. Instead of wasting my breath on another warning, I told Ben, "Start filming, please."

He got out his phone and hunkered down under the same nearby tree.

Nathan knelt between my knees, then assumed the missionary position over me. "I can't believe you're letting me do this."

"Come on. Let's do it." With my feet in the air, I bopped his ass with my heels.

For the fifth time that day, I got sexually penetrated in public by someone who'd been a total stranger to me at the time I took off my dress. I gasped at the abrupt intimacy—one second he was out, and the next he was inside me. Besides Ben, three other people saw it, walking by with their umbrellas. One paused to take a picture, then continued on.

Nathan started to move. I was so nervous about police, it threatened to ruin the experience. A yoga technique helped clear my mind. I let go of my fear and accepted that the price of fun, satisfying sex would be a higher risk of arrest. I focused on all the physical sensations of fucking in the rain. Nathan seemed to sense the change in me, and responded in like manner. We both did our best to commit to the sex, with as little care for anything else as possible. That wasn't easy to maintain. Every time someone happened along the path, one or both of us would flinch, hesitate, or react in some way.

Then Nathan froze.

I looked to see what he stared at in such horror.

Two male uniformed cops burst through some distant bushes and ran toward us across the grass.

"Oh shit. Get off me. Move!" I planted my feet on the ground and bucked.

Nathan rolled away.

I could easily have run in a direction that left him scrambling for his clothes between me and the police. I should have, but I felt like we bonded—not so much from the sex, as because I taught him some math. I couldn't

leave any student of mine to the wolves like that. And so, idiotically, I cut diagonally across the grass to draw the cops away from him.

The younger one peeled away to chase me. The other kept on toward Nathan. Oh well!

The one who came after me was scary fast.

My adrenaline kicked in. I broke into a sprint.

He dove at my legs, caught my feet, and down I went.

What happened next is a blur of impressions seared into my memory. We wrestled in the rain-slick grass and mud. He did everything he could to get on top of me and pin me down. I did everything I could to get out from under him and away. His hands were all over me, clutching everywhere for something to hold, but I was too wet and slippery and determined to twist out of his grasp. He had an erection. I saw it and felt it. The whole experience was honestly quite thrilling. If we could have fucked at the end, it would have made the most amazing foreplay. I would have loved nothing better than to get bent over the hood of his cruiser in handcuffs. This wasn't a fantasy we were acting out, though. I verged on losing my freedom and much else that I valued in my life. I fought as if all that were at stake, because it was.

Finally, I squirmed out of his arms and dash-crawled as fast as I could. He made a last lunge at my legs. In my own desperation, I kicked him in the face. I think I broke his nose. It definitely bled.

Anyway, I stopped him long enough to launch myself back to my feet in full-sprint. This closest call of the day lit a fire under my bare ass. My toes almost didn't touch the ground. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I hoped that Ben and Nathan got away, but in that moment, getting away myself occupied 99.999% of my concern. I didn't even watch where I went. I just ran.

Bus

When I could no longer maintain that warp-drive pace, I was out of the park, on some city street. I had to stop, and almost collapsed, shaking and nauseous, with tears in my eyes. My distress and nudity shocked and alarmed the people who suddenly found me among them. However their day had been going, I was a weird, incongruous, possibly dangerous intrusion, like Isabella Rossellini in *Blue Velvet*.

I wasn't any happier about it than they were. If they were uncomfortable seeing a frantic nude woman in public, *being* that woman was no picnic either. My exposure and vulnerability made them fear their own, but theirs were hypothetical while mine were as real as real gets.

A long white van skid-slid on the wet pavement to a halt in the street beside me. Even before the side door opened, I made out four African American men inside. Two leaned out and waved for me to get in.

"Come on."

"We'll get you out of here."

Who were they? I didn't know or have the luxury to care. When I staggered close enough, they took me by the arms and helped me into the van. The instant I was in, one slammed the door.

The man in the shotgun seat pointed a camera at me. He shouted, "Go! Go! Go!"

The driver stomped the gas.

The wheels spun, then suddenly caught. The van lurched into motion.

The guys in the back with me mostly kept their balance. They settled into the rearmost seats, and eased me onto a mattress on the floor.

"Lie back, keep your head down for a while," one told me.

I complied. I still trembled and gasped, and I'm sure my expression must have been frenzied.

"It's okay," the other said. "They won't get you this time. Here." He handed me a bottled water.

I took it, but needed a while longer to calm down and recover before I could start to drink.

From the dash, a radio squawked. It must have been a police scanner, because the cameraman said, "Hoo-boy, assaulting an officer. They really want you now. Good thing we found you when we did."

After I gulped the water, I noticed how filthy I was, covered in wet grass and mud. "Sorry, I'm a mess. I'm getting everything all dirty here."

The cameraman said, "You heard the lady. Help her clean up a little."

One of the guys near me got out a pack of wet-wipes from somewhere, and the other found a towel.

"May we?" the one with the wipes said.

I scooted closer, but still tried to keep my head lower than the windows. "Yes, please."

As they leaned over and wiped me down, I was finally in a state of mind to form distinct impressions of them. Both were much taller than me, muscular, and dark-skinned. The one with the wipes was bald, with a goatee, heavily tattooed arms, and a bit of a paunch. The one with the towel had hair, but it was very closely cut. He also had a mustache. He was slimmer, and sported no visible tattoos.

The strong, gentle touch of their hands all over me was soothing . . . but also exciting. I figured it must look pretty hot. I peeked at the cameraman, and was pleased to see him still filming.

"You like that?" he said.

I blushed. "Yes."

"Too bad," the bald one said. "You're clean now." He and the other guy shared a laugh and a fist-bump, then leaned back.

He was right. They polished me up pretty well. I was sorry it was over, but I had a feeling that was an appetizer. If so, I was definitely appetized.

"Thanks for the rescue," I said. "Who are you guys?"

"I'm Willie," the cameraman said, then indicated the driver and said, "He's Darius."

The bald guy said, "I'm Andre."

The clean-cut guy nodded. "Shawn."

I started to say, "I'm—", but Willie said, "Susan. We know. Saw your interview. We been out here driving around, scanning social media, trying to find you ever since."

"And that worked?" I said.

He gestured as if to say, the proof is in the pudding. There I was, in their van.

"Okay, you found me," I said. "Now what?"

After a moment's hesitation, he cleared his throat. "We run an adult website."

I said, "Oh."

Ten minutes ago, I had sex with a student in a park. Five minutes ago, I resisted arrest, and fought my way out of a police officer's clutches. Now here I was, about to make a porno. Of course I would do whatever they wanted, but things were happening so fast, it was confusing and scary. Not to mention, so much physical activity and strenuous exertion were taking their toll.

It still rained hard enough for the van to need the windshield wipers. Darius took us onto the interstate. I finally caught my breath, took a deep one, and told myself to relax, go with the flow, and enjoy it. This was the sort of thing I would never, ever experience under any normal circumstances in my life. This was the sort of opportunity I was supposed to jump at today.

A truck pulled beside us in the next lane. The driver glanced over, and got an eyeful of me reclined on the mattress with my legs wide open. His jaw dropped. This reminder that I was still very much in public embarrassed me enough as it was, but the trucker kept pace with us, gawked at me, and twirled a finger.

"I think he wants you to turn around and show him your ass," Shawn said.

Rules were rules. I dutifully turned around. With my face pressed to the mattress and my ass in the air, I pulled my cheeks open with both hands to give him a full rear view.

Shawn laughed. "He's taking a picture."

"Does the decal on my back still look scannable?" I asked.

"By him?" Andre said. "No way. Nuh-uh. It's so messed up, I doubt my own phone could read it from here."

Shit. I needed to fix that as soon as possible. Who knew what my husband might miss until I did?

"Uh, he's making a spanking motion," Shawn said. "Okay if I give you a little pop back there?"

"Why not?" I slid my hands out of the way. "Do it right. Make it sting."

Oh, he did.

The trucker honked appreciatively, then kept on trucking.

I settled back on the mattress, and said to Willie, "You were saying? About your website . . . ?"

"Ah, yes," Willie said. "It's kind of a pro-am thing. Our specialty is helping white married couples live out their interracial fantasies."

"My husband and I have fantasized about that." In fact, interracial sex was on my try-to-do list for the day. "I'd love to act it out, and he'd certainly love to see it. One thing, though. I'm not sure where you're taking me, but if you watched the interview, you know everything I do today has to be in public."

"Right," Willie said. "We knew you'd insist on that. The idea is to drive around, and let you go at it with Shawn and Andre back there. Does that sound public enough?"

In the broader category of porn sites devoted to public nudity, there's a niche that involves having sex in the back of a bus or van while someone drives it around. The idea intrigued me at first, but I soured on the subgenre when I found out that all the main websites only created the illusion of being in public. Their vehicles all had tinted windows. The camera would sometimes pan to show surrounding traffic, but in reality nobody could see in. That was how they consistently got away with it—by never truly risking anything.

These guys, however, specialized in a completely different niche: interracial cuckoldry. They probably always shot on a set or in someone's home. Now, to accommodate me, they would try something different, and though the industry standard was to do it phony, they were ready to try it for real. Our windows weren't tinted. I remembered seeing through them when the van first stopped beside me. Whatever we did on the seat would be visible to everyone around us, and as recent experience demonstrated, trucks of a certain height would even have a view of the mattress. Now that I had a chance to act out this version of the fantasy in a way that would put my body and sexuality on shameful, embarrassing display, I warmed up to the idea again in a hurry.

"Sounds perfect," I said.

Willie handed me a clipboard. "Before we get started, we need you to fill out some paperwork. Then I need to get a shot of your ID. We keep all records confidential, but they're legally required for anything we post to the website."

"What if we get pulled over?" I said. "I won't lie. If that happens, I'll run. But you'll have this. What if they ask for my info?"

"I won't lie either," Willie said. "I can't promise anything if we get pulled over. But we can't proceed until you complete the paperwork. In your interview, you talked a lot about risks. If you want to live out this fantasy, that's one more you'll have to take."

I couldn't argue with that. I started filling out the forms.

"While you're doing that," Willie said, "this is probably the time to talk about STD's. My boys are clean, with current test results, if you'd like to see them."

"I'll take your word for it," I said.

"We normally require the same from ladies who want to work with us," he continued, "but we're the ones who sought you out, and I understand your situation is, uh, unique."

"Even if I could show you a test result," I said, "I've had unprotected sex with five different guys since this morning."

"Five!" Andre said. "Damn!"

You don't know how slutty feels until you get a reaction like that from a porn professional.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't vouch for my health. The best I can tell you is, there's nothing I have that I know of."

"Would you be opposed to condoms?" Willie said.

"Yes," I said. "That's one of my rules for today. No protection whatsoever."

Willie looked at Andre and Shawn. "Up to you. I won't insist you do this."

"You ain't gonna pay us if we don't," Shawn said.

Willie shrugged. "True."

"Um, speaking of pay," I said. "I'm at the page where I agree to do certain things for certain amounts. You're going to pay me at these rates?"

"As long as you fulfill your end," Willie said. "That's how these things work. Why? I'm not sure quite what you're asking . . . ?"

He looked like he feared I might demand more money, but of course that wasn't it. I never expected to get paid, and was prepared to do everything for free, but since money was on the table, I had an idea. "Well, here's something I'd like to propose. Since I'm asking them to take an extra risk . . ." I motioned at Andre and Shawn. "I'd like them to be compensated for it. If they agree to do this with me unprotected, instead of paying me,

can you split whatever I would make between them, over and above what they're already getting?"

"I'd damn sure do it then," Andre said.

Shawn agreed.

Willie thought about it a moment, then nodded. "I'm cool with that. Here, let me write that down there, and then we'll all initial it."

As the clipboard got passed around, everyone's eyebrows shot up when they saw what acts I agreed to perform.

Shawn asked what they all wondered: "You done DP before?"

Double-penetration was one of the things I checked off that I wanted to do. It came with a huge dollar amount—vastly more than any other acts I might have selected—but I chose it because I was genuinely curious to experience something so extreme, and this seemed like a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

"This'll be my first time," I admitted. "But, I mean, I've had lots of normal sex, and my husband and I have done a lot of anal lately. I've done them both, just not together."

"What I been told, that you need to understand," Andre said, "is that DP don't feel like vag *plus* anal, it's more like vag *times* anal. It's intense."

I gulped in anxiety, but tried to play it off with bravado. "Intense is what today is all about for me."

Willie cleared his throat skeptically and said, "If you want them to get paid for that, you're gonna have to earn it for them the *hard* way." To Shawn and Andre, he said, "You boys can't take it too easy on her. It's gotta be for real."

"I'm sure we all understand that," I said.

I finished the paperwork, then pulled my driver's license out of my shoe-pocket long enough for Willie to get a clear, high-res screenshot of it.

"That's the last of the business out of the way," Willie said. "Let's get down to the pleasure."

Shawn and Andre undressed. Both of their cocks were hard and quivering at attention. Andre's was thicker and Shawn's was longer, but both were bigger in every dimension than any I'd had before.

Nervous now, I said, "I've never been with more than one guy at a time. I'm not sure where to begin."

"Pick one and start doing something with him," Willie said. "If the position allows, you can start something else with the other one. If not,

switch partners and positions after a while, and keep on like that, until you get the hang of it. When you feel ready, we'll try the DP."

I lay the empty water bottle on the mattress and spun it. When it stopped, it pointed more in Shawn's direction.

I rose to my feet and pressed my hands to the roof to brace myself for balance. This revealed me in all my nude glory to the surrounding traffic. We were in the middle of a vast pack of cars and trucks and cars and motorcycles and more cars all around. It annoyed me that the rain reduced visibility and made all the windows harder to see through, but there was nothing I could do about that. Anyone who wanted to could still see me well enough.

In view of all those motorists, I debated whether to mount Shawn cowgirl or reverse-cowgirl. I decided on reverse, as it would expose me full-frontally. I turned my back to Shawn and lowered myself as if to sit in his lap.

Before our genitals even connected, he surprised me by kissing his thumb, pressing it to my anus, and gently starting to rub.

When I looked back, startled, he said, "We need to warm you up back here, get you ready for the main event." He rubbed some more.

I moaned. "Feels good." I continued to lower myself onto him.

With his other hand, he held his penis steady for me. The massive head pushed up between my labia and lodged in the opening to my vagina. I had to bounce to get it moving again. I eased the rest of the way down. Inch by inch, I loved the way he filled and stretched me, in a way my husband never does. As our bodies joined, the paleness of my skin contrasted spectacularly against the darkness of his, which turned me on all the more. And his thumb kept massaging my anus.

At that moment, I glanced over, and saw in the car beside us a male passenger gawking up at me, a witness to my first interracial penetration. The car passed us, though. Another car drove by, but I couldn't see the driver, and it had no passenger.

I tried to lean over to take Andre into my mouth, but couldn't reach, so he stood and walked around in front of me, bracing himself with his hands on the roof as I had done. I leaned forward, and it looked like that would work, but then we hit a bump. I flew up off Shawn. I was glad I didn't have Andre in my mouth yet, because the jolt could have forced him dangerously deep into my throat before I was ready. As it was, I slammed into him, and

almost took him down with me. He managed to keep his balance and hold me up until I could settle back onto Shawn.

"Maybe focus on one at a time for now," Willie suggested.

I grinned sheepishly. "Okay."

Andre went forward on the bus to give us room.

With Shawn's cock deep inside me and his thumb on my anus again, it was time to move. I needed leverage, something to hold onto. The row of seats that would have gone in front of us was removed to make room for the mattress, but the shoulder straps remained at the sides of the van. By leaning slightly forward, I could reach out and grab one in each hand, for an almost spreadeagled or cruciform position that left me extremely exposed. It was one thing to show my small, pale breasts so shamelessly, but airing out my armpits made me feel even more open and vulnerable.

"Lift up a little," Shawn said.

I complied, careful to maintain our connection. Since I was on top, I expected to be the more active partner, but in the space I gave him, he jackhammered me from below like a porn-fu master. The only moving I had to do was occasional minor angle corrections. As my pleasure increased, he rubbed harder with his thumb until my anus relaxed enough to let it in as far as the first joint. It felt so much nicer this time than when Michael forced his thumb in before, or when the frat creep poked his finger in all the way. I sighed, savoring this first hint of double-penetration. He held his thumb steady while thrusting up harder and faster with his cock. Before I knew it, my moans rose in pitch to become cries and then almost a scream.

My pussy blasted off of him as I squirted, but he kept his thumb firmly up my anus, and even pushed it deeper, to the knuckle. This continued connection, and the stimulation it added, gave my aftershocks more kick than I was used to. I wiggled and shook like my body desperately wanted to get that thumb out, but he kept it in there, and it drove me absolutely wild. Finally I surrendered and dropped back in his lap, still anally impaled on his thumb. The lack of escape or relief prolonged the tail-end (no pun intended!) of my orgasm and kept me twitching. I struggled not to squeal out loud, with only mixed success.

"Goddamn!" Willie said.

"Good job, brah." Andre gave Shawn a reverse-nod of respect.

Only then did Shawn ease his thumb out.

I laughed. "That was amazing." I looked around. Lots of traffic still surrounded us. Lots of people must have seen me.

When he held his thumb up to my mouth, before I knew what I was doing, my instincts kicked in and I sucked it like a baby. When I realized what we were doing, ass-to-mouth, I didn't stop. I didn't mind. I finally got it.

"That's beautiful," Willie said. "Nasty, but beautiful."

"You need to get in on this." Shawn reached out to Andre. They pounded fists and switched places.

"Oh, now you gonna tag-team her?" Willie said.

Tag-team me was exactly what they did. Whoever's turn it was grabbed me like a rag-doll, roughly positioned me however he pleased on the seat or mattress, shoved his cock into my pussy, and fucked me till I came. Every time, the anal play got more intense. They were determined to loosen me up back there, and it was working. I loved it. I'd never climaxed from anal sex before, but now I could tell the sensations were contributing to my orgasms and not just accompanying them. It didn't take long for me to run out of squirt. Despite the water I drank, I was dehydrating again. But still I came, and came, and came.

The passing scenery obviously wasn't my primary concern, but to the extent that I noticed it, I was amazed at how deftly Darius maneuvered us onto and off of various freeways, side-streets, main avenues, and every other kind of road in the city. They were all busy. Some people who saw me only caught glimpses, while others got more extended views, but not one minute of my slutty performance was wasted for lack of an audience. Considering how thoroughly indecent I was, I'm sure more than one person must have called the police, but Darius kept our course unpredictable enough that we never got caught. We lived out the bus-banging fantasy in its purest form, and fulfilled everything about it that scared, thrilled, or tantalized me.

"I think it's time," Willie said at last. "Think you can take it?"

I had come so many times, I was positively afterglowing, and lost track of how many fingers Shawn and Andre could fit up my asshole by that point. "I don't think I'll ever be more ready than now."

With Shawn seated on the back bench seat, I replayed my initial reverse-cowgirl penetration with him, but this time, as I lowered myself, I took his penis straight up my butt. I took it slowly. I took it carefully. He

helped me angle and pace myself. But I took it. Every inch, right down to his balls. It was a *lot*. And trust me, I *felt* it. Every inch, right down to his balls.

I couldn't believe it. Neither could anyone else. We all took a moment to enjoy this marvelous achievement of teamwork.

"I just want to say," I said in mock Oscar-acceptance, "I could not have done it without you guys!"

"You ain't done it yet," Willie said. "You're only halfway there."

"Come on, she's the biggest halfway there," Shawn protested on my behalf.

"Maybe the longest," Andre said. "But not the thickest."

"I think what he's saying," I said, "was that I've already proven I can take it in the pink. The only question was . . ."

"Could she take it in the stink?" Shawn finished.

We shared an awkward fist-bump, or the closest thing to it that our position allowed.

Willie jostled Andre's shoulder. "Get in there. Make her feel something she's never felt before."

I drew my legs up and spread them wide for Andre. He braced himself in position, gave my pussy a few whacks with his cock, then aimed himself on target and pushed in.

"Oh my gaaawd!" I screamed, only stopping when Andre's balls touched Shawn's balls on my taint, and only then because the feeling was beyond words or expression. It was SO MUCH! I could never before have imagined it was possible to feel so full of cock. It felt like I had two Washington Monuments inside me, both Lincoln Memorial deep.

Then they started to move.

I cannot tell a lie: I did not come. That's not to say I didn't feel any sexual pleasure. I was so overwhelmed by the fullness. Moving. Pounding. Two aircraft carriers, passing in the night. I think my basic capacity for experience shorted out from the overload.

At some point we switched to the mattress. Shawn discreetly cleaned his cock with a wipe, then I mounted him cowgirl, and Andre took me anally in the doggie-style position.

Just as we got into a piston-pumping rhythm, a truck's horn blasting made us all nearly jump out of our skins. We looked over to the next lane, where a trucker paid full attention to us and none to the road. His hands on

the wheel followed his gaze, and he would have swerved into us if Darius didn't swerve to the shoulder. It was all we could do not to fly apart or fall over.

"Get off," Willie said. "Now!"

We exchanged incredulous glances, thinking he was commanding us to reach climax, but when Darius took the next exit, we realized that was what he meant.

On a city street again, we resumed fucking, but it wasn't the same. Maybe because of Andre's greater girth, or maybe because the shake-up spoiled his aim, or maybe because the position allowed more vigorous pounding back there than I could have taken for very long in any case, the anal quickly got to be too much for me like that. I tried to endure it, but they seemed to realize soon enough that my moans and cries were sliding from pleasure to pain, and that when I reached back and rested a hand on Andre's stomach, it was an involuntary pushing-away gesture.

"All right," Willie said after a while.

To my relief, this signaled to the guys that it was time to move along and wrap things up.

I had checked off on the menu that I wanted creampiees. After some brief, discreet cleanup, Andre gave me the first of them. When he threw me down on the mattress and penetrated me in the missionary position, I could tell this time was different. I raised my feet in the air, grabbed his love handles, and made excited breathy noises to urge him on. He pounded me with a whole new sense of purpose, then suddenly stiffened mid-thrust, and his voice cracked as he cried out, "Shi-it!"

Willie made me turn toward him and push it out for the camera.

"Might take her a minute," Andre said. "I was way up in there."

It did take a while, but when his semen ran out in thick, pearly globs, it easily matched the amount that creep Michael pumped into me earlier.

"Goddamn, he busted a nut up in you!" Willie said, carefully recording it down to the last dribble. "And you ain't on any kind of birth control, right?"

"No, that's right," I said. "Today I'm *au naturel* in every way."

"What if you get pregnant?" Willie said.

Before I could answer, Andre said, "Mm, mmm, mmmmh! I'm picturing you walking down a sidewalk on a beautiful day, looking fine in a

sundress and maybe some cute sandals, pushing a stroller with a little black baby in it."

I blushed. "That's a lovely image. You know, it could happen."

"Well, shit!" He (half-)jokingly tried to scoop his cum back up inside me with his fingers. "Don't push this out. Let's get it back in there, where it can do some good."

"Ay, you had your chance," Shawn said. "My turn. Come on, now. Clean that up. I want to get down to making that black baby."

After some cleanup with a wet-wipe, I lay back where I was.

Willie aimed the camera straight into my crotch.

Shawn climbed on top of me. I was growing fond of love-handles, but he didn't have any, so I wrapped my arms and legs around him, and let him go for it. In case there's any suspense, yes, he came inside me. A lot. When I sat up and squeezed it out for the camera, white lumpy ropes of cum splurched out of my vagina, with just enough queefing to embarrass the hell out of me. The idea of this video, complete with my pussy-farts, being posted to a porn site that God only knew how many people might view was especially humiliating. I almost asked Willie to please edit that sound out, but it was an honest detail of my sex life. If he decided to leave it in, then everyone would know the truth—sometimes air that gets pumped into me during sex makes a ridiculous noise when it escapes, and there's nothing I can do about it. That wasn't the first time it happened that day, and as long as I kept fucking, it wouldn't be the last.

"Whew!" Willie said. "Well, I think that's all we need. I have to admit, I knew finding you would be worth the trouble, but I didn't know it would be that much worth it."

"How did you find me?" I cleaned up again with some wet-wipes and a towel. "You mentioned something about social media?"

On phones and a tablet, they showed me the treasure-troves of pictures and videos I knew must be online somewhere, even though the people who uploaded them never got to scan my code. I had hoped to find them later at some point, and now here so many of them were, organized with timelines and hashtags. There were also lots of comments, most of them not very nice. Even the admiring ones weren't always pleasant to read.

My stomach growled. One kind of comment jumped out at me—there were people who wanted to eat sushi off of me. Some actually invited me to contact them or walk in at this or that restaurant. Here was yet another facet

of public nudity I hadn't given much thought, but now it intrigued me as a weird new experience, another request I could fulfill, and hopefully a chance for me to enjoy a nice sushi meal myself before or afterward. I made mental notes about the options that looked most promising.

"I need to let my husband know about all this." I was holding one of their phones. "Okay if I . . . ?"

Willie nodded.

I forwarded the tweets and links and whatnot.

"Speaking of my husband," I said, "could you please send him the video you took? I understand it's going on your website. He won't put it anywhere online. I just want him to see it, and I'll want to watch it later when I get home."

Willie tried to scan my code, but as Andre predicted, it was too beat-up and tattered. I had to spell out the upload link for him.

"That has to be my next order of business, then," I said. "I need a new decal. Could you please locate a print-shop for me, and then drop me off there? Something local would be best. I don't have any money, so I'll need to persuade someone to accept a favor as payment."

Willie got out his wallet. "How much you need? I'll give you cash. Lord knows you earned it."

"Thanks," I said. "But I can't accept that. I have to face each new situation as helplessly as possible. With money, I'm not helpless. That's why my credit card isn't in my shoe pocket."

He held a twenty dollar bill out to me. "Please, take this just in case."

"I don't get just-in-cases," I insisted.

"You're thinking maybe some dude will make your decal for a blow-job," Willie said. "But what if it's a gay guy? Or a straight chick? What if they don't want anything from you?"

"Then I'll have to go find someone who does want something from me, and get the money from them."

"You better be careful," Andre said. "There are girls out there turning tricks for real, not just for kicks. And they have pimps. Try that shit on their turf, they'll make you real sorry."

That was a chilling thought that I hadn't considered. Even so, I couldn't take the money.

Honestly, I shouldn't have asked them to take me anywhere specific, but they were so happy to help me, I didn't have the heart or energy to

withdraw the request, even after I realized it didn't accord with my rules.

It was around four in the afternoon when we pulled up in front of exactly the kind of print-shop I asked them to find for me. I had many more hours to go yet until I could reclaim my dress and purse. Who knew what else might happen in that time? Naked, penniless, and alone, I got out of the bus, both scared and excited to face the world again and find out.

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