

nude in public all day long

book 1: morning



by an
**embarrassed
wife**

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by an Embarrassed Wife

for my proud husband

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Getting Naked

Before sunrise one spring morning I drove from my suburban home to the nearest airport.

I traveled light, with only a clutch purse that held my plane tickets, keys, phone, driver's license, a credit card, and two other items. One was a shoe pocket, a small nylon pouch that could be fastened to the top of a shoe by threading its velcro strap under the laces. The other was a folded FedEx soft-pak envelope, complete with printed shipping label.

I took the same bare-essentials approach to my appearance. I wore my hair in a tight, neat ballerina bun. No makeup. My only jewelry was a barbell through the piercing in my navel, and my wedding ring.

I wore a floral silk sun-dress. No bra or panties. On my feet were Vibram Five Fingers, ultra-thin running shoes with separate sections for each toe, for an almost barefoot look and feel.

The skimpy outfit was a gamble. I'd seen news reports of women held off flights because airline personnel didn't think they were dressed "properly." But this trip was all about taking chances, and I was giving Fate one last chance to stop me. No such luck! Fate and everyone else allowed me to proceed.

I flew to a city halfway across the country. I'd never been there, didn't know anyone, and wouldn't know my way around. As the plane landed, the pilot told us the weather forecast: sunny and warm all morning, with a chance of showers in the afternoon.

On the ground again, the reality of what I planned to do overwhelmed me. I hurried into a restroom, where I locked myself into a stall and burst into tears. I called my husband.

"I can't," I said between sobs and sniffles. "I'm sorry. I just can't! It's too much."

"Honey, it's okay," he said. "Where are you?"

"In the airport. My plane just landed."

"At least you're there," he said. "That's good. Is it that you still want to, but can't, or that you don't want to any more?"

"I want to, but can't," I said. "I'm sorry, honey! I didn't mean to chicken out."

"Well, it's okay if you do," he said. "But maybe you haven't chickened out yet. Isn't there one more step you could take without totally committing?"

"Yeah. A few."

"Since you're there anyway," he said, "why not go ahead and take them? Right up to the point of no return. If you chicken out then, at least you'll always know you faced it."

I pulled off some toilet paper. Blew my nose. "That makes sense. I can do that. One step at a time to the point of no return."

"That's how you got this far," he said. "Frankly, I'm in awe of you. Watching you prepare for this . . . I don't have any words for how amazing it's been."

"Thanks," I said. "I needed to hear that. Okay. If I chicken out, I'll call you. If not, you'll find out according to plan."

"Either way," he said, "I love you and can't wait to see you again."

"Love you too, honey. Bye."

I caught a cab at the taxi stand, and gave the driver an address in the downtown business district.

On the way, I put my driver's license in the shoe pocket, then attached the latter to the top of my left shoe.

That left me with nothing to do but watch the skyline loom closer and larger with every mile we sped along the highway.

The city swallowed us as we entered it. The open road gave way to canyons of taller and taller buildings.

I timed my arrival for rush hour, and succeeded beyond my wildest hopes and fears. Traffic soon crawled in both directions as far as I could see. Pedestrians surged in vast tides on the sidewalks. The crowds in my fantasies had been faceless, and of course imaginary; these crowds were unimaginably larger, and everywhere I looked were real people with real faces. I stared, mesmerized, as the taxi bore me along a discombobulating route.

Suddenly it lurched to the curb.

"Here we are, Miss." The cabbie punched some buttons. The fare popped up on a terminal facing me, affixed to the partition. "Cash or card?"

Card. The terminal offered me three options for the tip. I selected the highest.

The cabbie started to say, "Thank you most kindly, Mi—", but I was already out of the taxi, slamming the door. I didn't mean to be rude, but my mind was already on the next step in my plan.

If this was the place, a FedEx drop box had to be nearby. I'd located it on the company website, and visually confirmed it with "street view" in Google Maps. The crush of pedestrians made seeing anything difficult, but I finally spotted it through fleeting gaps in the crowd.

Following my husband's logic, I figured I might as well walk over to it, then chicken out and call him. While everyone else hurried to work, I struggled toward it across the current. At this point, I had no intention of going through with anything. I felt conspicuous and silly enough in my colorful dress among all the dark business suits. Even so, I went ahead and pulled the FedEx envelope out of my purse.

A dark-suited man briskly strode to the drop box, and deposited an envelope. As he turned to keep walking, he saw me unfolding my envelope.

"Please excuse me," he said. "I didn't mean to barge in front of you."

"You didn't," I said. "I wasn't ready yet."

For a moment, we stood there, checking each other out. He appeared to be around my father's age, and even reminded me of him a little, which made it awkward for me. He was tall, fit, and dignified, with a full head of silver hair, and a face matured to handsome distinction. He wore his suit well. I spied a wedding band.

The crowd eddied around us.

Here was a chance to take another step or two. I would lose it if I dallied, and might not get another.

"Could you do me a favor, though?" I said.

He smiled. "I certainly hope so."

"I know this will sound odd," I said, "but I'd like a video of myself posting this package. Could you please take one on your phone, then send it to me with contact information I'll provide?"

"I'd be happy to," he said. "But wouldn't you rather I take it on your phone?"

"My phone is going in the package, with my purse."

He arched an eyebrow. "Oookay . . . ?"

If he wanted an explanation, I only wanted to get the next step over with before I changed my mind.

I stood beside the drop box while he got his phone out and ready.

The torrent of pedestrians continued. Those who stepped around us glared in irritation.

"All right," he said. "Tell me when to start."

"Now please."

He tapped his phone and nodded.

"Okay," I said, "so I'm taking this challenge to go without certain things for 24 hours. I don't live here. I'm all alone. All I brought with me was this purse, and I'm overnighting it to a FedEx Office location a few blocks from here. I'm only keeping my ID, in this shoe pocket—" I raised my foot and wagged it for the camera. "—only because I'll need it to claim the package there tomorrow morning."

With slow, clear, deliberate motions, I put my purse in the envelope. Then I set the envelope, still unsealed, on top of the drop box. For my next move, I would need both hands.

I inhaled deeply. Exhaled. I took one last look around to make sure no police were in sight.

And then I did it—just whipped my dress off over my head.

People gasped. Some stopped to gawk. That led to jostling, confusion, and surprise. I heard questions and remarks, some hushed in shock, some exclaimed or even shouted.

Somehow, I ignored all that and remained perfectly calm as I folded my dress into a neat silk square. I sealed it in the envelope with my purse.

Even then, I could have chickened out. I could have ripped the envelope open, put my dress back on, and run away.

Instead, I deposited it in the drop box.

The lid clanged shut.

That's when it hit me: I was on the other side of the point of no return. I was really, truly, absolutely STARK NAKED* in public. And there wasn't a goddamn thing I could do about it.

That's also when my modesty kicked in, and I almost died of embarrassment on the spot. I'm not at all an exhibitionist. When I dared to look around at all the fully-clothed strangers staring at my exposed body with wide eyes and slack jaws, scalding blood rushed to my cheeks. Tears brimmed in my eyes. Panic welled in my heart. Desperate to have the package back, I actually raked the drop box with my fingernails. When that didn't work, I crossed my arms over my breasts, squeezed my legs together, and curled into a standing fetal position.

Pathetically incapacitated, I could only wonder how I ever considered this a good idea. I devoted months of my life to reaching precisely this point. Why?!

* Well, except for the Vibrams, but they were as close to barefoot as I was willing to go on city streets. Plus I needed *somewhere* to keep my ID.

Getting Ready

My husband gave me the idea.

Our marriage was at its lowest point. I went to bed alone most nights, while he stayed up hours later on his laptop in the spare room we use as an office. When he finally came to bed, if I wasn't asleep, I pretended to be, stewing in my confusion, anger, and frustration. We'd grown so far apart that I finally saw nothing to lose in confronting him about it.

That was a long, difficult conversation that went round and round until he confessed to a porn addiction. At least he wasn't having an affair, but the revelation still hurt. The man I married would rather jack off to dirty pictures on the internet than make love to me. How humiliating! He tried to reassure me that he found me more attractive than the women in the porn, but said he'd grown obsessed with a certain fantasy, and needed to see people acting it out.

"Why not me?" I asked.

He shook his head and said it was impossible. He swore the fantasy would not appeal to me, and said I could never act it out even if I wanted to.

I still loved him. He claimed to love me still, and despite my strong misgivings, I couldn't help believing him. If there was any hope for our marriage, I wanted to pursue it. So I insisted he explain the fantasy to me, and show me examples from the websites he visited most often.

I had no idea what to expect. Porn is so multifarious, and my tastes are admittedly "vanilla." I prayed his fantasy would not disturb or disgust me, but braced myself for the worst.

In a sense, his fantasy turned out to be quite tame. It was all about women being nude in public, specifically in places where nudity is not expected or condoned (i.e. more like a city street or outdoor market than a nude beach or strip club). Most of the women in the examples he showed me did little more than walk around like that.

If this fantasy sounds tame, my reaction to it wasn't. Like I said, I'm not an exhibitionist. I'm probably on average more modest than my peers. My husband had good reason to believe I wouldn't take to such a fantasy. The feelings it stirred in me, however, were stronger than even that would lead one to expect. It was like being confronted with a new phobia. The

very idea of being nude in public, and the sight of women experiencing it, filled me with a surge of vicarious embarrassment, shame, and anxiety.

Those sound like negative emotions, but there was something seductive in their intensity.

Not all of the women looked uncomfortable with public nudity, but some were obviously not faking their embarrassment. Some looked like they'd do anything to escape the situation. And yet, they were the ones who put themselves in it, entirely on purpose. On some as-yet-unconscious level, not only did I understand why, but it struck a deep chord in me and resonated.

I kept all this to myself behind a poker face as my husband continued to explain.

"You see?" he said in the end. "I'm sorry I hid all this from you and let it come between us, but it's not exactly the kind of fantasy we can share as a couple."

Despite this forlorn conclusion, we made love that night for the first time in months. My pleasure had a strange new edge to it. Consciously, I chalked it up to having gone without for so long. But again, deep down, part of me knew better.

* * *

I said my husband gave me the idea. I must admit that I embraced it. And ran with it.

Over the next several days, I returned on my own to the websites he showed me, for more jolts of those simultaneously distressing and alluring feelings. I explored the content. I read comments. I looked at stats and polls that charted subscriber preferences. I followed discussion threads, beginning to end. I dug deeper into the fantasy, and tried to understand it thoroughly.

Everything I absorbed boiled down to three principles: The more exposed a woman is, the better. The more embarrassed she is, the better. And best of all is anything that makes her more helpless to escape her exposure and embarrassment.

Once I grasped these principles, they began to fuel my fantasies as I contemplated how they might be applied to me. How could my exposure and helplessness be maximized, to maximize my embarrassment? The more

dreadfully I tormented myself with increasingly extreme scenarios in my imagination, the more and harder I came. 'Enjoyable' is perhaps not the right word for this process, as I wallowed in emotions that didn't feel healthy and even scared me a little, but it certainly was addictive.

* * *

One day at the gym, a trainer asked what I was getting ready for. The question puzzled me, so he elaborated: "Not that you've ever been a slouch, but you really kicked your workout up a few notches lately. I figured you must have something coming up, either an athletic event or something like a reunion where you want to look your best."

This was news to me. I thought I always worked out hard. Then again, lately, I had broken through a few plateaus and made steadier gains than usual. Now that he mentioned the difference, and asked about my motivation, only one thing sprang to mind.

"Wow," he said, "your face just turned so red! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry into your personal business."

"No, that's okay." This was my first inkling that, on some level, going nude in public might be more of a plan than a fantasy. "I didn't realize it till now, but maybe there is something. Let's just say, if I were to do it, I would need to be in shape, and also look my best."

He nodded. "Cool." He swept his arm to indicate the other trainers. "You know we're here for you, if you ever want to take it to an even higher level."

The cynic in me wondered if this was some standard gym marketing technique—compliment someone, fish for a goal, then suggest a personal trainer. Probably it was, but that didn't negate what it forced me to acknowledge: after much vicarious and fantasized experience of public nudity, I was curious to experience it firsthand in real life. How serious of a goal was that for me? I resolved to search my heart and mind for honest answers. In the meantime, a "higher level" of fitness couldn't hurt.

"That's not a bad idea," I said. "Okay. Let's sign me up with someone and get started."

* * *

That night, as I began to think seriously about acting out the fantasy, I debated whether to engage my husband on the topic. Our marriage had dramatically improved, especially our love life, but weeks had passed since we had our little talk, and we hadn't discussed it again. We were due to revisit the issue.

On the other hand, if anyone was going to be out there naked, it would be me, and I wasn't sure yet whether I wanted to do it, how I might prefer to go about it, or what I would ultimately want from the experience. I decided to keep my own counsel and reach my own conclusions before seeking input from my husband or anyone else. Though the fantasy started as his, only I would have literal skin in the game, so it only seemed fair that any acting out should be completely on my terms.

The most obvious starting point was the question of whether to work with one of the established adult websites that specialize in such fare. That route offered many advantages. The sites my husband showed me were all based in Europe, and did all their shoots there, which made discovery by anyone who knew me that much more unlikely (this was not a trivial concern, and was the main reason my husband believed I could never do it; at the time, I taught high school math, so any hint of scandal would have ended my career). They would handle all logistical arrangements and provide an experienced, professional camera crew. I would only have to show up, get naked, and walk around. If I got cold feet, I'd seen them coax other shy women out of their clothes. In short, this approach promised the best chance for me to go through with the experience and have it documented in high-quality photos and video, with little risk of life-altering consequences.

The problem was, none of that excited me. It would have, in the beginning, when the mere idea of public nudity could make me quiver, but now it seemed too canned and safe. I'd grown jaded enough to be unsatisfied with the idea of going through the same motions as all the other models, and my fantasies had grown more extreme than the websites would be willing or able to accommodate. Most people who act out fantasies start small, with baby steps, but I realized I had no patience for that. If I was going to do it at all, I saw no point in settling for less than everything I wanted.

What I wanted, first of all, was to handle all the planning and arrangements myself. Turning that over to anyone else, even if they knew

what they were doing and I didn't, would have robbed me of the pleasure of going through that process.

In addition to the principles I enumerated earlier, my guiding formula to achieve the emotional intensity I craved would be a motto that stuck in my head after I read it on one of the forums: "Big risks, high stakes, no defenses." I applied it first to my choice of location. Instead of a safely remote European town with lax laws and enforcement, as I would have gotten with one of the websites, I settled on a midwestern US city with some of the strictest laws around; an arrest would get me charged with felony indecent exposure, and conviction would land me on the sex offender registry. I didn't need a gut-check (or one lower down) to know this decision terrified and thrilled me. That told me the formula worked. That was how I wanted all my decisions to feel.

Planning was made easier by the fact that my fantasies, no matter how extreme, never veered into the utterly fantastic. Every action I imagined could be done in real life, if I only had the nerve. So my plan was already mostly written in my mind, and all I had to do was organize the details.

I still faced a few tough dilemmas, though. One of the toughest was whether or not I should have someone along with me taking video and pictures. I first encountered public nudity by looking at video and pictures, and if I was going to do this, I wanted video and pictures of it too. As one step toward maximizing my helplessness, I'd already ruled out having my husband along, so video and pictures were the only way he would ever see me in action.

But being accompanied by any dedicated camera crew, even one person, posed certain problems. The man who started one of the major websites complained right on it that when bystanders notice professional camera people, their reaction often changes. They no longer see a woman nude in public, but see instead a model on a photo-shoot. That makes her less naked, in a sense, because she's "clothed" in a role. Some of the women who are clearly more nervous and uncomfortable play to that. They fixate on the camera, and act as if they're modeling. I suppose that makes them feel more in control, and lets them avoid dealing with feelings of exposure, embarrassment, and helplessness. That wasn't an option I wanted to give myself. For that matter, having anyone with me for any reason would make me less helpless than if I were alone. Alone would be ideal, but then how would I get video and pictures?

The breakthrough came when I realized that people all have cameras in their phones, and many would, on their own initiative, take video or pictures of a woman nude in public. I could do this alone, and rely on bystanders to be my camera crew. This would deprive me of any "professional photo shoot" excuse for being naked. It would also force me to overcome my shyness and interact more with bystanders, because I would have to approach them and ask them to send me any media they took.

That only left the question of how I could most efficiently direct them where to send it. Then I realized I could print a wearable "temporary tattoo" decal of a QR code with an upload link to a special account set up for that purpose.

Admittedly, on this approach, I'd get less complete and lower quality media than if I had a dedicated crew with proper skills and equipment, but that was a tradeoff I could live with.

* * *

Eventually I felt ready to let my husband in on my plans, thoughts, and feelings. One night I told him we needed to talk.

"We haven't discussed the nude in public fantasy in a while," I said.

He shrugged. "Like I said, I don't know how to share it with you."

"Maybe I can help with that."

I started slowly, gently, by walking him through my own explorations of the websites he showed me, and even some he hadn't that I discovered on my own. I told him my ideas, such as the three principles, and opinions, such as my dislike for when a woman acts too much like a model on a photo-shoot. He opened up in turn, and soon we were having a real conversation.

During a lull, when I felt warm and safe in our love, I softly said, "I'm open to maybe giving it a try. How do you feel about that?"

He shifted in his seat, and stared at his hands as he wrung them.

Perhaps I crossed a line? Did he prefer to keep this fantasy a fantasy? I wouldn't know until he told me. So I waited, and let him take his time.

At last he said, "I didn't mention it before, but I've fantasized about you doing it. I mean, a lot. I even wrote a story. For one of the forums. Not one I showed you, but I guess you found it anyway."

"You did?" I racked my brain, trying to think which story it could be.

"Don't worry, I didn't use your name."

"Wait," I said. "Was it the one about Susan? The teacher? You wrote that?"

"Oh God," he said. "You read it?"

I had. Several times. It deepened and expanded what public nudity meant to me in disturbing ways I was still trying to process. I deliberately left it out of my walk-through, because it seemed too extreme to bring up at this stage of our discussion.

Most nude-in-public sites have no hard- or even soft-core sexual content, even if some of the featured women do such scenes for other sites or media. They're strictly about public nudity. Occasionally a woman will let a man put an arm around her shoulders or waist while posing for a photograph, but other than that, they're very hands-off. The heroine of this story, however, took her public nudity to the next level by shedding not only her clothes, but all personal boundaries. She was out there not only to be seen, but also touched—by anyone, anywhere, in any way, up to and including sexual intercourse, as long as it all took place in public.

And it got more extreme than that. I suddenly recalled that this story was where I first read, "Big risks, high stakes, no defenses." The character lived by it, as her mantra. Since birth control is a defense against the risk of unwanted pregnancy (and the story was very clear that she did not want to get pregnant), strict adherence to this code required her to go without it altogether, and have only unprotected sex. The story framed this as yet another level of nakedness, exposure, and vulnerability. She embraced it as she did every other level, with a mixture of reluctance, trepidation, arousal, and compulsion.

I felt all these things vicariously through her, and in truth I found her remarkably relatable. Now I knew why. She was my husband's fantasy of me.

"Um, yes," I said. "I've read it. A lot."

"I know it's extreme," he said. "Please don't think I would expect you to do anything like that."

"Oh honey," I said, "wait'll you hear what I came up with."

I laid it all out for him, everything I planned so far, including my tentative hopes to have the kind of sex in public Susan did.

He sat back, stunned.

"So?" I said.

"Who are you and what have you done with my wife?"

We laughed.

I said, "Seriously! What'd you think?"

"That's not just a fantasy?" he said. "You really want to do all that?"

"I guess it's just a fantasy until I go through with it," I said. "My idea was that yes, I really meant to, but who am I kidding? I never will."

"Hey, don't throw in the towel yet," he said. "You mentioned a date in April?"

I nodded. "Spring Break. That seemed like a good time."

"It's seven months away. I'll tell you what. Let's prepare as if you're really going to do it. You know, buy the plane tickets, print that QR code, everything. Maybe you won't go through with it. So what? We can afford it, and the role-play will be fun, so it's not like the effort and expense would be wasted."

"That does sound fun," I said.

We embraced.

"Let's keep talking," he whispered. "Through it all, I mean."

"I know," I said. "We will."

And we did.

Getting Going

Through a fog of shame, I heard a man's voice: "Are you okay?"

A hand on my shoulder made me yelp and jump as if electrocuted, and startled me back to my senses.

"Sorry!" The older gentleman, who had paused from filming me, jerked his hand away and stepped back.

"No, it's all right. I'm sorry. I'm okay." I said that, but wasn't so sure. It worried me how searingly intimate his innocent, fatherly gesture had seemed. I felt naked everywhere, and sexually exposed, my whole body one raw erogenous zone. How could I function like that?

"Look," he said, "I can't imagine why you did that, but clearly you regret it. Here, cover up with this for now." He took off his suit coat. "I'll buy you something to wear. Then we'll figure out what to do with you next."

I actually laughed. After all that planning and hard work to make myself helpless to escape my public nudity, the first person I met within a matter of seconds was offering to help me do exactly that.

I shrugged out from under the jacket as he tried to lay it over my shoulders. "No, no thanks."

Regaining the ability to move and speak was a good sign. The first wave of my embarrassment had been like an electromagnetic pulse that shorted out every system in my body and brain, but everything seemed to be coming back online. I wouldn't say I was getting used to being nude in public, but it looked like I would be able to function after all.

Someone whistled.

A woman said, "Hey bitch, your bony ass is showing!"

I was more embarrassed and ashamed than I ever thought possible, but none of it literally killed me. I could do this.

The man thrust his coat at me again. "Please! I insist."

"I'm okay," I said. "No thank you. That's very kind, but I'm okay."

He shook his head.

Someone fondled my ass. I yelped and jumped again, not as much this time, and more out of surprise than violation. I looked around by reflex, but didn't care who did it. Even though they touched me in a much more

personal place, it didn't shock me as much as that first contact. Maybe I could deal with people's hands on me. That was nice to know.

Once I regained my composure, I smiled up at the older gentleman. "Here's how you can help. Send me that video. Ready for my contact info?"

"What?" he said. "Really? Well, all right."

I turned away and pointed at my lower back with my thumb. That was where I wore the QR code, right where a "tramp stamp" would go. My husband helped me put it on that morning.

A circle, mostly of men, had formed, and they all had their phones out, pointed at me. Exactly according to plan.

I said, "To anyone who took video or pictures, could you scan this code and send them to me, please?"

Inviting clothed strangers to scan a spot directly above my bare ass with their phones was something I expected to feel a bit humiliating; as with everything so far, the reality exceeded my expectations. It was bad enough to have a dozen men in suits doing as I requested. It was worse to have hundreds of other men and women in suits walk or drive by and witness it. I felt like the term "tramp stamp" was never more deserved. I actually hid my face in my hands out of shame, and mumbled through my fingers, "Is it working?"

One of the men said, "Yep!"

"Can we get some better shots of you?" someone asked. "You weren't exactly working it before."

The other men loudly and unanimously agreed.

"Okay," I said. "Has everyone scanned me?"

"We're ready," someone said. "Come on, now. Show us what you got!"

I turned to face them again. My posture still reflected my embarrassment. I was hunched and scrunched to make myself as small as possible.

More men joined the cluster. Annoyed pedestrians jostled around the edges or shouldered through between us. Women were the worst. They clicked by on their heels and ignored me with the most venomous expressions.

The men pointing phones at me called instructions: "Stand up straight."

"Chin up."

"Smile!"

"Hands on hips."

"Shoulders back."

"Feet apart."

I forced myself to comply with all of these, but that last one was the hardest. My *labia minora* hang down pretty far. They would be quite visible in any posture where my legs weren't crossed or squeezed together. My husband says they're beautiful, and past lovers were mostly reassuring too, but I remained self-conscious about them. And I was waxed completely bald down there, so they'd be on full display.

I shifted my feet to a somewhat wider stance.

"Wow," someone said, "those lips!"

"Roast beef!"

"More like a turkey wattle."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

"Can you wiggle or shake? I want to see 'em flap."

"Goddamn, that's an ugly pussy!"

"Yeah, but you know what they say about girls with pussies like that."

They said all that, and more.

I probably set a world record in that moment for reddest face ever. I wished the earth would open up and swallow me. This was my nightmare. I worked out so hard to get in shape for this. I was more toned and fit all over than I've ever been in my life. Even my breasts were small, firm cones with very little jiggle. The only loose flesh on my body happened to be dangling between my legs, in the most personal spot possible, and there was nothing I could do about it, short of labiaplastic surgery. So that's what everyone immediately focused on.

I said, "Hey, be nice!" It was weak, but what else could I say? Somehow, I resisted the urge to hide or cover myself. I stood there, full-frontal in the face of their unkind remarks, hands on hips, shoulders back, feet apart, and let it all hang out.

Some of them were moving closer and/or zooming in for crotch shots. I imagined them posting the pictures to websites with names like *ugly pussy.com*.

"I like it," someone said. "It's humanizing."

I frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're so beautiful everywhere *else*."

"I'm not saying I wouldn't hit it," another guy said. "I just wouldn't want to look at it too much."

"Oh my God!" I don't know why, but that was the last straw for me. I broke the pose and walked away. "Screw you, assholes."

"Hey, we're teasing!"

"Seriously, though," one of them said, "there's doctors who can fix that for you."

I just hoped they remembered to send me the pictures. I actually turned around and called, "Send the pictures! Don't forget!"

My older gentleman was right behind me. He didn't take part in the "teasing," and didn't laugh along with any of it. Now he said, "Don't listen to them. You have—I mean, you are beautiful . . . everywhere."

"Thanks." I was grateful that he didn't mention my labia directly. I was ready for a break from them being the focus of attention. It was embarrassing enough to be complimented by a stranger on my "everywhere." I couldn't blame him, though. I was the one showing it off.

We stood in the middle of the sidewalk, impeding the flow of traffic. If we were going to have a conversation, we needed to get out of the way. I took his arm, started walking again, and tried to steer us toward the wall.

"Awful as that was," I said, "I hope you got it on video."

He looked at me like I was crazy. "Uuuhh, yes. Some of it."

"Whew! Please send it to me. My husband will love it."

"Your husband?" He looked around. "Is he here?"

I shook my head. "He couldn't have let me go through that. Which is why I left him at home."

"I thought you said he'll love it?"

"He will. It's complicated." We reached the wall. I leaned against it. The brick was cool on my bare shoulder.

"Are you still going through with that challenge?"

"I have to, now," I said. "No choice."

"Here's a choice, in case you need it." He held out a business card.

"Listen—" I didn't take it, but read his name. "Donald, that's sweet of you, but I've gone to a lot of trouble to put myself in this position. I want to go through this. I don't want a way out until tomorrow morning."

"In case of extreme emergency." He held the card out more insistently. "I can take calls discreetly through that number."

I smiled. "So that's the card you hand out to mistresses?"

It was his turn to blush. "Since you put it that way, I'd love to see you again. Won't you need somewhere to sleep tonight?"

He reminded me so much of my father, I felt pseudo-incestuous just standing in front of him naked. No doubt, sex with him would vastly intensify that feeling. The thought made me uncomfortable, but in a way I found arousing. I never had incest fantasies before, or even understood them; perhaps my thinking about them had been too literal all along.

"Maybe. If I'm not in jail."

"Call me if you are," he said. "I can get you out."

I took the card.

While I read it, he explained: "The address is a *pied-à-terre* I keep here in the city. Just show up in a taxi. I'll arrange for my doorman to cover your fare and let you in my apartment. I'll be there myself after seven."

"Since you're paying, I may show up in a limo." I handed the card back.

"You keep it," he said.

"I memorized it. I don't need it." Since he wouldn't take it, I flicked it at a nearby trash can. Amazingly, I made the basket.

He quizzed me on the info. I recited the address, then deliberately got the phone number wrong by a digit.

"I'm kidding!" I said, when he looked like he might blow a gasket. "I know it. Don't worry. If I don't get a better offer, you'll be fucking me tonight." I don't know why I put that so coarsely. Something about him brought out the potty-mouthed little girl in me.

Hands On

Donald went his way. I went mine.

And suddenly I felt a whole new kind of naked.

For the first time since I took my dress off, no specific person or situation dominated my attention. Donald especially, but also in their own way the creeps who made fun of me, had been serving as buffers between me and the wider world. Of course I'd been aware of the crowds milling by, but mostly in a peripheral and fleeting manner.

Now I was alone, with nothing to distract me from the multitudes. I walked naked among thousands of clothed strangers, like in a dream, embarrassed out of my mind. I kept my gaze down. My steps were stiff and mechanical—and quick. Far too quick. In the website videos, the camera crews had to keep telling the women to walk more slowly. Now I understood why. I wouldn't get my package back until the next morning, but the part of me that clamored to escape my exposure kept urging me to rush, to hurry up and get this over with, as if walking faster could help me reach my package sooner, or speed up time.

As I caught myself doing this, I forced myself to slow down. Breathe. Relax. Walk more naturally. It wasn't easy. I kept speeding back up. It helped to remind myself how much time I had to kill.

Eventually it worked. I stopped trying to run away from my embarrassment, and strolled along in the moment, experiencing it in the solitude of my nudity. It was the weirdest feeling. I was so glad I chose not to bring a camera crew, because I never would have felt it if anyone were with me.

I floated along in this reverie, toward an intersection.

A police car approaching on the cross-street burst that bubble.

I never kidded myself that I might go without seeing a cop. I knew I'd encounter them once at least, and more than that as long as I managed to evade them. As I mentioned, I even chose a city where they'd be more likely to come after me. The reality still hit me like ice water from a fire-hose. If I congratulated myself before for taking big risks with high stakes, now panic threatened to overwhelm me.

Where could I get out of sight? Maybe the open entrance to an underground garage. The sidewalk was still too crowded for sprinting, but I

kept low and hustled between pedestrians. Embarrassment was the last thing on my mind.

As I neared the entrance, a liveried attendant's eyes popped at the sight of me. He jumped out of the booth—none too gracefully, as he was old and quite stocky.

"Whoa, Miss!" He motioned for me to stop in an expansive gesture with both hands. "Can I help you?"

"Please let me by!" I shifted course to dash around him, regardless of his answer.

He sidestepped faster than I would have thought possible, and cut me off. "Not like that," he said. "There's a cop, if you need help." He raised his hand, not only to point, but to hail the police.

I grabbed his hand and forced it down. "I don't want them to see me!"

"Well, you're not hiding in here." He held up a whistle that he wore around his neck. "You'd better go before I blow it. One . . . two . . ."

"All right, I'm going!" I whirled and ran away from him, back onto the sidewalk.

Near the end of rush hour, the crowd, still thick, wasn't thick enough to hide me. Any cop who glanced in my direction would see me in all my feloniously naked glory.

A Budweiser truck—God bless it!—drove between us. It was so big and rolled so slowly that it gave me cover through the whole critical window when I was most in danger of being spotted. By the time it passed, so had the police car.

That was far too close a call, and I escaped it only through the dumbest of luck.

Ignoring the looks people gave me, I ran into the nearest alley, leaned against the wall, and trembled for I don't know how long. Hiding like this, when there was no immediate danger, was against my "rules," but I desperately needed a moment.

When I stepped back from the shadow of the wall, the sun warmed my shoulders, reminding me of something I needed to take care of. It was urgent and not optional, regardless of my emotional state. Despite my motto of "No defenses," there was one I truly couldn't do without. I'm extremely pale complexioned. If I didn't put on some sunscreen very soon, I would burn.

I didn't have sunscreen, or money to buy any. I would need to beg a favor from someone. And if they preferred to barter? I had literally nothing to offer but my body, which was already bared for their appraisal. This was all part of the plan. I contrived to make myself vulnerable in this precise way months ago. Now I needed someone to exploit me.

When I exited the alley, rush hour was definitely over. The big city still bustled, but the crowds would not be wall-to-wall like that again until the workday ended. Once again, this changed how I experienced my public nudity. I realized now how cocooned I'd felt with people so close on every side. The open spaces and sparser distribution of people on the sidewalks meant more of them could see me from farther distances. Did I feel more exposed? I certainly felt exposed in a new way. I doubted I could ever get used to any way of being nude in public, but the shifting conditions kept me off balance, and set me back to square one every time.

One thing proved constant, and it never ceased to amaze me: an astonishing number of people at any given time ignored me. I've already mentioned women who did this pointedly, in a spiteful manner that at least acknowledged my existence, but there were many others, men and women, who blandly pretended I wasn't there.

I first noticed this phenomenon when looking at public nudity websites, where I found it startling, odd, even a bit amusing. Though that prepared me to expect it, my firsthand experience of it felt confusing, humiliating, even a bit hurtful. Did they consider me too shameful to look at? Were they doing me a favor by not gazing on my shame? I took it that way, but that was almost certainly projection on my part. I'm sure a few people felt that way about me, but most probably had no clue how to react to me, and defaulted to the safest, most comfortable course of not reacting at all.

Fewer people than I expected reacted to my nudity in an overtly sexual manner, but it did happen. There were occasional whistles and catcalls. Some men leered or ogled in a juvenile fashion. I got my share of gropes and gooses.

And there were those who disapproved. I got scowls. A few scoldings. Many side-of-the-mouth remarks meant to shame me as a slut.

Most reactions fell between these extremes. Most people gave me a once-over, then went on about their business. Some watched me for a while.

A lot of people laughed. This embarrassed me terribly, since I assumed they were laughing in derision. In retrospect, I think that, like the ones who ignored me, they didn't know what else to do.

In light of all that, it was refreshing when a cute guy made friendly eye-contact and smiled.

I smiled back.

He stopped to chat. "You're blushing."

"Yeah," I said. "I'm naked."

He grinned. "I noticed." He held his hand out. "I'm Chris."

Here was my chance not to burn to a lobster-red crisp. I shook his hand. "Hi, Chris. Think you could do a naked girl a favor?" My name was one secret I intended to keep. Fortunately, he didn't seem to mind that I didn't reciprocate the introduction.

"Let's hear it," he said.

"I'm going to be like this all day, so I really need some sunscreen."

"And the favor is, you want me to buy you some?"

"No," I said. "I want you to give me money to buy some, then take a video of me on your phone as I go into a store, pick some out, and pay for it. Then scan this code on my back." I showed him. "And send me the video."

He laughed. "That sounds like a few favors, to me. What do I get for all that trouble?"

"Besides video on your phone of me naked, buying sunscreen?"

"Yeah. That's not bad, but I think you can do better." His grin turned playfully predatory. I was at his mercy, in a good way.

"What do you have in mind?" I said.

"Maybe I could help you put it on?"

I pretended to consider it. "That only seems fair."

"That only leaves the question of where I get to put it."

"I don't want to sunburn *anywhere*," I told him. "Is that clear enough?"

"I think we have a deal." He took out his wallet. "How much do you need?"

"Twenty would be nice." I had butterflies in my stomach, in anticipation of his hands all over me.

He pulled out a bill. "I only have ten."

The butterflies stopped, and my stomach knotted. I'd done a little research at my local pharmacies about the price of sunscreen. Anything

name-brand cost at least eleven dollars. Store-brand products hovered between eight and ten. All of that, before sales tax, which in this city was eight percent. Depending on where we shopped and what they had in stock, ten dollars might buy me something or not. I saw an ATM out of the corner of my eye, and was tempted to point it out.

Just then, an elderly couple approaching on the sidewalk noticed me and stopped. The woman whisper-shouted to her husband, "Frank, that whore! She's . . ." The old man solemnly finished the sentence for her: ". . . naked."

I accepted the ten, right in front of the old couple. "It'll have to do, I guess." If the woman thought I was a whore, now she knew I was a cheap one. To this day, I wonder if I meant to provoke her, but I turned to the couple and said, "Excuse me, please, could you tell me where to find the nearest pharmacy?"

"For what?" the woman said. "Vaseline and rubbers? You're the filthiest slut I've seen in all my years! Most whores have the decency to wear a little something when they're out in the street, soliciting for sex. God only knows what happened to your shame, but if you had a shred of it, you'd put on a shred of clothing, even for the purpose of peddling your ass!"

At first I could only laugh at this tirade. Then I burst into tears. "I'm not a whore!" I blubbered. "I'm doing this for fun. And I *am* ashamed. I am!"

Chris led me away by the elbow.

"I'm sorry." I wiped my eyes, and thanked God I wasn't wearing makeup. "I've been through a lot today" (an especially pitiful thing to say, considering how early it was).

"That's okay," he said. "Sure you're good to go through with this?"

I sniffled. Smiled. "Yeah. Give me a second."

After I signaled I was ready to proceed, he said, "I passed a CVS back this way."

While I walked with him, he asked, "So, why are you out here naked like this?"

"Didn't you hear me? For fun."

"You also said you were ashamed. And you were crying."

"Believe it or not, the shame and tears are part of the fun." He cocked an eyebrow skeptically, so I tried to put it in terms he might understand. "Have you ever done anything extreme, for the sake of a wild experience?"

He thought about it, and smiled. "Well, sure."

"Was it stressful or scary or painful at times?"

"Okay, I think I sort of get it."

Did he really, or was he shutting me up? In any case, we stopped outside the CVS.

"How do you want to do this?" he said.

"Why don't you go in first," I said, "and get ready with your phone. Then I'll dash in and try to make the purchase."

"What if they kick you out?"

"If it were anything else, I'd say I'm shit out of luck. But I need sunscreen ASAP. If they won't let me buy it, I'll need you to do it for me, like you offered in the first place."

"Maybe we should skip to that backup plan," he said. "You look so nervous now."

"I am nervous," I said. "And when I'm in there, I'll be totally embarrassed. Like I said, fun! Now go. Get ready."

He shook his head. "Okay. Give me a few seconds." He went inside.

Loitering outside, naked and alone, wasn't easy, even for a few seconds. People passed me on the sidewalk going both directions. People passed me going into and coming out of CVS. Quite a few ignored me. Some gave me funny looks.

One dweeby guy asked, "Are you the sidewalk special?"

I laughed politely at the line.

"Okay if I get a picture?" He held his phone up.

I struck a pose. Then I made him scan the code and send it to me. He got a big kick out of that. One thing I found later when looking at everything everyone sent me was that a lot of people took pictures of the code (and my ass) before scanning it. This guy was one of them.

Next, a middle-aged woman asked, "Do you need help, dear?"

"Oh, no thanks," I said.

"You do realize you're indecently exposed?"

"My awareness of that is excruciating."

"I think they sell t-shirts." She pointed at CVS. "Do you need money?"

I held up the ten dollar bill.

"You should buy one and cover up," she said, "before someone calls the police."

With that as my cue, I approached the automatic doors.

They whooshed open.

Deep breath in. Out.

As quickly as I could without actually running, I stepped through and headed directly toward the nearest aisle.

"Welcome to—" someone said, and then they must have noticed I was naked. If my public nudity was inappropriate outside, I was in a place of business now where it would be all the more so.

The nearest aisle happened to be candy. A woman and a young guy (not together, I don't think) browsed it. In this urban location where space was at a premium, the aisles were exceptionally narrow. I couldn't help brushing against each of them in turn as I hurried by. The young guy, in a tank top, was leaning over for something, and my breast grazed his shoulder. As I recall, he had a big black tribal tattoo on it.

He looked up, then did a startled double-take. "Jesus!"

"Sorry!" I kept moving. At the end of the aisle, deep in the store, I took my first good look around to orient myself. The Sun Care section could be anywhere in a CVS, but it was usually in the neighborhood of aisles with hair or facial products. I located them with the overhead signs, and hurried in their direction.

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" a woman called. "You can't be in here like that. You need to leave now."

I stayed low and tried to slink around the customers in my way.

"Excuse me. Excuse me." I didn't do a very good job of it.

"Where is she? You see her?" the same woman said. She sounded closer.

I ducked into a hair-care aisle, frantically searching the sub-section signs for Sun Care. No dice. I slipped around onto a skin care aisle, with signs for Acne Treatment and Facial Moisturizers, but again, no Sun Care.

"I think I saw her over that way," some guy said. Was he giving me cover or giving me away? I didn't have the luxury of caring. I needed to find Sun Care, and that's all there was to it.

"Ma'am!" the woman yelled.

I caught a glimpse of her at the end of my aisle before I turned the corner to the next one: a short, pudgy African American woman in a security uniform.

"Shit!" I scanned the sub-section signs on this aisle. Trial Size. Cotton Puffs. I was about to give up and hop to the next aisle, when suddenly I saw

the sunscreen products, right next to the cotton puffs. The Sun Care sign was missing. Goddamn! It could have saved me precious seconds.

The woman appeared at the end of the aisle. This time she saw me. "Get out right this second or I'm calling the police."

If I had a twenty, I could have grabbed the first thing that met my needs. Instead, I had to look for the CVS brand, find the lotion (not the spray, since I wanted Chris to apply it with his hands) with SPF 50, preferably the broad spectrum, sport variety, then look at the price to make sure I could afford it. \$8.99. I grabbed it.

"That's it," the woman said. "I'm calling." She pulled out a phone.

"Wait! I'm going!" I ran down the aisle.

She looked up, saw the lotion in my hand. "Not with that, you're not."

I ran around her toward the checkout. "I'll pay for it."

"Oh no you won't. You need to go!"

"Just let me buy this!"

She shook her head and started dialing.

There had to be a line. I took my place at the end of it.

Literally everyone in the store was staring at me now.

"Miss, why don't you go ahead." A man at the front pointed at a free self-checker.

I ran to it. "Thank you!" I scanned the lotion. Tapped the button to pay. Cash. My sweaty fist had reduced the bill to a soggy, crumpled mess. I was shaking so hard as I tried to straighten it out enough to feed into the bill acceptor.

The woman identified herself into her phone as CVS security at blah blah location.

I finally got the bill to go in. Another eternity for my receipt to print. I snatched it and waved it at the guard. "There! I bought it. Keep the change!" And I ran out.

On the sidewalk, I considered bolting away, but forced myself to wait for Chris.

He came out, laughing. "Thanks for telling them to keep my change."

"She called the cops! Run!" I jogged a few steps, and watched to see if he would follow. When he did, I straightened around and broke into a sprint toward the far corner. The main thing was to get on a different block, out of sight of the store. Keeping a paranoid eye out for police, I slowed as I approached the corner, then turned it at a normal walking pace.

Chris fell into step beside me. "Wow, you're something!"

"Thanks. Please tell me you got all that."

"In CVS, yeah. The whole shebang. I kept it rolling until you ran out. When you ducked out of sight for a while, I focused on the guard and other customers reacting to you."

"You're awesome! Thanks so much."

After a few more blocks, corners, and street crossings, when we came to another busy thoroughfare, I stopped. "All right, let's get this stuff on me."

"What, right here?" He looked around at all the people and traffic.

"Yep." I squeezed out some lotion. "While I do my face, why don't you scan that code, please, and send me the movie."

I applied the lotion to my face, ears, and neck.

"Okay, that's done," he said behind me.

I turned to face him. "How's this?"

He rubbed his thumb across my forehead, then down my cheek.

"There."

"Here." I handed him the lotion. "Everything below the neck is yours. Be very thorough."

Another guy walking by looked me over pretty closely. I never got his name, but let's call him Tom.

I smiled at Tom. "Hi."

He nodded. "Hello." He would have kept walking, but I put a hand on his arm.

"Could you do us a favor," I said, "and take a movie with our phone, please?"

He glanced at Chris.

Chris glanced at me.

I shrugged. "Does that sound cool to everyone?"

Chris frowned, maybe because I was bringing another guy into our arrangement, or maybe he didn't like handing his phone to a random stranger.

"Come on," I told him. "You want a movie of this, right?"

Chris handed his phone to Tom, who said, "When you're done, can I take a few pictures with mine?"

"Deal," I said. "I'll pose any way you want."

When the camera was recording, Chris squeezed some lotion into his hand. He started with my shoulders and back, then worked his way down each arm. When he got to my wedding ring, he said, "You're married?"

"I am."

"Your husband's cool with this?"

"Wait," Tom said. "You two aren't a couple?"

"We met like ten minutes ago," I told Tom. To Chris I said, "And yes, he couldn't be cooler."

Chris squeezed more lotion into his hand, then proceeded to my breasts. As he rubbed, more people stopped to watch. Some had expressions of open-mouthed amusement. Others had expressions of shocked (and open-mouthed) disapproval. Naturally, some got their own phones out.

Chris paused, his hands still cupping me, and looked around self-consciously. "Sure a lot of people out today."

"Tell me about it," I said.

As he realized how much attention we attracted, his face reddened.

I grinned. "Who's blushing now?"

"Well, jeez, look what we're doing."

"And you have clothes on. Imagine how I feel."

Chris took his hands away, and hesitated.

"Hey," Tom said, "if you don't want to finish her, I will."

"I got this." Chris squeezed out more lotion, then continued to my stomach. "Wow, your abs."

"You like?" I flexed to make the knobby sections stand out on my washboard.

He ran a finger down them slowly: bump . . . bump . . . bump. "Mmm-hmmm!"

"Thank you!" I said. "As hard as I worked on them, about time someone noticed."

"Maybe no one's mentioned it," Chris said, "but I promise you they noticed."

"I don't know," I said. "A bunch of guys earlier got hung up on another part of my anatomy. Keep going, you'll get there."

"If you mean what I think, I can't blame them. I've never seen one . . . *spectacular*, in real life."

It was a sweet compliment at a vulnerable moment for me.

Then Tom had to ruin it: "Yeah, A+ on the meat curtains. When you bump uglies, you really bump uglies."

"That's exactly the kind of shit they were saying," I said. "They weren't very kind about it, either."

Tom shrugged. "Wasn't there and didn't hear them, but maybe you took it worse than they meant it. The terms sound crude, but the guys who use them most would worship the ground you walk on."

I rolled my eyes. "Would they recommend doctors who could 'fix' me?"

That's when Chris rubbed the sunscreen on my pussy.

"Ah!" The cool lotion startled me. The contact felt as shockingly intimate as when Donald first touched me, only this time it really was that intimate. Chris had a lot of surface-area to cover down there, but took his time and made sure to slather sunscreen into each fleshy fold, wrinkle, curl, nook, cranny, you name it, gently tugging, spreading, or pinching as necessary to flatten them out as he went. I don't think even my husband has ever given my labia such lovingly minute attention. I was revved and ready when he got to my clit. I forced myself to look around at all the clothed strangers watching and filming my first time being sexually stimulated in public. Alas, Chris didn't spend as long there as I would have liked—by which I mean, long enough to get me off. But I'm more of a G-spot girl, anyway. Would he slip some fingers inside me? I hoped he would, and as he continued to rub around, my breath caught each time it felt like he might. In the end, he was as thorough as I asked, but didn't take that liberty. I was a little disappointed when he moved on to my ass.

"That was lovely," Tom said. "You're beautiful in your pleasure. I bet your O-face is angelic."

I'm sure my cheeks were red already, but I must have blushed harder. Getting complimented on something so personal felt a bit intrusive, even though I was the one who put myself out there.

"I'm sorry you didn't get to see it," I said.

He gazed at my Vibram-shod feet, then said, "I bet you have great O-toes, too."

I wiggled my little piggies for him. "Sorry you didn't get to see them, either."

Chris finished on my left ankle. "There! I didn't miss a spot." He stood up and held the tube out for me.

"You keep that," I said. "As a souvenir or something."

"You're good for a few hours," he said, "but if you're out longer than that, you'll need to put more on."

"I know," I said. "In a few hours, I'll do this all over again."

He looked at me like I was crazy. "What? Like in CVS and everything?"

"It's not supposed to be easy," I told him.

Some of the bystanders who pointed phones at me were starting to drift away, so I called my spiel out about sending me what they took. When I turned and showed them the code, they started moving toward me.

Tom handed Chris's phone back. He got his own out. "Before we do all that, can I take some pictures now?"

"Oh, sure," I said. "How do you want me?"

"For starters, back up closer to the wall."

I complied. "Any special pose requests?"

"You know, something sexy."

I'm not a model and didn't know what I was doing, but tried to mimic sexy poses I'd seen online. I was on my third when Tom handed Chris his phone and told him, "Your turn to film me."

Tom stepped up to me with a determined stride and a smirk.

I straightened out of my pose. "Oh, hi." I wasn't sure what else to say or do.

He pushed me against the wall, more firmly than gently.

I said, "What are you—"

He poked me in the belly button hard enough to hurt. It even knocked a little breath out of me. Somehow he missed the barbell I wore in my piercing, but made up for that by flicking it as he pulled his finger out.

"You should get something flashier," he said. "Something shiny that dangles."

I was too flustered to answer, and he waited long enough to make that clear to everyone.

He patted my stomach. "Didn't you just complain no one's noticing your tummy? If you want to draw attention there, that's one way to do it."

He'd certainly drawn my attention there. My navel was sore where he poked me. I could still feel where he patted me. Now I debated whether to switch my barbell out for something "flashier."

The next thing I knew, he had two fingers up in my pussy.

"Oh!" I tried to pull away, but my back was to the wall and his fingers were in deep.

He went down on one knee. When he found my G-spot, he contorted his arm to just the right angle to really go to town on it.

"Wait!" I said. "Don't!"

He started working it like crazy.

"Please!" I said. "Oh shit!"

Oh my God, I *squirted*. His fingers made the loudest, wettest squelching noises in me. My ejaculate fountained all around his hand. As my face and body caught up to express what was happening between my legs, he got his wish and had a front row seat to see, hear, and feel my O-absolutely-everything.

He kept me going for as long as he could—only four seconds on the video, but at the time it felt like I would never stop. Then, as rudely and abruptly, he pulled his fingers out and walked away.

"Keep rolling," he told Chris. "Ain't over yet."

My legs were so weak and trembly, I slid down the wall into an open-kneed crouch. Every atom in my body vibrated, buzzed, and tingled. An aftershock contraction was building at my core. My toes tried so hard to curl against the sidewalk, I'm surprised they didn't break.

With a moan, I squirted again.

I sank the rest of the way, until my ass rested on the sidewalk. My orgasm so overwhelmed me that I burst into tears.

Tom took his camera back from Chris. "That's how it's done, son."

Chris walked over to me. "She's crying! What did you do to her?"

Tom came and stood over me. "She's okay. It's because she came so hard." Then he patted my head and told me, "I was right. You're an angel."

The truth was, I didn't feel very great about what happened. The way he physically dominated me and did whatever he felt like, regardless of my feelings—in fact, I asked him to stop—felt like a violation. Unfortunately, it also put me in an unusually meek and submissive state of mind. So even though I wanted to say, "Fuck you, asshole!", when he offered his hand, I took it, and let him pull me to my feet . . . where his rude treatment immediately recommenced. He spun me to face the wall, and pushed me against it like he was going to frisk me. He slapped my ass loud enough to get everyone's attention again.

"Come scan this code, people," he said. "Believe me, she wants videos of that."

They lined up and did as he said. It was so humiliating. I leaned on the wall exactly as he positioned me. Tears streamed down my face, and I sniffled and wept.

Guys behind me asked if I was okay.

Tom told them, "Of course she is!" But then he elbowed me in the ribs and whispered, "They want to hear it from you."

"I'm okay," I said. "That was just really intense. That's all."

A lot of them wanted to pose for pictures with me. I was cool with that, but didn't want to do it with red, teary eyes. Or cum juice spattered all over my pussy and legs. Someone gave me a bottle of water. Someone else lent me napkins. I took a few seconds to clean up as best I could.

I don't remember how many guys I posed with at this time, but eight sent me pictures. For the first few, each had his arm around my waist, and rested his hand on my bare hip. One guy wanted to cup my breasts from behind, like in that famous Janet Jackson picture. I let him. Then another guy asked if he could straight-up fondle them. I let him do that, too. Another guy wanted to touch my "nether lips." I blushed, but said okay, and adjusted my stance to give him access.

That was the thing—anyone who asked if they could touch me anywhere got a yes. If Tom had asked if he could do what he did to me, I would have agreed to it. If he even stopped when I asked him to and gave me a second to think about it, I would have told him to go ahead. But he apparently *preferred* not having my consent. That was the part that pissed me off.

Now I considered confronting him about it, but when I looked around, I didn't see him anywhere. Nor Chris either. And the guys who posed for pictures walked away as soon as they got them. Only a few lingered to watch the rest of it. When the last guy got his, even they dispersed and wandered off, leaving me alone on the sidewalk again, surrounded by clothed strangers who passed by and either stole glances or ignored me.

I looked up at the sky, and imagined my husband looking down on me through the screen of his laptop or tablet. Since he was surely viewing all the media being sent to our account, there was a certain truth to that. How did he feel, watching me go through this from afar? I hoped he'd gotten off

to it a few times by now, but also found it comforting to think his feelings were as mixed as mine over some of what happened.

The one big mystery, the thing neither of us could predict, was how either of us would feel about me having full-on sexual intercourse with another man in public. As the sun continued to rise and the morning rolled toward noon, that was next on my list of things to do—if the cops didn't get me first. I looked forward to it now with the same nervous excitement I felt before losing my dress.

Also by an Embarrassed Wife

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