

ENF Locked Out: Caught Outside Naked

I didn't realize that my college roommate hoarded all of my clothes, the towels, and even the spare bed sheets and blankets until after I had gotten into the shower. I didn't know it at the time, but that was the start of me spending an entire day without a single stitch of clothing. An. Entire. Day.

Spent as naked as a jaybird

"Uhm, Zoey! Can you bring me a towel, please?" I called out from the bathroom door, dripping wet with clumps of dark brown hair stuck to my skin like glue. I started to sleep naked recently, so waltzing into the shower in the buff was more-or-less my routine in the morning as long as I knew we didn't have company. Zoey didn't mind in fact, it was her idea for me to try it in the first place.

She was a free spirit, the kind of new age hippie that didn't think of clothes as all that important: she'd pretty much do everything naked if it were legal. I guess you could say that she was rubbing off on me, because before I met her and took her spare room, I never did anything without at least something on. I needed a t-shirt, a bra, and underwear at the bare minimum. Before Zoey and I met, I would've showzred with clothes on if it were actually possible. The thought of being naked for any length of time scared the hell out of me. I was that much of a textile.

Until today, that is.

"Zoey?" I said, my voice trailing off as I looked down our hallway while hugging the bathroom door for dear life. It wasn't like her to not answer me. Where was she? I tried again, hoping that if I screamed that would catch her attention. There isn't one in here! I'm naked, you know!"

Silence. Because of course there was. I didn't have a choice now. I had no clothes with me, much less a hand towel hanging up on the wall, so my only option was to take the walk of shame back to my bedroom to find someone to wear. I looked both ways down the hallway, took a deep breath then dashed as fast I could from one room to the next, water dripping to the floor with every footstep.

Once I was back in my bedroom, I felt a little bit safer: even though I was always uncomfortable nude, my bedroom was one of the few places I could do it without feeling too embarrassed. But that wasn't going to happen today. The moment I checked my wardrobe for a t-shirt to throw on, all I found were bare coat hangers, stripped of all the shirts, dresses, and jackets that I owned. My heart stopped beating. What the... where are my clothes? I thought to myself, frozen like a statue, eyes wide like a deer caught in headlights.

"Zoey!" I yelled. "What did you do with my clothes!?"

Everything was gone. It didn't matter how hard I searched my dresser, because every single article of clothing I had in the apartment had vanished into thin air. Shoes? Gone. Socks? Also gone. My bras and panties? Obviously those were taken, because it's not as if I deserved to have any semblance of modesty, right? Even my face masks were taken, as if somehow I would be caught dead outside with only my smile covered. All I had left was the minuscule amount of jewelry I had (Zoey probably thought she would be going too far if she took them, and she'd be

right!) as well as my makeup. For all intents and purposes, I no longer owned clothing. I couldn't have been more bare-assed naked if I tried!

So it's no surprise that I came stomping out of the bedroom to hunt my roommate down. I didn't care about my modesty at this point:

if she had the gall to take my clothes, then she was going to have to deal with seeing my naughty bits. I found her at the front door, all dressed up and ready to go, two seconds away from opening the front door to the outside world.

"Oh, hey, Allie! Zoey said with a dumb smile on her face. It was almost insulting to see how well dressed she was especially when some of it was from my wardrobe! Her tall black military boots were mine, as well as the fishnet stockings she had on. It was as if she was trying to annoy me. And yes, it was working wonders. "I like the new look, baby girl! It really suits you."

I groaned at that and made sure to smack her hand from the doorknob before any outside light had a chance to shine on naked skin, "Knock it off!" I barked. "Where are my clothes, Zoey? I have class today. I have errands to run, places to be! In case it isn't completely obvious to you, I can't do that in my birthday suit."

Zoey simply shrugged as she rummaged through her purse for lip gloss. "Oh, you're so uptight! This will be good for you, Allie!" she said, making sure her lips were as perfect as could be. "You've said you wanted to try out nudism with me, so here! You have the best opportunity, right here and now. There's no clothes to tempt you. This is the best way to get acclimated to walking around nude. Tell be fun!

I hoped that my death glare was burning a hole right through her. Unlike her, I didn't exactly have the sexiest body in the world, especially considering the love handles I was rocking at my hips. I had fat thighs, fat breasts, fat everything. I had wide ghostly nipples that blended perfectly with the skin around them. I wouldn't be caught dead at a beach in a two piece bikini, and she wanted me to start prancing around in nothing but my smile? Sure, nudists aren't supermodels... but still it was too much!

'So you did take my clothes!" I said. "God, how can you possibly think that this be good for me? What are you even talking about?

Zoey rolled her eyes at that, as if the answer was obvious. "You're always so shy and conservative about your body," she answered me. "You always complain about your features despite being drop dead gorgeous. So? Sorry for being the friend that pushes you in the right direction, but you're just going to have to deal with it!"

My jaw dropped down to the floor as Zoey threw the door wide open, casting a beam of light against my bare, still wet chest. I couldn't believe it. I seriously could not comprehend how Zoey thought that this was a good idea. "Please tell me you still have my clothes, at the very least! Are they in your car?" I asked, starting to realize how exposed was, how naked I felt with the morning sun tickling my skin. I threw my hands over my bare breasts and groaned. Today was going to suck so much.

Zoey simply nodded. I still couldn't fathom how she could handle this situation so nonchalantly. It was easy for her. She had clothes on. 'Yes, silly. They're not going anywhere," she said. "Trust me. I'll give your clothes back tomorrow morning once you've had some time

to grow used to being in your skin. As for class... well, I'll let you figure that out. Nothing wrong with taking a sick day!"

"Ugh," I groaned. "Can I have a shirt at least, please? Pretty please?"

"No, Zoey said. "Gotta grin it and bare it, sweetie."

"Ugh! Panties then. Anything. Literally anything"

"No!" Zoey giggled. "What about 'naked' do you not understand? How are you going to feel more comfortable in the buff if you keep hiding behind clothes? I know it sucks, but this will be a good experiment for you. Gotta run before you can walk, you know." "Look, I said, tugging at her forearm. At this point I was desperate. "I-I'm willing to give it a try, but

"Sounds good then!" Zoey blatantly interrupted. "See? You're getting it!"

"Wait, what?"

Before I could negotiate with her further, Zoey stepped out into the open, preventing me from chasing her unless I wanted the whole neighborhood to learn about my naked day'. I moaned out-loud and stomped my foot, which felt even sillier without boots on. "Zoey!" I yelled. "Come back

"Nopel" I heard her call out from afar. I was too ashamed to see where from exactly. Knowing her, she probably ran all the way down the stairwell as fast as she could to get away from me. "Have a good day, Allie! Don't worry! You'll have a blast A blast? I thought, blushing so hard I wondered if a vein in my cheeks might burst. What is going to be a 'blast' about being stuck butt naked at home?

At least I still have my phone, I guess, I thought as I shut the front door, locked it, and barricaded it with a chair before walking back into my bedroom. It was clear I was going to have a very boring day, all things considered. There was no way I was going to class now. I was going to be stuck here, alone, naked, all because of Zoey's dumb idea that I need to be more comfortable in my own skin. So what if she was a nudist? That doesn't mean I wanted to become one! God, she was the worst kind of friend. The worst kind

The good news was, I didn't have spend the rest of the day dealing with her. I went into the kitchen and prepared myself breakfast as I tried to relax, which, while naked, ended up proving a challenge. Every sensation felt magnified ten times without clothing to cover

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myself. The way my bare soles grazed against the cold tiled floor. The way I felt my breasts hang from my chest as shuffled from task to task. How much fear felt standing in full view of one of the windows, knowing that someone could see me if they were looking the right way. I felt... naked. There was no other word to use. I felt so naked and exposed, much more than I ever had before. How was I supposed to spend the rest of the day feeling like this? I felt like I was going insane!

But if I ended up stuck in my apartment the whole day, that wouldn't be much of a story, now would it? No. Because Zoey, with all of her smarts, ended up forgetting the important occasion

that happened on my 'naked day, the one day in the year that the apartment complex tests out the fire alarms. She totally forgot about that teensy itty biety detail

I heard the alarm ringing against my ear as I finally started to get used to being undressed, right as I was lounging on the couch watching TV. My hands were between my thighs, and for a moment, I was starting to become intimate with myself, in a way that I had rarely done before around the house. I figured if running around naked was acceptable in Zoey's eyes, then masturbation couldn't be that bad either, right? It was hard not to notice my body, the way it reacted, the way my nipples hardened and my sex grew wet. I hated to say it, but being naked was actually kind of fun... Was I actually getting turned on from this?

Well, it didn't matter, because now I had that problem to deal with! Oh my God, I said aloud as the alarm kept buzzing and beeping and blaring. "Oh my fucking God! Zoey, you are so mean."

Part Two

It took over ten missed calls and a hundred texts for Zoey to finally pick up her phone. "What's the problem, naked girl?" she said, obviously giggling as if she had just made the funniest joke in the world. "It's been like, two hours, tops. You can't be bored out of your mind yet."

I didn't even bother to speak: I just lifted up my phone so the fire alarm could be heard through the speaker. "That's the problem, Zoey!" I growled. "The fire alarm is going off"

"Who cares? Zoey answered without another thought. That seemed to be a running theme with her. A lot of doing and not enough thinking. "Just stay inside. It's not as if they're going to come knocking to see if anyone is home."

I rolled my eyes, even though she couldn't see. "I'd still feel a little bit more comfortable if I had clothes, in case you forgot!!"

"Hmm..." Zoey murmured. My roommate loved to drag things out like this, making sure I was as embarrassed and humiliated as possible each time she teased me "Sorry, but I'm driving, right now. I'm going to have to let you go. I promise to come home soon! Sorry, Allie! Have fun!!"

And then silence once again. I couldn't help but laugh. She really was a nightmare to deal with

But she did have a point: I could just wait out the drill and hope to God that nobody comes knocking. That wasn't the worst plan in the world, but at the same time, I couldn't know for sure if the fire was a drill or not. What if there was actually a fire? If there was... then I'd just be a sitting duck waiting here!

Oh, God, why am I even considering this, I thought to myself as I snuck up to the front door and unlocked it after pushing away the chair in front of it. I can't go outside like this. It would be insanity. But I need to see if it's a drill!

The fire alarm was still ringing even after I poked my head outside. My heart was pounding so fast. I could feel the cool air rush inside, kissing every part of my exposed body, caressing me, making me feel sensations I could hardly describe. Every sensation feels new! Without clothes on, and the way my bare breasts pressed against the cool wooden door was no exception

I can't do this, I thought to myself as I bit my lip. But it'll just be a short walk. Go around the complex, see if there's anything amiss, then rush back inside before anyone sees you. It'll be easy, right? It's not as if you're butt naked or anything...

As stupid as Zoey was, the whole point of her little stunt was for me to be more confident with my body. I could do this. Just a short

walk. Not a single step more.

With that, I opened the door and slid out before shutting it closed. I took a deep breath, surprised to find my pale milky skin shine in the afternoon sunlight. I wiggled my toes: I never felt more barefoot in my life than I did in that moment. I didn't smell smoke, which was a good sign, but as long as that blasted fire alarm kept ringing, I had no choice but to keep an eye out

Am I doing this on purpose? Is Zoey getting to me? I thought as I crept around the corner to look around, hugging the wall as much as possible without accidentally scraping myself. I am literally streaking right now. Zoey didn't make me do that. Ugh, this is so humiliating but why is this so exciting, too?

Before I knew it, my hand was between my thighs again, testing my boldness, testing the limits of my exposure that I was willing to tolerate. I couldn't believe myself. How could I possibly think about touching myself here of all places? But, try as I might, I couldn't pull my fingers away from my excited wetness. The feeling of the cool, crisp air make contact with my skin was too much to bear. It was so hard to ignore all the sensations I was feeling, the heat between my legs, the humiliating brewing inside me. It was a feedback loop that I couldn't stop. The more embarrassed I was, the more I was turned on. And the more turned on I was, the more absolutely humiliated I became.

God, I'm such a mess, I thought as I took a deep breath, resisting the urge to masturbate for now. Masturbate. Even that word alone was embarrassing to me. It was one thing to be caught naked at least I had a suitable explanation for my complete lack of attire. I would have no excuse if I was caught touching myself.

I shook my head violently to get myself to focus. The last thing I needed was to analyze every aspect of my nudity. Luckily for me, the fire alarm stopped blaring not a moment too soon. The farther I streaked from my apartment door, the harder it would be to get back without running into someone. At least, I hoped,

"God, finally, someone said from somewhere ahead of me, accompanied by a pair of footsteps. "I thought that thing was never going to shut up."

Puck fuck fuck!

I didn't recognize the voice nor did I want to. I spun around and dashed back to my apartment, hearing my bare soles slap against the concrete ground as my bare breasts bounced up and down. My body was already not fit for running. Doing it without clothes only made it so much more obvious how obscene I was without a stitch on to cover myself.

It didn't matter. As long as I got back inside, I could wait out my nudity, at least until Zoey came back, obviously. The man was turning the corner to face me tight as I grabbed onto my front door's knob. I turned it then felt resistance.

It was locked.

My front door was locked!

"Oh, come on!" I screeched as I tried to pull the doorknob free, but it was no use. The door always had a habit of randomly locking, and both Zoey and I didn't have the money on hand to

get it repaired. Normally, this wouldn't matter, because most of the time) had clothes and keys and you know, belongings. Now? I had nothing. No way to open it. No way to get back into my apartment short of crashing straight through the window

Woah.

I turned to face the man and locked eyes with him. My heart stopped beating. It's as if time froze in that very moment, and we both stared at each other for the rest of eternity "Uhm. hey murmured. It's so frustratingly hard to find the right words when you're naked. "Don't mind me. I'm just, uhm

"Get locked out?" he asked, as he made sure to keep a safe, respectful distance. He looked to be my age, with a well-trimmed brown beard and a plaid shirt on. He didn't look very threatening in fact, he was probably just perplexed to find me like this, stuck outside with nothing to wear. If only he knew how true that was...

I didn't know what to say to him. Oh yeah! I thought to myself, resisting the unbearable urge to roll my eyes far into the back of my skull. You see, at first my roommate stole all of my clothes, then the fire alarm tricked me to streaking outside, and now, the door won't budge. Just a totally normal day for me. Happens all the time. What about you? Have you ever been stuck naked outside before?

Of course I didn't say any of those things. Instead, I just threw my hands over my obscene body and did my best to hug the wall behind me to shield my bare butt cheeks. I must've looked ridiculous, as if I were trying to merge into the wall itself. "Something like that..... I said with a great blush on my face. Being naked in front of my roommate was one thing. But in front of a stranger, especially a guy? Oh, God. This was so humiliating.

"My apartment is over there," he said with his back turned to me. Apparently he had enough of staring at my breasts. "I don't think I have any clothes your size, but you're welcome to hide there until a locksmith can drop by."

It was... a surprisingly sweet gesture, considering the circumstances. "That would be nice, I said, biting my lip. "My roommate has the keys. She should be coming home soon.

The word 'soon', of course, had a very liberal definition in Zoey's world, but the strange guy in front of me didn't need to know that for now. What was he going to do when he realized I had no clothes? Besides laughing his ass off at me, that is.

The man smiled softly before gesturing in the other direction. "Come on. I doubt you want to stick around here any longer," he said. He couldn't be more right on that front. "Let's go."

"Okay... thank you," I said as I blushed, walking alongside him with both of my arms firmly glued to my assets. I never felt more undressed in my life than when I was accompanied by him at that very moment. Luckily he was a gentleman and kept his eyes to himself for now, but I could tell that he wanted to look just as badly as I wanted clothes. After a moment, I allowed my hands to fall to my sides-it's not as if I was doing a good job of covering myself, anyway and let myself breathe in and out. The sight must've been surreal if anyone were here to see. How often do you see a butt naked chick take a stroll with a guy like this? Never. Not in a million years.

I was shivering from the cool breeze when we made it to his apartment. My bare soles must've been black as coal by this point. "Let's hope you didn't lock yourself out, too," I snarked. "Otherwise we'll both be in trouble."

He laughed at that. "I imagine the situation wouldn't be as bad for me just a hunch."

With that, he unlocked the door and ushered me inside. It was... obviously boyish, with dirty laundry and trash and leftovers sprawled all over the space, but that was something I was more or less used to with living with Zoey for so long. I stepped inside and stretched my arms, happy to be out of danger for now. In a strange way, I didn't feel as naked, despite the fact that I now had an audience of one watching me. I hoped he enjoyed the sight.

I turned to him and smiled softly, allowing him to drink in my nudity as much as he pleased: my way of saying thanks given the fact that I didn't have money on me. I wondered how many men would die for the chance to have a completely naked girl in their house on a whim like this, but I discarded the thought aside. It was clear that the man in front of me had only good intentions. In fact, he was almost too nervous to stare.

"My name is Jacob, by the way," he said as he turned to face the wall, because apparently that was that was the more important sight to see. "Let me see if I have a towel for you. Or a robe. Or anything, actually."

"I'm Allie, and it's okay, really," I said, blushing. "I mean, I've been stuck like this for quite awhile anyway, so..."

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Straightaway I realized the slip-up I had just made in Jacob's world, I've only been prancing around like this for ten minutes at most, not for the entire day. I mean, I was probably going to have to explain the predicament to him anyway... but not now! Fortunately, he didn't seem to notice. I watched him go to the kitchen and bring me a glass of water as I waited by the door. "I need to

head to class in an hour or two, but you're welcome to stay here until then. You're seriously okay staying like this?"

I bit my lip, noticing the way his attention always fell back to my breasts whenever convenient. It's not as if a towel is any better, I thought. Instead I said, "Well... it is a little liberating. Being naked like this, I mean. At a certain point, you almost forget how exposed you are."

'Sounds like you have a bit of an exhibitionist streak," Jacob said with a sly smile on his face as he handed me the glass. "Not a bad thing, obviously."

I couldn't help but shiver at the word exhibitionist. God, was that what I was becoming? I wasn't trying to cover myself. I allowed him free access to every inch of my body, bush, breasts and all. I even rejected his offer to have a towel, which, despite my wide frame, would still be a lot better than nothing at all. And that was completely ignoring the still warm wetness between my legs, the wetness I had teased and enjoyed so much both inside my apartment and out of it.

Was it wrong that I just had to admit it? "Kind of..." I said, laughing a little bit as I scratched my bare back for comfort. "I guess you could say I'm a little too brazen with my body."

"Not a bad quality to have in a woman," Jacob said as he took a step forward and hesitantly put an arm to my breast. I accepted his touch, blushing silently as he teased my nipple. "How about we-"

Then there was a knock on the door. A loud one. My eyes opened wide as he darted his head back and forth, first at the door and then back at me. "Well, that's awkward," he said with a blank face. "Pretty sure that's my girlfriend"

I paused. "You cannot be serious."

If he didn't blush before at my breasts in his face, then he was now. "Nope. Pretty sure it is. We carpool to class.

The knocking on the door grew louder. I couldn't decipher the mumbling past the door, but the word Jacob was easy enough to hear Oh, come on! I thought to myself. Really?!

"Yep! Looks like we better go," he said. "You, uh, don't mind climbing out through a window, do you??"

My jaw fell to the floor. "Without clothes?"

He took my hand and dragged me to the window opposite to the door without saying anything. He unlocked and threw it open-fortunately, it led to another walkway, so the drop down was only a few feet. But still! Come on!

"Hey, I offered you a towel! Jacob said before rushing to the front door. He gave me one last look before his hand grabbed the door knob. "You better go! Now! Like, now!

"Ugh!" I groaned as I lurched for it, collapsing on the dusty concrete ground right on top of my boobs. It took a moment to get back onto my bare feet. Now I was naked and dirty. Great. Could I not have been any more unlucky today?

Apparently not, because unlike before when I met Jacob, now I had company. I watched breathless as a couple were walking across the path just ahead of me. Fuck! I thought as I hurried in the other direction. Can I catch a break, please?

I knew the apartment complex well enough to know my apartment wasn't far. At this point, I didn't care if I couldn't unlock my door-would bash through it if necessary. I ran as fast as I could, feeling my breasts slap against my chest, my thighs clapping, my heart beating at a thousand miles per hour. I turned a corner, breathing a sigh of relief to find no one ahead of me to crash into. I kept running, even as my legs cried to be put out of their misery. Just keep going, I thought, sweat dripping down my forehead. Just get back home and you can put this nightmares behind you.

That's when I saw Zoey at the door. "Hey, Alliel Oh, gosh. What happened to you?" she said with, of course, nothing but her purse with her

"I got... I trailed off as I panted for breath. "Locked out...

"Oh," Zoey giggled. "That must've been something, huh?"

I rolled my eyes as my face was hit with a balled up dress-one that I intimately recognized as one of my own. It wasn't much, considering the circumstances, but I would've taken a potato sack if it meant that I'd be dressed again. I put the flimsy dress on my body before following

Zoey back into the apartment. "Next time, I'm putting a lock on my bedroom door," I said, utterly exhausted.

"We are never doing this again!"

"Oh, don't kid yourself, girly, Zoey said, giggling still. "You had fun, didn't you?"

"Well..." I didn't have an answer for that. Despite how fast my heart was beating, I couldn't deny that I had quite an adventure. I rubbed my legs together, surprised at how wet I had become. "Maybe. But I'll tell you about it later, once you've given me back my clothes

THE END