

Naked in the Library: Shy ENF Exhibitionist Misplaces Her Clothes

Chapter One

I breathe in the familiar smell of dusty textbooks and old carpet as I pace through the bookshelves of the campus library, column by column, until I'm certain that nobody else is here except for well-fed silverfish. Okay... Okay, Harper, I think. The coast is clear. Nobody else is around. Maybe we can actually do this?

I turn back and discover my girlfriend Mia in tow with a wide flirty smile across her face. At this point, virtually every square foot of the library has been covered, but I still can't help but speak in a low whisper, so quiet I may as well just mouth the words and save the effort: "What about here? I ask tentatively. "Is the lighting okay?"

Mis rolls her eyes. Not to be dismissive or rude. More from a growing (and well-deserved) impatience. "It'll be fine, babe," she says sweetly. She knows I have a soft spot in my sapphic heart for being called her babe. "I'm here right with you, and so is Eleanor. We have your back, and there's not a chance that we'll let anything happen to you. That's a promise, okay?"

I nod weakly....Okay, I say.

"Good girl," she says as she caresses my cheek with the palm of her hand. "Now get to stripping"

I freeze in place, my heart stammering ever so slightly from that one simple, almost innocent, word, stripping. Mia has a directness in her attitude that I've always admired as a shy wallflower, but at a time like this, I wish she had a way of sugar coating things. Sure, it's obvious to the three of us what I plan to do we've talked about this fantasy of mine for ages enough already in my dorm... but still, does she have to say it out loud?

"You can at least keep your voice down..." I say as my hands fidget as if they had a mind of their own. I turn away and spot Eleanor at the very end of the aisle, keeping watch with one eye out as the other stays glued to her smartphone. Eleanor is Mia's dormmate. I don't particularly know her very well, but she's been familiar with my, uhm, antics ever since she came home early one day while Mia and I were together. I was so petrified, so embarrassed out of my mind to be caught butt ass naked but Mis promised that Eleanor wasn't a gossip, wasn't the kind of woman to weave a story at our college just for the fun of it. I wasn't really convinced at the time, but it's been long enough now that I think Eleanor has stayed true to that promise. If anything. I know she'll keep her lips sealed about what we plan to do tonight.

What I plan to do tonight.

Naked

Completely and utterly naked.

Blushing at the realization, I call out to Eleanor in the hopes to distract myself. "Hey. Do you think it's likely any of the faculty show up? Like, let's say, the janitor?"

Eleanor whips her ponytail to the side in order to face me. "Not at this hour," she says simply. I can tell, just from the look she gives me, that she's bored. "Even if they do show, you'll have enough of a warning signal to scurry away. Besides..."

Eleanor points a finger toward the dim yellow lightbulb, one out of many, that is hanging above us from the aged popcorn ceiling. "It's dark here. The most they'll see is a silhouette. They probably won't even think you're naked."

I bite my lip. Not with my body type... I think. Once I lose this bra of mine, my breasts will be bouncing all over the place. Nobody is going to mistake my silhouette for being clothed. They'd have to be blind.

"Still, I'll do my best to keep out of eyeshot, then, I say.

Eleanor nods and returns her attention back to her smartphone. "I wouldn't worry about it either say," she says, head turned away.

"Just enjoy yourself"

I'll try... but still. There's a lot of me to be seen....

Unlike Eleanor's simple, plain jane appearance and Mia's tall, athletic valley girl look, I have a lot more meat on my bones. I'm curvy. I have cellulite, stretch marks, imperfections. The word 'voluptuous' wouldn't even begin to describe me. My large breasts sag and hang from my chest, and my ass is so big that even a tight pair of jeans can't contain them. I also have long, long Godiva-like brown hair that reaches as far down as my upper thighs. Normally, I have it braided or at least tied down into a ponytail but tonight it's anything but, wild and free like it was always meant to be.

Put simply, I'm not really the kind of woman that should be running around without any clothes on, even though I seem to have formed a habit of doing exactly that... because once I start moving, there's no questioning that parts of my body are going to bounce and jiggle. That poses a lot of difficulties for what I'm about to do now. A lot of what happens next is going to be dependent on making sure that I'm not seen.

The plan is simple, though: explore the library in the nude and have Mia snap photos of me. That's it. I've always wanted to do this ever since I saw women much more beautiful than myself attempt the same challenge online. I was in awe by it, the bravery, the raw courage it takes to abandon all of your clothes and sneak from bookstack to bookstack, hiding spot to hiding spot, in the hopes that nobody lays an eye on you. Sure, it was just porn... really, really hot porn. But it said something to me. It made me want to get out of my metaphorical shell, so to speak. It made me, even in a slightly perverted sense, want to be free

When I told Mia about it days ago, she was receptive to the idea, because we both knew that the old college library right here on campus would be the perfect place for it. The building is old, old old, built sometime in the 50s and only rarely renovated since they started construction on a new library building in order to replace it. This is the first semester in which the old campus library isn't being used by students because the new building is just about done. That meant, for a public place, it's surprisingly private, although campus security sometimes patrols the bookstacks to kick out young couples wanting to have sex.

But thankfully (or maybe regretfully from Mia's perspective) I don't plan to have sex today. I only want to... well, how about we call it letting out some steam? Have some naughty naked fun with my girlfriend before the public nudity opportunity of a lifetime slips past my fingers. In the new few days, once the semester is over, they plan to demolish the old library to the ground. This is the last chance I have to make this fantasy come true, as silly as this all sounds.

I turn to Mia, smile then get to work on removing the clothes I have on. I dressed lightly for the occasion, wearing only what I thought was the easiest (and quickest) to remove and put on. A pastel yellow sundress, dotted with colorful flowers, covers my chest and waist, while a pair of basic flip flops protect my feet. And that's it. Mia devilishly wouldn't allow me to bring anything else. In her own words, "You'll feel more naked the less you bring along, babe. You should bring the absolute bare minimum. I'd make you walk to the library in the buff if I could. I had blushed at that remark... because it was absolutely true. If she could, Mia would prance me around butt naked in public. And I love her for that, as much as it happens to embarrass me. I'd let her do it in a heartbeat.

With that naughty thought on my mind, I pull my sundress over my belly, chest, and shoulders- then roll it into a neat ball and

toss it over to her. Next come my flip flops, which I kick off and toss to Mia without difficulty. It takes a moment for the vulnerable, addicting feeling of nudity to overcome me. I've been naked enough, both for fun and as, uhm, a nudist, that the sensation of exposure isn't immediate, but it's there, as soon as the cool library air caresses the empty space between my thick thighs. My breathing grows weaker, and my heart pumps blood just a beat faster. When Mia and I lock eyes again, that alone makes all the hairs on my naked body rise.

That's it. I did it, I think as I smile to her. I'm really butt naked in a library for the very first time. Wow.

Mia, after she's tucked my clothes in her purse, comes up to embrace me. There you go. That wasn't so hard, was it?" She giggled as she brushes my hair away from my eyes. "I'll follow you. You just go where you want to and I'll say when I want you to pose."

I cast an eye toward Eleanor. Before, I didn't care if she stayed glued to her smartphone or not- I was still presentable aside from my hard nipples poking through my sundress. But now? I wish she would be a little more attentive

"Ignore her," Mia says softly, noticing how nervous and flustered I must be when she touches my arm. "Right now it's just me and you.

So go. Have fun, naked girl"

I grin through the heavy pink blush on my cheeks. I take a deep breath then exhale, brushing away all the built up nervous tension my body has stored. I may be completely naked, but I have Mia here to protect me, and as long as we're together, there's no chance I'll be caught red-handed. I just know it

With that, I step past Mia, plant a loving kiss on her lips, then strut my stuff through the bookshelves as the full moon shines through the library windows. Okay! I think, my heart racing and racing until there's no hope of calming it back down. It's go time. Let's run around naked!

Chapter Two

Step by step, little by little, I explore the secluded college library to my heart's content as I wear only my smile. I make sure to not take any sensation for granted: the cool, old carpet against my smooth soles, the air conditioned wind making love to my skin, the way the dim yellow light transforms my skin into the glittering color of gold every detail makes me feel so beautiful in a way I've never felt before. As I rush out of the bookshelves and into a wide open space populated with round tables for studying, I feel my brown hair flow behind me. I spin

around once then stop in place, giggling as my balance wobbles and my breasts bounce up and down.

"God, this is amazing, Mia!" I say, not even attempting to keep my voice at bay. I want to yell at the top of my lungs, throw all caution to the wind just as I had done with my clothes. I wanted to be free. I wanted to be, well, naked!

I turn around dizzily to find Mia snapping photos of me with her smartphone. Neither of us are professional photographers or even the kind of women to post selfies regularly on Instagram—but I trust that whatever she snaps now I'll treasure for the rest of my life. "It's cute how riled up you are." Mia says with a smirk, her smartphone held up with both hands, obscuring a part of her expression.

"How about you take a seat at one of the tables? Strike a few sexy poses there."

"Got it." I nod. All of the tables at this part of the library are pretty old, scratched up, and blemished with old gum and pen markings, but knowing I'll be taking a hot shower later, I don't mind getting dirty for the moment. I pull out one of the seats, sit down, then prup up my legs and cross them as smile at the camera. The bottom of the seat and the back rest are icy cold against my skin, but resist the urge to grimace. Yeah, who knew that clothing could actually be beneficial? I think as I strike a flirty pose for Mia, waving my hand as I bat my eyelashes. You don't freeze to death if you wear them. What a shocker.

With that in mind, my next few poses have me standing, focusing on putting my round ass on display. My ass, if I may be a little self-indulgent, has to be my best feature. It's so spankable that even the slightest slap leaves a hand print, and it always jiggles and bounces around if anyone tries to grope it I should know since Mia spans my butt at virtually every opportune moment we're together, in private and in public. So, because she loves it so much, I do my best to make my bubbly cheeks look the best for her, spreading my legs enough that my pussy lips are visible between my thighs.

I can tell, just from the momentary pause in Mia's breathing, that I've succeeded in disrupting her attention. "Now you're just trying to show off," Mia says as she snaps photo after photo, each at slightly different angles, making sure that not a single detail is missed. "Are you wet?"

I blush at how blunt that question is but respond candidly. "Obviously." I don't act on the growing heat between my thighs, but I can't lie and say I'm not aroused. How can I not be? Especially here, where I'm effectively in the spotlight...

"Good. Embrace it. Enjoy it," Mia says, directing me like a photographer would to his nude model. "Let all that excitement build. It'll

make for a better photo."

I laugh. "You're just saying that because I'll be an animal in bed later."

Mia doesn't hesitate. "You better be"

I smile. "Enough ass pics for now?" I ask, changing poses, this time to accentuate my love handles, the one feature of my body I have the strongest love-hate relationship with.

Mia nods, taking a few steps closer for the next round of shots. "Sure. Let's grab some books from the shelves, take a few pics with you reading casually."

"Oh? That's so artsy of you," I say.

Mia just smiles. "You'll appreciate it later, babe. I have an eye for these sorts of things.

After a short detour by Mia to retrieve whatever books she can find from the shelves, I keep posing for her as Eleanor, far in the background, peruses through the library herself for something to read. A stack of what I think are novels rests on the floor by her feet. She's the only true bookworm out of the three of us. Chances are she only came along on this journey for the reading material. It's a little odd, admittedly, how she can just go about her day when a naked chick is running around, but then again, I'm the naked chick in this scenario, so I'm not the one to be talking about what's odd or not. Still, it's weird!

I press my breasts together and stick my tongue out for Mia's smartphone as Eleanor comes out of the woodworks with the stack of books in her arms. "I'll be going now, Mia, she says blankly, no emotion at all, as she for a split second eyes my bare breasts. Somehow, that look makes me feel more naked than ever. I haven't heard a thing all this time. I think you two will be fine for twenty or so minutes. Then you should probably get going. Sooner or later one of the janitors is going to show up to make his rounds."

Mia nods. "Twenty minutes is all we need. Thanks for the help, El. I'll see you back at the dorm."

"You, too. She turns to me and acknowledges my very naked presence. "See you, Harper."

I'm left blushing and surprisingly vulnerable when Eleanor disappears past the bookstacks. I look to Mia. "Uhm..."

"Oh, don't you worry about her, Mia says to comfort me. She places her purse on the table next to her, comes to me and lays a much

needed hand on my shoulder. "She's teasing you. She knows she'll get a reaction this way."

I look up to her and enjoy the beauty of my girlfriend's soft blue eyes. "You think so? She seems so serious all the time, I say. "We need to get her to loosen up."

Mia smirks. "Get her to run around naked too?"

I think on it. Two naked girls are better than one, but then I'd have to share the spotlight. "Hmm. It's an idea..."

We both laugh and laugh, amused to even think about stern, humorless Eleanor revealing even a hint of skin. Mia takes my hand, and I take hers, and we meld into a passionate embrace that lasts for as long as we want it to last. It would be so wrong for us to fool around here... but I'm naked already, and with the warm, sticky wetness gluing my thighs together, what would be the use in denying such a perfect opportunity? When I look into Mia's eyes, it's clear the same temptation is brewing in her head too. A temptation neither of us are strong enough to refuse outright

My lips gently part, as do hers. We each lean closer and closer, her hair falling over my shoulders, and as our electrifying kiss ignites-

"Harper! Mia!"

We whip our heads to the side to find Eleanor running at full speed toward us, having completely abandoned the stacks of books she had with her just a moment prior. Far behind

her I can spot bright flashlight beams poking through the bookstacks, coming in through the windows. My eyes widen, and my heart gives out.

The next few words that Eleanor yells are the ones I never want to hear again: "Campus security! Get out of here now!"

Suddenly Mia lets go of my hand, and I discover her stumbling onto her feet as I stay there, sitting on the chair, utterly paralyzed. I blink nervously, the short few milliseconds with my eyes shut feeling like an eternity. Before I have a chance to move, Mia is gone, having disappeared behind the bookcases well beyond my line of sight. Eleanor, too, has scattered into places unknown. Seconds pass as the flashlights draw closer and closer. I-I have to move. What am I doing? Come on, think, Harper I have to move my naked butt right now!

It's only after I jump out of my skin and do my best to reorient myself that I realize it.

I'm naked.

I'm completely butt fucking NAKED!

And Mia is running away from me while still carrying every single stitch of my clothes!

Chapter Three

My body wasn't exactly built for running. It was built for a lot of things: eating way too much food, bouncing up and down, facesitting, maybe but running has never been a skill I would attribute to myself. I'm naturally clumsy, for one thing, but also just don't have the energy for it. All it takes is a short five minute sprint to have me begging to be put out my misery. The muscles in my thighs burn. My lungs shrink in size until they can no longer process air. My entire body fails me, and I always always sweat like a pig. It isn't pretty.

But you get the point. Me? A runner? Haha, that's really funny! No. And here's the thing, the extremely crucial detail that I am

neglecting to mention: that's with clothing on.

Without them? Oh, God.

I do my best to follow Mia through the dimly lit library with the little amount of grace I have, but without socks or shoes I lose my footing almost instantly as I pick up speed. I stumble. collapse on my knees, then scramble to get back up as quickly as I can. Just to be clear on this specific detail, do you know how hard it is to run when you have breasts the size that I do? With a sports bra on, it's somewhat manageable, but without them I have to use both of my hands to stop them from bouncing all over the place. Without my arms at my sides, my balance is compromised, and there's absolutely nothing I can do to fix it.

Before long Mia is gone as I'm stuck behind eating her dust. "Wait I

Oh, it's pointless. Thinking quickly, I duck into another row of bookcases and fall to the ground, hoping to curl myself into the tiniest ball I can. Thankfully, campus security has three college students to track, and they've picked the clothed ones: after a few moments the flashlight beams are nowhere to be seen, along with their accompanying footfalls. At the same time however....

Mia and Eleanor are gone, too. With every single stitch of clothing I brought here tonight. In case it isn't abundantly obvious: I don't have a backup plan. I'm just... naked.

My heart races at that realization. Wow. You're really butz naked now, I think, sweat beading on my forehead and temple, as i lean back and allow myself a moment to rest against the bookshelf. Have you ever been this naked before? Like... you're not just naked now, Harper. You're naked naked. It's as if clothing doesn't even exist for you right now. They're as good as gone

I shake my head at myself, dispelling my inner thought demon that seems hellbent on torturing me. No, my clothing isn't gone yet-I just need to catch up with Mia before I get into any trouble. She isn't likely to abandon me she is my girlfriend, after all. But now we're split up, and it's going to be increasingly harder for us to reunite the more seconds pass. If I had my phone, it'd be another story. But...

Well, do you see me having pockets right now? No? Exactly.

Slowly, once I convince myself that I hear absolutely nothing that would suggest human activity, rise to my feet and draw in a deep breath. I feel naked. For the first time that word hits me like a train. I have absolutely nothing with me. Nada. Zilch. And it's...

Freeing. More so than how it felt when I was with Mia and Eleanor. Back then I still had a carefully constructed safety net underneath me. I had my friends. My clothes were nowhere far. I was exploring my fantasies, but I was never truly vulnerable. What does it say about me that I'm more turned on now than when I was before?

Stop it, Harper, I think as take a few tentative steps out of the safety of the bookcases. You are the world's most overthinker. Now go find your girlfriend!

I bite my lip, placing an arm over my breasts in preparation for running if I need to. My heart rumbles inside my chest, gently tapping

my arm beat by beat. Mia has to be looking for me by now, and I haven't strayed far. Would it be better if I just wait? It wouldn't

Noises. Voices. Footsteps drawing closer and closer until I feel a shiver caress my skin. Goosebumps rise in response. Oh God. Oh God, oh God!

"Hah! I can't believe they fell for that, a high pitched voice says, girly in tone, surprisingly young-sounding for someone supposed to be a security guard

"You think they're gone? another voice asks. Another feminine voice unmistakably college aged. I may be in my birthday suit, but I'm not completely without intelligence: these are just other students on campus, same as Eleanor, Mia, and I, probably just playing a prank or something.

I don't know why, but that makes my nudity all the more worse. So, so much worse

"I don't think so, the first voice replies. "I saw three silhouettes. But I only saw two of them run away."

'Maybe you lost track of them.'

I stand there, stunned, pushing my back against the bookcase next to me and holding a hand over my mouth, afraid I'll scream from shock and alert then to my very naked presence. I look both ways down the aisle, but it's clear that Mia is nowhere to be found. Or Eleanor, for that matter. Pro stuck. I'm naked and I'm stuck. Did I mention I'm completely and utterly butt

naked yet? I feel like that is a detail I need to keep reiterating. I don't want you to forget about my state of attire. Or un-attire, at this point.

I sigh and lightly slap myself over the cheek, returning my hand back to its rightful position of covering my chest. I go back to listening for the two's voices.

"Lose track of them? Me?" the first voice says. "No way. I'm a master huntaman. Or huntswoman."

"If you say so, Britney

I can't see their faces or bodies through the bookshelves (the books are blocking too much of the other side), but it's clear enough that they're too close for comfort. I don't bother to listen to the rest of the conversation. Having pinpointed the direction of their voices, I sneak away, making it to the far end of the aisle before the open-endedness of the library daunts me. I can't just go anywhere... I need. to find Mia, not wander around and get lost even further. I-

"Hey! What are you doing?

I nepi

But when I spin around, arms shielding my breasts and pussy, there's no one at the end of the aisle. The first woman's voice is obviously talking to me... but they're....

I blink and realize they must just barely see me through a crevice in the bookshelves. I lower my head, leaning in a way where my body is out of eyeshot, and suddenly lock eyes with a woman's gaze. The relative darkness of the library is helping matters. Even if they can see my body, they're not getting the best lighting to detect skin from clothing.

"Sorry, sorry, I say, blushing so hot. I can't believe I'm doing this. I'm talking to an unknown college student and I'm butt naked. What am I supposed to even say? Why am I paralyzed and not sprinting away the moment the woman acknowledged I was here? I need to go! Now!

But... I can't. I can't risk having these two women catch sight of me. I have to disarm the conversation somehow and get these two to leave. But how?

In the milliseconds that pass, I collect all the information I have in my head and try to analyze it before I say another word. Okay. We're in the decrepit, almost abandoned library on campus. No college students should be here. The ones that are are couples or clothing impaired girls like me. If these two are flashing their smartphones around pretending to be security guards (it's unlikely that Eleanor would've purposefully lied to Mia and I about their identities), then... they're just pranksters. That's the most likely answer.

But how far do they plan to take a prank? Especially if they find out I'm naked....

"I was just, uhm, "I start, already stumbling over the few words I mutter. I hold my breasts closer, shut my legs as tightly as I can.

"Looking for something to read! That's it. I'm a big bookworm."

The college girl on the other end of the bookcase can't help but laugh. It's not particularly maniacal, although it is dismissive in tone.

"You do know you're supposed to check out the new library, right?" she asks.

"I bite my lip. "There's always a lot of students there, and I like my privacy, so..."

And maybe, just maybe... [wanted to run around naked without being seen.....

"Well, sorry for the scare! Hehe," the girl says. "We were just having some fun. Weren't we, Jess?"

"Yup, messing with people late in the night. Yeah. We clearly have nothing better to do.

This has to be the awkwardest conversation ever, I think as I impatiently tap my foot. Nervous sweat is dripping down my temple. My heart, if it wasn't beating fast enough already, is pumping so hard I may just faint and collapse on the floor. On the bottom shelf on the nearest bookshelf, there are big wide heavy textbooks I could use to cover myself with... but even motioning for them is too risky. And that's ignoring the fact that I could barely run in the first place. If I tried to carry textbooks with me while streaking, I'd surely and clumsily fall over.

I'm naked I'm naked I'm so, so naked, my brain repeats, again and again, as if it has nothing better to think about right now. If only my mind was this concerned about my nudity when I gave my clothes to Mia. Or, better yet, when I left the dorm in absolutely nothing but a sundress and a pair of flip flops. What was I thinking? Well, that's obvious. Back then you wanted to be naked, Harper. Now you got your wish!

I grit my teeth and take a step back. I'm just going to have to book it. Run as fast as I humanly can until I can regroup with Mia and El. It's not the most elegant plan, nor is it the most practical one. But it's simple and easy to follow.

"Um, yeah!" I say to my new unseen friend, my face hot and red, as I prepare myself for the sprint of my life. "I totally get it. Just a silly little prank, right?"

"Exactly. You get it!"

"Yeah! Yeah..." I crail off. My voice is caught in my throat. My mind is focused on something else now: the ever reccurring realization

that I'm naked. I'm so naked. I'm so, so naked.

QAa

I run. I don't bother coming up with a good excuse for leaving abruptly. I just go, my bare footfalls slapping against the cool carpet floor as I escape from the safety of the bookstacks. From the other side of the bookshelf, I'm not sure what the two college students see.. My hope is that all they get a glimpse of is a nondescript, skin-colored blur, with as little jiggle as possible.

Okay. Mia! Where's Mia! I think as my thighs clap incessantly. I'm not being subtle at all anymore. Any plan of sneaking my way out of the library at this point has been clearly and permanently abandoned. In fact, it's even worse than that even without shoes I'm stomping loudly on the ground, alerting the two students that I'm running away. I can't let them chase me, even if they think I'm dressed. I have to create distance. But how?

I turn a corner down another aisle of bookstacks, then dash into another, zigzagging through the library as if it is a makeshift maze. Before long I'm utterly lost without any idea of where I might be or where my girlfriend might be, either. I stop and allow myself a moment to breath, holding myself up with my arm on a shelf next to me, letting my breasts hang from my chest. This is a day you're never going to forget, aren't you? I think, tired and sweaty and

embarrassed beyond belief. At least they didn't see you. They might think you're crazy now. But they at least don't think you're a crazed nudist

Once my breathing relaxes, I listen for any sounds that might be coming from those two: there's nothing close, although I can hear exasperated conversation back where I had left them. That's a good sign at least. Hopefully they find someone else to bother, someone that is far, far away from me.

I take another deep breath then allow myself a moment to finally focus. I'm not out of danger yet, but letting myself plan out a strategy is not a critical waste of time.

My best bet is escape the library completely all the way outside. The thought makes me shiver... I'm exposed enough as it is. But I'll have a better chance of meeting up with Mia if I can see her from afar. Here, surrounded by bookcases, she could be the next row over and I wouldn't notice her at all.

Ugh... I think. How did I get in this mess?

Obviously, that's a question I know the answer to. After all, it was my choice to do it in the first place. The only person that got me naked was me, myself, and nobody else. Mia can share the blame for forgetting that my clothes were in her purse, but she wasn't

the one who suggested I strut my stuff in my most natural state in the old college library. I breathe in and out, surprised that even as I stand here, so anxious I can barely focus, I'm still noticeably aroused. I've tried,

admittedly, not to acknowledge it, that is the wetness leaking down my thighs. But now I can't ignore it. Not anymore, especially when I'm alone for the first time this night.

Okay, I'm not alone. But for all intents and purposes, I now have a kind of privacy I didn't have when Mia and Eleanor were around

I allow myself a moment to touch myself, finding my fingers return slippery wet with juices when I'm done. I almost can't believe how wet I am, how much I'm enjoying this adventure even though I'm on the brink of being branded the butt naked nudist girl all across campus. Do I just... like being embarrassed? Is that it?

As a test, I imagine myself being caught masturbating naked. By Mia, by Eleanor, by the two friends that were so, so close to catching me. I even imagine one of my professors catching me, although I'd never be attracted to any of them in normal circumstances. The thought is... intense, to say the least, and all but confirms my theory. I do enjoy this. It's hot.

"Fuck," I say. The word comes out like a whip of flame. This is not a realization I'm quite prepared to resolve. I'm still naked. I can't masturbate here. But I want to. I want to see how far I can push my luck....

"Where did that girl go? I was just talking to her and she vanished"

I freeze, instantly recognize the faraway voice, then pull my hands away from my legs. Okay! I've succeeded pushing my luck. My luck has been pushed. I'm happy! Let's get out of here now, Harper! Now!

So, I leave the comfort of the bookcases once and for all, walking with my arms over my breasts and pussy as I aim straight for the front entrance. This has to be the craziest thing I've

ever done, walking past the lobby-esque area where the librarian's desk would be, as if nothing was amiss, but I have to leave now to get ahead of the two pranksters behind me. Thankfully the lighting in this section of the library is so wear and dim that not even the moonlight beaming in from the windows can reveal me outright. For the first time, the shadows cover my skin as if they are clothes.

...But when I step outside into the cool, brisk air, that feeling of protection instantly dissipates, and the feeling of my exposure grows only more omnipresent. If you can believe it, no, I haven't actually streaked around outside. This is the first time. Another first in a night of firsts.

I breathe out, and the air materializes as mist as it expands. If I don't start moving my butt again there's no question I'll be freezing from the cold. But where do I go? I know where the dorms are, and I know where Mia's car is in the parking lot, but there's a fat chance of me making it to either destination without being seen. Maybe-

"Harper."

I jump out of my skin and instantly flip around-only to find my lips making contact with a familiar mouth I've missed all this long. I freeze, and then allow my body to rest. Mia. Sweet, sweet Mia, still carrying her purse and presumably all the clothes we put inside it. "Oh my Mia, I say breathlessly as our kiss ends and she slowly pulls away. 'El and I were looking everywhere for you!"

"I tried to follow you!" I say as I let go. Immediately I snatch her purse and take out my sundress and flip flops, which, thankfully, are still safe and secure. I put them on quickly, grateful that I planned at least one thing well tonight by only bringing clothes that are easy to put back on. "Ugh, that's so much better. I mean, we both know I like being, you know.

'In the buff? Au naturel? In your most natural state? Synonyms?"

Mia laughs boisterously as I roll my eyes. "Yes, any of those, I say, feigning annoyance. "Point is, it's fun, but not for as long as that!" "It's a good thing I came across you then," Mia says, taking my hand to lead me back to the dorms. Now we just look like any other innocent couple taking a walk across the campus grounds. Danger has finally been averted. "What would you have done if I hadn't found you? Kept stressing?"

"I would've... Oh, I have no idea. I don't even want to think about the possibilities. I'm never doing this again! Never. Never! I've had my fill. No more naked antics for me."

"Oh, I'm sure you won't, naked girl, Mia says sarcastically. She gives me a look, kisses my cheek softly, clearly happy to have me by her side once again, even if I'm clothed now. "Knowing you, after everything we've been through? I'm sure you would've been perfectly happy to keep running around campus with no clothes at all-

THE END