**World Naked Bike Ride**

by TheQuickestTurtle

*Girl joins the WNBR and discovers the fun of public nudity.*

Note: This is a tale based on experiences of a timid girl who discovers the thrill of being an exhibitionist and is not an overly sexual story.

Despite being a self described attractive 20 something year old woman, my life has somehow managed to fall into a somewhat boring rut. I wake up, prepare for the day ahead, go to work, and come home to make dinner, watch TV, and eventually pass out in my bed. Each passing day the cycle repeats and I progress no closer to anything new.

Growing up, I always chose quality of quantity, which was no exception when it came to friends. I have two girlfriends who have been my bestfriends since kindergarten. As we've grown up, going to the bars and clubbing lost it's excitement fast and a typical night of fun now consists of sitting around a bonfire smoking some good weed and talking about anything.

My two girlfriends both have long term sweethearts but I haven't found the one yet. Because of this, I've inadvertently become the 5th wheel for all activities.

It was a Friday in August when I was scrolling through social media. One of the posts was from a local newspaper. The post was titled "10 things to do this weekend!"

I skimmed the list which was filled with a mixture of activities for families with kids and people looking to drink at local breweries. The last event was a huge outlier, "World Naked Bike Ride."

I released an audible chuckle while sitting at my desk at work which drew a few looks. Despite its absurdity I was really intrigued. I quickly opened a new tab on Google and began my search. The results featured photo albums and news articles from previous events. Sure enough, the event was exactly as the title stated.

The World Naked Bike Ride is a collection of organized bike rides spanning across dozens of cities all around the world. Riders are encouraged to ride in any form of undress they feel comfortable with, what the organizers call "Bare as you dare". The picture albums showed thousands of people riding together nude, in costumes, in underwear, covered in body paint/glitter, and everything in between.

As it turned out, the city I lived closets too was hosting the event on Saturday and it was one of the largest rides in the United States with some 6,000+ riders attending last year.

To say my interest was peaked would be an understatement. I felt obligated to attend to see with my own two eyes if this event was real. Surly it was, there's hundreds of photos, but I was still in disbelief.

It was decided, my Saturday would be spent with 6,000 nude men and women I'd never met before. At the very worst this would turn out to be a good story to tell in the future.

Despite the local event happing for years with no reports of any misconduct, I didn't want to attend alone. I'm also not the most comfortable driving around a city alone, it's just something that gives me anxiety.

I texted my two girlfriends and told them I had something crazy to ask them. They immediately went into a frenzy guessing what it could be but none of their guesses hit the mark. Finally I told them about the event and all the things I learned during my research. I sent a link to the website and asked if they wanted to join in!

After the jokes settled, one of my girlfriends declined because she thought it would be gross to be near so many naked people, which was understandable. The other was as intrigued as I was.

She asked me if I was going naked and I laughed off the question.

"Of course not, I'll strip down to a bra and panties at best."

"Alright, cool! I'm in!"

Saturday came and I picked my friend up from her house. My Jeep was the only car with a hitch that could accommodate a bike carrier. She loaded her bike and we were off.

Before we even arrived at the designated pre ride meeting area, we saw dozens of people walking and riding around in all states of undress. I've never seen anything like it in my life and we both spontaneously began laughing uncontrollably. This event was ridiculous. We parked several blocks away in the first spot we could find and rode our bikes to the meeting point. Along the way, we passed countless nude people who were completely unfazed by our looks of disbelief.

Arriving at the park, it became clear that this was an all out party. Thousands of nude people were playing games, taking pictures, riding their bikes, and picnicking. Feeling uncomfortable, we gravitated to the outer edge of the large group.

After about 15 minutes, it became very clear that we were part of the very very very small minority still completely dressed. In a way I can't accurately describe, i began to feel anxiety at how out of placed we looked.

I looked at my friend but couldn't formulate what to say. However, she knew what I wanted to say.

"You're going to get undressed aren't you?" She asked.

"I AM! I'm feeling confident right now so I'm taking my shirt and pants off! No pressure on you, stay dressed if you'd like!"

I began pulling my top off and threw it on my bike. My shorts were next. I slowly stepped out of them one leg at a time. I felt free, like I now actually belonged at this event!

"This is amazing! I'm not embarrassed at all. Honestly!" I exclaimed!

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhh" she said with a long drawn out sigh. "FUCK IT"

She too began removing her shirt and pants.

"SEE!"

"Agreed, this isn't embarrassing"

We both had chosen to wear a modest set of bra and panties. My bra was a solid black padded bra with ample coverage of my smaller breasts. My underwear was a matching black pair of boy shorts which provided the most coverage they could for my large ass.

As it is with my generation, they event didn't happen unless you take a picture. We snagged a passing person and had them take a photo of us with our bikes.

A few more minutes passed as we talked and people watched. Our spot on the outskirts of the group had one significant disadvantage, it was closest to the road and for that matter, the people who weren't participating in the event. Up until now, every person participating had been extremely friendly but the bystanders saw this event a different way. They were taking pictures with the phones and yelling inappropriate and sexual comments out of ignorance.

We agreed that we were going to move farther into the center of the group to better blend in with the crowed and remove ourselves from the rude and sexual comments of the general public.

Upon reaching what we determined was the middle of the group, we dropped our bikes among the dozens of other unattended bikes and began to explore the event. A naked DJ had been playing music from a makeshift stage and there was even a large body painting station set up.

I joking made a comment to my friend about how good it smelled as we navigated though a cloud of weed smoke. The fully naked group of 5, 2 women and 3 men, invited us to join them if we wanted. We looked at each other for a moment and answered simultaneously.

"Sure why not!"

The large blunt had just be lit moments ago. It went around the group several times until it was finished. Along the way we introduced ourselves and told them it was our first time at an event like this.

The group erupted in lively conversation, all talking over each other.

"You're gonna love it, I bet you'll be back next year too!" One guy said.

"I didn't get naked the first year but looking back, I wish I did" the girl added.

"Everyone's just so friendly. That's what makes this great" the other guy said.

Th last comment I heard was from the second girl.

"The best part about this event is that there's no pressure to look a certain away. No matter your body shape, clothing style, or sexual preference, you'll be accepted here. Literally none of that matters."

The comment was deep and made me think. I took a moment to look around at the diversity, noticing light skinned people, dark skinned people, women with saggy breasts, women with no breasts, mean with monster dicks, men with small dicks, men with erections and cock rings, large people, small people, groups of only men or women, young people, and even elders.

The woman was right in everything she said. There were people of every shape and size and all of them had one thing in common, they were naked and happy. Suddenly, I felt like the only person I was hiding from in these clothes was myself.

"I feel inspired!" I said with a huge glowing smile.

I reached back and unclipped my bra which sprung from my chest because it was too tight. I dropped it to the floor, my hands immediately proceeding to my underwear. I pressed my thumbs underneath the top bad of the boy shorts. I froze for a second in thought, then canceled my thoughtful doubts before it limited my experience. I pulled my underwear down to my ankles and kicked it off.

Before I could return to a standing position the girl who inspired me with her comment said,

"GO GIRL! YOU LOOK STUNNING!"

I returned to a standing position with a smile, completely free from all clothing except my shoes. For the only time in my life, I felt more unseen by being nude.

Nudity here was so nonchalant that half the group hadn't even bothered to bat an eye at my exposed body in front of them.

My friend was standing there with her mouth hinged open in utter disbelief.

"Did you really just do that?" she asked.

"Look around, my body isn't any different than any of those" I said as I panned my hand across the crowd.

"What if we run into somebody we know?!?!" She said with a combined tone of nervousness and excitement.

"Then there's a really good chance that I too get to see what they look like naked!"

It was a valid argument as the vast majority of men were completely naked. For some reason I wasn't worried about running into another woman I knew despite the surprisingly even ratio of men to women.

My friend wrestled with my last statement. I had a feeling she wanted to join the nudity but wasn't for some reason. I wouldn't find out until later that it was partially because her husband didn't want her to attend the event at all, let alone get naked. But in the moment, If I had to guess, it was because she's become self conscious about her saggy breasts. She's a petite sized girl but a combination of some weight gain since highschool and hormonal birth control has caused her breast to grow and sag. In an effort to make her feel comfortable and without putting anyone else down, I told her,

"Look around, anything on your body you feel insecure about isn't nearly as extreme as what others here have."

She scanned the crowed and stop to inspect a larger women with extremely saggy breasts.

"No one is going to say anything to you, and if they do, well, let's just say I'll 'grip and rip' them". She smiled.

In highscool, the girls were given a class about self defense and how to escape a sexual assault. There was something about the way the teacher described and demonstrated 'the grab, twist, and pull' technique combined with our dark humor that made us laugh uncontrollably. That day, the defense name was shortened to 'Grip and Rip' and would become a life long joke between us for whenever we felt uncomfortable, regardless of the situation's nature.

"Thanks for the humor" she said. Her chuckle helped remove the bite from her nerves.

She began to unclip her bra but once unclipped she tightly held her hand across her chest prevent it from falling.

"You can do this! You're beautiful!" The girl from the group cheered on!

She lowered her arm, pulling the bra with it. Her breast shifted downward and no negative comments followed. The random group of strangers would become her biggest confidence booster of the day.

"You look lovely" the other girl stated.

One of the guys gave a thumbs up.

The comments helped her feel more comfortable in her body.

"See no one cares! Now you look like you belong here!" I said.

We talked with the group alittle longer before thanking them and telling them we were going to explore some.

"Can't wait to see you out there!" They said as we departed from the group.

We walked around and encountered dozens more friendly nude people. A man with a megaphone stood on the stage and made some announcements.

"Attention everyone! The ride will be starting in 30 minutes, if you're not with your group I suggest you begin to find them! Also, this is the last call for the body paint station. They're going to begin packing it up soon!"

"Let's go get painted!"

"Okay!" She responded.

As we neared the station we saw a well hung man walking away with a set of elephant ears and eyes painted just above his crotch. His long but flaccid dick was painted gray to mimic the elephant's trunk. We looked at each other in disbelief and burst out laughing.

"Got room for two more?"

"Of course!" The body painting artist said.

"Just an FYI, please read the paper on the table and sign the form then come back over after."

The paper stated that he was a professional body painter who paints dancers for many upscale events across the country and was here with permission from the organizers. It went on to state some legal mumbo-jumbo and that any photos taken of him doing his work/photos of his work could be used on his website or social media. We both signed the agreement then went to lay down on the tarp set up for body painting.

"Due to time constraints I'm going to have to give you gals something fast and generic."

"No worries!" I responded. My friend echoing my statement.

We laid down on the tarp next to each other.

"You are absolutely free to keep your underwater on but please be aware this paint will stain them" he added.

I turned my head to her to see what she'd do.

"When in Rome, right?"

She arched her back and butt off the tarp and began shifting them off. She threw them over to our small tote bag we'd been carrying around.

She lead back down with her head facing me and we both started giggling.

"What have we gotten ourselves into" she said.

He began by splattering our body with several different color neon paints. The paint was cold to the touch and I could feeling it hitting every corner of my body. Next he sprayed some sort of glue all over our shoulders, breasts, chest, and stomach.

He could tell we, but mostly my friend, felt nervous about the nudity and offered,

"Would you like my to get your groin and thighs? Many women feel less exposed if the glitter covers their skin in that area? Don't worry, I'm gay." In a way I can describe through text, it didn't come off as creepy or feel weird. It was an oddly natural conversation.

"Yeah that'd be great!" She responded. We both slightly spread our legs to allow access to the area for the glitter and glue.

During the entire process his photographer was moving around the perimeter of the tarp snapping photos of each step from all angles.

"Close your eyes until I tell you to open them!"

He threw a large amount of glitter right at our bodies coving all the exposed glue. He repeated that step a few times until we were covered in a swirl of colors. It was hard to breath in the ensuing cloud of glitter. Once the glitter settled he told us we could sit up and open our eyes.

We looked at each other in shock at how cool the body paint looked! There was enough glitter to completely hide our skin. Our areolas had completely disappeared and only the sparkling bumps from our nipples were visible.

We stood up and shook off the extra glitter. His photographer approached and said "May I?" Holding up his camera implying he wanted a posed photo of the finished work.

We agreed and posed for the picture. We stood shoulder to shoulder with arm extend around the back side of each other and a hand on each others hip. I closed my eyes, stuck my tongue out l, and gave the peace sign with my free hand. She held her free arm straight up into the air and displayed a beautiful full smile.

"That's a winning picture right there!" The photographer said, "thank you!"

"You're welcome, and thank you!" I directed to the photographer and artist respectively.

The photographer handed us the business card of the artist which had his website address and Instagram account.

We gathered her underwear and bag and proceeded to our abandoned bikes. We received quite a few compliments about our body paint which placed smiles on both our faces.

The ride started and people began progressing onto the road. It was an uncomfortable feeling not wearing any underwear on a hot seat. Unknowingly, we had left our seats uncovered in the summer sun and now we couldn't sit without burning our labia. The both of us started the ride by standing until our legs got tired and we were forced to face the warmth of our seats.

The ride exited the park and fully encompassed the entire public road. Cars came to a stop and passing pedestrians lined the side standing shoulder to shoulder taking pictures.

The 8 mile ride took the group right though the busiest parts of the city and around all the most popular parks. People were watching from the road and hanging out windows above. I felt immense excitement being seen nude in public by so many people. At the time I wasn't sure why but I now know it's called Exhibitionism.

With so many riders l, the entire city road was filled from edge to edge with naked bikers. I took it upon myself to get as much thrill as I could from the event. Moving from the relatively unseen center of the group, I shift to the outside edges closets to the sidewalk and bystanders, my friend comfortably in tow.

The ride would occasionally come to a stop when the front of the group encountered a red street light. I took it upon myself to talk to as many people as could during the stops. Countless people were taking photos/videos and asking questions.

My friend didn't engage any bystanders but I agreed to take selfies with almost every person who asked, fully knowing at least one of these photos would probably make it to someone's social media account.

At one of the stops a younger couple, I'd estimate to be in their low 20's, asked what the event was and how to sign up. I told them it was called the World Naked Bike Ride and that no reservations were required, anybody could join. I could tell they were interested but needed a push to join.

"Come on and join us! We're about half way through the ride. We have another few miles to go!"

They appeared to be tourists as they were on rental bikes with baskets.

"Are you two from around here?" I asked.

"No, we're just here on vacation for the rest of the weekend!" The woman said.

"So then you don't have to worry about anyone you know seeing? I said inquisitively.

They looked at eachother and said "let's do it!"

They began removing articles of clothing as fast as they could. The crowd of bystanders and riders had taken notice and began cheering wildly.

The couple became red in the face as they removed their final pieces of clothing and shoved their belongings into the basket on their bikes.

"Can you take our picture?" The man said as he extend his phone toward me.

"I would love too!"

As the group began moving again the couple disappeared into the center of the crowd. My friend and I continued to ride the outside edge until the ride had concluded.

At the final destination in another park, the majority of people began redressing themselves while few continued to ride naked to their next destination still naked.

"Hey." My friend asked hesitantly.

"What's up?"

"Would you mind if we got another group photo?"

"Why would I?"

"Because we're naked" she said hesitantly again.

I gave her a dumb look.

She handed her phone to another rider and he took our photo.

We were about to put our clothing on when we realized how messy the glitter and paint had become. She didn't want to ruin her good pair of panties or bra and neither did I. It was poor planning on my part as we hadn't worn clothes we didn't care about. Additionally, I thought the ride was going to end where it began.

Although it was an 8 mile ride, the path doubled back over itself several times meaning that we were only a mile from our car at the starting point.

"Are we doing this?" I said with a chuckle.

"Let's just get it done" she replied.

By this point it was evening and the bright mid day light had started fading but it wasn't nearly dark enough to provide any meaningful cover.

A group of about 9 people all had planned as poorly as we had. We banded together and rode the last mile as a naked group. Everyone agreed they had a great time.

Once back at the car, we were now a solo group of just two nude women covered in glitter. Our out of place nudity managed to accumulate numerous honks and people yelling out the window as they passed. Lacking the support of thousands of other riders, my friend hid on the far side of the car for cover while I loaded the bikes in plain view of passing motorists.

Again, I found an excitement in being nude in public and didn't mind the attention. Before I opened the door I turned around to face the oncoming cars and waved at the select few who were lucky enough to be passing at that time. I nearly caused an accident since one person hadn't been paying attention to the slowing car in front of them.

I opened the door and realized my friend hadn't gotten in because she didn't want to make a mess on my seats. Luckily I had a spare beach blanket in my trunk. With the bike rack in the hitch I couldn't open the trunk door. So I had to get it though the rear door. I stood on the step rail and leaned over into the trunk to reach my blanket. I had no intention to reposition myself into a less exposing position for passing motorists, leaving my ass just outside the door.

The blanket was large enough to spread up the back of both the driver and passenger seats and extend down to the floor. The seatbelts would just have to be collateral damage for the glitter and paint.

The drive home was just about 30 minutes and mostly highways limiting how many other drivers would notice two twinkling naked women.

"I appreciate all your support today. I had no intention on taking anything off but you managed to make me feel comfortable enough with my insecurities."

"Hey, no worries. Isn't that what friends are for?"

"Would you mind if I showered T your house before being dropped off? I don't want to walk in looking like this."

"Sure! No problem!"

Her husband was a worry wart and didn't want her taking place in the event to begin with let alone being topless or even fully nude. Judging by the glitter coverage, he would certainly know she hadn't worn anything at all.

We pulled up to my house and by this time it was relatively dark. I parked my car in the driveway as far back as I could and we made a naked dash to my back door. I had active neighbors who enjoyed using their pool or having bonfires but tonight we got lucky and neither neighbor was outside.

We both ran to the bathroom, leaving a trail of glitter across my kitchen floor and down the hallway. She ran directly to the shower and got the water started and waited for it to warm up.

I grabbed an old towel I didn't like anymore and wet it in the sink. I began to wipe off as much of the glitter and paint as I could.

"You can take the first shower" I told her.

"Aren't you gonna hop in too?"

"No, I'll just go clean up the mess a bit then wait at the kitchen table."

"Alright, suit yourself, if not like we haven't done this before" she said.

She had a point. In highschool we were both on the swim team which met multiple times each week after school. At the time we weren't old enough drive so we would shower in the locker rooms while we waited for our parents to come pick us up after they finished work.

She slid open the curtain and we jumped in. Handing the shampoo, soap, and shower head back and forth as needed. It took entirely to long to get the remnants of glitter out of our hair and off our bodies. What seems like a half hour later we were finally clean.

We got dressed and i dropped her off at her house.

About a week later, my girlfriend texted me.

"Remember the business card the photographer gave us at the body paint station?"

"I do, what's up?"

"Go look at his website. Go to 'events' then 'WNBR' "

She sent a link and I followed her directions to the event page. Each event listed was a high definition large format photo with the event title and date below it. The cover photo for the WNBR was the very photo we posed for after we'd been painted and glittered. Admittedly, it was actually a great photo, but it included my face, breasts, and labia all in the same photo which meant I couldn't share it or show anyone. The same could be said for her too.

I wasn't worried about any of my friends finding this obscure body painters page but I did feel bad for her. She definitely didn't want proof of her nudity up front and center. Upon clicking the link, a new web page loaded showing several hundred photos of all the men and women who had been painted that day. None of the photos were censored.

Low and behold the photographer managed to capture dozens of photos of us. On was an action shot of the glitter cloud resulting from the artists work. He happened to be standing by our feat for the shot which perfectly framed our feet, legs, and groin. The cloud provided cover for our upper half and faces but anyone scrolling the photos could quickly determine the photo's immediately before and after were also us.

The photo quality was sufficient enough that you could zoom in and see the texture and coloring our labia before the glitter cloud had landed and stuck to the glue. My inner exhibitionist found this exhilarating but my compassionate side felt for my girlfriend.

"WELL NOW. LETS NOT TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THIS WEBSITE, SHALL WE"

"AGREED" she said.

In addition to the website, the photo of us posing afterward was posted to his instagram but was cropped to show from the belly button upward. Based on the activity level of his account, that photo of us would soon become buried between the thousands of other posts of similar content.

It's been a few years since this exhibitionist eye opening event and none of our friends have yet to bring it or the resulting photos up. Despite this event causing me to have unexpected nudes exist across the internet and social media, I have gone back and participated in every WNBR since.