**A Few Good Girls Ch. 01-03**

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It was the summer after senior year for me and Jessica. We had just graduated from high school and were thinking about what to do with our lives. I'd gotten a scholarship to state, but it wasn't nearly enough to even cover tuition, and Jess hadn't gotten anything at all. But we decided to put this out of our minds for a couple of days and went on a road trip with our friend Wanda, who was living in another city.  
  
Wanda was not only psyched to have us there, she even treated us to day passes at an amusement park. She was saving up for college too, so it seemed pretty generous of her to do that. But she always did stuff like that. Sadly, the amusement park didn't seem as fun to us as it would have a couple of years ago.  
  
"Who'da thought we'd get bored of the theme park this quick?" Jess said over her soda, pulling aside her short blond hair as it fell across her eyes. Jess is the youngest of us and had just barely turned 18 at the end of the school year. She's taller than me at 5'4", but her tits are tiny A cups, so she makes me look pretty good there. She's pretty hot, nonetheless, and she definitely shows that it takes more than big tits to look good.   
  
"Ya, it is pretty pathetic when you get to the point of actually going to the fun house." Wanda smoothed out the bottom of her summer dress as she sat down next to Jess on the picnic table, her big D cups resting on the tabletop. Her red hair was up in a ponytail. She was a head taller than Jess at 5'11", and practically dwarfed her with them sitting together. Wanda is the oldest, and she'd recently turned 21, which was a major motivating factor for us to stay with her. She was also a lot more pale than Jess, which especially stood out now that Jess had her deep summer tan going.  
  
"We should at least go on the log flume ride again. I'm really hot in this hoodie." I unzipped it down a little, but not too far because my C cup cleavage is pretty glaring in the small hoodie. I cinched my straight black hair behind my ears.  
  
I think it's important to mention at this point that I'm Chinese. Not, like, from China, I just have Chinese parents. I don't even really speak Chinese, and Cindy is my given name, not Shinnyi or something. Wanda and Jess are both white, Wanda considerably more so. I'm the shortest out of the three of us at 5'2", but it makes my tits look great. I'm also a few months older than Jess. My belly is not as tight as hers, but at least it's pretty flat.  
  
I also think it's important to mention that I have a great ass. Jess's is too small, and Wanda's is a little chunky, but mine is tight and shapely and perfect. Unfortunately, sometimes people think I look a little too "Asian," and that somehow seems to count a lot against me, which is totally lame.  
  
"I dunno, you could really see my bra after we got splashed on that log." Wanda said.  
  
"At least your midriff is showing, Cindy," Jess said, "I'm in this thick, dark gray dress still. We shoulda bought some clothes before coming here." Jess was fanning the neck of her dress forward and back, airing her little A cups. It was a pretty daring move, since her tits are so small she'd have to be showing a lot of them already to have as much cleavage as she did in that dress. She paused, looking at her tits, "You know, we could take a little off..."  
  
"All I have under my hoodie is my bra, and isn't the bra built into that dress?" I asked, as Wanda and I exchanged a funny look.  
  
"Well, ya, that's true. But getting naked would be more fun than these dumb rides." Jess laughed.  
  
"Geez, see if I ever treat you guys again." Wanda rolled her eyes.  
  
"Well, I mean, the park is great, but, it's so... limited. We could make it a little more... fun, you know?" Jess smiled and looked at us. "I have an idea to kinda make it into a game."  
  
"Make stripping a game? Like, everything time someone says 'ticket' we take something off?" I asked. "We weren't cheerleaders. We don't really understand your slutty games."  
  
"This wasn't a cheerleader thing. It's my idea. Besides, it's, like, a dare. Like, you can do the dare or take something off if you chicken out. I think it'll be fun." Jess smiled.  
  
"Like 'go on the Carousel?' I mean, these rides aren't exactly terrifying."  
  
"Ya, your idea is pretty lame," Wanda agreed with me, sipping some soda.  
  
Give it a try. It can't be more lame than sitting here." Jess shrugged.  
  
"Well, the only way it would be fair is if we started out with an equal number of things to take off. And even then I'm not saying I'll do it," said Wanda.  
  
"I'm doing it!" I stood up and walked over to the restroom.  
  
"Sweet! Well?" I heard Jess say to Wanda as I walked away.  
  
I went in and no one was in either of the two stalls, so I unzipped my hoodie in front of the mirror and reached back and unsnapped my bra. I took my hoodie off and set it on the counter, then took my bra off of my shoulders. It was definitely nice to air my boobs out in the A/C. This idea wasn't too bad at all.  
  
I slid my skirt up and bent down, sliding off my panties, when suddenly the door opened. I gasped, popping up, and crossed one arm over my nipples, trying to fix my skirt with the other. I glanced up at the mirror and Wanda was smiling at me.  
  
"You coulda done that in the stall, you know, then you wouldn'ta had ta freak out like that." She said as she came up next to me and reached into the front of her button-up summer dress to undo her bra. She slid the straps off her shoulders and pulled it out as I recovered myself and stepping out of my panties.  
  
She shifted her boobs a little, looking at them in the mirror, then over at mine. "Sometimes I wish I had your nice little Asian tits, mine are too big. They hang down and they're gonna get hot like a bitch. But then, my nipples are a pretty light pink, so they won't show through as much as your darker ones will."   
  
I put my hoodie back on, pulling my straight, black hair out of the back. "My tits are actually pretty big on me, you know. It's amazing they're still so, like, perky. But, yer right, my nipples do show pretty bad through anything. I couldn't get away with dressing like that in the daylight." I could definitely see her nipples pressing against the fabric of her dress, but then, I was looking for them. A casual observer might not notice as much.  
  
"If it wasn't for my big tits, though, I'd be pretty jealous of your sexy little Asian body." Wanda smiled at me and headed for the door. I zippered up my hoodie and grabbed my bra and panties. "Wait, what are we gonna do with these?" I held them up.   
  
"I guess Jess can put 'em in her purse." Wanda shrugged, her freed tits noticeably bouncing with the movement.  
  
"We can't just walk out there with them!"  
  
"Well, I mean, the park isn't that busy. Besides, just act natural and no one will notice." She glanced down at my skirt. "I'd be more worried about dropping them than holding them, if I was you. You can't have too much clearance before your little black bush pops out of that skirt." She smiled and went out the door.  
  
I followed her out and over to the picnic table. Wanda set her bra in front of Jess and I set my underwear on hers. Wanda sat back down next to Jess, resting her tits more definitely on the tabletop this time. I tried to sit down across from them when I suddenly realized how exposed I really was and hesitated. After a second, I managed to get my legs over the bench without my skirt riding up or having to spread my legs too much. I kept my legs tight as we sat there.   
  
"Sweet!" Jess said, sipping her drink, and smiling at my antics. "Shall we toss these out then?" She grabbed our bras and panties and started to get up.  
  
"Um, no, you can put them in your purse." Wanda glared at Jess.  
  
"Well, alright, not as exciting as I had planned, but, baby steps, you know?" She stuffed the undies into her purse and zipped it up.  
  
"I guess we're all ready to play this game... who should go first? You?" I looked at Jess.   
  
"Well, I should go first, since it is my idea and I should, you know, provide an example of what I'm thinking. And since, like, you asked, you can go next!" Jess smiled.  
  
"The longer I stay out of it is fine with me." Wanda shifted her boobs, not used to being without a bra.  
  
"Um, alright, what do we do then?" I was feeling a bit nervous even without actually exposing anything.  
  
"Well, I'll do you, then you do me back, then you do Wanda, she does you back, and, like, it'll go in a circle, like that. That way we all get vengeance!" Jess explained.  
  
"Um, that's pretty well thought out. You sure this isn't, like, a cheerleader game?" I pulled on the bottom of my skirt, still feeling self-conscious. I started to wonder about how low this skirt really went in back.   
  
"Well, let's just say it's an adaptation." She pushed her hair out of her face again and looked at me. "Okay now, let's see..." She reached across and grabbed for my hoodie's zipper.   
  
"Hey, watch it now, I don't got anything on under this!" I leaned away from her.  
  
"Don't worry, I'm not taking it off of you." I let her grab the zipper and she pulled it down about half way and leaned back to look at it.  
  
"Your cleavage looks pretty good without a bra on," Wanda said, impressed.  
  
"Not good enough." Jess leaned across the table again and pulled it down a bit farther, leaving a little less than an inch on the bottom holding it together. Now I had cleavage down to below my tits, like a deep v-neck. But my hoodie's zipper was too slack, and it definitely wasn't as secure against my chest as a v-neck woulda been. In fact, if I moved too quickly my nipples might pop out. I'd hafta be careful.  
  
"Whoa, I'm practically falling out of this, if we walk around too much I will." I tried to shift my hoodie to show less cleavage, but it wasn't tight enough on me to stay.  
  
"You can zip it back up after you do the dare." Jess said.  
  
"Wait, this isn't the dare?" I looked up at her.  
  
"See, this is why I needed to go first. That's not the way it works, like, you hafta actually do something." She looked over at the snack bar. "In fact, I'm a bit hungry, how about you go get me a soft pretzel?" She smiled.  
  
"From Chester-the-molester over there?" I glanced at the dork with the mustache at the nearby snack stand.  
  
"Yes. And show him a little somethin-somethin," Jess laughed.  
  
"Um, no, I don't think so. That's a little too far, Jess." I grimaced at the thought.  
  
"Well, at least flirt with him. You know, a lot." Jess conceded. I'm glad she didn't push the point.  
  
"Okay, gimme five bucks." She did and I got up, careful not to spread my legs or bend over too much in the process. This was pretty dangerous business.  
  
I headed over to the snack bar, looking back at Jess and Wanda, who waved at me. There wasn't anyone in line, since the park wasn't very busy. That was good for me.  
  
"Hey there... fella. Can I get me some pretzel?" I leaned onto the counter, showing a lot more cleavage than I intended, then stood back up when his eyes widened. "Please?" I batted an eyelash in a pitiful attempt at flirting.  
  
"Sure thing." He gave me a big smile and grabbed a pretzel, not taking his eyes off my tits. He handed it to me and I thanked him and started walking off. I realized I didn't even pay him and I turned back.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry!" I smiled and handed him the five. "I forgot to pay you! How much is it?"  
  
"$2.25" He somehow managed to make change while only barely prying his eyes from my cleavage. "Here's your change." He smiled under his mustache.  
  
"Thanks!" I gave him a big smile, grabbed the money from him, turned around and went back to the table. I sat down and handed Jess her pretzel and money. I zipped up my hoodie, relieved. "Man, he's so lame. He just stared at my tits the whole time. I'm glad that's over."  
  
"Hey, you didn't get me cheese!" Jess smiled evilly.  
  
"Um, no, I did my thing. Get your own cheese." I said.  
  
Jess shrugged and started to get up. "Wait, make her do something!" Wanda said, grabbing Jess's arm.  
  
"Ya, it is your turn." Jess said, nodding.  
  
"Well, then, um, the cheese comes in those little plastic things, right?" I asked.  
  
"Ya, like, it's fast food, you know." Jess sat back down.  
  
"Well, um, just, get it and, like, drop it and bend way, way over to get it." It wasn't that bad of an idea, and she deserved it, my tits were hanging all out for that guy. "Show some ass to Chester over there."  
  
"Alright." She walked up to the counter and talked to the guy. She giggled and he smiled at her. She was a real flirt. He handed her the cheese container and she smiled and turned around. Only a few feet from the snack bar she made like she stumbled and dropped the cheese. The snack guy was already staring at her ass as she walked away, and now his eyebrows raised as she bent down straight legged, legs apart and grabbed the cheese.  
  
He licked his lips as she looked back and waved at him, giggling her cute little giggle, still bent over double. She stood up, leaving her dress hanging above her ass, and came over to the picnic table. She sat down, finally fixing the bottom of her dress. "And that, girls, is how you play the game." She smiled and started eating her pretzel.   
  
"You really get into this kinda thing, eh?" Wanda ate some of the pretzel.  
  
"He's kinda cute. Besides, you're gonna get into it next," Jess said, smiling at her.  
  
"Oh ya?" Wanda raised an eyebrow.  
  
"Oh ya! I gotta do something to you." I looked at Wanda and tried to think of an idea. The faintest hint of pink was noticeable if you really concentrated on her nipples.  
  
"Well, are you gonna have me show my camel toe to him or what?" She asked.  
  
"Actually, I was thinking that even without my undies on, I'm still a little warm." I looked at Jess to see if she knew where I was going with this.  
  
She gave me a funny look, then looked at Wanda's tits and smiled. "Well, we could go on the flume ride again." Jess suggested. She ate the last bit of her pretzel to hide a smile. "I'm all done here." She totally got what I was thinking.  
  
"Ya, let's do that to cool off," I answered.   
  
"Um... wait a sec. I can't, like, do that. I don't have a bra anymore," Wanda said, waving her arms. "This dress becomes way too see through when it's wet.. Let's ride something else."  
  
"You could always take off your panties," Jess smiled at her.  
  
"Wait, no, that's not fair. That can't be my thing." She looked at me.  
  
"Why not? Come on, we both did our things already. It's your turn," I said, smiling that my turn was over.  
  
"Ya, we'll all go with you, you won't be alone!" Jess smiled too.  
  
"Ya, but you guys' tits won't become totally visible if we do it!" She shook her head "No, no way."  
  
"Then give me your panties." I held my hand out to her. She looked at me angrily.  
  
"Alright. Let's go." We got up and went over to the ride. The line was short enough that we got in a log pretty quick. Lucky for us, Wanda and I got to sit in front, the best splash area. She was still glowering.  
  
"This is a lot more fun now, huh?" Jess said behind us.  
  
"Definitely!" I smiled at Wanda as the log started. We rode around and got to a couple of corners that shot water up, but those were more for the other seats. The good one was still ahead.   
  
We started up the ramp for the big splash and Wanda started fidgeting and covered up her tits. I started pulling at her arms and she started fighting me. Jess and I were laughing as we reached the top. It paused for a second and Wanda looked at me with her arms outstretched and we went down.  
  
We got soaked. I hadn't realized how much my bra and panties had covered me up. My tits were freezing now, with the hoodie clinging to them. I could feel the cold water dripping through my pussy hair, too, under my skirt. It was weird to feel like that with strangers so close.   
  
I didn't think to be careful when I climbed out of the seat, but I also don't think anyone noticed me flash my bush. Anyone watching us was watching Wanda.  
  
It was like she was topless. That thin white cloth was clinging to her large tits, and her pink nipples were poking out, their color highlighting the tips of her breasts. That splash was extremely effective.  
  
She crossed her arms against her chest and hurried out into the sunlight. "Come on, let's get dry already," she said as Jess and I caught up with her.  
  
"That went great! Good one, Cindy!" Jess laughed and wrung out her hair. Her dress hadn't even gotten too wet, but her hair was pretty soaked. She looked at my tits "You know, I can kinda see your nipples poking through that hoodie now."  
  
"What?" I looked down and it was true, the cloth was clinging so tightly to my breasts that the little bumps could be plainly seen. "Well, at least no one will look close enough to notice as long as we're with Wanda here." I smiled at her almost totally exposed tits, shivering slightly with the water still dripping down my skin.  
  
"Har dee har har." She glared at me. "Let's find something to dry off..." She looked at the rides nearby.  
  
"We could go on that spinning swing ride..." Jess smiled at Wanda.  
  
"It does go pretty good," she replied, "and all anyone can really see is..."  
  
"Oh yes, they won't be looking at your tits at all..." Jess smiled and looked at me.  
  
"Hey now, I mean, tits are one thing, but people will be able to see right up my skirt, without my panties, let's not go crazy." I was trying to remain calm, but I knew it wasn't going to end up in my favor.  
  
"Well, if tits are fair game, let's get you outta that wet hoodie." Jess was still smiling.  
  
"Fine, fine, fine." Wanda was practically topless, I guess I could go for it. I was starting to enjoy this game a little more than I expected anyway.  
  
We walked over to the swing ride, and although everyone we passed was giving Wanda the once over, I actually got a few looks myself. One lady even gave Wanda a dirty look and seemed like she was gonna say something, but Jess started coughing as she passed and she just left us alone.  
  
There was a bit of a line for the swing ride. We had to wait for it to run through twice before we got on it. We were behind this older guy with his wife, and he kept looking at Wanda's tits. I can't believe his wife didn't notice.  
  
Well, it was our turn to ride the swing. I was standing behind Jess and Wanda to get up last when Jess said to the guy that I wanted to get on first. "That's really not necessary," I said, but Jess insisted. He held out his hand and I stepped onto the platform. I looked at the people in line behind me, and a lot of them were looking at me. Since only one person gets on at a time, they were all waiting for me to get up there.  
  
I sighed and got up into the seat. It was facing to the side, so no one could really see up my skirt as I got up. I tried to attach the safety belt, but the guy running the ride spun the swing to face him to help me get it on. My knees were level with his face when he stopped it and he coughed when he noticed. I snapped my legs together and Jess made a face. She raised two fingers together and pulled them apart.   
  
I glared at her and she snapped the front of her dress against her chest. I rolled my eyes and spread my legs again. The guy had tightened my belt at this point but his eyes were still fixed on my knees. When I spread them apart, I leaned over and said thanks, pulling the hair out of my face.  
  
Wanda got on next, and she fussed a bit when he made her put down her arms to fasten the safety straps. I was too preoccupied to pay much attention to Wanda's tits, though, since I was hanging right above the main path and every person who walked by could look right up at my exposed beaver. At least it was in the dark of my skirt.   
  
There was a soft breeze and I shivered as it blew into my still-wet pussy. I was cold being soaked up here, and I wanted it to be over so I could get down. I didn't know how dry it would really get us, but I didn't want to show off quite this much in the process.

We all finally got on and the ride started. My skirt was slippery since it was so wet, and it kept riding up. I couldn't really get at it, so I tried to shift in my seat. When I scooted forward, though, my skirt got caught on the seat and slid right up behind my butt. Great. I figured that at least I could fix it when the ride stoped, and maybe not too many people would be looking at me if I didn't stop in front.   
  
The ride started to slow and I looked down. There were three guys sitting at a bench across the path staring right at me. I didn't even notice them during the ride. I wondered how long they'd been watching and got a little bit of a shiver. It wasn't really a bad feeling, though.  
  
The ride was slowing to a stop and I was getting ready to fix my skirt when I slid right into the dismount spot. My seat was facing into the line and most of the crowd was looking at me. Those that weren't soon were. I froze.  
  
The guy slid his hand right up my naked thigh and I let out a soft moan. He fumbled with the strap, staring at my black bush. He finally got it off and I sat there, frozen, for a second longer before jumping down and fixing my skirt. I turned and walked straight for the exit. I got there and those guys eyed me from their bench. I turned my back to them and waited for Wanda and Jess to get down.  
  
The wind was surprisingly effective for Wanda and her dress was starting to get dry already. It was still clinging to her tits pretty good, but it wasn't anywhere near as see-through. No more puffy pink nipples to catch the eye. I could still see them poking through the fabric, but no color was visible. I looked down at my tits and the hoodie was dry enough that my nipples weren't poking out anymore either.  
  
"Well, from the looks you just got, I guess that went pretty great!" Wanda laughed as Jess walked up to us. "And we're a lot drier now too."   
  
"Ya. Great. That's the word for it." I rolled my eyes.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 01-02**

"Alright, Wanda, what do you have for me?" Jess smiled, clearly ready and willing for her turn in our little dare game at the theme park. The youngest of us, she'd just turned 18 at the start of the summer, and was not afraid to flaunt it.  
  
"You know, you've gotten off pretty lucky here," Wanda said spitefully, looking her up and down, Jess's tan body and small breasts well covered by her dress, "We've both shown a lot, and you're pretty well armored."  
  
"Hey, I played to the spirit of the game when it was my turn." Jess looked hurt by Wanda's accusation.  
  
"Well, let's just remove a little armor. Let's have your panties." Wanda held her hand out expectantly.  
  
"Hey, you can't just make me take something off." Jess stepped back, a little surprised.  
  
"Why not? There's no rule against that. Besides, you didn't stop her from showing my bush to half the park," I gestured at the three guys watching us from the bench, who quickly looked the other way. She was probably right, but I wasn't about to let that get in the way.  
  
"But, I mean, it's not, like, a dare. It's the punishment for not doing a dare; you can't make me do that." She waved her hands in front of her, surprisingly resistant to removing her panties.  
  
"Cindy's right; we don't have a rule for that, take 'em off." Wanda stepped forward and made to pull up Jess's dress and get her panties, but Jess jumped out of her reach.  
  
"Come on, Jess, we did our stuff, and this is your game." I cocked my hips and gave her a dirty look. "Besides, no one here knows us, we're pretty much safe."  
  
"You know what," Her expression changed with this, "Let's go for it." She nodded at me, agreeing, and turned her back toward the bench with the three guys I pointed out earlier. She slid her dress up and her panties down, leaving her dress above her butt. With her bare cheeks still pointing straight at them, she took a second and paused, looking at me. "But it's a new rule, you can't just make someone take off clothes."  
  
I glanced over at the guys on the bench and giggled. "Sounds fair," I agreed as she stepped out of her panties and reached down a little further to pick them up.  
  
She stood up slowly and slid her dress back down as she did so. She looked back at the three guys and laughed. One was holding a cell phone up, and it made me wonder just how long he had been taking pictures. "Okay, now this is getting interesting!" She grinned, stuffing her panties into her purse.  
  
"So, what next?" I smiled, it was a lot of fun watching Jess strip. She made quite a show of it.  
  
"I say we do the flume ride again," proposed Jess looking vengefully at Wanda.  
  
"But my tits just dried out!" She screwed up her face, annoyed.  
  
"Ha-ha, sucks to be you." I liked cooling off in that water, and it was still pretty hot out, so I was all for the ride. Plus, it took the attention off me and it was still a little scary playing this game and being all out in the open like this.  
  
The ride operator recognized us and seated Wanda and me in the front again. Needless to say, we got soaked, and I could once more see the color in her nipples. I cracked up watching the ride operator's eyes get glued to Wanda's tits when we got out. We were getting hungry after the ride, so we headed back to Chester the Molester's snack stand.  
  
"What do you have for Cindy?" Wanda was walking with her arms crossed in front of her. That certainly wasn't going to make her dry off any quicker, but I wasn't about to correct her.  
  
"Well, I suppose she could get me a soda," said Jess.  
  
I noticed that Jess's dress had started to sag significantly in front. The water must have made it heavier, and there weren't any straps to really hold it up. I'd have to keep this is mind.  
  
"That's not too bad, what do you want?" I asked, looking over at her. I tried to think of something I could get her back with to take advantage of her dress.  
  
"Oh, you know, whatever," She smiled, an innocent look on her face, "Just let me know what you want me to do before you go get it."  
  
"Wait, all you're making her do is get a soda?" Wanda was suddenly suspicious, wondering if Jess and I were starting an informal alliance against here.  
  
"Well, I'm thirsty," replied Jess.  
  
We got to the table we sat at earlier and Jess sat down facing the snack stand. Wanda sat opposite her. "Maybe you can respond in kind?" Jess said to me.  
  
"Alright..." I thought of something as I sat down next to Wanda. "Get me a soda, and just shake your boobs a little, you know, give him a bit of a show," Jess shrugged.  
  
"Sure, that seems fine," She smiled and motioned for me to get her drink.  
  
I got up and went over to the guy. "Hey there," I smiled, "Can I get a small cola?"  
  
"Sure." He filled a cup. "Here ya go. $1.25."  
  
"Um..." I didn't have any money, so I patted at my pocket-less skirt and hoodie, my bra-less breasts bouncing slightly with the motion in the thin, wet fabric, and looked over my shoulder. Jess was looking at me and got up as I motioned to her, "Jess will pay, just a sec!"  
  
I turned and started walking back, "Oops, I didn't have money!" I said to Jess as she came up to me and headed for the guy.  
  
"I got it," she smiled as I turned toward the table. But as I stepped forward, my foot caught on something, and I stumbled. I almost spilled Jess's drink, but I managed to keep a grip on it. Unfortunately, to do so I had to splay my legs out wide and lean forward pretty far. This made my wet skirt ride up my ass, leaving my butt cheeks hanging out for our snack guy as the wet fabric clung to my back.  
  
I spun around, red faced. He was staring right at me and Jess was smiling. I fixed the back of my skirt, but as I looked down I noticed my bush was peeking out the front as well. I slid down the front of my skirt too and made it back to the table, still red. It had been rather embarrassing to show off on that ride, but one-on-one with a stranger was a very different kind of embarrassment. Especially with that look on his face. I was mortified.  
  
"Now I understand," Wanda gestured to Jess, "It was her plan to trip you all along. Sneaky!"  
  
"She tripped me?" I looked back at her talking with the snack guy. She'd ordered two large drinks. I guess what I had gotten her wasn't enough.  
  
"Too bad you aren't getting her back with something," Wanda said, some disappointment in her voice.  
  
"You never know, it might work out..." I watched as Jess bent forward a little more than necessary to pick up the two drinks. She stood up quickly, but only lifted the drinks a little. This was clearly her trick to make her tits bounce, and it seemed to work rather well because the snack guy's eyes popped when she did it.  
  
She laughed and said something to him, and he smiled at her, his eyes glued to her chest. She turned around and started walking back. Her dress had clearly failed her just as I'd figured it would, but she wasn't fixing it! She was walking back here with her tits just hanging out.  
  
Without her breasts to hang onto, the top of her dress started to slide down as she walked, and it almost made it to her belly button by the time she got to the table.  
  
"Wow, that turned out pretty good!" Jess laughed as she set down the drinks and finally fixed her dress.  
  
"Um, why didn't you do that sooner?" Wanda raised an eyebrow as Jess cinched the damp, heavy cloth back over her breasts.  
  
"My hands were full, silly! Why do you think I got two drinks?" She laughed, clearly unencumbered by sanity, or at least modesty, "Now, Cindy, what do you have for Wanda?"  
  
"Well," I hesitated, a little disappointed by my lack of success in embarrassing Jess. I looked over at Wanda and shrugged. "How about you just go get us some chips and dip," I smiled.  
  
"You don't plan to trip me, do you?" She was suspicious, but I was really just trying to be nice.  
  
"Nope," Well, not that nice. Her still-transparent dress would probably be enough of a treat for that guy, and she might not even notice.  
  
"Alright," She nodded appreciatively, standing up, "Come with me and carry my drink, will you?"  
  
"That's what you guys are doing to each other?" Jess furrowed her brow.  
  
"I know, we're so heartless!" I laughed as we went over and got the food. Aside from noticeably staring at Wanda's tits and giving me a dirty smile, nothing too much happened.  
  
"Well, that was just great." Jess dipped a chip. "I figured you could at least pull down Cindy's skirt while she was holding everything." Jess paused and examined her chip, "This dip is really crappy."  
  
"It is pretty runny," I looked at her chip. The dip was mostly white, with a sort of translucent sheen. It looked kind of gross, actually.  
  
"It almost looks watered down," Wanda added.  
  
"You know what it really looks like?" Jess grew a dirty smile and bit off some chip, "Mm... tastes like it too," She giggled.  
  
"What are you talking about?" Wanda looked at her.  
  
"Oh my god, you don't think he... you know... do you?" I gasped as I realized what she was talking about.  
  
"What are you guys talking about?" Wanda looked at me.  
  
"You know, it looks a lot like, you know, cum!" I said, poking a finger in to taste it. I sniffed at it and touched my finger with my tongue. It was an odd flavor.  
  
"No, don't be stupid. We saw him get it out of that dispenser. Besides, he could hardly serve it to everyone." Wanda rolled her eyes and dipped a chip in, biting it off dramatically.  
  
"See?" She said, holding forward the remaining piece. "It doesn't taste anything like cum." Jess and I both laughed at her for this. "Oh hush." She finished off her chip.  
  
"Anyway, no one guy has that much cum in him," Jess said, "It'd hafta be a community effort on the part of the staff." She giggled.  
  
"You would be the expert on that." I smiled back at the ex-cheerleader.  
  
"Yes, indeed," she smirked as she sipped some of her giant soda.  
  
Wanda looked at us, smiling. "Well then," She eyed the dip, "This stuff tastes awful, so it wouldn't be a terrible shame to waste it..."  
  
"Oh ya?" I glanced back at the snack bar, where the guy was watching us not-so-subtly, "What've you got in mind?"  
  
"Oh, maybe she gets a little too much on a chip, maybe it spills onto her chest, maybe we don't have any napkins..." She smiled. She was obviously proud of this one.  
  
"Ooooh, that's a great idea!" Jess grinned wide as she heard the idea, and grabbed a likely chip. She scooped almost the entire thing of dip onto it, holding it from spilling out with her fingers. She lifted it like she was eating it and poured it right onto her chest.  
  
"Oh no!" She exclaimed unnecessarily loudly as she stood up, grabbing at her chest, "And us with no napkins!" She quickly spread the glob around, leaving little trails of goo randomly across her chest. The effect was pretty realistic, to be honest. I mean, not that I'd seen a lot of girls with cum all over their tits, but I imagined it'd look like that. She turned from the table and headed over to the snack bar.  
  
"Ha-ha, that looked really great!" I looked back at Wanda, who was smiling and eating up the last of the dip.  
  
"Sometimes even I come up with a good idea," she said, as we both worked on the rest of the chips and on our sodas. Our backs were to Jess the way we'd sat down, so we weren't watching her as we ate. We'd seen her work her magic before, and it seemed clear that she was really just getting napkins this time.  
  
She hadn't come back after a minute or two, so I glanced back to see what was taking her so long. She was gone. The snack guy was gone too.  
  
"Maybe she asked for him to help clean it off her. With his tongue. Who knows?" Wanda seemed uninterested. I turned back hesitantly and we finished the chips.  
  
"Oh no, guys, what are we going to do with this dip?" Jess said as she sat down between us with her back to the table.  
  
I looked at her, and the 'cum' was still all over her tits. I looked back at the snack guy, who was smiling and watching us. In particular, he was watching Jess's knees, which she was opening and closing in an overtly nonchalant way. He was clearly getting quite an eyeful.  
  
"You were supposed to clean that off," growled Wanda giving her a mean look.  
  
"All you said was that maybe we didn't have any napkins," Jess looked right back, coy. "You didn't say anything about cleaning."  
  
"You know, she's right," I nodded. "But you can't walk around all day like that, Jess, it's gross." I stuck out my tongue. I noticed that Jess was still opening and closing her legs, so I glanced over at the snack guy who was still watching her do it.  
  
"I can't, I can't indeed," She smiled. "That's why you guys are gonna help me. My thing for both of you is to clean me off." She was holding her legs open a little longer than closed now. Clearly she wanted to keep the snack guy's attention for what was coming next.  
  
"We still don't have any napkins," Wanda gave her a confused look.  
  
"I guess you'll be stuck with licking it off." Jess glanced at the snack bar and flashed the guy more than just a smile.  
  
"Um... okay..." This was actually kind of an intriguing idea. I looked over at the snack bar. We had his rapt attention.  
  
"Um, no," Wanda said, shaking her head, "I'm not licking cum off your tits. That's crazy."  
  
"Come on, it's not actual cum, it's just chip dip," I argued.  
  
"See, Cindy would love to lick my tits. Why are you so behind the times?" Jess laughed.  
  
"Well, I'll scoop it up with my finger, but I'm not licking it off of you!" She gave in, her eyes darting to our attentive audience member.  
  
"Great!" Jess leaned back, offering her dip covered chest to us. The top of her still soaked dress slid down almost to her nipples. She stopped moving her legs, leaving them splayed open, giving the snack guy plenty to keep an eye on. "Dig in!"  
  
I bent down and licked a glob of the goo from her neck. Jess gave a subtle shudder as I ran my tongue across her tan skin, making me smile. This game appeared to have many new and exciting aspects to it.  
  
"You know," said Wanda, taking some dip from the top of Jess's tit and then licking her finger, "this stuff isn't that bad. Maybe it is a shame we wasted it after all."  
  
"Actually, it tastes a little different now." I couldn't place it, and went down for another glob, this time on the side of the large portion of her boob that was threatening to escape from her dress. Jess giggled as my tongue darted along her skin.  
  
"It's my sweat." Jess responded almost too fast, as her legs started to wiggle a little in and out. I glanced up at the snack bar guy who was definitely enjoying the show. I smiled at him. I was definitely enjoying being in the show more than I had anticipated.  
  
"Ya, that's probably what makes it taste a little better," Wanda said, rubbing her finger into Jess's broad cleavage to grab a spread out glob that had run down her chest.  
  
"I'm not sure." My second glob definitely started to give me a suspicion. I licked some more from just above Jess's nipple, causing it to peak out just a little from the top of her dress and making her shudder again. As unexpectedly enjoyable as it was to make Jess shudder like that, something in the back of my head started to overshadow my fun.  
  
"No, it definitely tastes better," Wanda said, getting the last glob of it from her side of Jess's chest, and slurping it off of her fingers. "Ack." She wiped a dribble of it that was escaping from the corner of her mouth, and sucked it off of her finger again.  
  
I licked a little of the residue off of Jess's breast on Wanda's side when a thought struck me. "Wow, Jess." I was a little shocked at my realization and sat back upright from leaning over her. She sat up, tucking her tits further into her dress now that so much cleavage wasn't necessary. "I mean, just, wow," I said, looking at her and glancing at the snack guy.  
  
"You figured out what was wrong with the 'dip?'" Jess smiled devilishly, making quotation marks in the air with her fingers, and started getting up to leave. She waved bye to the snack guy and motioned for us to follow.  
  
"Do you even know his name?" I glanced at Wanda now, who was totally confused as we walked off. "Can you believe she did that?" I was still in shock.  
  
"His name is Dave and I might do it again. I gave him my number." She kept smiling.  
  
"Wait, what did I just eat off of you?" Wanda was starting to figure it out, too, and was getting pissed quickly.  
  
"Oh, it's no big deal, we all ate some," Jess laughed.  
  
"You're crazy, Jess." I rolled my eyes. "I figured it was something like that when I started licking you."  
  
"Wait, I ate cum off Jess's tits and you knew?" Suddenly, Wanda seemed more pissed at me than she was at Jess.  
  
"Hey, like I knew, you kept telling me it was just her sweat or something!" I wasn't going to win on this one. I started running my tongue across my teeth as the shock wore off. I wasn't sure whether to freak out like Wanda, or just play it cool. Ultimately, I decided Wanda was dumb.  
  
"Oh, pshaw, you knew. Just wait till I get you back." Wanda wiped her hand on the front of her dress. "Ugh, I want to brush my teeth now."  
  
It was getting darker and the park would probably close soon. Most of the roller coasters closed at sunset, I guess for safety reasons, so the park was already significantly less full than earlier.  
  
We were wandering around in the sideshow area, with the fun house and games. We passed a hall of mirrors kind of maze with a see-through front, so you could watch the people getting lost in it. I got an idea.  
  
"How about you do that maze there, Jess?" I gestured toward it.  
  
"Oh ya? What's the catch?" She looked over at it.  
  
"Um, like, every time you reach, like, a dead end or something, you hafta raise your dress up a little." Her dress was still wet, so it could still cling to her pretty well. She didn't have buttons or something that would work better for this, so that would hafta do.  
  
"Ooh, that's pretty creative!" She got a big smile, "I like it!" She headed off for the game while Wanda and I leaned on a railing facing it. There wasn't any line this late, so she didn't have any more spectators than us and the guy running the game, but at least he was watching her.  
  
Jess waved at us and stepped in. She turned toward the front panel and headed down a hall. We saw her walk right into a mirror as the hall turned a corner and she laughed. She started walking then stopped and slid her dress up an inch or two and headed off. It clung well enough to stay up, and a bit of her ass was now hanging out the back. The operator hadn't seemed to notice yet.  
  
She headed back and took a right into where we couldn't see her again. Soon she came back in view and walked right into a wall. She rubbed her nose and slid her dress up a little more, turning toward the front.  
  
Now she was peeking out the bottom of her dress in front too, and I noticed she was shaved smooth. Seeing her bare pussy, I bit my lip, surprised at how turned on I was. It's not like I hadn't seen other girls nude before. I guess it was just how into showing herself Jess was. I mean, it had been fun watching Wanda get so embarrassed and probably Jess and Wanda had gotten a kick out of seeing me embarrassed, too.  
  
But Jess was so unembarrassed, so into showing herself. It was... intense. Jess just smiled at us and waved, nonchalant about her exposed pussy. As she turned, her dress slid back down and she stopped, folding it up and getting it to stay.   
  
She looked over at the attendant, and seemed to notice that she still hadn't gotten his attention, so she walked right into a wall as the path turned inward from the front. I could actually hear the thump, and it seemed to startle the attendant. He looked up at her as she rubbed her head. He seemed to say something, but we were to far away to hear. Jess shook her head, and said something back as she rolled up her dress a little more. Now he was watching!

She started away from us, treating us and the operator to a splendid view of her little ass as she walked. We didn't see more than glimpses of her now until the very end, although the attendant never looked away from the maze now. When she got to the exit, the dress was rolled up above her belly button. I guess she'd made some mistakes in there.  
  
She walked out and the operator said something to her. She looked down and looked like she was surprised. She seemed to chide him for looking at her, wagging a finger. As she did that, her dress slid off her tits and bunched up around her waist. She was showing her entire tight, tan body to this guy now. I had to bite my lip just watching her do it.  
  
She spread her arms wide, looking down at her dress, and paused. She gave him ample time to take it all in. Then she turned around, feigning modesty and showing him her nice little ass, as she slowly fixed her dress. She seemed to struggle with it for a minute, before taking it off entirely to straighten it out, giving him a long look at her bare back. After she fixed her dress and pulled it back on, she said something to the guy and walked over to us, laughing.  
  
"Have fun?" I asked as she smiled at us. I was still biting my lip.  
  
"It was a blast!" She laughed, "You rock at this game, that maze was way fun while gettin' nekkid!" She looked back at the operator and waved. "What totally awesome idea have you got for Wanda?"

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"Just don't make me eat any more 'dip,'" Wanda stuck out her tongue, slipping her red hair back behind her ears as we walked aimlessly through the theme park. It was getting darker now, so her bra-less D cups weren't really visible at all any more through her fairly thin dress.   
  
"Maybe I'll just make her open some buttons now, and keep it that way." I looked at Jess for approval, my eyes again darting to the bottom of her dress. Much thicker than Wanda's, Jess's dress was still fairly damp and clung tightly to her tan little body.   
  
I'd seen her naked plenty of times before, but for some reason this dare game we were playing made it so much more... intriguing. I just wondered if she was thinking the same about my short mini-hoodie and matching mini-skirt. I mean, for being Asian, I filled out the top fairly well with my C cups. I didn't look half-bad at all.   
  
"Maybe all but one," Jess smiled, "Starting from the bottom?" For being the youngest of us, her freshly 18 year old mind was rather mischievous.  
  
"Um... maybe just the top three," I replied. I looked over at Wanda's dress. The third button down was well below her tits, but they could still be fairly safe. As long as she was careful.   
  
"Whoa, hey now, I can handle a little water, my dress isn't that transparent, but that's a bit much," She shook her head at this, "My tits would totally fall out!"   
  
"I think it's pretty tame compared to me showing literally everything to the maze guy." Jess pointed back where we'd just come.   
  
"Ya, it's not too much, I think that's what you should do," I nodded. "Alright, undo'em. The top three."   
  
"I don't think..." Wanda started.   
  
"It could be the bottom three," Jess suggested. "Or five."   
  
"No, I pick the top. And three." I shook my head. "It's all precarious-like." We looked at Wanda and waited.   
  
"Um, no, I'm not doing it." She looked defiantly at me, then at Jess. Jess held out her hand.   
  
"Give'em here then." Jess smiled. Wanda looked around, but the park was fairly empty and the only people nearby were walking away from us. She quickly lifted her dress up and slid her panties down her legs. She stepped out of them and handed'em to Jess, fixing her dress back down quickly. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" Jess packed the panties into her already over-flowing purse. "I hope I can fit more clothes in here," she said, squeezing it closed.   
  
"It's not like we have much more to give up," Wanda said, trying to see if her pussy hair was visible through her dress. It was. She had a cute little landing strip of fiery red pretty clearly visible through the fabric.   
  
"Oh, I'm sure someone'll be taking off something else..." Jess smiled at me, as it was now Wanda's turn to pick my thing to do.   
  
"Well, now that I'm undies-free, I won't feel bad at all for my idea. Let's go back to 'Dave,'" Wanda replied, turning back toward the part of the park with the snack bar where we'd started the game. "I'm gonna use both my dares."   
  
We walked back to Dave, passing a few clock-watching attendants on the way, and only one or two remaining guests. I noticed that Wanda got a few more looks than Jess or I, all at her fairly visible bright strip of fur. It was surprising how well it stood out when even her nipples barely showed, but I guess the bottom of her dress stayed wet longer from the log ride. Gravity and such.  
  
"Well, what's your plan?" Jess asked as we came up to the snack bar. Dave noticeably brightened up at our arrival and Jess smiled at him, waving her fingers.   
  
"Make out with each other," Wanda said, crossing her arms.   
  
"Make out?" I looked at Jess and bit my lip again. My thoughts rushed to Jess's sexy little bald beaver peaking out back at the maze.   
  
"Make out? That's all you got? That's pretty weak." Jess raised an eyebrow at her, putting her hands on her hips.   
  
"Um, no, it's good," I smiled, looking over at Jess.   
  
"Good?" She gave me an appraising look, "Maybe... maybe we can make it good," She glanced over at Dave and smiled, then looked back at me. I looked over and saw that we most definitely had his full attention already.   
  
"Well?" Wanda tapped a foot, "Are you gonna get to it or are you gonna try to fit a hoodie and a dress in that purse?"   
  
I smiled, enjoying the mental image of Jess stripping out of her dress right here, in the park, and stepped up to her. She put her hand on my waist and pulled me close. First just a gentle peck, then a bit more. I slid my arms around her back, grabbing her dress, and she slid her tongue into my mouth. It felt so good.   
  
I let my hand drift down to her ass, and gave it a light squeeze. surprising us both. I felt her smile with our lips pressed together, and her hand came up my side. She lifted my arm over her shoulder, and then slid the bottom of my mini-hoodie from just below my breasts to just above, softly squeezing my newly exposed flesh with her fingers. It felt so, so good.   
  
My mind was racing with thoughts of Jess and her smooth-shaven little pussy, out here, in the theme park. Still locked in our passionate kiss, I pulled her dress up in back and squeezed her taut, smooth, bare butt. She giggled at this and gently bit my lower lip with a smile. I shivered. It felt great.   
  
She pulled back a little, and we kissed lightly again. She smiled at me and licked my lips, her hand still on my tit, my hand still on her ass.   
  
"Um..." Wanda started, "Alright then..." I turned my eyes from Jess and glanced at Wanda. She was stunned and I started giggling.   
  
I looked over at our other audience member. He smiled broadly, his eyes darting from my tits to Jess's bare ass. He wasn't what I cared about right now. I looked back to Jess, running my fingers across her smooth butt cheek with a smile.   
  
"Well, that was fun!" Jess stepped away from me, leaving my tits on display as she pointed her bare behind at Dave. She toyingly searched for the back hem of her dress by running her fingers up and down her butt cheek a few times before finally covering back up.   
  
"Ya, this game is pretty awesome." I grinned at Jess, suddenly aware of my heart racing as I slid my titties back into my top and caught my breath.   
  
"So, Wanda, let's have those buttons open." Jess looked up, hands on her hips again.   
  
"Wait, what?" She shook off her stunned surprise at our little show and glared over at Jess. "You can't make me do something I've already refused. I've, like, bought immunity."   
  
"Um, no. You either do the dare, or strip. That's the game. There's no immunity." Jess looked at me, "Right?"   
  
"Right," I sighed softly, my heart still fast, then thought for a second. "Wanda makes sense, though." I said, "I mean, you could just say the same outrageous things over and over and force her to strip completely." It did make sense. "That wouldn't be fair." My heart was starting to pound less now.   
  
"See?" Wanda stepped over next to me, "Not fair at all."   
  
"Well, I guess I'll make it fair then..." Jess looked at me, "I want you to undo your hoodie again as well. To stay." She smiled.   
  
"Whoa, hey now!" I stepped back, "I can't keep this unzipped, it'll totally fall apart, it's too small for that." I gestured over to Dave, "Showing them to you and your little boy-toy there is one thing, but I can hardly walk around with my tits out."   
  
"Fair's fair, though." Jess smiled and looked at Wanda, "Would that be a fair deal?"   
  
To my horror, Wanda actually considered this idea, "Um, I guess that's fair, since you're doing it to both of us." She nodded. "Besides, if you don't think it's fair, Cindy, you can just take your hoodie off." Apparently overcoming her dislike of Jess's idea, she was grinning at me, evily.   
  
I gave her a dirty look as she undid her top button. Just that one button extended her cleavage most of the way down her tits, and when she undid the second it looked like enough to let them spill out right there. She undid the third and they were almost actively trying to escape, but she tugged at her dress and trapped them in for the time being.   
  
"Your turn," Jess said, looking to me. I screwed up my lips and slid my hoodie's zipper down halfway. The mini-hoodie only covered to just under my tits. So, much further and it would come totally open anyway. If it was gonna stay like this -- I figured she wouldn't want me to open it as much as earlier.   
  
"That's not far enough!" Wanda cried, pointing at her own tits, "Look how far I had to go, make her do more, Jess!"   
  
"You're right, not far enough at all. It hasta be fair!" Jess reached out and pulled at the zipper. I defensively grabbed at her hand and jumped back, saving my tits from her with a snapping sound, but not by very much. She did manage to unzip the hoodie almost to the bottom, leaving less than half an inch together now.   
  
Then I noticed Jess was grinning like mad and I realized why there had been a snapping sound. The cheap zipper had broken when I jumped back and now my hoodie was stuck like this. The zipper teeth still together were held out from touching my skin by the tension from my tits. The top was split wide, showing even more of my breasts than Wanda was of hers, and I feared for the stability of my poor broken zipper under that stress. There were only five or six zipper teeth holding my tits in, and they didn't look too strong.   
  
"There we go." Jess held up the broken off zipper piece -- "Won't be needing this..." She plopped it into her purse.   
  
"Very nice," Wanda said happily. "That's fair." She seemed to relish my exposure.   
  
I realized Dave had been watching this entire exchange and I looked over at him. He smiled, noticeably staring at my cleavage. I twisted my lips to one side and got an idea. He'd seen my tits fairly plainly. It'd be fun for him to see more. Anyway, he wasn't what really I cared about right now. Or, at least, not so much who.   
  
I turned my back to him an set my legs apart, bending over forward. I was never a cheerleader like Jess had been, so I couldn't bend over far enough to pull my skirt all the way up my ass, but I could feel it had gone far enough for my purpose. I slid my hand between my legs and pushed a finger into my exposed pussy. I was very wet already from what we'd been doing, and it slid in easily. I bit my lip with the sensation, my heart starting to pound.   
  
I slid my finger in and out slowly, spreading my juices around. I bit down hard as my kiss with Jess flashed into my mind and I let out a quiet murmur. Holding back the feeling in my chest, I pulled my finger out, practically dripping. Standing up, my skirt slid back down my ass and I offered the soaking finger to Jess. She raised an eyebrow and I said, "Or would you rather take off your dress?"   
  
She looked over at Dave, who was awestruck, and she grew a big grin. She leaned forward, still looking over at Dave, and curved her tongue out, licking my finger. Then she slid the whole thing into her mouth and I felt her tongue swish around it. She was clearly more experienced at these kinds of things than me. I wondered just how much experience she had and suddenly felt that feeling in my chest again.  
  
"Mmm..." She said as she stood back up, "You're delicious!" She looked to Wanda, "I wonder what she has in store for you?"   
  
"I just did that because you made me eat his cum earlier, it only seemed fair," I nodded toward Dave.   
  
"Hey, I ate some too," She giggled, "So what did you have in mind for Wanda?"   
  
"Ya, I mean, I don't want to eat you out or anything, but I'd like to keep my dress on," She said, a little nonplussed at my show.   
  
"Just do a bit of bouncing for Dave," I nodded toward our captive audience, "Just lean over to ask him how long until the park closes or something and kind of stand up too fast."   
  
"That's, ah, pretty weak, you know, compared to the show you just gave him," Jess licked the last of my juices off her lips. Another incredible image frozen in my mind.   
  
"Sure, but I think it's pretty good," I said, turning back to Wanda, "You haven't shown anyone your bare titties yet."   
  
"He would be the first at the park to see'em bare," Jess nodded, agreeing and looking to Wanda. "Well? Do we get your dress or what?"   
  
"Um, alright, I'll see what I can do. It's still less than you guys have shown him, I guess." She headed over to the snack bar.   
  
Jess and I sat down at the table facing Dave. I sat with my legs together at first, but Jess was bouncing hers open and shut like earlier. She knocked me rather meaningfully with her knees a few times and I started swinging mine apart too. It was actually really fun to have him desperately trying to look up my skirt. Who knew? Jess, I guess.   
  
Wanda was bent over talking to Dave for a while. I imagined trying to look up her dress from here, but her hem didn't ride up far enough at this angle. He said something to her and she practically jumped up. His eyes went wide again. You'd think he'd've gotten used to it by this time.   
  
She looked down and was clearly surprised at how successful the attempt had been, then quickly stuffed her tits back in. She turned around and came over to us, already repacked.   
  
"Yer guys' turn. Let's go back to the fun house!" she said bluntly and started off. Jess spread her legs to stand up and bent way over, giving Dave incredible views up and down her dress.   
  
I decided to do the same, but as I leaned over I heard a snap from my hoodie. I guess the action strained the zipper a little more and it popped open another tooth. I reflexively grabbed at it, but it was okay, it hadn't popped totally open. I looked up to see Dave smiling at my chest and realized that by grabbing the bottom of my breasts so quickly I had shoved them almost entirely out of my strained top. My dark nipples were peeking out of the wide opening. My heart was a little more fearful in its racing this time.   
  
I stood up and tried to carefully tuck them back in, not wanting to push too hard against the zipper. I was slipping the first nipple back in when another tooth popped open and I stopped, feeling panic in my shoulders. It was too much of a risk, I had to leave my nipples out. I looked up at Dave, then back at Jess and Wanda, who were already a bit away.   
  
"They don't show too much, do they?" I asked him, my completely unbiased observer.   
  
"No, very subtle." He nodded, not very reassuringly.   
  
"Thanks!" I paused for a second as a much more pleasant emotion washed over me, noticing that he'd been staring at my tits throughout our short but casual exchange. Biting my lip once more, I turned and hurried after the others. I didn't want to hurry too fast, for fear of further endangering my zipper, but I managed to catch up before the fun house.   
  
Jess looked over at me. "Oh my, you know, you're not really covered by that top at all anymore," She licked a finger and softly slid it over my exposed nipple.   
  
I shivered slightly with her touch, another wave pouring over me, "I know, but I can't tuck'em back in without bursting the zipper." I started to put my arms across my chest in modesty, but decided that the risk of discouraging further gentle touches from Jess wasn't worth the saved embarrasment. The park was pretty empty now, anyway, so no one had even seen them yet besides Dave.   
  
"Ooh, tough break," Wanda said, her eyes flitting over my mostly exposed chest. "Alright, before we get to the fun house, here's my thing for you two: I want you to swap outfits inside it."   
  
"Like, get naked and trade clothes?" I asked, looking at Jess's dress, which might be a bit tight on top for me, but would certainly be a beneficial move.   
  
"Can you get that hoodie off without it breaking?" Jess asked. I hadn't even thought of that.   
  
"That's the dare. Do it or strip," Wanda said as we rounded a corner.   
  
"I guess we can do that," I said. "Jess can just hold the hoodie closed; it shouldn't be as tight on her, no offense." I motioned at Jess's smaller chest.   
  
"Why would I be offended by your awesome tits?" She smiled, softly brushing her fingers across them. Not covering up: good choice. "Alright, I can do that. That seems like a pretty neat idea, actually." She seemed impressed with Wanda now. "We agree."   
  
"It is a neat idea," I said, nodding, "Ya, we agree." We rounded a last corner and got to the fun house. The operator was on his cell phone and nodded and hung up when he saw us. We walked toward him.   
  
"Sorry, this ride might be closing early." He held up his hand.   
  
"Oh no!" Wanda faked shock. "I guess you guys can't do it." She shook her head in mock dissappointment. "Wait ... might be?" She looked over at the guy.   
  
"Um, the park doesn't close for another half an hour," Jess said to him, "What the crap?"   
  
"Sorry, this ride might be closing early." He looked at Wanda and coughed meaningfully, eyeing her tits.   
  
"Oh well," Wanda exaggerated a shrug, "Whatever can we do? We'll hafta go." We turned and started off.   
  
"Well, I mean, one more run won't hurt." He called to us. She awkwardly stumbled forward when he said that, and jerked upright a bit too quickly, freeing her tits of their tenuous cover.   
  
"Really?" She spun around to face him, significantly jostling her large, exposed breasts, and he smiled. "Oh my gosh! My tits have popped right out!" She stuffed them back in unceremoniously.   
  
"Well, no, I s'pose I could get in trouble for that, nevermind girls," He smiled at Wanda, "Sorry!"   
  
She turned around and shrugged as we headed off. "It's too bad you'd already agreed," Wanda said, shaking her head after we'd gotten a ways away. "Now you'll hafta strip," She nodded sadly.   
  
"Wait, what?" I stopped, that feeling seeping into my shoulders again. I mentally pictured the walk back to the car. Jess started laughing as they stopped with me.   
  
"Haha, you've got us!" Jess laughed some more. "That was pretty good, you get Dave to do that?" She pointed back toward the maze.   
  
"Let's just say, he was willing to offer something in return for seeing some super boobs." Wanda smiled as she said this, grasping her 'super' boobs.   
  
"Oh my god, Wanda, you're terrible," I said, looking down at my tits, which were pretty well already falling out of my top already, "Well, I guess it isn't too much to ask of me at this point, really," I sighed, resigning to my fate.   
  
"Here, I'll let you guys do it after we leave. No sense getting in trouble for being totally naked in the park. Flashing is one thing, streaking is another," Wanda said, being uncharacteristically reasonable.   
  
We headed out to the car and Wanda got in first, locking us out. "Alright, we've left the park. Strip!" she ordered. Jess laughed again.   
  
"I guess this is safe enough," she said, sliding the top of her dress over her tits, and shimmying it down her tight little body, bending over with her ass in the air to step out of it and pick it up. I'd seen her naked before, but suddenly it felt so different. I just wanted to kiss her again. The only thing she had was that dress, and she just slid right out of it and wanted to give it away, right here in the parking lot. She passed her dress through the window to Wanda, who let her in the car. She just sat down, brazenly naked in the passenger seat.   
  
"Let's go, Cindy." Wanda said, nodding to me. Suddenly thoughts of Jess faded and the heart-pounding was switching to panic.  
  
"C'mon, what's the difference, can't I take it off in there?" I begged.   
  
"Exactly. What's the difference, you're showing your tits already anyway. Just take off your top," Wanda suggested. "You've shown everything to everyone. This is the same."   
  
"Oh, this is so not the same." I looked around. The parking lot was pretty empty. As much as this helped, it also meant that there were fewer cars nearby to give me cover. "I guess no one's around..." I tried to pull the top off over my tits, but I could feel the zipper giving way. I panicked and stopped before another tooth came open. There were only three or four holding it together now.

"I have to take off my skirt." I twisted my mouth sideways. "The hoodie will break if I take it off," I pouted and they laughed.   
  
I sighed, trying to calm my racing heart, and bent down, sliding the skirt off my well-formed ass and down to my ankles. I stepped out of it and bent down further to pick it up when I jumped to the sound of an engine starting behind me. I stumbled forward, my heart exploding, and looked back. Dave was on a moped staring at my bare ass.   
  
He waved, smiling. I stood up with my ass still facing him, keeping my tits toward the car, and waved back awkwardly, bright red. I realized I was waving the skirt at him and turned back to Wanda and Jess, who were stifling their laughter in the car.   
  
"Let me in," I cried, scurrying up to the door bottomless, handing the skirt through Wanda's window, tugging on the back handle. Dave just sat there on his moped. For some reason, kissing Jess popped back into my head. I felt my legs soften to jelly as I wondered if Dave could tell what was happening between them.   
  
"You should turn around first," Jess said quickly, before Wanda could let me in.   
  
"C'mon, I already gave you guys my skirt. Let me in," I pouted, biting my lip as my pussy pulsated. I needed in. I needed to calm down or I needed sate myself. Being stuck out here like this in front of him definitely wasn't helping me calm down.   
  
"No, you should turn around. He hasn't gotten a really good look at your bush, out in the open. No one has, for that matter. Everyone saw our pussy hair." Wanda looked back at Jess, who nodded. They had no idea what they were doing to me.   
  
"Or lack thereof. They saw my bald beaver, and Wanda's cute little red landing strip. No one has really seen your furry patch in all it's glory," she giggled. "Only snippets. In shadow."   
  
I moaned quietly, letting my hungry hand quickly slip over my wet slit. Biting my lip and holding myself back, I turned around, treating Dave to one last look at my exposed nipples and honoring him with being the first person to get flashed my bush totally in the open. After showing him so much, it wasn't as terrifying giving him one last look. All I really felt was my pussy pulsing as I closed my eyes.   
  
I heard the door unlock. I pulled open the door, falling into the car in a rush, and he left with a smile and a wave. I lay down on my back and held my knees to my chest, my heart pounding as we headed out. If someone had openned the door, I would have looked like a dripping wet invitation, and I probably wouldn't have stopped them. After resisting the urge to sate myself for a few heart-pounding moments, I felt the heat dying down and slid back into my skirt, sitting up.   
  
"Maybe we should stop and get dressed again," Wanda suggested as I got my seatbelt on. She'd already left the park and we were back on the highway. I wondered if anyone had looked in our windows. "You guys wanted to go to the mall now, right?"   
  
"Ya, I just put my skirt back on." I felt the wetness between my legs and wondered about my panties.   
  
"Get dressed?" Jess was unnaturally quiet, and I noticed she hadn't put her dress back on yet. Another incredible image frozen into memory. I guess anyone looking in our windows had more to see than just me. "Like, with our undies?"   
  
"Ya, with our undies," Wanda said, "We can't really go to the mall like this, I mean, look at Cindy's tits!" I had forgotten about them. A mostly empty theme park was one thing, but the mall would be filled with people. I couldn't go there like this.   
  
"Like, with the undies in my purse?" Jess said, playing with her dress in her lap.   
  
"Yes the undies in your..." Wanda trailed off and glanced over at Jess. "Jessica. Where is your purse?"   
  
"Like, the purse I might have forgotten at the park when Cindy's hoodie broke?" Jess slouched in her seat.   
  
"Oh my god, Jess," Wanda groaned, "Oh my god. Are you serious?"   
  
"Um, sorry?" She said, trying to shrink down more.   
  
"Just put your dress on, we'll buy new underwear at the mall. You guys don't even have any more here, and mine will hardly fit you, especially not my bras."   
  
"Sorry Cindy." Jess looked back at me. I smiled halfheartedly at my naked friend. She looked at my dark nipples, well free of the hoodie, and screwed up her face. She turned forward and pulled the dress up her legs. She worked it around her body, under her butt and through the seatbelt, fixing it properly over her breasts.   
  
"Let's go to the mall," Wanda said.

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"I can't believe you left your purse at the theme park!" Wanda said, her bra-less breasts bouncing and red hair flying as she glared over at Jess. She turned back to the road as we came to a red light on the way to the mall.  
  
"Don't worry about it," Jess replied, "It didn't have my money in it." She tugged at the bottom of her strapless dress, which seemed to be riding a little higher on her tan legs than this morning. It probably shrank after we all got soaked at the theme park.  
  
"Jessica, it's not really your money I'm concerned about," Wanda started as the light changed, "It's our underwear!"  
  
I giggled at this. It was a pretty funny 'accident.' Jess had come up with a game wherein Wanda and I had lost our underwear, and Jess had stuffed it all into her purse. Somehow that had mysteriously gotten left at the park. For being the youngest one here, just turning 18 at the beginning of the summer, she had definitely gotten the best of us. "Oh, don't worry so much," I chided Wanda in her comparatively chaste summer dress, "At least your tits aren't hanging out."  
  
"Ya," Wanda said, glancing into the backseat at me. I was wearing a mini-hoodie that showed off my midriff, and Jess had broken the zipper earlier. Now it was straining to stay together with only two or three of the zipper teeth and threatened to give way at any moment. Although I had to admit I had found it kind of thrilling being in the mostly empty park like this, I was glad I hadn't let Jess play with my skirt, or I might be showing off my furry Asian bush as well as my dark little nipples.  
  
"Poor Cindy," Jess said, looking back over her shoulder, "I don't think we can get away with quite that much exposure at the mall." She eyed my chest.  
  
"Well, what am I going to do?" I sighed, "They're already stuck out, and if I try to tuck them in, the zipper is gonna pop."  
  
"Well, I can give it a try," Jess said as we pulled up to another red light, "I can prolly pop some of those teeth back together, atleast." She undid her seatbelt and started climbing in back. The guy in the car next to us glanced over just at that movement and stared wide-eyed at her bare tanned and toned ass as she fumbled her way through the seats of the car. None of us had any underwear at this point, so he definitely got an eye-full.  
  
She managed to crawl into the backseat and sit down before the light turned, which was good. As Wanda started moving, Jess brushed my long black hair off of my chest and undid my seatbelt, eyeing my broken zipper as I turned toward her. She poked at one of my exposed nipples and giggled as I jolted slightly with her touch.  
  
"I just love your boobs," She said, glancing up from them, "They're so much bigger than my little A cups, but still so perky." She poked my other nipple, causing another small jolt. "I hate it when boobs are big and all kinda, like, saggy, you know? Saggy boobs are super lame."  
  
"My boobs are not saggy!" You could hear Wanda glaring at the road. "You're just jealous that you'll never be able to seduce someone just by wearing a low cut top."  
  
"I so could.." Jess furrowed her brow, then looked back at my tits, "Especially if it was this low. Cindy, your nipples are just so cute. I love'em."   
  
"Thanks, but can you get them back in?" I asked, looking down, "When I tried earlier, it kept getting more open." I wrinkled my nose.  
  
"Let's see..." She pulled gently at the openning of my hoodie, bringing the sides of the zipper close. She held the zipper together with one hand, and gently pressed my nipple into the hoodie with the other. I licked my lips as her hands played with my breasts. She slipped the nipple under the fabric, and the zipper didn't pop. She reached over and slid my other nipple into the hoodie just as smoothly.  
  
"Awesome!" I smiled, as she let go of the zipper to see if it would stay. It did. "Thank you!" I grinned, neither of my dark circles peeking out now.  
  
"I am awesome." She smiled back as Wanda came to a red light. She got up and started climbing back into the front. As she tried to crawl forward, her dress slid part-way up her ass, exposing quite a bit of skin to the people behind us. As she placed one leg onto the front seat, though, her dress rode up the rest of the way, baring her entire rear end. Just as she did this, the light changed and Wanda started moving, so she was stuck there for a few seconds until Wanda got up to speed.  
  
I looked back to see who the lucky viewer was and saw the guy from the other light had decided to tail us. This time he lost track, though, because he hadn't moved at all when the light turned green. Cars were already pouring around him.  
  
Jess managed to get into her seat, and we eventually got to the mall. Wanda parked all the way at the back, as usual, forcing us to walk across the parking lot.  
  
It was early in the evening now, so the mall was pretty packed. We didn't actually pass that many open spots, but we did pass a ton of people. They pretty much all checked us out.   
  
Since it was a little dark out, Wanda's fiery red landing strip wasn't anywhere near as visible as earlier, and Jess's dress left a lot to the imagination even in the daylight. This meant that I got the majority of the stares, and they were definitely at my ample cleavage, which was kind of enjoyable, and certainly did not instill the kind of panic I'd felt at the park.  
  
"Man, they're even tucked in now and every one's staring at me," I said, looking down to check on Jess's handiwork.  
  
"Even still, you are fairly well spilling out." Jess smiled as she looked at me. Although my nipples were tucked in, the tight hoodie had a kind of push-up effect and the part of my tits that stuck out really stuck out, giving me incredible cleavage.  
  
"Why can't I look this good on purpose?" I sighed as we came in the mall entrance. Jess and I looked around and then at Wanda. We were from a different city, so this mall was new to us.  
  
"Clothes stores and stuff are on the third floor," She said, heading for the glass elevator.  
  
"Wait, we can't ride that!" I stopped her. "Everyone will be able to see up our skirts! The sides are glass!"  
  
"Ya, we should definitely ride the escalator," Jess nodded in hasty agreement.  
  
"Um, ya, you're prolly right," Wanda said, turning toward the escalator, "We can't really risk it." She stepped onto the moving pads. Jess got on after her and then me.  
  
"So, I guess we can get some underwear first, that'll make it easier on us, since someone lost what we had," Wanda stared grumpily up the escalator. I was looking around at the mall when Jess tapped on my shoulder. Wanda was talking about something without looking back at us, but Jess was looking under her dress.   
  
It didn't take much to see up it, either. Apparently these escalators were steeper than we'd imagined, or her skirt was shorter than the escalator designers imagined, because even from only three or four steps down, I could pretty well see up Wanda's dress at her bare ass.   
  
Jess was smiling at me as I bent forward a little to look. She nodded behind me, and I glanced back. Suddenly, I realised that I was probably a bit more exposed in my little mini-skirt, and stood back up, blushing. Jess laughed and put a finger on her lips, and I just gave her a questioning look.  
  
Wanda led us onto the next set of escalators up to the third floor, and was still talking about some of the stores here. They were pretty much like the ones back home, so I still wasn't really paying attention.   
  
Neither was Jess, who was now carefully inching Wanda's dress up her ass. She got it almost halfway up before Wanda must have noticed a breeze or something and reached back, grabbing Jess's hand. Jess laughed, and Wanda pulled her dress back into place, looking down the escalator to see how many people saw. It probably wasn't too many, Jess didn't get it that high.  
  
We headed into a smaller name underwear store and started poking around. Jess gave me a frown when she saw the clerk was a chick, obviously disappointed she wouldn't be able to flirt her way into a new set of panties. And prolly back out of them, too.  
  
Wanda was bent over a rack of bras, trying not to spread her legs too much and expose herself, when a guy walked in with what presumably was his girlfriend. Wanda was clearly very conscious of her dress exposing her chest now that we'd made her unbutton it at the park, and bent down awkwardly to look through a lower rack of bras while trying to keep her tits from falling out.  
  
Jess pointed out her cleavage to me, and it was pretty extreme. Bent over the way she was, the front of her dress was draping down so that you could probably see her belly button from the right angle.   
  
Luckily for the guy, he probably happened to be at just that angle when he glanced over at Wanda, raising quite likely more than just his eyebrows. His girlfriend didn't notice, as she was facing the other way, pouring over a rack of colorful panties.   
  
Jess giggled and Wanda looked up. She looked at Jess, then the guy, and stood up sharply, fixing her dress and heading to a more secluded rack of bras.  
  
Jess decided to take advantage of the guy's attention while it was still on us and went over to Wanda's abandoned shelf, facing her back to her audience. She bent over, in her cheerleader, straight legged, show-off-her-ass way, and stared at the bras. She looked back nonchalantly at the hem of her dress and faked surprise that it'd ridden halfway up her ass.  
  
She turned around and stood up, reaching down to pull on the bottom. She slid the dress down about a inch without un-bunching the bottom, which was definitely not enough to even begin to cover what she had exposed in back. But that wasn't the side that was facing the guy anymore.   
  
The inch she pulled down on bottom came down on top too, now exposing her tan nipples. Tanning topless had made her nipples stand out a lot less than normal, so the effect was pretty subtle by her standards.  
  
The girlfriend had moved along to another shelf, and hadn't yet noticed her guy staring at Jess. Spying on Jess's show, I decided to add to the fun. I slipped the waist of my miniskirt up over my hips, raising the hem to the very bottom of my butt. I walked over to Jess, and stood with my back to our audience, trying not to block his view of her tits.  
  
"Mind if I join you?" I asked, smiling.  
  
"But of course, let's just look at these bras aalll the way on the bottom here!" Jess giggled at me.  
  
She stepped around the rack, keeping her tits in his line of sight, and leaned down. I bent forward, keeping my knees as straight as I could, which was a lot less straight than Jess had had hers. I still felt my skirt slide up, baring quite a lot of my ass, though. I giggled at Jess, heart beating as I glanced back to see him watching. She smiled at my me, "Now try arching your back while bent over," She suggested.  
  
I gave it a try, sticking my chest out. My skirt went quite a bit higher with this than I'd expected, and I felt the bottom of the hem slide up onto my back as the waist band slipped up my stomach. My whole, bare ass was now exposed directly to this total stranger. I bit my lip, heart racing.  
  
I bent my knees slightly, trying to get a little out of sight, but felt my furry pussy become exposed from behind as I did. I was definitely showing more than I had intended now, and it was a little shocking, but a lot more exiting than I'd expect, especially after the panicky feeling at the park. I wanted to cover up badly now, but it was just a bit too much fun showing off. Modesty was fighting a losing battle here.  
  
Either noticing what I was unexpectedly showing off, or trying to one up my bare ass, Jess decided to bend her knees out and rest on her haunches. Squatting down and spreading her legs, she pointed one leg out to the side to provide just enough angle to give him a clear view of her smooth pussy lips. On some impulse, I couldn't help but stare at her pretty little pussy, and she giggled at my smile.  
  
At this point I felt like I had shown enough already, and I wouldn't be able to stack up against that without becoming completely ridiculous. I stood up and walked around to the other side of the rack, not-so-subtly pulling my miniskirt back down onto my hips.   
  
I had a plan to at least keep in the running, though, and turned toward a rack where he could see my chest, bending over a bit. I grabbed a really hideous looking lace bra from the bottom and stood up fairly quickly, trying to give my boobs a little bit of a bounce.  
  
But I was too quick. Doing this in any normal top would have just provided a rather eye catching jiggle, if I do say so myself, but my already compromised little hoodie couldn't handle the stress of my C cups bouncing that much. The zipper finally popped open the rest of the way, and the front sprang apart with relief.  
  
Gasping in shock for real this time, I felt that tense feeling of panic spark in my shoulders. I grabbed the now separated sides of my top and pulled them back together hastily. The guy had gotten one spectacular look at my tits, and when I glanced up I realised that so had his girlfriend. I bit my lip, turning bright red, and she gave me a dirty look, leading her guy out of the store.  
  
The clerk had been watching us this whole time, and finally let out a chuckle. "You guy are pretty good at this," She said, then looked again at my red face, "Or was that last part not so intentional?"  
  
"Um, ya, that's not exactly what I meant to do." I fidgeted with my top, trying to keep it closed with one arm across my chest, but ended up having to actively hold it together with both hands. I tried to swallow my heart, but my throat was still tense with fear. I was in the mall and I was practically topless. I glanced at Jess. She was smiling. I bit my lip harder.  
  
"Well done," Wanda said, coming up to us, "I'm glad I caught that last bit. I guess we should go buy Cindy a new top now, ya? You pick anything out here yet?"  
  
"No, most of this stuff is hideous." Jess wrinkled her nose at the rack of lace bras. "No offense, I mean." She nodded to the clerk.  
  
"No, it really is terrible. I just work here," She agreed with Jess.  
  
"Um, can we focus on just getting me a new top? Fast?" Although holding my top closed over a bra would be marginally better, I really wanted to get a new one. Anything to cover up.  
  
"So no undies?" Wanda looked at the clothes she had in her hand. "They are pretty terrible looking," She conceded, setting them on the counter and looking at the clerk, "Thanks anyway."  
  
"That's fine. That was a pretty entertaining show they put on," The clerk motioned to me and Jess, "You can drive away customers any day. It's not like I'm on commission." She smiled at us as we headed out.  
  
"So we're not buying undies at all then, it's official," Jess said, looking through the front window of a shoe store, "But shoes..."  
  
"Top!" I said, "Top, top, top! Focus, Jess!"  
  
Jess laughed at this and said okay as we walked by a few more stores until she saw an outfit that caught her eye. "Oooh, me wanty!" Jess pointed out a tube top and jean cutoff combo that Daisy Duke might've felt uncomfortably exposed in.  
  
"Is that, like, the right size for twelve year olds or something?" Wanda raised an eyebrow at the scant coverage offered to the mannequin.  
  
"Psh, it'll look great on any one of us." Jess looked at some of the other clothes in the store as we wandered in, waving her fingers at the guy behind the counter, "Actually, most of the stuff here is pretty good. Much better than the crap at that underwear place."   
  
I had to agree on that. Most importantly, though, they sold tops. I went over to a rack and started poking through it, vainly trying to hold my top together with one hand. I could feel the clerk staring at my tits as they slipped in and out of his view. I had my top under control, and he was really the only one who could see me now. I could feel my panic seeping away as he watched me, getting replaced by something a little more enjoyable. Besides, he was kinda cute.  
  
"Hey, this looks like those tops, you wanna try it on, Jess?" Wanda pointed out a rack with some of the tube tops on it, "I think some o f the shorts they had are over on the wall there."  
  
"You wanna try it on first, Cindy?" Jess gestured at them, "Get yerself covered up?"  
  
"Nah, you were pretty excited about that outfit," I flicked my eyes toward the clerk, "I can wait a bit." I smiled at Jess, and she smiled back.  
  
"Haha, nice!" She went over to the wall and picked out a pair of shorts, grabbed a top and went to change. I went over to the clerk.  
  
"So, you wanna be our critic?" I leaned my elbows on his counter, holding one side of my top in each hand. I kept a narrow space between them, giving me awesome cleavage. Judging by his expression, he had definitely noticed. That panicky feeling? Ya, that was gone.  
  
"Uh," He looked around at the otherwise vacant store, "Sure, I guess. This isn't really our busy time." He glanced down at my cleavage three times in that one sentence. Impressive.  
  
"How's it look?" Jess came out in the daisy dukes and tube top, cocking her hips to one side. She turned around and bent over a little to show off her ass in the shorts, and it looked pretty darn nice. Those tiny shorts were tight even on her little butt.   
  
"The ass is pretty cute," I said, "But I really don't think you have the tits for that top. What do you think?" I looked over at the clerk.  
  
"Uh." He was still staring at the shorts.  
  
"Is he our judge then?" Jess walked up to the clerk and looked at him for a second before sticking her chest out and pointing at her tits. "How do they look? Not enough tits in there for you?" I could definitely see the shape of her nipple through that material. Evidently so could the clerk.  
  
"They are clearly too small," I turned my awesome cleavage back toward him for contrast, and he looked between the two.  
  
"Well, ya, I guess..." He said, agreeing with me. I stuck my tongue out at Jess.  
  
"Hmph," Jess glared at me, "Okay Wanda, let's show him how more tits would just ruin the effect." Jess grabbed Wanda's arm and headed back into the changing stall.  
  
"You know, we came in here to get me a new top," I said to the clerk while they were gone, letting my hands spread my hoodie open a little wider. There was a good inch wide gap there now. This time it was really fun without even showing anything really bad yet. Jess was contagious.  
  
"You seem to, uh, need one, ya?" He said, fixated on the fresh skin.  
  
"Do I?" I looked down and shifted my hands, flashing more skin at him in the process, but closing the gap somewhat for now.  
  
"Here, doesn't that just look silly?" Jess dragged Wanda out in front of the clerk. The tube top was struggling with Wanda's tits, which were sticking out the bottom slightly. To compound that, the shorts in no way fit on her ass, and the zipper was wide open all the way down. Her fiery red landing strip even ended before the base of the opening. I was surprised she could walk in it without tearing it apart.  
  
But that wasn't the only new sight to see. Jess, instead of putting back on her dress, had opted to put on Wanda's. She wasn't bursting out out of it like Wanda with the tube-top, but without fairly large tits to hold it in place, the dress was sagging significantly in the front. Right now it was barely hanging along the top of Jess's tits, but it certainly couldn't keep that tenuous grip for long. Jess smiled at me as I raised my eyebrows at her.  
  
"Well, maybe you should have gotten a set that fit her..." The clerk suggested, not yet noticing Jess's dress. "It's very... attractive, though." He smiled at Wanda, who was taking this all very well for being paraded so bluntly.  
  
"Cindy's turn!" Wanda said, smiling and grabbing me with one hand, and holding the shorts with the other. She dragged me to the back and into a changing stall, where she slid the shorts off with some difficulty. "Ug, that was not pleasant," She said, handing them to me as she took off the tube top.

"Um, what are you gonna put on?" I said, sliding my skirt off with ease, and pulling on the daisy dukes. It was nice not to have to hold my top closed anymore, and it would be even nicer to have my tits covered up as well. I slid the hoodie off my arms and started pulling the tube top on.  
  
"It's actually easier to put on like a dress," Wanda said as I twisted the top straight on my tits. Naked and standing close to me in the cramped stall, she picked up my miniskirt, looking at it disdainfully.  
  
"It's actually easier to put on like a dress," I laughed, and she stuck her tongue out at me, pulling it up her legs. It's a pretty stretchy material, so it fit on her okay, if skin-tight. It was a little shorter on her, and her ass hung out in back. Not something you'd really wanna wear every day. Maybe not something she'd wanna wear any day.  
  
"Let's see if I can get this on, ya?" Wanda grabbed my hoodie and put it over her arms. She tried to pull it together over her tits in front but it didn't do anything like reach across her chest. She wrinkled her nose at it, holding the corners over her nipples, her breasts mostly bare, "I guess I'll just have to hold it over my tits. It covers my nipples, at least."  
  
"Haha, ya, that looks great," I said, giggling as I pulled the shorts up my legs. They were pretty tight. I pulled the zipper up as far as I could, but I just could not get it to buckle. My hips are a little bigger than Jess', so that makes sense. "This'll hafta do for me."   
  
"Beats the crap out of how well I fit in it," Wanda laughed, surprising nonchalant about baring so much skin as we headed back out, "We'll get me something new next." We wandered back to Jess and the clerk.  
  
Jess had obviously played with her dress, because it no longer precariously hung along the top of her tits. Now it was dangling down in front with a neckline that rode just below her nipples. From a distance, it might just look like a ton of cleavage, because her nipples are tanned almost to the color of her skin. From the distance of, say, the clerk, she was showing off quite a lot.  
  
"Psh, that looks awful," She glared at me, turning to the clerk, "Don't my tits look much better?"  
  
He looked at her mostly bared chest again and bit his lip. "Well, Wanda was all, like, hanging out on the bottom... and I like you in that." He smiled at her. She half-heartedly returned it.  
  
"So Cindy it is, then," Jess noticed Wanda struggling to stay covered. "Let's see what would be good for you..."  
  
"I like her in that," The clerk suggested, "It's awesome."  
  
"That's nice," Jess ignored him. She was kinda running the show on this, so we let her pick something out for Wanda. She grabbed a button up shirt that was cut to show some midriff and wrapped it around Wanda's waist. She tucked it up under her arms and pulled it fairly snugly. It could probably fit.  
  
"No, that won't do." Jess tossed it to the clerk to put back up later and grabbed another one.  
  
"Ya, that was a bit off, I'm not sure it'd fit," Wanda said, lifting her elbows into chicken wings to hold my hoodie closed over her tits.  
  
"Yes, much too large." Jess pulled one with a long bottom around Wanda and it looked like it might barely fit, or it might just rip. "Perfect," She smiled and laid it over the rack. Wanda snatched it, letting one side of the hoodie flop open for a second before covering back up. I think I heard the clerk almost choke when that happened.  
  
"I'll just go put this on, then we can pick bottoms." She headed back to the changing room, her ass noticeably hanging out of my miniskirt as she went. The clerk stared absent-mindedly at the bare skin as she left.  
  
"Well, what bottoms should we go with?" Jess looked over to me.  
  
"Uh, khaki always works with button-up stuff," I suggested, pawing through a rack of not so great tops. Jess wandered over to some pants and picked out a pair. I went after her and made sure they weren't Jess sized again. Wanda would not go for that. They were fine, though.  
  
We waited for a minute or two, looking through the racks by the clerk, before Jess started getting impatient. "Where the hell is she?" She set the pants on the counter and headed back to the dressing room. I glanced over at her from where I stood, then back at the clerk.  
  
"You guys, uh, do this a lot?" The clerk glanced down at my tiny shorts as I turned toward him.  
  
"What? Buy clothes?" I gave him a funny look.  
  
"Well, um, I mean..." He glanced down at the open button at the top of my shorts again. "Do you, uh, come here a lot?"  
  
"Uh, Jess and I are from out of town," Noticing his gaze, I casually played with the opening in my shorts, and fidgeted with the zipper tab, "If that's what you mean."  
  
"You should visit more often." He watched as I dipped my fingers behind the zipper, feigning an itch, and seemed to choke on his tongue. That was extremely enjoyable.  
  
"Hey, does it look like I have a bug bite here?" I pulled out the waist a bit and leaned forward. He practically scrambled over the top of the counter to see. I couldn't help but crack a smile at that.  
  
"Hey, uh, I know this might seem like kind of a weird question, but are any of you wear any under-" He asked, leaning over the counter to peer down my shorts, when Jess interrupted him.  
  
"Stop showing off your girl fur and toss us those pants," Jess said, dragging Wanda out front. I let my tight shorts snap back to my waist and grabbed the khaki pants Jess had left on the counter. The clerk, with no more shorts to look down, slid back onto the floor.  
  
"Here, Wanda, try these with that shirt. It definitely doesn't go with that miniskirt." Jess took the pants from me and offered them to Wanda, already in a too-tight top and accepting her fate of too-tight pants. She took them begrudgingly and turned to head back to the changing area. "Whoa now, wait a sec," Jess nodded at the clerk, her own tits still hanging out of Wanda's low dress, "It's okay if she changes up front, ya? It apparently takes her forever to change back there."  
  
"Wait, what?" Wanda looked taken aback.  
  
"Uh..." The clerk looked blank, his eyes darting from Wanda's tits to Jess's.  
  
"Like, behind one of the racks. Obviously." I nodded at him.  
  
"Obviously," Jess concurred.  
  
"Uh... I suppose that would be okay." He glanced at his otherwise empty store and nodded. "Sure."  
  
"Great," Jess said, "Just change out here real quick."  
  
"I don't think so." Wanda raised an eyebrow.  
  
"Psh, Wanda, it's just a quick swap, it won't take a second." Jess pushed her behind a rack.  
  
"But that guy is still staring at me..." She glanced around the corner at him.  
  
"We can't see a thing from here," I lied, "Besides, you're barely covered up right now anyways." That much was true.  
  
"Let me help." Jess popped behind the rack and Wanda shrieked. Through the many gaps in her cover, we could see Wanda fighting with Jess for the miniskirt.  
  
I looked at the clerk, who was trying to peer around the rack, "You've seen plenty of naked girls before, right? We're not breaking you in, are we?" His eyebrows raised and he looked over at me.  
  
"Well, you know, on the Internet..." He coughed, looking back toward Wanda's bared skin.  
  
"Great!" I smiled, "Don't worry that he can see you, Wanda, he says he's already seen those naked pictures of you Jess and I put on the Internet!" I said overly loudly back at them. This brought a bit of a laugh from Jess.  
  
"What?" Wanda stood upright, dropping her grip on the skirt, letting Jess whisk it away and toss it at me. I picked it up and set it on the counter.  
  
"Thanks, Jess. Okay, now you should just put the pants on," I told Wanda. I looked over at the clerk, who was now leaning around the rack trying to get a better view. "Our friend is watching." I smiled.  
  
Wanda hurriedly put on the pants, which really made it take longer than necessary, giving the clerk more than one glimpse at her carefully trimmed red fur. She came around the rack and they were snug, but fit well enough for her to zip them up all the way and button them without difficulty.  
  
"Nice choice!" I said to Jess, "Perfect fit."  
  
"I know, I'm awesome," Jess agreed, shifting a loose strap of Wanda's dress back onto her shoulder. It still didn't cover up anything at all of Jess's tanned nipples. She looked over at Wanda, "Let's see the back..."  
  
Wanda turned around and bent forward a little. "I think they ride a bit low." Her ass wasn't exactly hanging out of them yet, but it was pretty close. She was definitely showing a bit of coin slot.  
  
I bent forward and looked a little closer at the seam down the middle of her pants. There was something funny there. "Bend over a little more, I think there's a stain here, or..."  
  
"This top can't really handle any more bending. This is the bending limit." She looked back at me. "Are you sure there's a stain?" She reached spread her legs apart a bit to give me a better view.  
  
"Ha!" I slid my finger into a hole in the seam and poked her right between the cheeks.  
  
"Ack!" She popped upright. "Oh my god, there's a hole in them?"  
  
I laughed, "A very small one. Someone'd hafta stare pretty hard at your ass to see it, which isn't an unreasonable thing to expect in these." I smiled. I hadn't noticed before she mentioned it, but her tits were definitely straining that top to its limits. The top few buttons weren't even closed, and the neck opened down to the middle of her tits. The topmost buttoned button looked like it was ready to burst with her just standing there.  
  
"It's perfect," Jess said, "What do you think, critic?"  
  
"Uh, she looks awesome." He had been cocking his head to one side to try and spot the hole, but straighted up at this.  
  
"See? You inspire awe among men." I smiled.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 02-02**

"Now, Jess's turn to get something!" I looked over at Jess. We were at a decent little store at the mall, teasing a clerk. We'd gone there from the theme park, where we'd inexplicably lost our underwear playing a game Jess had come up with. We'd planned on buying new underwear first, but we decided it was much more fun not to. Now we were getting new outfits. Wanda and I already had ours, but Jess hadn't gotten anything yet.  
  
"Why don't we leave her in that?" Wanda looked snidely over at Jess, the youngest of us. Jess had put on Wanda's dress, which was much too large for her slight 18-year-old frame, and the neckline was riding just below her small, tanned A cups, showing off her nipples.  
  
"She does look pretty good," The clerk offered. I just shook my head at him and adjusted the seam of my new narrow tube-top. Jess had picked out some matching daisy-dukes too, which were appropriately much too small on me. But with my awesome butt in the shorts and fairly perky C cups in the tube-top, the outfit was pretty... effective.  
  
Jess looked blankly at the clerk, then turned toward the rack behind her and pawed through it for a moment. "Ah, saw this earlier!" She pulled out a really not-so-awesome summer dress with a hideous floral print. "What do you guys think?" She held it in front of her, smiling.  
  
"Uh, ya, not so much." I cocked an eyebrow.  
  
"I think it'd be a little short on you, Jess," Wanda looked over at the clerk, "Think she should try it on to be sure?" Wanda was not terribly concerned with Jess being over exposed, partially because she already was, and partially because Jess had made Wanda put on her new pants right in front of the clerk, and the button-up shirt Jess had picked her barely reached around Wanda's big D cups.  
  
"Uh... definitely. She should definitely try it on." He nodded. "And you can change out here like your friend did if you want..."  
  
"Really?" She flashed me a look like he'd prolly gotten his fair share of this game, and time was ripe to move on. "Gosh, thanks!" She smiled weakly and laid the new dress on top of the rack next to her. Without moving behind anything, she started undoing the buttons down the front of Wanda's dress. The racks to the entrance of the store shielded her from the mall, but not from the wide-eyed clerk.   
  
Of course, it's not like the dress was covering anything up top before, but when she got it opened down to the bottom and her smooth, taut skin slipped out of the fabric, I bit down on my lip. Everything, from her perky, well-tanned breasts down to her smooth-shaven crotch, was just right out in the open in the store now. She was just standing there, totally cool. I smiled. Ever since we'd kissed at the park, I hadn't been looking at Jess quite the same.  
  
Wanda coughed, "Very subtle, Jess."  
  
Jess tossed Wanda's dress on the rack next to the new one. Totally naked now, she stopped what she was doing and looked over at Wanda. She stood on her toes, peering out the front of the store. "You don't think anyone can see me from here, do you?" She looked at us and the clerk, "I'm okay changing here, right? You said it would be fine!" She held her hand to her chest in mock concern, careful to cover nothing in the process.  
  
"Uh, ya, you're fine right here," He swallowed, "In fact, you can go ahead and find some more things to try on right now if you like, and try on as much as you want," He offered, smiling, "No rush!"  
  
"Oh, I think this will be just fine." I said, giving her a look agreeing that this guy had definitely seen enough as she picked up the new dress from the rack. She slid it on and it fit pretty well. She definitely had an eye for what fit. "It might be a little short," She looked over her shoulder at her butt as she said this. She was really good at looking super cute. I had to smile again.  
  
"What do you guys think?" She turned around and bent over, arching her back. The dress slid up her thighs, but she looked surprisingly well covered up. If she spread her legs though, it might not be low enough to cover quite everything.  
  
"You seem to be safe in it." Wanda nodded. Jess, a cheerleader through and through, bent down further until she was now entirely doubled over, sliding her feet apart in the process as she caught her hands on the floor between her legs. The hem of her dress was riding almost halfway up her ass now, showing off her tight butt and clean-shaven lips. "Maybe not any more..." Wanda raised her eyebrows.  
  
Jess looked back between her legs at Wanda with a giggle. "No?" She looked up at her exposed skin, "Well, I guess not!" I bit my lip as she smiled sweetly at us.  
  
"It... uh... looks good to me!" The clerk said. I wondered just what he might be doing behind that counter, but only in passing.  
  
"Ah, well then," Jess stood up and straightened out her dress, "I guess I'll go with it. No need to try on any more if this looks good," She smiled evilly at the clerk, "Let's go, girls." She turned and headed right out the door, leaving Wanda's dress laying on the rack.  
  
"Ya, thanks for all your help!" I said, leaning forward and peeking over his counter only to see nothing more than a tent pitched in his pants. Unfortunately, I also showed almost no cleavage in the process. Tube tops, they spoil the fun.  
  
Wanda hurried out after me and when she caught up she tried to stop us. "Guys! We didn't pay! And you forgot our clothes!" She pointed back at the store.  
  
"I think he got plenty for the clothes," Jess said, smiling, "Plus, he didn't seem inclined to come out after us."  
  
"Ya, and he got replacements, too," I nodded, "That was a really cute hoodie."  
  
"Until you broke it," Jess laughed.  
  
"I broke it, did I?" I stuck my tongue out at her.  
  
"So, we aren't going to go back and pay?" Wanda was really catching up now.  
  
"Nah. I think we're going to go try on some bikinis," I pointed at a place a few stores down that had some in the window.  
  
"I think we could go without," Jess smiled, "We're covered up just fine as it is."  
  
"Um, no, we're going to the beach tomorrow, right?" I said, stopping in front of the store with the bikini, "You apparently can go tanning just fine without, but I want something to wear."  
  
"Well, okay, I guess," Jess frowned, "But I'm thirsty. Let's go get drinks first."  
  
"Ya, I'm parched," Wanda said.  
  
"Yer parched, eh?" I raised an eyebrow, "I'm totally parched too."  
  
"Ya, I'm definitely parched. Who's thirsty anymore? We're parched." Jess and I started cracking up.  
  
"Shuddup you guys. I'm just thirsty is all." She glared at us, "Let's go to the escalator, the food court is up top."  
  
"Yes, lets," Jess said haughtily, "We should go to the food court. Because I'm so parched. I'm so parched in fact, let us transverse to the food court!"  
  
"I thought transverse was, like, when things are at right angles or something..." I scrunched up my nose at her.  
  
"Oh my god, you're such a dork!" Jess laughed at me.  
  
"At least I don't exist at right angles to the food court," I rethought this, "Well, I do..."  
  
"Ha!" Jess stepped onto the escalator, saying: "Let us then be transverse to the food court, for we are terribly parched!"  
  
I stuck out my tongue as Wanda got on the escalator giggling, and I got on behind her. After a second or two, I looked up at Jess's dress. She might be safe just standing around, but it was definitely too short for the escalator. I nudged Wanda, who bent slightly to look under it and started giggling again.  
  
"What?" Jess turned around, facing down the escalator and placing her feet unnecessarily far apart.  
  
Wanda and I both started laughing at this, "You're just giving a large number of people a good view, is all."   
  
Jess looked down at her dress. She pulled up the bottom and peered at her bald mound. "Oh ya, we haven't bought underwear yet. My bad," She smiled, innocently letting the dress clump up as she let go of it, showing off even more than before. She surveyed her audience, smiling.  
  
"'My bad' psh," Wanda said, "You just wish you could show your tits off too."  
  
"I know, right?" Jess said, frowning as she evened out her dress and turned to step off the escalator, "Here, let's get some smoothies." We headed over to the smoothie place ordered drinks. Wanda paid, seeing as Jess only wanted to "pay" if she wasn't going to actually pay, and I had cleverly brought no money.  
  
"Here, I'll get those," Jess picked up the drinks tray and held it in front of her. She turned around and looked at the tables. "You guys wanna sit over there?" She nodded at a likely looking spot.  
  
We headed over, Jess carrying the drinks. I actually got the most looks out of the three of us now, in those tiny shorts. I pretended to ignore it, but it was kind of nice to be the center of attention, especially without actually having to show more than just some bare skin. It was a little exciting, being exposed without being exposed. I licked my lips and smiled.  
  
I sat down and Wanda sat opposite me. Wanda laughed as Jess set down the drinks. "Looks like you can show off your tits now!"   
  
I looked over at Jess's chest. The drinks must have rubbed against her dress while we'd walked over, because now not only was it transparent with the conensation from the cups, but her nipples were definitely a bit more perky. My dark tips would have been pretty obvious like that, but her tanned breasts managed to make it almost seem subtle. That is, unless you actually looked. "Nice!" I laughed as she sat down. She just smiled and grabbed her drink from the tray, poking a straw into it.  
  
I grabbed one and put in a straw. I took a sip and stuck out my tongue. "I think this is yours, Wanda." I reached over and grabbed the one in front of her as she reached across to grab mine. I heard a little snap sound and saw something bounce off the table and onto the floor. "What was that?"  
  
"I think it was my button..." Wanda sat back with her drink and looked down at her shirt, which had indeed popped open another notch. "Aw, that's not cool." She looked around and leaned sideways to pick up the button, which was on the floor opposite Jess. As she did, there was another soft popping sound and her shirtfront spread even wider.   
  
"Ack!" She gasped, sitting upright, and peering down at her chest. Her shirt was gaping fairly low now, showing plentiful cleavage down to a few inches past where the line of her breasts started moving apart again. With her large D cups, this might even be considered a rather low V neck, if not for the fact it was cut like a normal shirt and hung open a great deal more. Anyway, it was pretty clear she had no bra on, if it was a little uncertain before. "What the crap?" She looked a little shocked now. As her clothes seemed to be falling apart, I couldn't really blame her.  
  
"Well, that makes accidents for two of us." Jess looked over at me, "Your turn!"  
  
"What accident? You got your dress wet on purpose!" I furrowed my brow. "You kidding me?" I stopped and thought about strategically putting my drink on the floor, but this tube top wouldn't easily become see-through, so I was probably safe as far as that went. I set my drink on the table, trying to guess what might qualify for Jess's concept of an "eye for an eye."  
  
"What the crap?" Wanda was still in shock from her top coming apart so rapidly, and wasn't paying much attention to our sudden tactical interchange.  
  
"Here, let me just make it fair." She came over to me and looked at my tube top for a second. "Um..." She screwed up her mouth to one side. "Hrm."  
  
"Ha. I'm safe." I stuck my tongue out at her, confident in my security. "Even if you pull off my top, I can just put it back on, it's not like you can break some buttons. You'd hafta destroy the whole thing." With a shiver of apprehension, I looked at Jess. "And you wouldn't do that to me, would you, Jess?"  
  
"Nah, I wouldn't totally ruin your new top." She bit her lip, then reached out to grab the front of my tube top. I grabbed her hand with both of mine and struggled for a second before I realized it was just a feint, and she had already reached under the table. She had the zipper halfway down on my daisy dukes!  
  
"Ack! What are you doing?" I slid back in my chair sharply, shocked, and inadvertently helping her goal. I grabbed the hand on my zipper, and she started pulling down with both, sliding off her seat and onto her knees to get a better hold. I stood slightly to pull back harder and realized that lifting my butt just let my shorts slide down!  
  
I squealed as my bare cheeks pressed into the cold seat when I sat back down, and looked at the surrounding tables, which were definitely starting to stare at us. At me. I gulped, and started fighting with her to get my shorts back in order. I was at a better angle than Jess and managed to get it zipped back up and on properly. She still kept her grip on my zipper, though only half-heartedly trying to twist it out of my grip now. I smiled nervously at the several people still watching us and wondered just how much I'd exposed to them in the struggle.  
  
"Just let me bring it down a little..." She kept twisting at my zipper tab at the top of my shorts until there was a soft metallic sound and I felt her pull slacken abruptly. "Well..." She sat upright at the table and held out the broken off zipper tab, with the little sliding bit still attached. "Don't you just have terrible luck with these?" She smiled.  
  
I looked down, and sure enough, the zipper was completely gone. At least it was zipped all the way up. I would just hafta be careful. Again. "You suck, Jess!"  
  
"Well," Wanda looked down at her gaping bosom, "Thank you Jess. I think that's much more fair now," Wanda said, apparently over her shock after watching our fight. She finished off her smoothie, "You guys wanna go get swimsuits now?"  
  
"Ya, let's go." Jess got up with Wanda, and I followed. I grabbed the remainder of our drinks and threw them in the trash as we headed off.  
  
We wandered out of the food court and back toward the escalator, where Jess got on first again. She turned around to face us and put one hand on both railings as we rode down. She put her feet on the yellow lines at the edge of the escalator. Her dress would probably have still covered just fine from behind, but anyone on the level below us would get a fairly decent angle at quite a bit. She looked up at me and Wanda, "Can you see if the guy at the little cellphone shop right down there can see me? I noticed him watching as we came up before."  
  
"I don't think he's looking... Hey!" I yelled down rather loudly. Suddenly, twenty or thirty people looked up at us, including the cellphone guy. Jess peaked around to see who was looking, and her face turned bright red. I smiled as she glared up at me.  
  
"Oh my god, Cindy, oh my god," She pulled her legs together and sidled up to the railing. Modesty from Jess? How unexpected. Even she had her limits.  
  
"I think he was looking..." Wanda said, chuckling.  
  
"Let's go look at cellphones!" I suggested. When we got down to the bottom of the escalator, I went around a sunglasses stand and up to Jess's cellphone guy. I talked to him a bit when I noticed he kept looking behind me.   
  
Jess had definitely gotten his attention again, quickly getting over her momentary embarrassment. She was bent over looking at some sunglasses, and she must have given her dress a little help riding up, because it was resting most of the way up her ass. She dropped some sunglasses and bent down legs straight to pick them up, exposing her bare beaver to me and the cellphone guy. Worst of all, she did it totally nonchalant, not even glancing back at us.   
  
I don't know what compelled me to do it. Maybe it was just some pent up vengeance, or some inexplicable urge, but I reached out to her smooth, bared beaver and slipped a quick finger between her warm lips. It went in with almost surprising ease, her slit already wet, probably from how much we'd been showing off. In the fraction of a second before she reacted, it occurred to me just how wet I'd gotten as well.  
  
Then she reacted. She lurched forward, and stood bolt upright. I looked around quickly to try and blame it on Wanda, but she was actually looking at sunglasses. How just like her to be so totally useless.  
  
"I didn't mean..." I started, but she smiled coolly and came up to talk to the cellphone guy.  
  
"You know, she already has a cellphone," Jess said, accusingly, "She's just bothering you because she thinks you're cute."  
  
"Actually, I don't have a cellphone," I gave her a questioning look. I really didn't.  
  
"Of course you do, it's right here in your pocket." Jess reached over and tugged at my shorts, forcing her hand haphazardly into the tiny pocket. I just looked at her funny at first until I noticed my zipper popping open one link at a time as she dug roughly around. I glanced up at our captive audience member, who was watching intently as Jess's hand awkwardly groped at my crotch.   
  
"Uh, hey now, I don't have anything in my pockets," I started struggling to get her hand out as the crest of my black hairs came into view, but that just made it worse. Before I realized it, she came up behind me and shoved her other hand into the opposite pocket. I started feeling a little panicky, squirming against her to get free as she pulled my hips toward her body. I didn't like being a captive, I didn't want to get exposed, and I certainly didn't like her doing what she was doing to my c right in front of this guy.  
  
"Which pocket is it in?" She was pulling aggressively at both sides of my shorts now, and my zipper snapped down further, showing an immodest triangle of girl fur. I glanced up and the cellphone guy was just standing there, staring at my increasingly damp crotch. I was trapped here by Jess and was quickly becoming more and more... excited. I bit my lip and gulped.  
  
"Ok, no cellphone for Cindy, let's go..." I walked backward, pressing against Jess's body, unexpectedly aware of her firm breasts against my back. I pushed her away from the cellphone stand, her hands still in the pockets of my now fully open shorts. "Thanks for all your help, uh, cellphone guy." He just smiled as Jess finally slid her hands out and we hurried off.  
  
"Somebody seemed to be getting a little... hot over there." Jess smiled at me as Wanda caught up with us.  
  
I gave her a dirty look. "Hush you," I stuck out my tongue, still slightly shaken, and felt my face burning red, "Let's go get bikinis. I really need one now." We came up to a swim wear place, and I headed toward it.  
  
"Hey, keep your shorts on..." Jess laughed as Wanda said this. "Okay, wrong cliche, my bad," Wanda laughed too as she eyed my wide open zipper and I just bit my lip, looking around, still a little nervous. "I just mean that that place has a chick clerk, we should go somewhere with a guy clerk." Wanda had a point. Getting clothes was way cheaper today with a guy clerk.  
  
"Alright," I agreed and we walked on to find another place with a guy behind the register. I tried to be as nonchalant as Jess had been about being exposed, but people just kept staring at my crotch, and it was really hard not to notice them.  
  
"You wouldn't even have a problem right now if you shaved." Jess suggested to me. She was right. I mean, I'd be just as exposed, but I wouldn't technically be exposing anything. That seemed oddly arbitrary. I looked down at my little exposed patch of fur and felt a little less exposed. But only a little. People still looked.  
  
We found another store, this time with a guy working it. As we came in, Wanda saw something she liked pretty much right away and said she was gonna go try it on. The changing stalls were in the front in this store, with about a foot high gap on the bottom. I mean, who designs these, for real? Guys who want to see our underwear or what? So, ya, Wanda picked one directly across from the register. Jess and I meandered around the store for a few minutes as the guy checked out my crotch until Jess found something she wanted to try on too.

"She's taking too long," She said to me, "Again. I'm gonna go see what's keeping her so I can have a turn." She walked up to Wanda's stall and whipped the apparantly unlocked door wide open. Wanda must have been taking off the top because she suddenly cupped the loose cloth of the bikini top onto her tits, barely covering the ample flesh, eyes wide.  
  
"What the crap, Jess?" Wanda glared at her, looking over Jess's shoulder at the clerk, who was now giving my black triangle a break. "Seriously?" Wanda scowled angrily.  
  
"Why wasn't this locked?" Jess furrowed her brow. "And what's taking so long?" She grumbled. "I wanna try something on!"  
  
"It's too small." Wanda lifted her hands and showed the top to Jess, who blocked the view for me and the clerk. "Just go use a different stall so I can get my shirt on." She grumbled.  
  
"Oh shush you. I don't think it's that small, what do you think, Cindy?" Jess stepped back and let me and the store clerk see Wanda's loosely dangling bikini top. Wanda scowled again and quickly turned her back to us.  
  
"Looks perfect," I said, and nodded at the clerk.  
  
"Um.." He gave me his slack-jawed agreement.  
  
"Great, now get out here and let me in," Jess pulled Wanda out of the stall and stepped in, closing the door.  
  
"But I haven't tried on the bottoms!" Wanda pulled at the now-locked handle. "Jessica! My shirt is still in there!" At this she looked over her back at the clerk, then down at her slack bikini top. The side of her breast was peaking around her back as she smiled faintly and tied on the top. At least she hadn't tried on the bottoms yet.  
  
Jess had hardly been in a moment before she opened the door, stepping out and tossing Wanda her shirt. She closed the stall behind her, standing facing the mirror on the outside of the door. "Can you see this one through this dress?" She played with the straps on her shoulders as she asked, tucking it in carefully. She looked back at us through the mirror.  
  
"No, can't hardly see it through that at all," I nodded approvingly, detecting only the faintest hint of line from the top, "Is it all on?" I asked, scanning for panty lines to match.  
  
"Ya, it's on, didn't you see the strap?" She bent forward, straight legged. "Look, see, it's right there." She pulled the front of her dress open in the mirror, so we could see down it in the reflection. As she did so, she also pulled up the back hem of her dress. With her bared ass now pointed right at us, the clerk let out a cough.  
  
"Um..." The clerk pried his eyes from her skin for a second and looked at me, "Does she know she's not wearing the bottoms?"  
  
"Let's inform her of her terrible mistake!" I smiled at him, turning toward Jess, "You know you're not wearing the bottoms?" I grinned. She obviously knew, but it was still fun to be the one to point it out. With her, it was all a game, and it was one I really liked to play.  
  
"Oh no, I left them off, I figured if you couldn't see the top, they'd be the same." Jess pulled open the door and grabbed the bottoms, putting them on as she said this. She spread and lifted her legs rather excessively, giving her audience a quick beaver shot as she did. I glanced at the clerk as he shifted his pants and I had to smile.  
  
Finally finished showing herself off, she turned toward me. "Okay, you try something on!" She walked up next to my spot in front of the clerk and pointed at the racks, leaning on the counter.  
  
"Well, give me a minute, I guess." I didn't really care too much for a lot of the stuff they had. Some of it was okay, but I didn't want it to stick out of the tube top and stuff. Plus, the clerk was eying my shorts again, likely with more expectations after Jess's show. I certainly wasn't planning anything like that, though. Then Wanda came over and pulled something out she must've seen earlier.  
  
"You should go for this. It would look, like, not stupid under that tube top." She held out a strapless bikini top with a matching thong bottom. Jess came over to appraise our find.  
  
"Ooh, but in those daisy dukes that thong might be a bit big... go with a g-string-y kinda bottom. Um... here, this matches fine," Jess grabbed a suit with a g-string bottom that did match fairly well. I looked at the bottoms a little suspiciously, having never worn that kind of thing before. Jess mixed the two pieces together and handed them to me.  
  
"Uh, I guess..." I headed into the stall with my two tiny strips of cloth, locking the door behind me. I slipped off the tube top, and shimmied out of the tight daisy duke shorts. I pulled up the g-string and still pretty much felt naked. My furry patch was not covered by it at all and I felt silly with so much sticking out there. Maybe Jess was right about shaving.  
  
I cinched my black hair over my ears and looked behind me at the mirror on the inside of the stall door. The string in the back had almost completely disappeared into my crack, which felt oddly not super gross. My ass was pretty much bare, too. If I do say so myself, I have a very nice ass, so this was not a terrible situation. Still, I looked practically naked.  
  
I put on the strapless top now, and tied it fairly tightly around my tits. It was a lot smaller than I had thought as well, and didn't hardly cover my boobs, pretty much just a strip along my nipples. It seemed to fit fairly snug, though, which made it relatively safe. Unfortunately, Wanda had picked something without a backing in it, and even in the moderate light of the stall my dark nipples were fairly visible. On the beach they'd be pretty obvious.  
  
I checked myself once more in the mirror and swallowed, openning the stall door. Jess turned away from the clerk, who just stared as I stepped forward into the bright lights of the store. His eyes on my practically naked body, I felt my heart start to pick up. Jess grinned with approval, though. I was still almost nude standing there in that, but I felt somewhat less self-conscious with her smiling at me. My heart was still beating a little faster, nevertheless.  
  
"Well, you certainly hafta shave," Jess walked over to me and held out her hands, pulling me a few steps away from the stall. "How's it look in the back?" She walked around behind me to look as I faced Wanda and the clerk.  
  
"Like I'm not wearing anything." I smiled nervously at the clerk, who was still staring at me. Wanda was stifling her laughter. She seemed to be enjoying my embarrassment a little more than usual and I gave her a funny look. I was showing quite a lot, but at least I had something on. We'd been showing off more not fifteen minutes earlier.  
  
Jess squeezed my butt and I jolted forward, a little surprised at the tingle it sent through me. She deftly grabbed the thin fabric in the back of my bottoms as I stumbled and I felt her quickly slide them down to my ankles. Wanda laughed, and I heard a muttered comment from the clerk that made her laugh even more.  
  
"Ack!" I gasped, turning red and bending down to pull them back on. As I doubled over, I suddenly felt Jess slide a deft finger up between my thighs. I straightened up, stumbling forward again to pull my crotch away from her, but not before she'd run a wet finger through my already slippery slit.   
  
Having stumbled all the way across the store now, I bit my lip and leaned up against the counter, my chest pounding from the sensation of her touch. I was shocked at how incredibly excited I'd so quickly become. It felt like all the teasing we'd done had just been her teasing me, and it had been building up all day. Now it suddenly wanted out.  
  
"Here, he can just hold onto this for you, since it's the same as nothing anyways, right?" Jess handed the g-string bottoms past me to the clerk, who set them behind the counter. Me managed to do his part without ever taking his eyes away from his close-up view of my tits in that thin top. I just concentrated on holding tight to the counter to keep my unexpectedly eager hands from groping for my thighs.  
  
Biting down a little harder, I looked up at him and turned back to Jess. "Um, I think that I'm, um, just going to go get dressed now. Okay?" Yes. All I was going to do behind that locked door was put on clothes. Nothing else, that'd be crazy!  
  
"Well now, what about that top?" She blocked my way as I stepped toward the stall, "Is it sturdy enough for your boobs?"  
  
"Um, ya, it's fine..." I glanced hungrily at the stall, then turned back toward Wanda and the clerk, tugging gently on the bikini top. I pulled enough to let my boobs jiggle pretty good, and the top stayed in place fairly well. "See? I'm fine. Let me go put my clothes back on now..." I turned to Jess.  
  
"Let me try." Jess quickly stepped up and grabbed before I could get away. She pulled it down but didn't pull it off, just letting my boobs jiggle, still snug in the top. "It does hold decently," She nodded, "Can I see how you tied it on?" She smiled. I glanced over at the stall and simply nodded, turning my back to her and facing the counter. The sooner she stripped me naked, the sooner I could get past her into the stall. At least, that's what I'd hoped. The clerk smiled at me and I smiled weakly back, not even covering my furry patch for fear of what my hands might start trying to do down there.  
  
"Oh no, you tied this all wrong. This knot would come right off in the water." She started fussing with the straps across my back. "Here, let me show you how to tie this properly." Even though I knew what was about to happen, when she undid the knot and pulled my top off from behind, I gasped inwardly with the shock. Even that thin strip of fabric was a world away from being totally nude. Wanda just laughed at me as I felt my heart race.  
  
"See, you hafta tie it like this," Jess was holding the top and showing me how to make little loops with the strap. "I dated this boyscout, and he showed me how to, uh, tie knots," She smiled, "You know?"  
  
"Ya, thanks... Imma get dressed." I gulped and walked quickly back into the changing stall, leaving her with the swim wear and closing the door behind me. I stood naked in the stall for a few breathless seconds as I tried to slow my heart. I took a deep breath and looked down to pick up my clothes. I had to put them on, and I had to calm this aching need. Not satisfy. Calm.  
  
But my clothes were gone. I looked at the number on the inside of the door, but this was the right stall. I looked under the little bench, but there was nothing. They were just gone. I bit my lip as my heart picked back up. No clothes.   
  
It occurred to me why Wanda was laughing so much, and why Jess had been so interested in how well my outfit worked. I sat down on the little bench. When she pulled me away from the stall as I first came out, that's when she must have gotten my clothes. And sliding her hand between my legs, she must have handed them across the counter after. And then "retying" my top! How much of that was orchestrated? Jess was good at playing by ear, though. She probably didn't need to plan much.  
  
I stood for a moment, just shivering with the heat, naked in the stall. I was way past being freaked out right now, and I definitely wasn't angry, all I felt was... totally naked. In a store. In the mall. In front of a stranger. And now I was burning up.  
  
I brushed my hair behind my ears as I silently appraised the stall. I sat down and leaned forward on the bench, peeking out from under the door. Jess and Wanda were both talking to the clerk. God, I was right here, behind this flimsy door, totally naked, and I was about to... thinking like that just made it so much harder to resist.  
  
I pulled my legs up, and slid my fingers down. I shivered at my own touch, my tan Asian skin hyper-sensitive as the past few hours poured over me. The feeling built inside me, my burning lips pulsing as I ran my fingers through my coarse black hairs.  
  
"Ahh..." I gasped softly, sliding a finger easily into my slippery slit. It felt incredible.  
  
**A Few Good Girls Ch. 02-03**

I wanted to scream. I wanted to press into myself fast enough to hear the wet sound of it. I wanted to feel that tense feeling all the way up my spine, in my bones, filling my body. I wanted it to burn through me. I wanted to writhe.  
  
But I couldn't. I had to be quiet, I had to be slow, I had to be gentle. Or else I'd get caught.  
  
I was in a changing stall. Not, like, one in the back corner of a dressing room. I was in one of those stalls out in the front of the store, right across from the register, the kind with a good foot high gap below it. And I was naked, sliding my fingers in and out as fast I could, biting down to keep from moaning  
  
Jess and Wanda were out in the store. Jess was 18, like me, only tan and blonde instead of a dark-haired Asian girl, and we'd come here during the summer after our senior year to hang out with our older friend Wanda. Wanda was a tall redhead. Most importantly, she had a job, and money, and could buy booze. That was a big motivator for this trip.  
  
Our plan was to buy all new clothes when we got here, and just travel super light. So we were at the mall now, shopping. Well, we were kinda shopping. We'd spent a while teasing some guy who was actually shopping with his girlfriend and then we didn't buy anything. After we'd done the same to a store clerk, we wound up swapping the clothes we'd wore in for some new outfits. And now, well, Jess and Wanda were prolly still shopping. After ending up bare naked in this store, I hid in a stall and became... otherwise occupied.  
  
I'd been at it awhile, too. I couldn't push harder without making too much noise and having them hear. That oddly wasn't too much of a concern with Jess and Wanda, who prolly wouldn't be very surprised. My real fear was that Jess would fling the stall door wide open and say something to the clerk like: "Oh look, Cindy's warmed up some delicious bearded clam for you! Want a taste?"  
  
So I was taking it slow. But it wasn't enough. Sometimes a gentle touch can only go so far, and I needed more. I clenched my teeth, still slipping my fingers deftly over my wet slit when suddenly I heard an unexpected voice.  
  
"Hey, why don't you try it on in here?" A guy was standing right outside my stall. I froze, my pussy pulsating against my fingers. God, his 'in here' meant my 'in here.' What could I do? Frozen, I just stared at the door handle, stupidly left unlocked. Almost in slow motion, the handle turned and the door came open.  
  
"Um..." The guy we'd teased at that first store stared in at me. He'd gotten a glimpse of my furry patch earlier, but nothing like this. Not with my legs spread and fingers buried inside myself. I gulped as we stared at each other, my body yearning for me to continue, and for him to help.  
  
"What? What's wrong?" I heard a female voice; his girlfriend was talking. She was going to see me too, and she woudn't help. I gave him a panicked look, and he glanced at her, then turned back to me. My heart was beating, and my pussy pounded again as I slowly pulled my dripping fingers from my aching slit.  
  
"No, this one is..." He shifted his stance, the front of his pants noticably tented. "Um, it's messed up." He said creatively. He closed the door and I heard the next stall over open. "Here you go." I breathed in, and realized I hadn't done so since I'd first heard his voice.  
  
"Okay, I'll just be a sec!" The door on the stall next to mine shut and I heard it latch. I looked up at my own latch and quickly stood, reaching over to secure it. The door openned before I got there, and he smiled at my naked form with a finger on his lips. I stood, bare in front of him, my thighs begging me to go back to the bench and spread them apart.  
  
"Um... hi..." I gulped against a whisper, crossing my arms in front of me. "Um..."  
  
"Shh..." He curled his finger, motioning for me to come up closer. I stepped up to where our faces were only inches apart. I felt the heat from his body and closed my eyes, shivering. I wondered if he knew just how wet I was, and shivered again when I realized that he had probably seen.  
  
"You need a little help?" He smiled at me, his eyes scanning down my exposed flesh. I couldn't even feel panic right now, I could only feel one thing. And it burned.  
  
"Ya, can you tell Jess..." He wouldn't know her name, "Uh, my blonde friend to, uh, come here please?" Something about that hoarse whisper that crept from my throat made the feeling all the more intense.  
  
"Um, well, we're the only ones here, besides the girl behind the counter." He actually gave me a confused look. Now I started to feel the panic.  
  
"What?" I said, a little too loudly, trying to peer around him. God, if they'd left... and what did he mean girl behind the counter? I shivered again, as that panicky feeling started to feed into my more dominant sensation and I tried to concentrate on breathing.  
  
"Did you say something?" his girlfriend asked. He closed the door in my face and I bit my lip, sitting back on the bench. I yearned to sate myself, but I couldn't. They'd abandoned me here, alone and naked, and that just made me want it more.  
  
"Um, no, why? Are you almost done?" His voice came from further away, I guess he didn't want to sound like he was in my stall. It occured to me that he was kind of a sleazeball to this girl. That could help me. Wow, now I was thinking like Jess.  
  
"Um, ya, I just thought I heard something. Nevermind. I'll be out in a sec." She rustled in her stall as I sat there, just trying to not to give into myself as Jess ran through my mind. The latch rattled next door and her stall came open.  
  
"Looks pretty good!" he said. "Here, try these on, I think they're all your size, find out if they fit right."  
  
"Um, okay, sure!" She sounded a little surprised by that, but I heard her return to her stall and latch the door. I quickly bent down and looked under mine. Across the store, I saw that the guy clerk had indeed left and had actually been replaced by a girl. How long had I been playing with myself? How had no one looked in here? Had no one looked in here? Damn... I bit my lip and tried to think.  
  
"Hello again." He whispered as he cracked the door open. I stepped up to him quickly, almost pressing my face to his.  
  
"Help me." I looked back and forth between his eyes, yearning to pull his body against mine. "I need something to wear."  
  
"Um, ya, sure." He leaned back a little and looked me up and down. "She'll be a minute, want me to just grab you something?"  
  
"Yes. Please, anything, I'll do..." I bit down harder, now my eyes glanced down his body. Definitely still tented. "I'll do anything." Bluff? Probably. I blamed Jess.  
  
"Ya?" He looked over at his girlfriend's stall. "Okay, sure, here, I'll go buy you something."  
  
"No! Just..." I almost stepped out after him as he closed the door on me. He was gonna go buy me clothes? What was he gonna buy? What if his girlfriend notices? I sat down and concentrated once more on keeping my hands secured.  
  
After a second, my door openned again and he thrust in a shirt, watching me grab it and pull it on. It was a red longsleeve tee with some curvy graphic and a pocket on it, and had a fairly low hem. It reached to just below my furry patch, but the shoulders were a little stiff up top, and it fit a bit tight around my bust. It was surprisingly chaste for something a guy would pick. Still, I needed bottoms. I looked at him expectantly, and the visible buldge in his pants caught my eye. I had to focus here. He stared blankly at me.  
  
I stepped up to him, pulling my face in close to his. "Pants?" I whispered. Maybe he would take his off. I strained to keep thinking straight. I needed to wear some pants, not remove his.  
  
"Oh, right, sure!" He looked over at his girlfriend's stall. "Um, about doing anything..."  
  
"Pants!" I glared. Sleazeball needed to hurry, she wouldn't be in there forever.  
  
"Sure, sure..." He looked back at his girlfriend's stall, then at me. He closed the door and I stepped back. I checked myself in the mirror, tugging on the bottom hem of the shirt. The stiff shoulders made it so that the hem rode up whenever I lifted my arms, and the tightness around my chest kept it up there. At least the pocket was well placed, so only one of my nipples was visibly poking out, although they were both definitely stiff in my present state. I was covered, but only barely.  
  
Imagining walking out in just that shirt sent shivers up my spine, further fueling the fire. I just wanted to finish so badly, but I needed to get out of this stall and I needed pants. I couldn't just sit there and play with myself, however hot and wet I felt.  
  
"Hey, I don't really like any of this stuff." I heard his girlfriend step out of her stall. Oh god, I thought, I still need pants.  
  
"You, uh, don't?" He said from across the store. "Not even these pants I was about to buy?"  
  
"What pants? No." I peered under the door and watched her from behind as she spoke. "Let's go back to that other place. The one with that shirt you liked."  
  
"Um..." I saw his eyes dart to me for an instant. "Um, okay, let's go..." He crossed over to her and she turned toward the exit. I stood quickly, hiding myself in case she looked down. As they passed my door, he dropped something and kicked it into my stall.  
  
I looked at it for a second, then grabbed it, peeking through the space below the door. They'd left. I uncrumpled what turned out to be a receipt for the shirt, and stared at it for a second. I turned it over and found a short message:  
  
"Happy to help. If you want to 'do anything,' call me. - Greg" It had a number there, too. What a sleazeball! And here I was dying to take him up on it right now. Well, the least I could do would be to give it to Jess. I folded it, putting it in my pocket. I sat down for a second, trying not to stoke the flames.  
  
Now I was in the store, alone, without a sleazeball to buy me clothes. I checked myself again in the mirror. I might be able to get away without pants. I certainly wasn't going to be able to flirt that girl into giving me any. I couldn't just take anything. I mean, convincing a clerk not to charge us and actual theft, well, those are very different things. I bit my lip, picturing the stares if this shirt was more revealing than I thought, trying not to acknowledge the the wetness between my legs. I sighed and steeled myself for the trip out.  
  
I pulled down on the hem of the shirt and stepped out of the stall. The clerk was off putting things on racks, so I just turned and walked out of the store, holding the shirt down. I stood there for a second as people walked by, seemingly oblivious to my attire. I figured the longsleeves must have made it seem less revealing, because I only got the standard less-than-subtle looks from guys checking me out.  
  
I inhaled sharply as I tried to take a step without holding the shirt in place. I could feel it sliding up the small part of my thighs that it actually covered, emphasizing just how tenuous this outfit was. Suddenly those guy checking me out seemed much more noticeable and I shivered as a shock lept up my spine, the reality so much more intense than I had imagined. I should be panicking, but I couldn't. I was still... I needed to finish. This was only making things worse.  
  
But where was I gonna go? Should I just go out to the car? Should I try to find Jess and Wanda? Where would they be? I decided to go sit at a bench nearby and pick what to do. I was getting very little attention just standing there, but I was constantly afraid of even the slightest looks betraying exactly how little I had on. Hiding at a bench would be safer.  
  
As I sat down, the back of the shirt rode up my butt. I pulled it down, but I couldn't get seated without it being partway up my cheeks. I gasped quietly as I made contact with the bench, the cold steel incredible against my burning flesh. I held my legs together and kept my eyes closed until the sensation wore off. This was not going well. I leaned forward nervously on my elbows and thought about what to do.  
  
I had to find Jess and Wanda. That was what I needed most. They were all I had in this town, besides the shirt on my back. Literally. So, if they were still here, the car would have to be here. So I should just go wait at the car. They have to turn up there eventually, right?  
  
And once I got to the car, maybe I could... no, that wouldn't cut it. This was too intense. I was going to need something more. Maybe that clerk from the store where we got all those clothes... no! I had to leave. I wasn't going to be crazy about this, no matter what it felt like. Even if he was really cute. Okay, well, maybe Wanda would have something, you know, useful at her apartment.  
  
I looked up and noticed a group of guys at a sunglasses stand across from the bench. They were all staring peculiarly into the little viewing mirrors there. When I looked at them, they all stood up quickly and put the sunglasses back. I looked down and decided that sitting was not a safe choice. I got up, tugging down on my shirt, and headed toward the escalator. The elevator couldn't possibly be safe in this at all. I desperately needed to get off... out! I needed to get out!  
  
"Hey, I know you!" I heard a guy's voice as he came up next to me. No one knows me here. I looked over and it was that cute clerk. I suddenly hoped he wasn't a mind reader, as terrible thoughts raced through my head and my wet slit silently pulsated.  
  
"Um, hey there, um, guy," I said, still walking for the escalator, hoping my shirt stayed in place. A soft breeze from somewhere swept over me, and I suddenly felt very conscious of just how nearly-naked I was.  
  
"Where are your two friends?" He asked, looking around, "Having more fun, I presume?"  
  
"Um, I guess. They kinda abandoned me." I smiled weakly at him. He wasn't checking the hem of my shirt. That's good. Maybe it was still high in back and he'd already gotten a good look? I reached back, but it was safely pulled down still. Maybe he didn't know. Maybe that was worse.  
  
"Gosh, I'm sorry. I see you've gone with a much more modest shirt to wear over your new outfit in the meantime." He smiled. He thought I still had the shorts and tube top on under this. I guess those shorts were really short, it was possible. If he noticed a lack of lines from my other clothes, he certainly didn't show it. He did seem to notice my nipple under the skin tight fabric, though. As he eyed my chest, I could feel a subtle tingle where those clothes should be, and licked my lips.  
  
"Um, ya." I tried to keep smiling, "Hey, I'm gonna go find my friends, if that's okay."  
  
"Well, sure. I'm just leaving work now. Where are you gonna meet them?" He stopped, and for some reason I stopped with him. I looked around. All I had on was this long tee shirt, and no one was even really noticing, not even the guy who had tried to stare down my shorts earlier. I licked my lips again, trying to focus.  
  
"Um, well, I dunno." I shrugged, then blushed, quickly pulling back down my shirt hem. Did he see anything? "Um, I guess I was gonna go to Wanda's car and wait."  
  
"I'll come with. Keep you company." Ya, right. Suddenly he's mister nice, friendly guy. 'I'm not just coming in case Cindy wants to strip again, no sir, not me.' And God did I. "Let's take the elevator down."  
  
"Um, ya, sure, that's okay then." Gosh, I couldn't even talk straight. How could I be so distracted? I was practically toying with him earlier, but now I was just acting stupid. I needed Jess to take the lead on these things. What would Jess do?  
  
"So you guys get much shopping done today?" We walked up to the elevators nearby and he pressed the down button. Shopping, shopping... how would Jess take advantage of that?  
  
"Everything I'm wearing was bought today." That was clever and sneaky. He wouldn't pick up on that right away. Very Jess-ish.  
  
"You didn't buy those shorts or that tube top, you know." Okay, maybe he saw where I was going with that right away. What would Jess do?  
  
"I know." The elevator arrived and I flashed him a I'm-totally-not-freaking-out-on-the-inside smile as I stepped into it. It was empty, and he coughed as he followed me in. I shivered, partly nervous with what I was trying to do with him, partly nervous with what I was aching to do with him.  
  
"Um, hey, ya..." He eyed the hem of my shirt, seeming to figure out what I meant. I glanced around as the door closed, no one could really see in these elevators. They were prolly a lot safer than the escalators had been. Damn.  
  
I needed to give him more. I knew it would just make me want it worse, but I couldn't stop. I leaned back against the side of the elevator and lifted my arms behind me, placing my hands on the railing. The snug shoulders pulled up on my shirt, and I felt the hem slide up my furry patch. The bottom few inches of my dark Asian hair must have come into view. I grinned as his eyes widened, and he shifted his stance as a buldge appear in his pants. It suddenly felt really, really good to be wearing this shirt.  
  
He coughed, "I see you've lost the shorts," he eyed my chest, apparantly wondering what else I might've lost. I smiled, leaving my shirt up and fur out. If he looked close, he would prolly be able to see my wet pussy pulsating with his gaze. This shirt definitely felt good.  
  
"If you really look close, you should be able to tell I'm not wearing anything at all under this shirt." I smiled at him, straightening out a wrinkle on my breast, and smoothing the fabric over my stiff nipple with an extremely enjoyable sensation. I shivered, running my fingers over my breast again, then breathed heavily inward. Not the time, not the place.  
  
"I, uh, I guess so!" He raised his eyebrows and the elevator stopped. I slid my shirt back down and crossed out of the elevator, with him following. This was starting to be very fun. Definitely what Jess would do.  
  
"We're parked out this door." I headed for the entrance we came in earlier. As we stepped out, it occured to me that even though the parking lot was much emptier than earlier, I couldn't actually see Wanda's car. I pursed my lips and decided to take it in stride. He could give me a lift to Wanda's apartment. You know, because I totally had a clue where that was. Or we could go to his place. Ya, this was rational thinking. Fer sure.  
  
"Which way?" He came up next to me, his eyes darting to my chest. A cool breeze swept by and he got a little better sight of what he was looking for. I smiled as I felt the air wash over me. I was practically naked out here, in the open, but I wasn't actually panicking. It just felt too incredible for me to panic.  
  
"I think we were somewhere behind that semi-truck." I started across the parking lot in the general direction of where the car should be and he followed. I glanced back, stealing a look at his buldging crotch and smiled inwardly.  
  
"You know, if you need a ride, I can drive you home." Yes. Sitting. In a car. In his car. With no idea where to go. Not a safe plan. It would be fun, though. Really fun. I bit my lip and looked over at him.  
  
"Um, well," I looked back out at the cars as we came around the truck, and spotted Jess. She stuck her arms up and waved. Dissappointed in some strange way by seeing her, I sighed. With a hesitant concern for my shirt hem, I decided to wave back. The shirt slid up swiftly, baring my firm ass, and I pulled it back down casually as the guy stumbled behind me. "I found'em." I looked back at him.  
  
"So no ride then?" He smiled sheepishly. Poor little lamb.  
  
"Sorry. Wanna come say hi, though?" I knew Jess would enjoy this. She kinda got tired of him in the store, but that was then, and this was now. Plus, I wanted to see her tease some more. I wanted to see her show off.  
  
"Um, okay, I guess." He followed me through the mostly empty lot and over to Jess and Wanda at Wanda's car. Wanda was sitting in the driver's seat, and Jess was leaning on the side of the car. She stood up as we got there.

"Hey, you have clothes-store-guy with you!" Jess smiled, still wearing the goofy floral print dress she'd gotten from him earlier. Of course, she didn't get left naked in a store, so she had no reason to change. "Did you show him your new swimsuit?"  
  
"Yes, I did." We both laughed at this. I suddenly wondered why I wasn't mad at her for abandoning me. I didn't know why, but I wasn't mad at all.  
  
"Great! Wanna see mine?" She looked at the guy, who was confused.  
  
"You didn't show me..." He looked over at Jess. "Um, ya, sure." He smiled at her.  
  
"See?" She lifted the front of her skirt up, baring her bald beaver for him. I licked my lips, smiling as she showed off. I'd peeked out a bit on purpose to him, but she was just so brazen about it. That is exactly what she'd do, too. As she covered back up, I wondered if she was as wet as me.  
  
"Ah, yes, just like hers. You gals going swimming in those soon?" He smiled, then looked at Wanda, "You got a new swimsuit too?"  
  
"Yes." She glared at us, holding the suit she'd gotten earlier out of the window. "See? Mine's made of fabric instead of air. It's madness!"  
  
"Haha, Wanda, we're just having fun." Jess stuck out her tongue, then turned to the guy. "Well, it was nice to meet you, um, whoever you are, but we really must get home and... have some... um... lesbian sex. Yes. Lots of lesbian sex. Let's go, Cindy!" She openned the door and pushed me in, smiling.  
  
"That's... good..." He smiled, "Um, goodbye then?"  
  
"Byes!" Jess ran around to the other side and got in shotgun. I waved at the guy as Wanda started off. He was cute. I was going to get a ride from him. Oh well.  
  
"How did you get out?" Jess turned back toward me as I tugged on the hem of my shirt.  
  
"I guess I don't need to do that." I pulled the hem up to my waist, baring my ass to the seat and my girl fur to Jess. I looked out the window and smiled, safe now since no one could see. I suddenly wanted to finish, but right now was not the best time. I wondered if I'd leave a spot on the seat. "What I want to know is why you left me there?" I tried to give her a mean look, but the only expression I could muster felt a lot less like 'screw you' and a lot more like 'screw me.'  
  
"Well, I checked on you under the door and you seemed to be enjoying yourself, so we decided to leave you be. Plus, that clerk was just getting off, so we decided to, you know, get off too. Haha!" She laughed. So someone did see...  
  
"Oh, shut up, we did not have sex with him." Wanda rolled her eyes, "Cindy prolly got more action than you did. That guy was a total sleazeball, Cindy. We ditched him fast."  
  
"Well, I ran into the guy who was with his girlfriend at the underwear store, you know?" I looked over at Jess.  
  
"The one we were playing with?" She smiled, "That's awesome!"  
  
"I know, right? Well, no, not awesome, I was naked and abandoned... but, ya." I licked my lips and brushed my hand on my leg. "But, ya, he was a sleazeball too. He bought me this shirt, and he gave me his number so we can, um, pay him back, I guess. And his girlfriend was, like, in the next stall the whole time." I pulled the receipt out of my pocket and handed it to Jess, who grabbed it greedily.  
  
"Awesome. Greg, huh?" Jess grabbed Wanda's cell and punched the number into the contact list. "So, did you get to finish what you'd started in there?" Jess smiled at me, moving her fingers meaningfully in the air, eyeing my bared bush.  
  
"Um, no, actually," I laughed, but she hit the nail on the head. Her overt hand gesture just drove the point home. "Not so much. I, uh, ya..."  
  
"Aw, poor Cindy." Jess laughed, facing forward in her seat. "Hey, you guys wanna go see a movie?" She held up the phone. "We could pay this guy back by taking him!"  
  
"Um, I'm gonna need my shorts back if we go anywhere other than home." I pointed out. I mean, it was a bit of a rush at the mall, but I kinda wanted to not have a rush for a little bit. I really just wanted to go to Wanda's and take care of things. I bit my lip, keeping my hands out of my rather exposed, and still practically-dripping slit.  
  
"Meh, I just wanna get home now," Wanda said.  
  
"Well, we could at least have a movie night, ya?" Jess offered. I just shrugged when she looked back at me. Maybe I could take a quick shower. Or a long shower.  
  
"Alright, movie night it is. I've got some movies downloaded that we can watch," Wanda agreed.  
  
"Oooh, dirty movie night, even better!" Jess laughed. Now that was a good idea.  
  
"Haha, no, real movies," Wanda paused, "We can watch the dirty ones another time." I smiled. It was fun staying at Wanda's.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 03-01**

It was pretty late, and we were headed home in Wanda's car from a day of fun at the theme park followed by some shopping at the mall. We were planning on topping off the evening with a movie night.  
  
Wanda was a few years older than us, which meant she could buy booze. That was a meaningful part of the reason Jess and I had come all the way from our home town to stay with her for a while. She'd moved to another city to go to a specific college, and was working her way toward her degree, something Jess and I would have to start doing someday soon as well now that we'd graduated high school.   
  
She'd gotten a new shirt at the mall. It was literally bursting under the strain of her hefty D cups and had lost several buttons earlier. It was open down past the bottom of her tits at this point, so she had some really spectacular cleavage. My cleavage was pretty decent earlier after my top broke, but her breasts were just plain bigger than my C cups and she could beat me or Jess on cleavage any day.   
  
Jess was riding shotgun. She's a little younger than me, but we'd both graduated together. She was wearing a tight summer dress with a floral print and nothing underneath, which went well with her blonde hair and tanned skin. Even her little A cups looked pretty good in it. Jess was like that, though: she could look good in just about anything.  
  
That leaves me, Cindy. I was wearing nothing but a long sleeve tee shirt, which went down far enough to reach my thighs, but was resting around my waist in the car. There's a long story there, but basically I had gotten really, really, really turned on at the mall and then I hadn't been able to do anything about it. In fact, I still hadn't.   
  
Wanda's cell rang and Jess snatched it up, quickly looking at who was calling and answering with "Hey there studly, welcome to the number one sex hotline, you've reached Jess, I've just turned 18 and I'm totally legal. How can I help you this evening?"  
  
I smiled, but Wanda just gave Jess a dirty look. "Give me that" she said, holding out her hand.  
  
"Don't worry, it's just your boyfriend," Jess whispered, covering up the mic with her hand. "Oh no, hun, I'm sorry but Wanda can't come to the phone right now. I'd be more than happy to service you in any way you need," she said to Wanda's boyfriend John.   
  
"Tell him to come over for movie night!" I suggested. We hadn't met him yet, and it would be cool to meet the guy Wanda's been doing for the past year. I would definitely have to put on pants, though. That would be a draw back. Of course, maybe I wouldn't...apparently, I was still more turned on than I'd thought.  
  
"Tonight? She's not busy! In fact, we would love to offer you an exclusive reservation to spend the evening with three lovely young ladies. Come on over and cum on us!" Jess choked down a laugh with that one, and Wanda actually giggled.  
  
"I think we'll be more than happy to satisfy all of your needs about an hour from now. So long! And hard!" Jess ended the call and we all laughed.  
  
We pulled into the parking garage at Wanda's, and got out. The place was full of cars, but we didn't actually see any people, which was good because my shirt hem rode up above my hips every time I took a step. It was being much more troublesome than earlier and I was seriously getting tired of holding it down.   
  
She only lived on the third floor, but the stairs were for emergencies only, so we crowded into the elevator. My shirt slid up my butt and above my hips as we pushed our way in giggling, exposing everything below it, and I finally just let it stay. We were safe here anyway.  
  
"Modest, are we?" Wanda raised an eyebrow as she pushed the button for the third floor.   
  
"I'm just tired of pulling it down all the time." I absent-mindedly rolled the fabric up around my waist as Jess eyed my crotch.   
  
"So, just how wet are you?" Jess smiled, as unsettlingly forward as ever. "Like, are you an inch away from getting yourself off now, or can you wait until you can get into the shower?"  
  
"Um." I licked my lips, as Jess's topic of conversation started to shift me slightly from the latter option and toward the former. "I, uh, I think I can wait?"   
  
"Oh, that's a shame!" Jess smiled at me and Wanda just coughed as the elevator came to a stop at the third floor.   
  
The doors opened to the hallway where a couple were waiting. I straightened up quickly and felt my face burn red. I tugged on the sides of my shirt, haphazardly trying to unroll it as they eyed me. Jess started giggling.   
  
"Hey Wanda," the guy said as we stepped out of the elevator and I tried to pull my shirt back into some semblance of order. He was tall and blonde. Well, maybe not tall. Everyone's tall when you're five two. He looked tall to me. It's funny how when you're nervous sometimes your brain runs in little circles trying to think about something other than the fact that you really need to roll down the bottom of your shirt a lot faster.   
  
"Hey Ross, Laura, these are the friends I was telling you about." Wanda smiled at them, trying to ignore my accidental exposure.   
  
"You must be Jess, Wanda said you were very... forward!" Laura smiled at me and held out her hand. She was about my height and build, and her dark hair was straight like mine. She was wearing a really cute, low-cut top. From the look of her cleavage in it, I'd guess her breasts were about the same size as mine, too.   
  
"Uh, actually, I'm Cindy..." I blushed again at her mistake and shook her hand as politely as I could. God, people thought I was Jess. This wasn't good.   
  
"I'm Jess!" Jess said, smiling at them and waving her fingers in a friendly way.   
  
"Oh, um, sorry!" Laura smiled and awkwardly returned the wave.   
  
"I can be forward right now too, if you like," Jess gave Ross a grin.   
  
"No no, that's okay. It was definitely nice to meet you girls," Ross said, stepping into the elevator he'd been holding open, "but we've gotta go."   
  
"Oh, yes, sorry, we're late! Nice to meet you." Laura waved as she stepped into the elevator, "Hope to run into you again!"   
  
"You can count on it!" Jess said, laughing at me as the doors closed.   
  
"That wasn't funny!" I frowned at her as I realized my heart had been pounding the whole time. Suddenly the dissipating heat in my face started to be overpowered by the heat further down.  
  
"Oh, psh, you liked it! I can tell," Jess said laughing, "and you made a great first impression!"   
  
"Ya, great." I licked my lips. Maybe I really could go ahead and take a shower real quick.   
  
"Don't worry about them, they're alright," Wanda opened up her apartment and led us in. "Honestly, Laura has 'accidentally' answered the door naked on me more than once."   
  
"Has Ross?" Jess raised an eyebrow as we filed into the kitchen.   
  
"Not so much, no." Wanda shook her head.   
  
"Pity." Jess frowned.   
  
We all wandered into Wanda's bedroom. She only had the one, so Jess and I were sleeping together on the couch. The bathroom opened into the living room, and took up some of the space between the living room and the kitchen. The bedroom came off on the kitchen side, sort of a fourth quarter to the area.  
  
"I don't know about you two, but I'm gonna change into something a little more comfortable." Wanda set down the bag from the mall. "This top is a bit tight, you know?" She pulled out our bikinis and set them on the dresser, and set the narrow tube top and daisy dukes Jess had picked for me with them.   
  
She stripped off her new outfit, careful not to pop off any more buttons. Naked, her large chest swaying slightly with the movement, she grabbed a thin tee shirt and some pajama bottoms and tossed them on without any underwear. We could easily see her nipples through the top, and Jess gave me a look noting the approved dress code for an evening with John. She stripped off her dress and went over to the dresser nude to start looking through it for something of Wanda's to wear tonight.  
  
"I was gonna, um, well, take a shower. If that's alright," I said, sliding off my shirt and pulling my black hair back behind my ears. My eyes involuntarily scanned Jess's tight, tanned body and I bit my lip, my pussy suddenly hungry for attention.  
  
"Ya, sure, have fun." Jess pulled open a drawer and grinned. "Here, take this with you, I'm sure you'll put it to good use!" She pulled out a vibrator and turned it on, holding it out toward me. She raised her eyebrows, smiling at its soft buzzing sound.  
  
"Oooh, is that John's supplement, then?" I asked, eying the oddly shaped device. I poked it with a finger and felt a slight shiver at the sensation it made on my skin.   
  
"If so, he sure needs a lot of supplements!" Jess tossed the still-humming device on the bed and turned back to rifle through the drawer. I could hear a lot of toys being moved around and wondered just what else might be in there.  
  
"Haha, Jess," Wanda rolled her eyes. "Just get something on. And wear underwear." She grabbed the vibrator and turned it off, tossing it back in the drawer.  
  
"Okay, Ms. Double-Standard, I'll just wear my bikni under this shirt then, is that alright?" Jess pulled out a shirt that looked much too small for Wanda to even own and Wanda shrugged, heading out to the living room.  
  
"I'll just take this with me too." Jess snatched the vibrator, setting it on the shirt as she picked up her bikini. For some reason, I watched oddly intently as she slid the skimpy bottoms up her slender legs and pulled them in place around the curve of her butt. She set the top over her small breasts and tied it in back with ease. She looked over at me, standing there totally naked and just watching her, and smiled.   
  
"I thought you were gonna, you know, 'take a shower,' ya?" she said to me, sliding the shirt over her head. It fit her well, and didn't quite reach down far enough to cover her bikini bottoms as she stood there.   
  
"Um, ya, sorry." I smiled back at her and headed out and around to the living room. Jess palmed the vibrator and followed me out. Wanda was sitting on the couch in the dark getting a movie going as we came in.   
  
"Hey, hun, leave the door a little open, wouldya?" Wanda looked up at me and I paused by the livingroom window, the dim moonlight highlighting my nudity in the otherwise dark room.  
  
"Uh, why?" I asked as Jess sat next to Wanda and seemed to appraise my nude form. Having her eyes on me made me glance over at the shower and bite my lip.  
  
"You know, for the steam," she said, raising her eyebrows. "There's no fan and it'll make mildew and stuff."  
  
"Uh, sure, I guess," I stepped into the bathroom, leaving the door slightly ajar for Wanda's mildew. As soon as I was out of sight, I slipped a finger into my slit, and tensed up as it slid gently across the wet flesh. I really needed to get in the shower.  
  
I got the water nice and warm and stepped in, pulling the semi-transparent curtain closed behind me. The water felt wonderful pouring over my body, and I sighed audibly. I looked at the door, a little apprehensive with my noise, but it seemed like they shouldn't be able to hear over the water. "Mmm..." I sighed again.  
  
I let my hands wander over my body, teasing along the curve of my increasingly tender breasts, and down along the line of my hips. I ran my fingers through the course black hair between my legs and thought about Jess's suggestion. I looked around and found Wanda's razor and some shaving gel stuff. I figured Wanda wouldn't mind terribly and decided to clean myself up a bit.  
  
I hadn't really shaved there before, so this was a new experience for me. I lathered up the gel stuff and worked it into my hairs, which was a somewhat enjoyable experience in itself. I may even have worked it in a little more than absolutely necessary.  
  
I picked up Wanda's razor and decided to start at the top. I've shaved my legs before, but this was a bit thicker and much more, well, tender. The blade must have been fresh, because it sliced off the hairs with ease, leaving only smooth skin where the bristled fur had been.   
  
I worked the razor around my crotch, slicing off more and more hair until only a narrow strip was left along my lips. I'd already gone this far, and it had been relatively easy. I ran the blade gently along my pussy lips and carefully cleaned off the last of my hairs. I ran a finger over my skin and once more sighed audibly with the sensations created by brushing across the smooth flesh.   
  
I licked my lips and washed out the razor, setting it down as I began to rinse my crotch. I gasped as the warm water ran over my skin, caressing me in a very different way than before. I let my hands wander back down to the newly clean-shaven area.   
  
My fingers ran back and forth along my smooth, tender pussy lips, and it felt really, really good. I moaned again, safe knowing that the noise of the shower hid my enjoyment from Jess and Wanda just outside the door. I remembered Jess's vibrator, and looked around the bath for any more 'supplements,' but had no such luck. I had all I really needed anyway.  
  
I softly slid a finger into my pussy lips, parting them, and the hot water running over my body ran in little rivulets between my legs. I couldn't help but let out another moan, pressing my fingers gently against my flesh as some of the things we'd done earlier crossed my mind. The maze, the kiss, getting trapped, walking around so exposed.  
  
It was just as the feeling of walking through the mall in only that shirt started to pour into me when I jumped at the sound of a knock at the apartment door, followed by Jess's voice talking to John. My eyes darted to the bathroom door, which had swung uncomfortably far open. I stopped my fingers, my pussy pulsating in protest.  
  
I turned off the water and hopped out to cross the bathroom and shut the door. It swung gently closed, clicking shut, and I grabbed a towel to dry off quickly. I was just about done drying my body off when I heard the knob rattle and the bathroom door swung open. I pulled the towel up in front of me as Jess and John both walked into the tiny bathroom. My heart pounded in my chest.  
  
I hadn't actually met John before. He was okay, but not really my type. Wanda was a lot taller than me, so she liked guys who were way too tall. His body was okay, though. His arms were muscular, but not too defined. He wasn't really all that bad to look at. His pants certainly bulged admirably at the sight of me, and my pussy pounded again, reminding me of what I really ought to be doing.  
  
"Uh, hi John." I glared at Jess, trying to drape the towel around myself. I held it up with both hands, some clumps of wet, black hair annoyingly hanging in front of my face. I glanced around the bathroom for something to wear. John wasn't supposed to arrive yet, and I hadn't brought anything in with me. As much as I oddly enjoyed first meeting him while I was totally naked, I was pretty sure Wanda wouldn't approve.  
  
"Great to meet you, Cindy!" He held out his hand and eyed the edges of my towel. I eyed the bulge in his pants again, and I wondered if Wanda really needed any supplements.  
  
"Um, would it be okay if I got dressed real quick?" I looked hopelessly at his outstretched hand, both of mine still occupied with holding onto my towel.  
  
"Go ahead," Jess said, smiling, but not leaving. "By the way, your hair looks great!"  
  
"Oh get out here, you two," Wanda yelled in to us. John smiled and left me alone with Jess. She gave me a dissappointed look and followed him out. I shut the door behind them, dropping the towel on the floor and sliding my fingers down over my newly-smooth and suddenly burning skin again.   
  
"Well, she'd stopped her cute little moans, so I figured she was good." I heard Jess say, making me suddenly realize just how little the noise of the shower had protected me.  
  
I bit my lip and looked around the bathroom for something to wear, barely keeping my hands under control. Fortunately, Wanda had a bathrobe hanging on the back of the wall. I grabbed it.  
  
When I put it on, I discovered that it not only was long enough to reach the floor, but also rather annoyingly tended to hang open rather than closed. I couldn't find a belt either. I considered wrapping my hair in a towel, but Jess liked it, so I left it wet and clingy.  
  
I sighed as I walked out of the bathroom, holding the robe closed. "You don't happen to know where the belt for this is, do you?" I asked Wanda as John checked me out again. Even when I held it closed on top, the open bottom of the robe dragged back and left a lot of my legs exposed. Atleast everything important was still covered up. For now, anyway. They were sitting together on the couch, and Jess was on the recliner. The only open spot was next to John, opposite Wanda. I opted to stand for the time being, although parts of me begged to sit on John's lap.  
  
"No, I lost it, sorry hun," Wanda shrugged, her large breasts straining against the fabric of her shirt. Even in the dim light of the living room, the little nubs of her nipples were still very visible through the well-worn cloth. This outfit was clearly for John's benefit.  
  
"Here, you guys watch the movie, I've already seen this one." Jess stood up, freeing the recliner, "I'll go take a shower now." She headed into the bathroom and I stole her place. I then found out just how lucky I was that I didn't have to sit on the couch. It was almost impossible to cover up my clean-shaven and very wet pussy while sitting in this robe.  
  
"What are we watching?" I asked. I felt something lumpy in the chair and pulled out the vibrator Jess had grabbed. I gave it a thoughtful look then stuffed it back into the cushions to forget about it. Not a good time. Maybe later.  
  
"Oh, it's new. I don't think it's in theaters yet," Wanda bragged behind me.  
  
"Oh ya, I think I've seen previews for it." I wondered briefly how Jess could have already seen it. "You pirate."  
  
We watched the movie for a while, and I managed to concentrate on that instead of my warm slit. Then, in a dark scene, I saw the reflection of the couch in the TV. John had a noticeable erection, and his hand was in Wanda's pajama bottoms. Her legs were spread wide.  
  
Seeing this going on behind me wasn't helping me ignore my still-exposed crotch. To compound that, I started to hear Jess through the open bathroom door. Clearly she had the same inclinations as me, but somewhat less reservations. From the sound of it, it seemed clear she knew just how well we could hear her, too.  
  
Even Wanda seemed distracted by Jess's moans. That was about the limit for me, and I opened my legs a bit. I sat there for a few seconds, biting my lip and thinking rather seriously about the vibrator hidden in the chair. Before I could do anything rash, though, the shower went off and Jess came walking out barely a second later.  
  
I looked back at her and raised an eyebrow. Evidently, she wasn't wearing her bikini top under that shirt anymore. She hadn't dried off very well and a large portion of the front of her shirt was wet and transparent, showing off her nice, perky little titties. I looked at the lower edge of the shirt as she walked, but couldn't quite tell yet whether she'd left off the bottoms. I erred on the side of yes.  
  
As I looked at her, I noticed something in the window out of the corner of my eye. I looked over at the building across from us just as a light went out. We could see into their apartment really well from here. I raised an eyebrow and shrugged, looking back to Jess.  
  
"Aw, you stole my spot!" Jess frowned at me, crossing in front of Wanda and John, neither of whom seemed to notice her existence. He didn't bother to take his hand out of Wanda's pants, and Wanda certainly didn't make any move to stop him. Jess obviously didn't mind this going on next to her because she sat happily down on the other side of John, her legs modestly together, apparently oblivious of Wanda's fun.

With John and Wanda doing, well, whatever they were doing and Jess in that short, wet tee shirt, I couldn't help but open my legs a little wider. No one could see me from around the recliner, so I felt safe enough as I gently brushed a finger against my smooth pussy lips and quietly sighed. It felt wonderful. I ran my fingers softly against the delicate skin, enjoying the subtle sensations I'd been longing for all day.  
  
Just the feeling of my fingers on the newly smooth skin was spectacular. I was simply touching all around my soft little pussy and it was sending shivers up my spine. I ran one finger up and down both sides of my quickly warming pussy lips, then two. I pressed in gently, spreading them apart and baring my wet slit when I was startled by Wanda getting up.  
  
"I guess I'll go take a shower then, ya?" She said as I pursed my lips and pressed my very dissatisfied thighs back together. She headed in and shortly the water was running.  
  
In a reflection on the screen, I saw Jess reaching around over her shoulder rather conspicuously, her tits pushed out at John through the thin, wet fabric of her tee shirt. Then she slid an arm up her back, under her shirt. She seemed to be trying to scratch an itch. Ya, right, I'm so sure. She pulled the bottom of her shirt almost up to her tits as she pushed her arm behind her. If John hadn't noticed her lack of bikini before, Jess made it much more clear for him. I could easily see then that she'd also taken off her bottoms, but I suppose that was the evening's dress code, after all.  
  
I liked my lips, catching glimpses of Jess's maneuvers in the reflections. I hungrily spread my legs again, slid one finger up and down my smooth, wet slit and bit down, holding in a soft moan. I felt my pussy tighten as my fingers slipped over my skin, and I pressed in. I closed my eyes and shivered, but it had to wait. This was a terrible place to be doing this. I couldn't go this far just yet.  
  
My finger still inside of me, I heard Jess say to John, "I've got this itch that I just can't scratch." I opened my eyes, pulling out my protesting finger, and watched the reflections again. She let her shirt slide back down and set her hand on John's thigh, "John, can you... scratch my itch?" She smiled at him, coy.  
  
"Uh, sure," He said as she turned her back to him, lifting her legs up onto the couch. He started scratching through her shirt and she pulled the cloth up her back.  
  
"No, under my shirt." She lifted her legs onto the arm of the couch and held her back upright, pulling her knees to her chest. I couldn't see very well in the screen just then, so I hazarded a look behind me. They were facing the other way, and I just had to see.   
  
Her mostly naked body faced away from John, but was in plain view to me. He had a decent vantage of the top of her ass, but he couldn't see her uncovered tits hanging out in front like I could. She really might as well be naked. I almost wanted to suggest it to her.  
  
"Mmmm. Uhhh, mmmm," She moaned theatrically, "That's so good, mmmm." I had to admit, it was working. John's clear erection was almost twitching. I spread my legs a bit wider, sliding my finger easily back between my burning pussy lips and down inside of me.  
  
Unlike Jess, I didn't need to fake it. "Mmm..." I bit my lip and froze as I accidentally let out a soft moan, watching Jess and John carefully. They hadn't noticed. I was still safe.  
  
"Oh, that was terrific, John." Jess slid her legs back down and turned back toward the movie, her shirt still pulled up over her tits, baring not only her perky breasts, but highlighting her lack of bottoms. He shifted noticeably in his seat as she mocked surprise. "Oops!" She put a hand to her mouth and awkwardly fixed her shirt, which didn't do a really great job of covering her sexy little titties anyway. "My bad!" She smiled at him, her eyes darting to his tented crotch.  
  
I stopped watching them and just kept sliding my finger in and out of my slippery pussy, sometimes drawing little circles around my so-tender clit. The screen got dark and the credits started to roll, but my mind had already started to wander off.   
  
After a few seconds, Jess coughed discreetly. "Wow, you can see reflections really good with the screen so dark," She said, "A bit better than you could during the movie. Quite a bit." I froze, my finger still deep inside, and my heart felt ready to explode.   
  
I knew I could see them, but it hadn't occured to me that they would be able to see me too. The recliner was under the window, and in the otherwise dark room the moonlight had made my little corner noticeably brighter, making me very, very visible on the screen.  
  
After staring at Jess's smile in the reflection for a minute, I slowly pulled my finger out of my pussy, against its protestations. I casually wiped my hand on the arm of the chair, and pulled my legs back together. I coughed. John certainly picked a good evening to come meet us.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 03-02**

We were having a movie night with Wanda's boyfriend John. He showed up while I was still in the shower, and since I hadn't brought any clothes in with me I ended up wearing Wanda's bathrobe. It was plenty long enough and all, but stiff in such a way to force itself open, which wasn't even a big problem since I was sitting in the recliner in the dark. Jess had hopped in the shower after me, and apparently following my lead she had come out in just her tee shirt with nothing on under it.  
  
Wanda was in the shower now, and I couldn't guess what she was planning on wearing when she got out. Of course, I wasn't terribly preoccupied with that, since the movie just ended and I'd been unexpectedly caught with my hands between my legs via the reflection on the darkened screen during the credits. That is, Jess caught me. I don't think John noticed. Yet.  
  
"Well now. I think we'd all like to do something a little more... active? Ya?" Jess smiled, "Hey, Cindy, can you help me hook up the Wii?" She got up and turned on the light. I looked back at John, who smiled at me. Did he see? I looked at Jess.  
  
Her shirt was resting just along the top of her bare, tan butt, and she didn't seem terribly inclined to fix it. She turned around, the front of the shirt hanging just low enough to hide her bald beaver but still wet enough to not hide her breasts at all. She pointed meaningfully at the Wii.  
  
I screwed up my nose. Wanda had showed us how to get the Wii working before, but I was technologically illiterate. I slid down onto the floor in front of the thing and started plugging cables into the side of the TV, mostly at random.  
  
"Wow, that bathrobe doesn't seem to want to cover much at all." Jess came up next to me and started sorting through the games. My belt-less robe had split open in front, and sitting like I was had exposed not only my good sized and perky Asian tits, but also my freshly shaven beaver for Jess. With my back to John, the long robe still covered me to him, which was pretty much what mattered.  
  
"Neither does that t-shirt." I raised my eyebrows at her. She was standing up and had bent over to search through the games, so she wasn't sitting on the floor like me. I glanced back at John and he was staring intently at her still totally bared butt. "I'm sure Wanda appreciates you entertaining her boyfriend while she's in the shower," I smiled at her.  
  
"Why don't you show off your pretty little pussy some more? You didn't shave just so you could be the only one to play with it, did you?" Jess smiled at me and held out some kind of tennis game. "Here, put this in."  
  
I looked up at her, then back at John. "Why don't you?" I raised my eyebrows at her and she nodded, holding the game up for John to see.  
  
"Maybe I will," She said to me, then to John: "You wanna do this?" She smiled sweetly, holding the game up next to her still-transparent shirtfront. I smiled, sitting back, my open-front robe baring my nakedness to Jess but hiding me from John. I looked over my shoulder at him, and he was sitting on the edge of the couch now.  
  
"I'd love to." He grinned at Jess and me, and I smiled back. She squatted down next to me, behind the Wii, spreading her legs apart toward John. Her shirt hung out loosely in front of her, keeping her covered up, which was obviously against her wishes.  
  
"Mmm... my back itches still..." She handed me the game case, and I opened it to put it in while she reached an arm up her back.   
  
Still squatting, she tugged her shirt up until her crotch was well exposed, then rolled back onto her butt. As high as her belly button was exposed as she sat facing right toward John, her knees against her chest. Her eyes were still closed, and I glanced back at her audience. He was staring intently at her now totally exposed pussy lips.  
  
John seemed ready to burst at this, so I decided to push him a little further. "Hey Jess, are you as smooth down there as I am?" I reached out and ran a finger up between her slightly opened lips. She was very, very smooth, and definitely better than I was at shaving down there. And wet. Very, very wet. And, as much from this as from earlier, so was I.  
  
"Well, hello Cindy." Jess opened her eyes and smiled at me, seemingly unfazed by my touch. She glanced behind her at the TV. "Why isn't the game going yet?" She gave me a confused look.  
  
"Um, hey, that's weird..." The console was on. "I guess it's not plugged in right?" I got up on my haunches, pulling the robe around me, and started fiddling with the TV.   
  
"Is it on the right input?" Jess asked, getting up to let me at the TV controls, modestly tugging her shirt back down over her butt.  
  
"Ug..." I stood up and leaned over to play with the buttons. The TV was slow to change inputs, so I had to cycle through them until I got on the right one.   
  
As I leaned in to check just which input the Wii was actually connected to, I felt a chill. Worried about this unruly robe sliding off my back, I reached around my leg with one hand to see where it was going. I slid a hand along my thigh, then up my apparently bared ass, then halfway up my uncovered back before I gasped and looked back.  
  
Jess had softly lifted up my long robe, almost totally exposing me to John. "Let's just see how smooth you are!" She said, quickly slipping a few fingers between my thighs. I smacked the hem of my robe out of her other hand and stood up sharply, tucking the fabric around me as I felt her deft fingers draw my juices along my skin.  
  
"Okay, Jess, you make it go." I pouted, sitting back down on the recliner. The troublesome front of my lengthy robe refused to stay shut, but Jess was blocking the reflection now anyway, so I left it open. Wanda's boyfriend couldn't see anything.  
  
Of course, Jess was practically naked, so he already had plenty to look at. Her shirt crept halfway up her butt when she bent over, and much of her taut, tanned ass was on display as she played with the buttons on the side of the TV.  
  
"So... you guys do this a lot?" John asked me, still staring at Jess. I glanced back at his lap. It was... surprisingly bulky.  
  
"No, we dressed up tonight." I unconsciously licked my lips. Maybe I didn't need to cover up quite so much. I groped in the cushions for that vibrator, but couldn't find it.  
  
"There we go!" Jess stepped back from the TV as I looked up at her. She turned around, casually tugging her shirt back over where her missing bikini bottoms should be, giving John another quick glimpse at what she'd so recently bared.  
  
"Here," She bent down with her usual excess, grabbing the two controllers, and went over to the couch. "Let's do it, John!" She set a controller on his lap and he shifted his gaze from her crotch to his own as she sat down next to him.  
  
"Uh, this is..." He looked cockeyed at the thing in his lap, and Jess gasped, obviously feigning surprise. I looked back between his legs and discovered where the vibrator had gotten to. I almost giggled.  
  
"Oh my gosh! My bad!" She reached over to grab it out of his lap and put a firm grip on his tented erection. "Oops, my bad again!" We both giggled as she grabbed the vibrator, handing him her controller.   
  
"Cindy, catch!" She tossed the vibrator to me, and I didn't manage to catch it, dropping it on the floor in front of the chair. "We can play with that later," she smiled at me, "Can you toss me a controller to play with for now?"  
  
"Sure," I raised an eyebrow at her and bent forward out of the recliner. I grabbed the other controller from where it still lay next to the Wii. My robe fell open as I did, but it hung down nicely to block John's view, so I just let it. As I pulled myself back up, it tangled at my side and left me mostly exposed. It was hardly covering me before, but now I was practically bare with it all rolled on one side. I was tired of fighting it and this tennis game was much too bright for reflections, so I just left it that way and tossed the controller back to John. All manly-like, he caught it easily. Stupid men.  
  
"I guess we'll play a three point match?" John suggested, pressing buttons and doing stuff on the TV.  
  
"I thought they scored, like, 'fifteen love' and stuff in tennis?" I rolled something on the floor with my foot and realized it was the vibrator. I played with it with my toes, wondering if it made much noise.  
  
"Cartoon characters can't count so good, it seems." Jess smiled.  
  
"Guess not." John started up the match and they began swinging their little controllers around. Ya, okay, I was gonna suck at this. I was watching the TV, but the game was not much for spectators. I looked back around the side of the recliner, and their eyes were glued to the set. I decided to bend down and pick up the vibrator to examine it.   
  
I held it in front of me. I didn't see any buttons or anything, and couldn't figure how it turned on. Rolling it around, I somehow twisted the back and it started buzzing loudly, startling me.  
  
"Having fun over there?" Jess asked, keeping her eyes on the TV.  
  
"Haha, sorry, I was just..." Okay, mostly naked girl just turned on a vibrator. Obviously she was just playing with it, not herself. Right? "I was just playing with it, that's all." I twisted the end and it turned back off. I looked back at the game and Jess was up two to nothing by this point. "Hey, you're up, like, thirty love, right?" I pointed the vibrator back at Jess, looking around the chair.  
  
"Jess is surprisingly good at this." John's eyes flashed over to me as I held up the little toy. I gave him a totally nonchalant 'I show off sex toys to men all the time' look, stowing the vibrator in the cushion of the chair. My eyes glanced at his crotch. I think it twitched.   
  
My mind fluttered back to my own crotch and I sat back in the recliner. I slid a hand down between my legs and let a finger slide along my still wet slit. Yes, great time to do this.  
  
"I'm just awesome, that's all." Jess said after a minute. I looked up at the screen as John scored. Yes. That game. Very dull. Let's watch. "Hey, Cindy?" Jess said to me as he served.  
  
"Ya?" I looked back at her again.  
  
"Remember earlier today when you and Wanda licked all that creamy dip off of my breasts?" Jess's eyes never strayed from the screen. John's quickly did. "You even licked my nipple, right?"  
  
"Um, well, ya?" I raised an eyebrow, glancing over at him.  
  
"How long did you really think it was dip before you realized I'd given that guy a blowjob and was making you and Wanda lick off his cum while he watched?" She swung as John looked over at me.  
  
"Uh..." I coughed, pulling my legs together.  
  
"Sweet!" Jess smiled as she won. "Haha, you suck!" She stuck her tongue out at John, grabbing his controller and getting up to give it to me, her shirt bottom resting around her waist. "Your turn!" She handed it over and tucked down on her shirt. Standing in front of John, that lower hem was the only thing covering her ass, literally. And it wasn't doing a very good job.  
  
"Um, I think I'm gonna suck at this." I looked at thing she handed me. I'm not much for motion controlled games, I like buttons. You mash'em and then you win. That's how video games work. None of this flinging about wildly stuff.  
  
"Here, I'll go easy on you so you can figure it out." Still standing in front of John, she made a match start and served. I tried swinging the controller, but nothing happened. I looked over at her, and just the motion of her serve had brought the hem of her shirt up noticeably. This wasn't going to go well for either of us. Maybe for John, though. "Dang, I think you prolly need to be more, like, in front of the TV. Come on, stand next to me."  
  
"Um, sure, okay." I tucked the robe back around me properly as I got up, no longer free to sit around naked. I smiled at John and went and stood next to Jess. The robe reached just about to my feet standing next to her, so I was much more covered than Jess in her shirt, but I was still fairly well exposed from the front if I didn't constantly keep it closed. Holding it with one hand, I swung with the other and my little cartoon girl swung. "Ack!" I gasped as the robe fell off one shoulder. I pulled it back up and held on a little more tightly and a little further up.  
  
"Ready to try again?" Jess smiled at me and I shrugged, feeling the shoulders slip slightly. I twisted my grip on the front. "I'm gonna serve." She said as she flung the ball at me. I swished my controller as it got close and I managed to hit it just right so that she wasn't able to hit it back. I scored, tying us. Plus, my robe didn't even budge. Easy.  
  
"Hey, cool!" I smiled. "Go me!" I raised both my hands in a thumbs up and the front of my robe slid open. I reached back down and held it closed again. "Haha, this is kinda fun!" I looked back at John. Although Jess's bared ass was right in front of him, he somehow seemed very interested in my slipping robe. I smiled at that and looked over at Jess.  
  
"Well, you won't always be so lucky." Jess wrinkled her nose. "Go ahead."  
  
"Oh, right, me." I fiddled with the controller and got the ball to serve. Jess returned it, with a lot more vigor this time. I got it back to her, but now she was moving a lot faster than before.  
  
"Okay, it's on." Jess started playing in earnest as I miraculously scored against her speedy moves. I served and glanced over at her playing. Her shirt, already mostly above her tanned, taut ass, was starting to ride up her waist, and her little tits were jostling under the still-damp cloth. Looking behind me, I saw that John's attention had shifted away from me as her movements had given him a great, if sporadic, view of her bouncing breasts.  
  
I looked back at the screen just as Jess scored again, tying us up with one to go. I couldn't lose both the guy and the game, so I had to step it up too. I let go of the front of my robe and gripped the little controller in both hands, ready to swing like crazy. Immediately, my robe gaped open, baring a streak of flesh down my front. From his vantage, John couldn't probably see much, but if I moved at all that was likely to change.  
  
Jess smiled at me, her shirt bunched up above her belly button now, her broad stance making her tight little butt look spectacular, and served. I swung to return and the shoulders of my robe jumped a few inches. The gap in front lurched wider, baring much of my tits as they bounced from the movement. If John couldn't see anything before, he definitely could now. I bit my lip, blushing, and focused on the game.  
  
When I swung again, I almost missed as I tried to keep the robe from sliding off. My heart raced as, in a split second, I had to choose between keeping my robe up and winning against Jess. Maybe I'm a little too competitive sometimes. Maybe I thought the robe would be fine. Maybe the sudden heat between my legs from showing some skin was keeping me from thinking straight. Whatever it was, when it was time to swing again, I made certain I didn't miss.  
  
My robe popped up as I swung, sliding open to the edge of my shoulders. It covered nothing now, my jiggling tits practically bare, and I couldn't really expect it to get worse. But I only had a split second to worry about baring my nakedness to John before the next return came and I swung once more. The robe jostled as I moved, and slipped down to my elbows.  
  
It was like I was topless. No, it was really like I was naked. The neck of the robe hung low down my back, covering nothing above my low elbows, freeing my breasts from the meager shelter they had. The front gaped wide as well, showing off the rest of my naked body. Hanging as it was, it was in the way of my arms, and I considered just dropping it to the floor.  
  
I suddenly blushed as it crossed my mind that Jess's clean-shaven crotch was probably burning just as hot as mine. John seeing me naked was just plain fun, but thinking about her was...  
  
"Um, no more movies?" Wanda asked, coming out of the bathroom. I turned, my effectively naked body now facing directly toward John, and saw that she was in nothing but a tiny towel, her rather large breasts showing very ample cleavage. As she walked, the gap in the front of the towel gave quick glimpses of her neatly trimmed little red landing strip.  
  
"Woo! I win!" Jess shouted with my back still turned. I looked at the game and realized that she'd beat me in that last second. She cheered and kicked her leg up in victory, showing off an incredible shot of her bare pussy. Cheerleaders.  
  
Wanda raised an eyebrow at Jess's high-riding shirt and my dangling robe and coughed. "I guess I don't need to put my pajamas back on. I'd be over dressed!" Then she looked down at John's plainly evident erection, "It's nice that you are getting along so well with my friends."  
  
"We should all hang out more," John smiled at his girlfriend.  
  
"We should," Jess agreed, her hands on her still-bare hips. I giggled, my exposed tits jostling subtly with the movement. I looked over at Wanda's glare, decided modesty was probably the better part of nudity, and pulled the robe back up. I left it a little loose, though, leaving a narrow gap down the middle. Modesty isn't everything.  
  
Jess just smiled back at her glare, her smooth shaven pussy happily out in the open between her cocked hips. The doorbell rang and Wanda headed over to it, not breaking her evil eye at Jess. "This must be the pizza," she said, holding her towel up with one hand and opening the door with the other.  
  
"Uh hey," The pizza guy said, staring dumbstruck at Wanda's cleavage in her much-too-small towel.   
  
Holding the front of my robe together, I came up next to her. "Hi!" I said, smiling. I wondered just how much we should show him.  
  
As though to answer my question, Jess came up on the other side of Wanda, her shirt still above her hips, and smiled. She had stretched the cloth tight across her breasts, and her nipples looked... really good. Just... really good.  
  
"Hey there, pizza guy!" She looked down and pretended to be surprised that her shirt had ridden up. "Oh no! I'm not wearing any pants! I must fix my shirt!" She clumsily pulled her shirt back down her hips. Now it was back to a relatively conservative 'barely covering anything' position, and the top was just that much tighter across her very perky tits.  
  
"Uh, that'll be twenty two fifty..." He muttered as Wanda took the pizzas from him, letting go of the front of her towel. As she did, she gasped slightly, lifting them up and looking down at her chest.  
  
"Um, my towel's a little loose... could one of you help me with it?" She looked over at me.  
  
"I got it!" Jess smiled wide at the delivery guy and grabbed the front of Wanda's towel. She uncinched it and pulled it off quickly, tossing it across the livingroom. Wanda shrieked and dropped both the pizzas. She was now standing totally naked in front of the delivery guy, desperately trying to cover her large tits and recently-trimmed, fiery red landing strip.  
  
John came up behind her and held out a fifty. "Here you go, keep the change. So long." He closed the door on the delivery guy's face and stepped inbetween me and his now totally-naked girlfriend. And I didn't even get my turn yet!  
  
"Oh no! I dropped the pizzas..." Wanda pouted, then glared at Jess. "Why'd you do that? You suck!" She furrowed her brow, still covering up as best she could, apparently not comfortable being totally naked in front of both her boyfriend and her friends at the same time. Jess and I were getting surprisingly comfortable with it, and John wasn't even our boyfriend.  
  
"Haha, it was funny though!" Jess laughed, and I giggled with her. It was pretty funny.  
  
John picked up the pizzas and brought them into the kitchen. We all followed, Jess letting her shirt ride back up, me barely holding my robe closed and Wanda fairly awkward in now-total nudity.  
  
"What's the damage?" Jess asked, unnecessarily pressing her chest against John's side.

"Well, this one is pretty gross, the top all came off, but this one seems okay." He set the bad one aside and opened up the good one. "Shall we?" He picked up a piece and smiled at the three mostly naked girls standing around him.  
  
"The top came off? Happens to me all the time..." Jess grabbed one and started eating. I joined them, deciding to let my robe hang loosely open as I ate, and smiling as John's eyes rested on my own bare skin rather than his girlfriend's. Even baring as much as I was, I was still the modest one next to a bottomless Jess and a naked Wanda.  
  
"I think I'm gonna go put something on." Wanda started toward the bedroom, but Jess grabbed her wrist with her free hand.  
  
"C'mon, Wanda, we've all already seen everything," She said, "At least, I'm sure John has seen your body plenty, and Cindy and I hardly mind. Just stay naked." Jess smiled and chomped on some more pizza. I nodded in agreement, and John was obviously supportive of the idea.  
  
"Well, I dunno, I don't feel comfortable just hanging out totally nude in front of all of you like this." She wasn't walking away, but she still had her arms crossed over her tits. She'd clearly done a pretty good job touching up her thin, red landing strip, and her otherwise bald crotch looked as smooth as mine. She certainly wasn't hiding that.  
  
Jess wrinkled her nose at me and I looked over at John. Then an idea struck me.  
  
"How about this: John can give you his shirt," I suggested, to Jess's happy agreement through a mouthful, "It's pretty hot tonight, anyway. Too hot to stay in all those clothes!"  
  
"Definitely. John, take off all your clothes," Jess swallowed, putting down her food as she fell to her knees to start working on his pants zipper, "You're horribly over dressed for this soiree!"  
  
"I thought we were just giving her my shirt?" He set down his pizza, but didn't stop Jess, who was now tugging at his belt.  
  
"Well, okay, I'll take his shirt." Wanda came back to the table, "He is wearing considerably more than us. That should be fixed!" Now she was smiling. I grinned, happy that Wanda had decided to join our little game. Jess smiled too as she pulled John's belt off and set it on the floor behind her. This was fun!  
  
He took off his shirt and handed it to Wanda to put on. He was somewhat muscular underneath, like his arms were, but not over-defined. He was definitely better without the shirt. Of course, Wanda'd never said he had a great personality.  
  
"Well, this shirt doesn't do too much for me," She pulled down on it, but even stretched out it still only barely made it to her landing strip. Her tits were covered now, but she her lower half was out in the open. "I guess I can stay like this." She shrugged, apparently starting to feel a little more adventurous.  
  
"No, us three can hide everything if we wanted to," Jess reasoned, gesturing to her own barely-covered crotch as she straightened up on her knees in front of John, "It's only fair that you should be able to, too." She unbuttoned John's pants now, having undone the belt and zipper, and pulled them down with a grin. I was a little surprised that she hadn't pulled off his boxers, too, especially since she was close enough to get poked in the face if she did. I guess that would have undermined her argument, though.  
  
"I can live with that." John nodded, stepping out of his pants. His erection was only covered by loose cloth now, and I could get a pretty good picture of his cock. Jess prolly had a better eye for this sort of thing, but I'd say he was around seven or eight inches. And very hard.  
  
"Here you go!" Jess handed John's pants up to Wanda grinning, apparently happy to be at face level with John's barely-covered cock. Wanda took them and pulled them on. She may have been bigger than Jess and I, and her large tits did make her chest a little bigger than John's, but she was still smaller than him otherwise. The pants were much too big around the waist, and she had to prop them up on her ass to keep them from falling off.  
  
"Just a bit big, but I guess we're all on even footing," Wanda smiled, looking sidelong at John's cock and biting her lip. It seemed clear that we were all enjoying the evening now.  
  
"Well, I'm all done stuffing my face with... stuff... for now. How about you guys?" Jess had John help her up, and she pressed against his body, smiling up at him as his cock pressed into her. That one piece was plenty pizza for me, and it looked like John and Wanda weren't too hungry. We headed into the living room.  
  
"Okay, Cindy had just trounced me when you got out, so it's your turn against the champ, Wanda," Jess handed us the controllers and sat down on the couch, patting the spot next to her for John.  
  
"I thought you beat her right when I got out of the shower?" Wanda raised her eyebrows at me, seemingly puzzled.  
  
I glanced over at Jess, who gave me a knowing look. She was planning something, so I covered for her. "No, that was our third match. I'd already won two, that one was just for fun." I looked at John, who shrugged and sat down next to Jess. She smiled knowingly at me and I grinned back, glancing at John's tent.  
  
"We play to three, right?" Wanda said, starting up the game. I nodded and she served. I easily returned it, my robe in little danger. She clumsily hit it back again, her large breasts visibly swaying under her shirt, and grabbing her slipping pants as she did. "Well now, these pants are going to be trouble..." She said off-handedly as she swung again, holding them up with her free hand, and missed as they slid part way down her butt anyway.   
  
"Jeez, poor Wanda. Gonna lose just cause she decided to wear pants," Jess shook her head sadly, "Her ass just keeps sliding right out of them." She said to John, and twisted to look around to Wanda's front.   
  
"And her boobs are bouncing all around in your shirt, John. She really needs to be wearing some kind of bra if she's gonna bounce around like this," I hazarded a glance at John's cock as I served. It twitched noticeably in the thin material of his boxers. "And those pants just can't seem to stay up, see how they're sliding down her nice, round ass? Her crack is slipping out right in front of us, geez!" Wanda scowled at this and pulled her pants up in a futile effort to cover herself. The back slid partly down her ass again when she hit the ball.  
  
"Cindy isn't covered too much better," Jess started describing me for him, "Her robe isn't really doing her a lot of good." She was right, it wasn't. But then, I wasn't really trying to keep it closed, since it was hardly falling off as much as last time. Wanda didn't seem to warrant the same aggressive play style as Jess.  
  
"Look at her tits, they're just freely bouncing around in front of her, can you see? Oh, and I don't know if you noticed, but she just shaved her pussy earlier. It's pretty smooth. I just shaved mine, and it's super soft, see?" I looked back and Jess had John's hand in hers, and was making him run his fingers between her thighs. "I bet Wanda's is just as smooth... Maybe we can do a comparison later?"  
  
"Ug, these stupid pants," Wanda reached down and tugged up John's pants again, which then immediately slid back down a few inches. I scored again and she frowned, looking back to see John's hand on Jess's pussy.   
  
"Fuck, Jess. I'm surprised you aren't sucking him off already," She glared at her errant boyfriend, "Get your hand out of there, dumbass." She turned back to the game, frowning, as he pulled his hand away and I served again.   
  
I was 2 to 0, and it was a 3 point game. I was pretty much safe, so I was watching the couch more than the game at this point. Jess put a finger to her lips, and John gave her a funny look. I watched in awkward intervals, holding even against Wanda as Jess opened up the front of John's boxers and reached inside. He just coughed, watching his girlfriend right in front of him, but she was too occupied with not losing and trying to keep her pants up. I raised my eyebrows as Jess deftly pulled his cock out of its cage and smiled.  
  
"This sure is a hard one!" Jess commented, gripping it in her hand and starting to stroke. I stifled a laugh.  
  
"You're telling me!" Wanda said, still not scoring against my half-hearted swings. There wasn't much longer on the game timer, so I decided to let it play out. Jess gave John a few slow strokes and bent over him. She licked gently at the head of his cock before sliding her mouth all the way down its shaft. She pulled back up, leaving his cock glistening with her saliva, her tongue darting in and out of her mouth as she moved. She pumped his length again before pulling off. His eyes were closed now, and I could tell he was holding back from groaning with pleasure. As Jess started stroking him again, she looked at me and pointed up at the game. I looked back at the screen and saw that Wanda had somehow gotten it tied up.  
  
"Ack!" Wanda served and I jumped to return it sharply, my robe jumping as well. I was fairly unconcerned with getting naked in front of John by this point, and when it slid down my arms on the next swing, I just wanted to take it off. The fact that Wanda's boyfriend was probably staring at my bare tits bouncing with my movements while getting a hand job from Jess was actually much less disconcerting than it should have been. In fact, as this passed through my mind, I smiled with a pleasant warmth.   
  
I looked over at Wanda. She was swinging like crazy. She was clearly having a hard time against my A game, and her pants had almost totally fallen off her ass. Her legs were in a wide stance to keep them from falling further, but they weren't covering much of anything, so it was really kind of pointless. I paused the game. "Hey Wanda, I'm gonna take off my robe real quick, it's getting in the way."  
  
"Ya?" She looked at me as I slipped the robe off, my naked body now totally bared right there in the living room. I tossed it onto the couch next to Jess and smiled to John as she stroked him. His eyes were glued to my tight little Asian body, and I had the sudden, irresistible urge to smack my nice, firm ass. He bit back a moan as I did, and I giggled quietly.  
  
"Well, I guess I can lose these pants..." Wanda said, too preoccupied with them to notice my ass slap. She let them fall the rest of the way down her legs and kicked them off to the side, ready to get back to the game. She didn't even notice Jess giving her boyfriend a hand job a foot or two behind her now totally naked, nice, round ass.  
  
"Here we go," I unpaused the game before Wanda got curious about what might be happening behind her. Now that her legs were free, she was a little more capable and sent me a speedy return. I easily got it without the robe blocking my movement. I smiled, my bare breasts bouncing as I moved, and watched Wanda's tits do the same.  
  
I glanced at the timer and discovered I only had 4 seconds to prevent a draw. I hit it back to Wanda with a curve, and it soared to the left as her little character jumped to the right. I won and looked back at Jess, who was stroking John off fairly rapidly now.  
  
Wanda groaned a little, stepping back and bending over double when she lost, her wide stance giving John a rear view of her freshly shaven pussy, only a foot or so in front of him. She just hung there, defeated, her round ass and bare pussy on display for her boyfriend as Jess continued to pump at his cock. This last sight must have pushed him over the edge, because he came with a grunt, and spurted right onto her butt cheeks.  
  
"What the heck?" Wanda said, turning around to see Jess pumping the last few drops out of John's cock. Jess smiled at her and laughed, a string of sticky cum dangling between her hand and his cock as she pulled away. She licked it off her fingers, actually making John blush, which was kinda cute. You know, in the "your friend just gave my a hand job" kind of way.  
  
"Okay, enough of that, then. Let's go to bed," Wanda glared at Jess and grabbed John's hand, leading him off to the bedroom, his cock still hanging out and fairly firm, cum dripping from both it and Wanda's ass. "You're paying for that one, bub." I heard her say as they closed the bedroom door.  
  
"Nice," I started to laugh and sat down on the couch with Jess, who started laughing as well.  
  
"That was a fun evening!" Jess smiled at my naked body, wiping her hand off on the side of the couch, "Wanna play some more Wii? I bet I'll beat you this time." Jess nodded at the glowing screen.  
  
"Nah, I think I'm done for the night. Wanna pull out the bed?" I got up and turned off the TV.  
  
"Sure." Jess stood up and we took off the cushions and pulled out the bed. She took off her shirt and tossed it on the recliner. I followed suit, picking up my robe and throwing over the arm. We climbed into bed naked.  
  
We both curled up under the one blanket, but not together. After a while I was pretty sure Jess wasn't awake anymore, but I couldn't fall asleep. I looked at the moon out the window, thinking of our crazy day. Jess practically naked at the theme park, and Wanda's tits bursting her buttons. Jess always showing off her smooth crotch, and it laying so close now.  
  
I heard the low hum of the electric heat kicking in. I listened to it for a while and started to gently toy with my very warm pussy lips. I hadn't came all day, and it seemed like a great way to finish off the night. I heard a quiet murmur from Jess. Maybe she was still awake after all.  
  
"Hey, Jess, do you, um, happen to know where that vibrator got to?" I whispered to her, one hand gently working between my legs.  
  
"Mmm... don't you hear it humming?" The noise I'd assumed was the heater got louder with a wet sound. I almost involuntarily pushed my fingers into my suddenly pulsating hole as my spine tingled with sensation. I bit my lip, stifling a quiet moan.  
  
"John was pretty hot, ya?" Jess said, making awkward conversation as we both pleasured ourselves under the covers in the dim moonlight of the living room  
  
"I don't know, you whacked him off." I smiled, picturing it. Jess softly moaned beside me. God, she really was getting herself off right next to me. I started pressing into myself more quickly. It felt so good with her so close.  
  
"Well sometimes... mmm... sometimes you have to make your own crisis if you... ooooh... if you want an opportunity... oh... John..." Jess squirmed a little next to me. "Mmm!" She moaned. I could hear a squelching noise as she pumped the vibrator in and out faster now. She moaned more loudly, and started to arch her back. She was cumming right next to me, and it was so, so hot!  
  
I started moving my fingers in and out faster now. I was almost there... "Oh Jess..." I whispered as my legs tightened and I fingered myself as fast as I could. "Oh god, Jess..." I shivered as I came, and it felt incredible with her still moaning softly next to me.  
  
Shivering with sensation, I curled up against her as she lay on her back. She embraced me, both of our hearts pounding against each other.   
  
After a few moments, she was asleep in my arms, and I wondered if she had heard me say her name. Soon, I was asleep in hers.