**A Formerly Shy Person**

by**[naykedanonymous](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1160496&page=submissions)**©

I'd been shy most of my life and I was more likely found with a book in hand, reading in a quiet corner of the school grounds every recess and lunch break. I'd walk home, still reading, and always alone. It wasn't that I was hated, disliked, or even purposefully ignored; it was more that I was invisible to those around me. I didn't get in people's way, I answered correctly most of the time when asked questions in class, and I played adequately in gym; but when given the option, I remained silent and I pulled away from those around me, not really being missed. I wasn't yet confident in, and sure of, who I was yet and I just didn't know how to relax around others; I was more comfortable in my own company.  
  
That would change.  
  
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I remember that it was a Tuesday afternoon in September of my last year, because it was my birthday. I'd just turned 18, not that anyone at school know, though. The cool grass under my body contrasted with the heat of the late-summer's sun striking my back; I was lying down, propped up on my elbows, with book, in hand, as usual. I was reading "Sophie's World", concentrating hard to understand a section, when Joey Adams walked past me, barely noticing me, I was sure. I returned to my reading with a forlorn shake of my head, wishing, just for once, that someone would notice me. I must have read for a few more minutes before I heard a shout, "Joey, come check this out!" from the nearby basketball courts, where a few of the guys were clustered.   
  
A few seconds later, Joey walked past me, and I realized that he actually looked back toward me and smiled at me. I was sure it was my imagination, and then realized he was probably smiling at whoever he'd been with behind me. I looked over my shoulder expecting to see a few girls, but there was nothing within 50 meters. But then why had Joey been doing standing so close to me. Maybe he was reading or just sitting and thinking.   
  
I looked back toward him, to catch him turning away from me quickly and joining what was now a tight huddle with his buddies.   
  
I returned to my reading hoping for a lightning-bolt of understanding about some philosophical point in my book. A few minutes later though, it was a lightning-bolt of a different sort that hit me. I was laying on the grass, on my stomach, comfortable with my ankles shifting between crossed and uncrossed up in the air. My knees about 30cm apart. That in itself wouldn't have mattered, but today I was wearing a skirt - taking advantage of the last days of summer. It wasn't a short skirt, actually reaching my knees when I stood. Laying down, and with the movement of my legs, the part covering the back of my legs had risen somewhat - as a quick shoulder-check told me - and was pulled straight across, the fabric trapped under my thighs from when I had lowered myself to the grass.   
  
It seemed crazy - why would Joey have been looking up my skirt - what would he have seen anyway. I was wearing underwear that covered as much as my bathing suit, and it would all have been in shadow anyway. I sniffed the air to see if I could smell smoke or pot - perhaps that's what he'd been doing behind me. Either way, he couldn't have seen anything and why would he want to? Stupid boys.   
  
I returned my eyes to my book, deciding it didn't matter. Joey hadn't noticed me before today, and I doubted he'd remember me tomorrow. The ringing of the end-of-recess-bell allowed me to ignore the fact that I had not read a word since looking back to my book. I gathered myself up, and went back in to class.   
  
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That night I spent at least an hour on the floor in my room, my mirror propped against the wall. I was trying to figure out what Joey may have seen, if anything, and realized that at worst, it was my thighs and the dark blue of my panties, no more than at a beach. More likely, he wasn't even looking.   
  
I went to bed telling myself that.  
  
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I awoke the next day, a bit hot and flustered, but unable to remember any of the dreams I was sure I'd been having. My mother knocked on my door every 2 minutes after that first knock awoke me until I was out of my room. It took ten minutes, but I emerged from my room in my bathrobe, shuffling toward the bathroom.   
  
By the time I'd left home for school, I'd managed to shower, have breakfast, and try on six different outfits, something I'd never done before. I settled on a jean skirt that came mid-thigh, longer that what some girls wore, but short for me; I don't think I'd worn it for at least a year. I had decided to conduct a test today, but didn't want to be sleazy; the result was this skirt, and a proper pair of bikini-bottoms underneath, bright red with white polka-dots, so that there was no thinking they were underwear if indeed Joey did try to look up my skirt again. The nerve of that boy, well, almost-man. He was older than me after-all.   
  
I wore one of my normal baggy t-shirts over-top of the bikini-top, and sandals topped off my ensemble.  
  
I walked to school, my mind trying to come up with things I'd say to him if I caught him looking up my skirt again. It didn't really cross my mind, then, that I was doing everything in my power to encourage him to look up my skirt.  
  
At the morning break, the sun was out, and I couldn't quite get up my nerve to lay on the grass again. I did see Joey, though, as he walked back and forth. It may have been my imagination, but I was sure he was looking for someone. I was invisible though, hiding in a doorway far from yesterday's reading spot. Before I could get up my nerve, the bell rang and I returned to class.  
  
I didn't take my lunch down to the cafeteria during the lunch break. Instead, I went immediately outside, before I lost my nerve, and lay down on the grass, my body pointed toward a fence, and my neck propped up on my book-bag. I'd thought about my best location, and the only reason for anyone to stand in that spot along the fence was to look up my skirt. If Joey went there, I had him.  
  
I lay there reading, trying to relax and likely squirming more than ever before. Should my feet be together or apart? Should my knees be up or down? Should THEY be together or apart? I finally settled on a set of three alternate positions: one leg down, one leg bent at the knee and foot pulled up beside my calf; both knees pulled up, with knees together, but ankles splayed apart; and legs together, straight along ground (this last was my safety position).  
  
I soon gave up, and realized I'd actually hoped he'd show up. I was that desperate for attention, I thought, that I wanted a boy to try to look up my skirt. I returned to my book, resigned that my life was still the same old boring life I'd led for the past 18 years (and a day!). I was in a groove, reading page after page of "Sophie's World", considering the ideas put forth etc. And noticed someone walking along the fence-line. I was smooth, not shifting my eyes to look - I didn't want to give myself away or let them know I'd seen them. Right now, I was in position 2, my knees forming the point at the top of a triangle, my feet about a foot apart, flat on the ground.   
  
I flipped a page, hoping it seemed like I was still reading, suddenly aware of what I had orchestrated. Sure it was just a bathing suit he'd see, but would he realize that? And why was I feeling so warm and flush, breathing heavy, and wanting desperately to squirm?  
  
You laugh knowingly, I'm sure, but at that time I was a shy introvert and had never so much as held a boy's hand outside of a folk-dance lesson in 6th grade gym. I'd read books about sex, but never had sexy feelings. I look back now and realize that this is where I first had them - the sexy feelings, I mean.  
  
Sure enough, the body stopped just out of my line of site, directly between the fence and my -to be crass- ass. Whoever it was, was definitely able to see up my skirt. I flipped another page, wondering how long before I needed to flip another. I couldn't concentrate on reading, but didn't want to break cover. I shifted to position one, dropping a leg down, and revealing, I believed, less to my viewer. I was also able to quickly glance over the top of my book and confirm it was indeed Joey.   
  
And he was looking.  
  
The bell went, and I gave in to instinct, not knowing what else to do. I gathered my bag, book, and self, and went back in to class, pretending Joey wasn't even there, just 15 feet away from me.  
  
I did notice he was blushing. But then, so I was probably a bit flush too.  
  
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That night I masturbated for the first time. My mirror was against the wall, my feet on either side of it, and I was wearing the bikini bottoms and skirt...rubbing myself through and with the fabric...sliding the fabric around and seeing what could be seen normally, or what could be seen with some careful positioning. And then it happened, a pulsing heat rushing through my body along with intense pleasure.   
  
Wow.   
  
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Now don't think I just went out and flashed everyone I saw. I was actually a bit scared. Not of the pleasure, no, but of what people would think if they found out. I dressed like a nun for the next few weeks, avoiding anything remotely revealing - except at night. I locked myself in my room each night for two weeks straight, putting on different outfits, and seeing what could be seen depending on how I moved my body or the fabric. What happened if this extra button was undone. That sort of thing. And always with the mirror - I wanted to see what was "Joey" would see. And above all but my carefully crafted fantasies, I touched myself. My fingers explored every part of my body. They were soft then rough, slow then rapid...and I revelled in it. I also did a lot of laundry. I really get wet.  
  
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Summer ended as October hit, and before I'd done anything risky outside my fantasies, a reason to lay on the grass was gone. A cold front has settled in, and downpours were interspersed with brief crisp grey moments when the rain briefly stopped. I spent much of that time indoors - again in my room; this time, in addition to my new nightly ritual, I explored the world of exhibitionism online.   
  
It was here that I learned that I was not alone, but also to be very careful. Safety, health, and reputation were at stake. But there were others like me, who got off on showing off. I wasn't a total freak.  
  
It was a release to know that I wasn't alone and that everyone wasn't repulsed - and especially that a lot of people loved to watch. The term voyeur was added to my quickly forming vocabulary of this new world. Alas, not much of this new vocab would make it into that week's English assignment.  
  
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At school, while dressed demurely, I'd not been idle. I'd continued to scout out locations that might be of use should I ever give in to my new fantasies. A bench there, at the top of the stairs, and there's another at the end of the hall. How about there on that ledge? And really, those stairs always have people sitting on them reading and talking. And in class, any desk in the front row could give the teacher a thrill, and the lab stools in science could be useful too. There were the bleachers in the gym, open to us now during breaks now that the weather had turned.   
  
And outside there were ledges and wide stairs to sit on, should I dare the wet and cold.   
  
My mind raced each day, thinking "what if" and "dare I?" but resisting each time. I'd return home at the end of the day only to rush to my room, emerging only for dinner and "face-time" with my family. I told them I was studying.  
  
I took to writing down my fantasies which included both potentially real and undeniably impossible scenarios. There were challenges and dares I was making up for myself, and that itself proved immensely satisfying and sexually gratifying. And it kept me from doing anything for real. It was safe and mostly satisfying. But yeah, it wasn't enough.   
  
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I took these lists and figured out which dares I was sure would be easy to accomplish, as the risk to "getting caught" was low in my reasoning.   
  
I decided to try one of them on a Wednesday night down at the local rec centre. It was a teen-night, and I went sometimes at my parent's request, if they couldn't take him and pick him up. There were surprised when I said I was going, even though he wasn't that night, but I told them that one of the girls from school was going. They were so pleased that I was going out with a friend that they even let me take the car. I wasn't going there, though - but instead to a rec centre several km beyond. On this night was their Adult "Lengths and Relaxation" night in which the lights were lowered, and the main pool divided between lap lanes and an open space.  
  
I drove down promptly to arrive at 7:30, 30 minutes after it had started. The change room was empty, for which I was thankful. I didn't want to risk anything scaring me off from completing my first challenge. I'd taken an old bathing suit of mine, a black one-piece that was, perhaps, a size or two small - it was three or four years old, after all. I'd then removed the lining in the chest. I pulled it out, realizing I'd grown quite a bit since last wearing it. I quickly stepped into it, pulling it up and sliding the straps over my shoulders. I moved to the mirror, concerned someone might come in and wonder what I was doing. I quickly made sure that no pubic hairs were visible outside what I now realized was really a too-small-suit. The suit hadn't grown taller with me, and it was pull tight, the hips higher and the crotch thinner than it was designed to be - but no pubes were showing. What was obvious were my nipples hard and pushing through the thin fabric of my suit. I could count each goose pimple.   
  
Before I could chicken out, I locked away my clothes, attached the key to the hip of my suit, and bravely (in my mind) walked out into the pool area. It was quiet, and with the low lights, I felt quite safe. I walked, with as much confidence as I could muster, toward the lap lanes in the large pool. An attractive man smiled up at me as he reached the end of a lane and paused before starting another lap. I smiled in return and liked the idea, whether true or not, that he was checking me out. My nipples were aching.  
  
I lowered myself down to sit at the edge of the pool, and seconds later slid down into the water. I began to swim laps in the slow lane I'd chosen, taking up a basic breast stroke. I luxuriated in the feeling of the suit, tight against me, as I moved. I could feel the fabric pulled tight against my pussy with each kick, and rub across my nipples with each stroke. And I imagined the view that might be presented to anyone with goggles. Were my nipples as obvious as I hoped they were? Was the view of the black fabric stretched across my wet [ha!] pussy something being enjoyed by the swimmers behind me?  
  
I finished a full kilometre of laps - a full 20 - and swam to the edge of the open area of the pool. People were scattered around, usually in small groups of 2 or 3, talking, whispering, and even making out. I lay on my back and just let myself float for a minute, closing my eyes and imagining everyone was looking right at me.   
  
After a few moments I opened my eyes, and without pausing got up and walked toward the steam room. I went in, gasping in surprise at the heat, and looked through the fog for a suitable place to suit. The room was mostly empty, and I reclined against the wall farthest from the door, on the bottom bench. I Put one leg up, my left arm stretched out over the top, my other leg straight along the bench, my right arm over top my head. I was, at this stage, the only one in the room, so it helped me to feel brave. I'd promised myself I wouldn't look at myself in the suit, wet, until I went to the change room after my swim - I was worried I'd chicken out if the suit was too revealing. I did, however, run my fingers over my nipples, able to feel every bump as though the fabric wasn't even there.  
  
I relaxed more, alone with my thoughts, and lowered my right leg to the ground, pointed away from the bench; I didn't think of it that way, but it was a pretty lewd pose, but one I'd set only in trying to relieve the pressure of the suit against my pussy.   
  
I'd fortunately stopped rubbing my nipples when the door opened, and I quickly closed my eyes and pretended to be dozing. I wasn't sure if it was a man or woman who's come into the room, and wasn't sure if I wanted to open my eyes and find out. My hair was fairly long and did fall across my eyes, and I took the chance that I could peek through narrow eye-slits and hair, and not have them realize I was watching.  
  
It was the man who'd smiled at me when I'd first approached the lanes at the edge of the pool. He was sitting opposite me on the middle bench, mimicking the pose I was in, more or less. I wasn't sure, but sensed he was looking at my body. I slowly closed the narrow gaps in my eyes and tried to imaging what he'd be seeing.  
  
I waited, hearing nothing but the sounds of my own breathing in the hot, wet air. I chanced another peek, and almost caught my breath realizing that he was hard in his red Speedos, they, like my suit, were tight, and I was sure I could see the outline of the first hard cock I'd ever been in the presence of. Of course, I was looking through squinting eyes and layers of hair, and could be wrong, but was fairly certain I wasn't. He was aroused by looking at my body - at ME - in a tight, too-small, wet bathing suit, with no lining in the chest. My hard nipples pushed through the fabric, and when I looked down, I gasped - for they really were obvious. It was as though the suit was painted on, not actual fabric.  
  
I gasped at that and tried to cover my shock by yawning and pretending to wake up suddenly. I did get a good look, as I stood, of the man's "package" straining against its fabric cage. I didn't look him in the eyes as I walked out of the steam room.  
  
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I walked straight to the change room showers, my heart pounding in the realization that a man had actually looked at me and noticed me. I was worried I'd collapse in orgasm at any moment, and quickly turned the cold water on full and plunged myself under the shower head.  
  
I gasped now, the shock of the cold water bringing clarity to my thought. I turned off the water and walked toward the sinks and mirrors, looking myself. My nipples pushed through the suit with such clarity that nothing was left to the imagination of my voyeur other than the colour of my nipple themselves. And the rest of the suit similarly clung to my body, showing the outline of belly button, and the curve of my ribs. I looked at myself anew at that moment, realizing that I was a bit skinny, but fit. I had B-cup breasts, but they matched my slender body. I wasn't ready to appraise my face, but I acknowledged that men might enjoy my body. That was a first.  
  
I quickly changed and left the pool; the idea of having an orgasm in public - in front of others - was so beyond my imagination that I had to think and I ended up driving aimlessly for an hour before heading home. Tossing my swimming stuff in the laundry, I went up to my room to think (and play). I was up until 3AM.  
  
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The next day began far too soon for my liking. I groggily emerged from under my covers on the third set of knocks from my mother, and worked through my morning routine. Getting dressed, though, took less time than the last time I told you about. I'd decided what to wear the night before, and immediately dressed. It was cold and wet out, still, so I couldn't go crazy; I dressed like a catholic school girl, in my kilt, a white blouse, and with warm knee-socks on. I opted for a pair of white briefs and a matching bra, and really looked quite innocent, I thought. With my long wool duffel-coat, I'd be quite presentable at school and not look out of place on this cold day.

On arrival at school, I put my coat in my locker, and went off to my first class, then my second, waiting impatiently for recess. By now, I'd figured out where Joey's locker and classes were, and decided to position myself on ledge at the bottom of the stairs where he might notice me. I hopped up on it, surprised at how cool the stone was against the underside of my thighs where the skirt didn't shield them. People were wandering and I tried to shift myself without being obvious, adjusting my kilt so that if I spread my legs a bit, the fabric would straighten across the top of my thighs, providing an open view to my panties.   
  
I pulled out my latest book, a bit of a sci-fi bodice-ripper called "Outlander" and waited.   
  
I actually got quite involved in my book, and had almost forgotten my purpose. At any rate, I realized I'd let my legs drift apart a bit more than was decent when I realized there were two guys I didn't know watching me from the bank of lockers across from where I was sitting. I knew they could see my white panties peaking out since my knees were at least a foot apart. I kept reading, noticing them whispering back and forth as they continued to stare. I began to get aroused at the idea of these strangers seeing my underwear, and I had to remind myself not to get carried away. I did, though, shift to sit cross legged on the wide ledge, ensuring that my kilt was pulled tight across my knees. The boys adjusted their position and it was obvious they were trying to maintain a view - something they achieved by slouching a bit less, I think.   
  
I flipped a page and realized that I was getting wet and had to struggle to resist squirming. At that point, I realized that I should stop, and, as casually as possible, I put my book in my backpack and slid off the ledge. I walked away as casually as I could, but felt like I was dripping down my thighs.  
  
I smiled at Joey as I walked past him, and he did a double take; I heard him ask his friends who I was. It was sad, as we'd been in the same grade and classes for 4 years. But then I realized that I'd smiled at him...I'd done something to bring attention to myself and it had been ok - hell, he'd looked at me. And those boys had looked at me. And damn, I was turned on.  
  
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I spent the rest of the day, including my lunch break, lost in thought considering what I'd done and what the results had been. And I knew I had to do more. But I had to do it safely.  
  
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That night, my family was out, and I had the place to myself. I was still thinking, and, remember my swimming suit and towel from the night before, ran the laundry. As I was pulling out my warm suit, I decided to try it on and, in the bright lights of our bathroom, see just what could be seen when it was wet.   
  
The first thing I noticed, putting it on my body, was how scratchy the fabric felt, but then that's what happens to that fabric in bathing suits as time goes on. And then I thought about how it felt pulling tight against my pussy, snuggly holding my breasts. I looked in the mirror and saw that my nipples were already obvious through the fabric, just as they were the night before. But then I had to look closer.  
  
I began to shift and twist myself a bit, but I was sure that through the stretched fabric, I could see the darkness of my nipples compared to my pale freckled breast. It was vague, but I was sure it was there. Could others see it the night before in the lower lights of the pool?  
  
Oh my god. What about when it was wet?  
  
I quickly jumped in the shower soaking myself and the suit, and climbed back out, dripping water all over the floor. I looked in the mirror. The suit, as I'd thought last night, clung to my body like a second skin. My nipples were there in black relief, and I really could count each bump on each areola. And as I twisted and turned, it was more obvious to me that the fabric, without it's lining, was slightly transparent. Careful attention let me know that you could see the shift in skin-tones through the suit, but without staring up close, it wasn't totally obvious. I think in the lower light of the pool, I'd be ok.   
  
I took off the suit, ringing it out, and realized that I was really turned on. As I stood there, naked, I looked back at the suit and asked myself, "What about if I took out the rest of the lining?" There was the lining that covered the lower half of the suit, my ass and pussy areas. Hmm. I looked at it, and thought, "What the hell, it's an old suit," and knew I was going to do it. I had to look and see, to imagine what would be seen by others.  
  
The job was quickly accomplished and the suit was now liner-less. I pulled it on and jumped back in the shower, and back out in front of the mirror. I looked at my nipples again, and realized that if I stuck out my chest, the fabric would stretch and the colour would be more obvious. Hmm...this had possibilities. And then I looked down.  
  
The first thing I realized was that you could definitely tell I wasn't shaved. The fabric clung tight against me, every hair seemingly outlined in it. I just about collapsed as I reached down and ran my fingers along the fabric. As they crossed over my clit, I just about collapsed in an orgasm that took me without warning. I'd not realized how worked up I was, nor how good this tight suit felt against my body.  
  
I looked at the clock on the wall, and realized my family would be home soon. I began to clean up the room with a few towels from the hamper (hmm...I should have done those with the laundry too) and threw them back in the bin. I then stripped off my suit and smelling the air, realized they needed a quick rinse. As I wrung them out over the sink, I heard the door downstairs open as my family entered. I ran quickly to my room, and closed the door, leaning against it to keep the world out.  
  
My dad yelled, "We're home!" through my bedroom door, but didn't come in, and I called back, "Sounds good, I'm crashing early, I'm tired." There was no reply.  
  
I reached down and felt my pubic hair, and then felt lower. Then I rolled away from the door into the middle of my bedroom floor, and began to masturbate for all I was worth. It was a long night.  
  
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I spent Friday, that week, in thought. My list of personal fantasies and dares was growing as well.  
  
Saturday saw me off to the mall with my research in hand. I'd spent Friday night learning everything I could about pubic shaving and it had come down to two things. A good pair of no-cut trimmers, and something called the "Seiko CleanCut". I'd need some talc-free talcum powder too, and some lotions. But the main thing for pain free shaving was that CleanCut thing. It took me an hour, but I finally found it in a shop a few blocks from the mall that dealt in electric shavers and trains and models and stuff. It was an odd place, but interesting at the same time.   
  
The older man who sold me a "set" with the CleanCut and a trimmer as well gave me a big smile and knowing wink as I left. I could feel the burn of my embarrassment spread across my face and neck, and the heat of the thrill spread out from my pussy.  
  
I went home and waited in my room, waited for everyone to leave the house before I went through with it. I didn't want to be interrupted or to have anyone asking what that buzzing noise was.  
  
I somehow managed to do my homework and stay out of everyone's way. I changed my panties 3 times that day, as I was constantly aroused.   
  
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Sunday morning saw everyone go out again. Living in a crowded house, I was realizing, was a challenge to a dirty perv like me! I'd read and re-read the instructions I'd gathered on the internet, and done the same with the brief instructions included in my new shaving toys. Gathered together on my bedroom floor, I sat on a towel and had another few scattered around. I had my large bedroom mirror pulled up, one corner right up to my ass as I sat legs spread, knees up, leaning forward. The key stuff with the CleanCut is to have a dry work-area, which meant putting some of that baby-powder in place. I dusted my hair and my lips, though I couldn't do much to help that wet line down the middle of my white-dusted skin. I began with the trimmer and quickly cut all my pubic hairs down to a mm in length - all without a nick or scratch! I paused and ran my fingers lightly across the peach fuzz, loving the sensations in the tips of my fingers as well as my pubis. It was soft and scratchy depending on how I moved my fingers, and the vibrations I felt - but I stopped myself from going further, knowing I had a job to finish.   
  
I ran to the bathroom, loving the thrill of being naked in my house, and quickly rinsed and dried myself. On returning to my room, the talc again emerged and I reapplied it to my pussy and peach fuzz areas. And then came the CleanCut - and it trimmed me as smooth as my legs had ever been with razor. And there were no nicks. AND IT VIBRATED. I'd had to reapply the talc a few times to make it through, but in the end, I stood over my mirror, admiring the smooth skin of my outer lips, trying to ignore the puffiness of my emerging inner lips. God I was turned on. And the sensations of my fingers running across the smooth skin, smooth lips, it was amazing.  
  
I realized that I should clean up, and discarded the hair by shaking the towel over a garbage can, and tossing it in the laundry bin. I didn't think I had time to try on the suit wet, someone might be home at any moment. My younger brother and older sister and brother (twins) still lived at home; it was rare they were all out as well as my parents.  
  
I returned to my room and, standing my mirror up against the wall again, admired myself.   
  
I took some of the lotions I'd bought and spent the next two hours applying them - for purely medicinal reasons, of course!  
  
By the time my family started walking into the house, I was reading in the living room, more relaxed than I'd ever been before in my life.  
  
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I spent the next couple days just exploring my new hairless cunt (I'm working on my vocabulary!)...and, really, it took up a lot of my attention. In pants, it rubbed, in panties it rubbed, in bed - I rubbed! It was incessant. And it was wonderful. I was constantly aroused and took to carrying extra panties to school in my back pack.  
  
I shaved again, just with the CleanCut (I now call it the ClearCut in consideration of some local logging practices), after two days, and never once had an itch or scratch; well, of a non-sexual kind.  
  
I'd not had a real chance to try on the bathing suit again, as somebody else was always home. It didn't matter, though, as I spent most of the time in my room trying on everything else I owned, figuring out what would work for showing off, and what wouldn't. And what would work for getting me off, and what wouldn't.   
  
It really struck home that I dressed in a very plain way. Lots of browns and greys and dark blues, very little bright colour - and almost all shapeless and not very feminine. Nothing really accentuated or showed off my shape. There was the odd thing, but even the skirts and blouses I had were pretty dry.  
  
My mother and sister noticed my sudden interest in fashion and, though they didn't know my real purpose, really got into it. I think they were relieved that I was finally taking and interest. I realized that even my family saw me as somewhat invisible. When asked what prompted the change, I simply said that, "I want to look more feminine and attractive. I've been dressing like such a tom-boy the last few years, and I need to change that. You and mom are so pretty and stylish, and I want to be more like you."  
  
That simple statement to my sister was shared with my mother and the two of them began constantly suggest shopping trips and hair-styles to experiment with. Suddenly I had a new wardrobe picked out with my mother, my sister, and on my own with mom's monetary support. I even came home one day to find a gift-box on my bed full of some sexy underwear; it was a gift from my sister. She'd also left a note saying that I should go through her old boxes of clothes in the basement and take anything I wanted before it all went to charity.  
  
I spent a few nights going through those boxes down in the basement, a single bulb lit above me, and it was a trove of clothes with potential. My sister had never been one to dress frumpy. She had skirts, dresses, tight tops, tight pants, short shorts, etc. Some would need to be modified, but if I made a mistake, it wasn't a big deal, as these were all not needed by my sister any more. I guess that was selfish since they were all going to charity, but at this point I felt like a bit of a charity - I needed these clothes to get ...well, to get noticed.  
  
I'd almost forgotten about the suit. Well, not at all, actually - it was still calling to me.  
  
Another Wednesday rolled around when my younger brother wasn't going to the swimming pool. I quickly grabbed my bag, deciding that I couldn't wait for an empty house to see how I looked. I'd just have to take a chance. My dad was home and gave me the car keys, proud that I was getting out with friends.  
  
Thirty minutes later, I was in the empty change room pulling on my old suit. The tingling started as soon as I realized I was completely naked, shaved and all, in public, for the first time in my life. As I pulled the suit into place, I took the plunge I promised myself I'd take and didn't look in a mirror. I locked my locker and went directly out to the pool, diving in to the slow swim lane and immediately beginning to complete a lap.  
  
I wasn't sure what was visible to anyone behind me as I swam the breast stroke, though I knew people swimming toward me would be able to easily see my nipples through the clinging fabric. And maybe see the colour tones showing through the fabric as well? I made sure to puff out my chest as much as I could while I swam and wondered if my pussy was visible, the outline, or even more, to anyone behind me.  
  
I looked over my shoulder to notice one man with a snorkel and mask behind me. I smiled and wondered more, feeling almost naked in the suit. It was pulled high up in the hips, higher than it was supposed to be, and I loved that only an inch or so of fabric was covering my cunt at the very bottom. At the end of the lane I clung to the edge, waiting and allowing the man to swim past me. His head emerged from the water briefly and he smiled at me, a nervous look in his eye. I could tell he wanted me to keep going, but I said, "After you," and waved him on.  
  
I tried to be subtle as I slid him right hand down the suit, tracing my fingers gently. Shivers ran up my body and I quickly traced along the edge of the suit at the bottom, figuring out that it covered me, but barely. My mind started going, asking myself what would happen if I pulled one part of the suit toward the middle....perhaps over a lip and left it...it would look like it had slid there by mistake, wouldn't it?  
  
I swam another few lengths, thinking about it, getting more and more worked up. I phased everyone else out, the idea running through my mind. Could I get away with it? The suit, was, I knew, already pulling up my ass, and not covering 2/3 of what it once did.   
  
At the end of the next length, I used my right hand to pull the back of the suit up my ass more, completely uncovering the right cheek. I kept swimming, realizing that the same man from before was behind me again, his snorkel bobbing above his head as he swam. I was fairly sure my cunt was still covered, but not by much, and he definitely could see my right ass cheek completely. At the next turn, I let him pass me again, the disappointment on his face evident, despite his attempt to hide it.  
  
I let another few people swim by as I clung to the wall, I then began swimming again when there was a gap of almost half a length clear of people behind me. As I did so, I let my right hand drop, my lust pushing through my fear and hesitation, and slid the right side of my suit seam over a bit, so that it was resting just inside the cleft of my pussy. Now, anyone swimming behind me would definitely see more than they were expecting. I kept swimming laps, concentrating on my form, and trying to look like I was unaware of anything but; in concentrating on my form I kept my chest pushed forward, and my kicks brought my legs as far forward and apart as possible.   
  
A few laps later I looked over my should and realized that the group behind me had caught up, again led by Mr. Mask and snorkel. I shivered as I swam knowing that he was seeing more of me than anyone ever had. Each stroke let me feel the water swirl over the exposed half of my cunt and the fabric seam pull itself tighter into by gap. And he was watching.  
  
I made it through another 3 laps before I began to shiver as though I was going to orgasm. I pulled myself up on the ledge and pulled my legs up a bit as I rode out the orgasm, breathing heavily into my arm. I hoped that to everyone else around me it looked like I was just catching my breath.  
  
"Are you OK?" I heard from behind me and I turned to see Mr. Snorkel holding on to the wall as another swimmer pushed off the wall.   
  
"I am, just catching my breath. I've not swum this much in ages."   
  
There was a pause as he realized, I think, that he'd not actually thought what to say to me beyond his opening statement. For that matter, I didn't know what to say back. I'd not spoken to someone outside of family and school in a social context in ... well, in years.  
  
"I'm not sure if I'm doing it right," I blurted out before I could stop myself.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, I'm not sure if I've got the stroke right," I spouted, "especially the kick. It feels odd.  
  
"Um," he mumbled, obviously not sure what he could say without getting busted for staring at me under water.  
  
I wasn't sure what I was doing, but I plunged on, "Would you mind looking at my stroke and telling me if I'm getting it right?"  
  
"Um."  
  
There was a pause.  
  
"Sure?" he said, though it was spoken as a question.  
  
"OK, let's go over to the side here, and get out of the way of these other lap-swimmers."  
  
The smile on his face and the rate at which he swam over let me know that I'd really hooked him. At least I think I had. I was new to this "attraction" game, but I was liking the feeling so far.  
  
I led him to a shallower part of the pool, in the open half without lanes, and found an area away from other people. I asked him to watch my stroke for a minute, and he stood there as I dropped under water.  
  
I began to swim in circles around him, and looked up after a couple laps to inquire how I was doing.   
  
"It's actually kinda hard to tell through the moving water," he complained. The nerve. Ha.  
  
"Maybe," I said as innocently as I could, "you could see more with your mask." I dove back under and saw his body drop into the water beside me. I began to swim around him, though, I must admit, I swam the last lip on my side, facing inward.   
  
"You look, um good, he said, as he stood there, chest deep in the pool. What is it I should be watching for?"  
  
"I'm not sure if I'm getting my kick right. Can you watch for that?"  
  
"Um, yeah, but it'll be hard if I have you swim in circles. It won't look balanced."  
  
"What do you suggest, sir?" I was laying it on thick. "And thank you so much for helping me. This pool is cold enough that I can't really feel the motions right. My skin is all numb."  
  
He choked on his next words, "Um, well, how about over her by the ledge. Hold onto the ledge and I'll lower myself under water. You swim, and by pushing against the ledge, you'll stay in one spot."  
  
"Oh, what a great idea," I said, turning and swimming over to the ledge.  
  
As I began to kick my legs, I considered the man, a stranger, who was just under the water behind me. I looked over a shoulder and confirmed he was only a couple feet away, looking straight at my cunt. Sure, half of it was covered by my old suit, but half wasn't.

He came up for air a couple times, but I just kept kicking my legs out, and then pushing them back.   
  
"Well, any ideas?"   
  
"I think you're stroke looks great, I don't really have any suggestions. Does it hurt or something?"  
  
"I'm too cold to tell, but I'm just not sure. I could just have a cramp in my...." I paused.  
  
"...your?"  
  
"My right leg is a bit cramped up."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"It'll be ok, I'm sure," I said with a wince now gracing my face.  
  
"Are you sure, I could um, oh,...never mind."  
  
"What? You'd been so patient and helpful so far...what do you suggest?"  
  
"I could massage it for you."  
  
"Would you?" I didn't give him a chance to answer, but backed against the wall and put my arms and shoulders along the edge of the deck, my chest pushed forward. I glanced down, and was pleased to see my nipples at attention and closely outlined by the almost sheer bathing suit.  
  
I stuck my right leg out toward him and felt his hands grip my ankle.  
  
He began to massage my leg, and I luxuriated in the first touch of a male who I wasn't dancing with in Gym class or hugging at a family event.  
  
His fingers pushed against my flesh, rubbing and sliding, and slowly worked their way up, his eyes inquiring if that was ok? I nodded, "It's higher up, but I think my whole leg must be tight. This feels good, so please don't stop for a minute."   
  
"If you say so, " he said as his fingers moved up my calf a bit, enveloping it in his large hands. I didn't say anything, instead closing my eyes and arching my back a bit more.  
  
Another 30 seconds passed and I felt him move upward more, now rubbing between my calf and knee.   
  
"That's closer, and I can really feel the leg relaxing," I lied. If anything the tingling and sensations going through my leg and into my puss were anything but relaxing.   
  
His fingers crept higher, now at the bottom of my thigh...I'm sure I was squirming a bit, but struggled to remain in my pose, relaxed as it was with my tits sticking out like they were.  
  
I opened my eyes to realize he was closer just as he moved his hands up to the mid-point on my right thigh. His fingers and thumbs dug in and I squirmed, out of control for a moment, and brought my left leg up and bent behind him, pulling him forward into me.  
  
There was an awkward moment as I felt his hardness pressed into me, and I suddenly jerked back, "Oh...."   
  
"Um...I'm so..."  
  
Interrupting him, "You found the spot, I think I'm good now," I said thank you. I left him there looking at me, as I moved quickly to the shallow end of the pool and up the flight of stairs in the corner. I walked to the change room, not even realizing that I'd not fixed my bathing suit. I was so lost in my replay of the previous half-hour that I don't even know if anyone noticed me, my cunt lip on display and my ass-cheek out for the world to see.  
  
In the change room, I quickly found a stall and closed the door, leaning my back against it and breathing quickly.   
  
It was then that I looked down and realized I was still exposed. I'm not sure how noticeable it was, without any hair to show that another 1/2 inch of skin was visible...no, that's not true. I was fucking out there, and if I did anything slower than walk past someone, they'd know for sure.  
  
I came then and there, in the stall, as I franticly frigged myself, pulling the suit up into my slit.   
  
Five minutes later I emerged, hoping nobody was out there; I was in luck, and I quickly approached the mirror hanging over the sinks.   
  
The fabric was pulled tight, and I rearranged things to their "normal" position of covering my cunt, if just barely. This suit, I realized, must really be 2-3 sizes too small. It was perfect. Without any lining, the suit clung to my skin, outlining my pussy and showing fairly obvious camel toe, as I'd learned they were called. I couldn't see through it in this light, and thought that I could actually get away with wearing this in front of people I knew sometime. It really was the sort of suit I'd worn in the past, but in being too small it suggested that a) I was too cheap or didn't care about updating it and b) it was fucking hot.  
  
I wasn't exposed, exactly, but I was almost exposed completely. In turning around I could even, I realised, see the shadow of my ass crack through the fabric. The lining was more important there. I turned back around and slid two fingers into the fabric at my crotch. I could see the shadows between my fingers and realized that in different light, or stretched out more, things might become even more obvious.  
  
I was home an hour later, in my room, reliving the night.  
  
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While I was searching the net a few nights later, I noticed a lot of people wearing one-piece suits of tight stretchy nylon. I learned that this had originated in Japan with a type of theatre-art where people dressed all in black stood in front of all-black backgrounds, almost invisible. They then moved objects in ways that, normally, would be impossible; it was called Zentai. A character on that show, "Always Sunny in Philadelphia" even dresses up in a green Zentai suit. Seriously, Google it. But it got me thinking about Halloween, only a week away. I'd heard about parties being held, but had never even thought of attending. But this sort of costume might give me the opportunity to reveal more, to people I know, than I ever would have normally been able to. I had to figure out a costume - something that covered my face - and something that showed off as much of me as possible. I had a week to plan.  
  
I found out that a local theatre shop sold Zentai suits, and I went down to see what they had. They had a range of colours and styles, some with an open face, and some that completely covered the face. Some were metallic, others matte. I spent a fair bit of time looking at them, trying to think of a way to incorporate them into a costume of some sort.   
  
I let the saleswoman know I was ok on my own, and just trying to decide on a Halloween costume. I looked at the various accessories, and even at other costumes they had there. Some were quite sleazy, some quite dull. Few, though, completely hid one's identity, which is what I was after.   
  
Some of the fabric, I realized, was light enough to be sheer - like a light pair of nylons - if nothing was worn underneath it. Other was thick enough to be completely opaque. The first category, obviously, were intended to be worn with additional garments, while the second category saw it as unnecessary. I started to look at stuff in the middle.  
  
I finally settled on a black full body suit, without a head, in a nylon material a bit thinner than my bathing suit. In the store-lighting, which wasn't great, you could just barely see the changes of colour on a flat object (my patterned wallet) held underneath. I picked up some yellow fabric paint.   
  
Over the next few nights I worked away in my room, trying on my costume, and trying different combinations of outfits. I finally settled on a pair of shiny black jogging, a wide, yellow, leather belt from a raincoat of my mother's, and some old leather belt cases my older brother had left-over from the cub-scouts years before; he said I could paint them yellow. I even stitched some black nylon fabric over some hard foam for some pointy ears. Black leather boots and long gloves with lots of buckles, happily loaned to me by my motocross loving brother. My mother surprised me with the gift of a dark cape when I asked her to help me make a cape, and my biggest purchase was a Japanese full-head latex bat mask; it had a smooth, non-threatening face that was fairly androgenous. I carefully traced out the batman logo on an old black t-shirt that was fairly snug. It was the perfect batgirl costume. The new one, not the old.   
  
I showed it to my family as I went out that night. They all thought it was great, even my dad, and I could tell they wanted to ask why now, after 18 years of never going out, was I going out to a party; they held back, though. I was wearing oversized black shorts and a loose black t-shirt (with logo painted on) and perfectly decent, if not cute. It was a not-sleazy version of a superhero normally known for her skin-tight suit.  
  
I drove off, my parents trusting me not to drink, with the mask on the seat beside me.. I parked a block away from the party I thought Joey would be at. I gulped and took the plunge.  
  
This is where my real costume appeared. I slipped the t-shirt over my head and slid the shorts off my body. I was now clad only in black leather boots that went up to the top of my calves, a Zentai suit with a bat painted across the chest, a yellow belt, and a black cape. I'd looked in my room with the lights on, off, and during the day and at dusk, trying to simulate what people might see. The suit was stretched out a bit more than my experiments in the store, but still left some possibility that no-you-weren't-actually-seeing-the-blush-of-that-girl's-nipples was the reality. In bright light it was fairly obvious that you were indeed seeing the colour of nipples through thin fabric - even my belly-button's shadow, where it receded from the fabric was clear. The suit showed every curve of my body, pulling up into and separating my ass cheeks a bit. It was pulled up, slightly, into my pussy, and if I'd had dark hair there, or "outties", my lack of underwear would have been very obvious. As it was, it was merely suggested.   
  
With the hood pulled over my face, and the cape around my shoulders and over my breasts, I was fairly presentable walking along the street. My keys, ID, and some cash went into a now-yellow pouch on my belt. My nipples perked up in the cold night air. I walked past a few families, secure that on the poorly lit street here in the suburbs, that they couldn't see through anything. I heard the party before I saw the house. I rounded a corner and there it was, two houses in; it was a large two story house with a big yard. Most of the people were inside, but a few, in costume stood smoking on the front steps. I didn't recognize any of the people there, nor they me; hell, I was the last person they'd expect at any party, let alone one dressed like I was - and that was if they even knew who I was.  
  
I let the cape fall back from my shoulders as I neared, throwing my shoulders back and my chest out. I walked up as one of them said, "Fucking-awesome!". I nodded my head in silence, smiling underneath as I walked past. As I walked up the stairs, I lifted my cape up and pulled it around the side, ostensibly to keep from tripping on it.  
  
"Oh my fucking God. Did you see her ass?"  
  
"That is perfect...perfect..."   
  
I stood taller hearing those comments as I walked up the stairs into the house. I knew I was getting wet already, and hoped that it wouldn't show in the suit.  
  
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I walked in the front door, both relieved and disappointed that the lighting was a bit lower than it had been in the store where I'd bought the suit. But that was probably ok. I couldn't believe I was actually doing this. I immediately had to squeeze through a crowded hallway, and did so by raising my arms above my head and trying to slip through between bodies. Instead I managed to rub up against a fair number of bodies, and - I believe now - had a few bodies rub up against me if you know what I mean.   
  
I received some very positive comments from the sober, "That is an awesome Batgirl costume - the new one, right?" and drunk, "Nice bat-tits!". I enjoyed them all. My nipples were hard and sticking out and I was leaning back, perhaps more than I needed, as I worked toward an area clear of bodies; my breasts were pushed forward and up with my arms raised, and I felt the suit being pulled up into my ass and pussy.  
  
I reached and empty spot away from the entry way, and wandered into the living room. People were scattered around, some on couches talking - even a few making out - all in costume. There were slutty nurses, and was one brave girl in a bustier a silk boxers; perhaps she was someone from Moulin Rouge? The boys were dressed in unoriginal outfits. Cowboys, tuxedos, and various athletic genres. There was one of the football team dressed in a toga. He had nice shoulders.  
  
I kept to the edge of the room, moving toward a corner and staying out of people's way. I was quickly, though, joined by a boy I recognized as being in my year; actually, he'd been in my older sibling's grade the year before but had failed and was repeating the year; he'd come to a birthday party my brother had years ago, and I remembered his name as Christopher. He was dressed in a Tuxedo.  
  
"Hi, I love your costume."  
  
I nodded, not being drawn into speaking. That was a bonus of my character, she didn't talk, or at least my version of her didn't.   
  
"Ah, you're staying in character I see. God, is it OK that I say you look amazing. Anyway, I brought you a drink, would you like it?"  
  
I shook my head, and then followed it with a nod I hoped indicated I appreciated his offer.  
  
He moved a bit closer, to me, crowding me into the corner a bit. "Did you make the costume yourself?" I could tell, now, by the slurring of his words that he was pretty drunk. One clue was in his quick downing of his own drink, and a quick sip of the one he'd brought for me.  
  
I nodded and gave a bit of a curtsey to him, and finished up in a chest thrusting heroic pose.   
  
He stared at my breasts and said, "What is the fabric? Can I touch it? How did you get the logo so perfect?"  
  
I nodded and reached out my arm to him, but he didn't reach out and grab that fabric. He instead walked in closer to me and, looking right into my eyes, traced the logo painted across my chest...or should I say my breasts. As his finger traced along the side and underside I shivered, closing my eyes and leaning back into the corner.  
  
"I love how they, it feels. You've done an amazing job. Um....are you wearing anything underneath?"  
  
I paused here, feeling like I'd been caught out. I didn't want to admit that I was wearing nothing else, but I didn't want to lie. Instead I opted for shrugging my shoulders as I ducked down and under his arm.  
  
I heard him whistle as I moved into the party more, taking in the costumes of others and exploring the house. And letting myself be seen.  
  
A girl came up to me, dressed as Catwoman. She was sexy, but not slutty. I gave her a thumbs up and she smiled, "Hi, I love your costume - but who are you?"   
  
I shrugged away in a friendly way and she laughed!   
  
"Maybe I'll get to find out later," she questioned with a slur. She wandered off drunkenly and I watched as Christopher approached her with an extra drink in hand. I didn't know who she was, but realized that I didn't mind the attention. It was all so new and novel - having people notice me - and being almost naked, in a way.  
  
I decided to move out to the back yard, I could see people milling about there through a window, and there was a bit more space to roam. And it was dark. I realized that while I'd been standing around, several of my classmates, though I didn't know any of them, were starting at me. I needed to get out in the cool air and not let them see me quiver.  
  
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I found a quiet corner and didn't think anyone had followed me from inside. I took in the scene, realizing that dressed, as I was in black and standing in shadow, I was almost invisible.   
  
I'd never been to a real party before - I mean one with drinking and no cheek-pinching adults. As I relaxed in the shadows, confident I wasn't being stared at, I took in the back yard. It was a fair size, perhaps half the footprint of our school's gym. Near the center was a fire-pit with a nice camp-fire blazing away. Coolers were scattered around the people sitting by the fire on logs - some even on the coolers. Every few minutes someone would stand, grab a beer from a cooler, be it the one on which they sat or one outside the ring. I'd hear snatches of conversations; the main thing that struck these conversations as different from those I overheard at school were comments like, "I'm soooo wasted."  
  
I wasn't the only woman there dressed in something form-fitting or revealing. I recognized a girl from my Lit class dressed as Wonder Woman in a printed bathing suit and shiny red rubber boots; it was revealing, but she wasn't exposed, if that makes any sense. There were two girls French maids and a naughty nurse. Over there making out with someone dressed as Harry Potter was a girl in an abbreviated school-girl's costume. Her white panties kept flashing into view in the darkness as he pawed her ass. I liked it.  
  
One of the guys was dressed as a caveman, while another in a cardboard box for some reason; He kept tripping and his cardboard box was almost destroyed. There were two Jokers hitting on Wonder Woman, though only one of them had a good costume.   
  
And there was a caveman with a really attractive body revealed by his leopard-skin tunic. From my vantage, I looked right toward him as he sat by the fire, and I quickly realized that the fire lit up his underwear under his skins. I couldn't really see anything, but I did enjoy being in the voyeur role for a change. I imagined how big he might be under the dark briefs - was he circumcised or not - was he hard or soft. He was close enough to the fire that his night vision was shot - none of those around the fire noticed me watching from 30 feet away in the corner of the yard. I watched for quite a while and enjoyed watching a drunken Tinkerbell walk over and straddle his surprised lap and grind on him a bit while they made out. Those around the fire noticed and laughed after a bit, and I heard one of the guys call out, "We want to see what's under her costume, man, not yours!" as the guy's leopard-skin was pushed out of the way. I think that the caveman was embarrassed, for he picked up Tinkerbell in his arms (sadly allowing his costume to again cover him) and they moved away from the fire with laughter following them.  
  
I was surprised, at that moment, by a flash of light and the clicking of a camera. As my eyes recovered, I saw a camera-holding cowboy standing there - Joey. "I hope you don't mind, I'm getting photos of everyone at the party," he said.  
  
I shook my head, and shifted nervously, though I realized that in the dark he couldn't see me that well.   
  
"I get it!" Joey guessed, "You're staying in character tonight, and not talking, just like the Bat Girl in the comics. Cool."  
  
I nodded, and stepped toward him, not sure what I was going to do. As I stepped into the light though, that was answered for me, "Let's take some fighting photos Joey!"  
  
It was Cat Woman, who had found me in the yard. She was drunk, and trailing behind her was Christopher in his tuxedo.  
  
"Fantastic idea Kath, let's do it?" He looked toward me as he responded, obviously hoping I'd go along with it. I had no trouble agreeing with a nod and held up my hands with a shrug to indicate, "What next?"  
  
"OK, let's get the two of you on your own in action poses first."  
  
That was easy enough, I stood proud, my chest out, and fists on my hips. Click. Click.  
  
I tried crouching in a superhero-ish manner. Click. Click.  
  
Catwoman struck a few poses, and the camera clicked away. It clicked many times when she was on all fours, looking back over her shoulder at the camera which, I think, was more focussed on her ass.  
  
Joey asked us to pretend to encounter each other and then fake a fight, all in slow motion. It sounded easy enough and I nodded.  
  
Catwoman and I backed up until Joey said, "OK, move toward each other, but slowly."  
  
Click. Click. We each crept along, our motions overly dramatic. Click. Click. A recogniztion sequence, and Joey moved in closer, focusing on each of our faces in succession. Click. Click.   
  
This was fun, I was able to act in public safely behind my Latex mask. I put myself in the place of Batgirl, and shook my fish at Catwoman. Click. Click. She in turn "rushed at me" in slow motion, and Joey stepped back to get all of our bodies in the frame again. Click. Click. We began to grapple. Click. Click.

And then she grappled my breasts. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. I backed up. "Awe, that was good, hot," from Joey.  
  
I considered. Nobody knew who I was, it was fun to have contact with anyone my own age, and damn it, I was getting horny. I moved back toward her in a crouch. Click. Click. She leapt at me and I rolled back onto the cold grass, realizing just how warm I was at that moment. Click. Click. Doing things in slow motion let me consider, a bit, how I was posed to Joey. At that moment, I was on my back with Catwoman straddling me. Click. Click. Click. Click.  
  
Joey, I realized was moving around us as she leaned over and held my wrists down. Click. Click. Click. Click. As he passed out of my field-of-view, behind Catwoman, I again hoped my excitement wasn't showing through my costume, and trusting that in the dark, not much could be seen anyway. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. "Now, fight back Bat Girl," ordered Joey. I lifted my legs up while squirming and hooked my feet around her shoulders. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. And Then flipped her down, her laughing as she fell. Click. Click. Click. Click.   
  
We clenched hands now, and wrestled as we sat legs splayed, on the grass. It was cold, but I didn't notice. Click. Click. Click. Click. Suddenly, she leaned forward and kissed my mask. I pressed back, though I couldn't feel much through the latex. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Her hands released mine and we embraced, pulling each other closer. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.  
  
I felt one of her hands on my left breast. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. She began rolling a nipple in her fingers, and I let out a quivering sigh. Click. Click. Click. Click. And then I realized. With every click was a flash. And a flash was bright light. And my costume was more transparent in bright light.   
  
I pulled away, her hand still on my breast. Click. Click. Click. Click. I quickly stood facing the camera. And the crowd of 15 or so people around him. Click. Click. Click. Click.   
  
And I ran. Click. Click. Click. Click.  
  
Pushing through the house and the people at the front, I ignored the "Oh, don't leave yet!" and "Look at that ass!" comments.   
  
I made it to my car, breathing hard. I didn't get the key in the ignition, though, before I was jilling myself like crazy with the front seat reclined.   
  
When I shakily started the engine a few minutes later, I was flush and had to wait for the car windows to defog.   
  
I drove around, mask off, and t-shirt and shorts back on, for a couple hours, wondering, in my mind, what, if anything would have been caught on film. And did Joey even realize it yet? Thank god I'd gone for a latex mask instead of one in the same material as my costume. At least, no matter what happened, I was anonymous.   
  
When I finally returned home and quietly went to bed, I lay there for another few hours, tense - from both fear and arousal.   
  
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I didn't go back to school until Tuesday, and spent most of the time between the party either in my room, or soaking in the tub. Usually I was reliving that night, and arguing with myself about whether the photos would show anything or not.  
  
I walked down the halls that morning, and saw more people than normal clumping together and looking at their phones and stuff. And you're right, I immediately started to panic. What could they be looking at if it wasn't photos of me. But nobody was looking at me any more than normal - which is to say, not at all. They were all focused. I tried to see what they were looking at, to hear what they were saying. I heard the word 'slut' but also 'hot', 'sexy', and 'naked' as well.   
  
I finally had to know, and asked someone by my locker what was going on. She immediately moved toward me to give me the dirt as she pulled out her phone and began to key through menus. "I wasn't there, but one of the seniors was. It was some Halloween party this weekend. These two girls started to fight and then made out. And you ...well, you've just gotta see the photos going around.   
  
I felt like I was going to pass out, and could also feel the wetness dripping down my leg. Yes. I was turned on.   
  
The photos were small, but there I was, in costume. She flipped through them, and, indeed, there was a sequence of Batgirl and Catwoman fighting. That was pretty, hot, in and of itself. But when you saw a close-up and realized that the flash had made one of the costumes transparent, things went up a notch.   
  
"I can't believe someone would be brave enough to wear something like that, I mean, do you think she knew? I don't think she knew. I mean, she must be horrified about it. I've seen photos on the net of celebs just like this. They don't wear a bra and their black fabric is see-though for some reason when a flash goes off. Anyway..." She kept talking as she flipped through another dozen photos. "Catwoman is Pandora Jenkins and she went home 'sick' at lunch yesterday. I don't know why she was so upset, but I guess she was drunk, and is embarrassed, but really, it's just some girls kissing after a fight. I wonder what set them off?"  
  
She paused and stared at me and I said, "I don't know?"   
  
Apparently that was an acceptable response, because she continued as she put the phone away, "I mean, you can see her nipples in the close-ups and EVERYTHING else in some others. But nobody knows who she is. She didn't talk and was wearing that mask. I hope Pandora is all right, she's a nice girl. Don't you think?"   
  
I nodded.  
  
"Anyway, I've gotta get off to class. If you see Joey Jackson, wish him luck, as the Principal is looking for him because someone got caught looking at the photos and ratted him out."  
  
She walked away at that, as I realized two things. First, all of my peers had likely seen those photos. Second, so had Principal Pollard.   
  
I barely made it to a washroom stall before I came.

**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 02**

Pandora Jenkins didn't come back to school until Thursday of that week. I came everyday -- both to school and during. Every time I saw someone looking at their cell phone, I quivered in lust; I knew that they were looking at the photos of me. I wasn't nude in them, but I might as well have been. My Batgirl costume was highly transparent in the flash of Joey Jackson's camera, much like the dresses of starlets under that of the paparazzi.  
  
There were two saving graces. First, nobody knew who I was. Second, it was what I'd fantasized about. Not this exact situation. I mean, everyone in the school seeing photos of my nearly naked body -- only a mask protecting my identity -- even the Principal, that wasn't quite my plan. But it was fine by me.  
  
Joey Jackson, on the Tuesday I'd returned, was called to the principal's office, but nothing happened beyond that. Rumor had it, at least those I'd overheard in my eavesdropping, that he'd denied everything and, without any real proof existing, was sent back to class. I'd fallen back into baggy unobtrusive clothes and savored the sensations of shame, embarrassment, and at times pride that occurred every time I saw someone looking at my images. I even saw teachers at the school looking a few times.  
  
One thing I'd chanced, early Wednesday morning, was to slip a note into Joey's and Pandora's lockers. In Pandora's I said "Pandora, don't be embarrassed. I didn't leave because of you or your kiss, but because I was about to lose control with you. You were amazing and I hope someday that we have the chance to do it again. Love Batgirl." In Joey's, the note simply said, "You bad, bad boy. XOXO Batgirl."  
  
Pandora, by Friday, was walking tall, laughing about her experience, and making new friends because of her celebrity. Joey -- I was watching -- got quite hot, bothered, and hard when he read the note. I was in invisible mode, reading a book down the hall, and he never even noticed me as he looked around for a sexy Batgirl. Even from down the hall, I could see the bulge in his pants, and this was confirmed when two girls walking by pointed and started gigging.   
  
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I was nervous for a few weeks that someone would figure out that I was Batgirl. I was feeling, perhaps not exactly the same, but somewhat like a superhero trying to preserve their secret identity. I wasn't ready for people to know my secret.  
  
Late November was wet and rainy. I went out shopping a few times without a coat just to see people's reactions to my wet shirts. I wore as many as 3 shirts on one trip, changing twice during the day. I would run to and from my car in the rain, letting people see me run past, the fabric of my shirts clinging to my body. I didn't go farther than that, though; I was still overwhelmed.  
  
As December began, I realized that my revealing photos were no longer making a daily appearance in my life. I'd gotten away with IT, and gotten away with wonderful memories to boot!   
  
I'd picked up, during my shopping trips, some more clothing, this kept secret from my family. Mostly it was underwear or bathing suits. I'd try different outfits on at night in my room. I even put on my batgirl costume a few times. My experiences always ended with my coming quietly in my room.   
  
My secret was safe when I went to school that Monday.   
  
At 10:37 AM, I heard a girl's voice behind me, "Hi Batgirl."  
  
I spun around, likely looking horrified, "What?"  
  
"Shh....I don't want to tell anyone, and if you freak out, people will hear you." She was short, maybe five feet tall, and busty. Her short black hair framed an attractive face with large plump lips.   
  
"I'm not Batgirl. Why would you think that?" I was rambling.  
  
"Shutup already...really, let's move over here." She led me away from everyone in the cafeteria, the place most students congregated when it was raining out. I was in her power, and I knew it.  
  
"Why do you think I'm that Batgirl?"  
  
"I don't think I know. Don't worry, I'm not going to tell anyone, I promise!"  
  
I paused at her plaintive look.   
  
"Really," she sounded honest, "I'm new in town and moved in to a house a few streets over from you. I was looking at the moon with my telescope and, well, sometimes I look in windows, and I saw you."  
  
"Saw me?" I was beginning to panic. I never though to close my blinds, but as our house is quite tall, I never worried about been seen by people outside. I mean. OK...that was something I should have thought of, all things considered. But now my secret was out. Out. What was going to happen? And yes, I was getting wet.  
  
"You watched me?"  
  
"Um. Not just you. All sorts of people. But you were one of the most frequent. I mean you..."  
  
"I?"  
  
"You spent entire nights trying on different underwear and bathing suits and mostly naked. None of you other neighbors did that. At least not as much."  
  
"Um..."  
  
"And I saw you try on that Batgirl costume. Several times. And while I'm new in town and at this school, I still saw the photos that were going around."  
  
"You did?" I looked down, more embarrassed than I'd ever been.  
  
"It's OK. Honest. I liked seeing them. I think you were very brave. I could never do something like that."  
  
"I didn't know it would happen that way."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I just wanted to feel sexy. Um..."  
  
"That's what most of the women are saying, 'She probably didn't realize it was see-though...' Though, many of them are also saying that even then, the outfit was pretty um, tight."  
  
"It was, but..." I hesitated, not knowing why I was talking at all, "...I just wanted to be seen for a change." Her brow furrowed as she considered that. "I mean that, I'm a nobody here at school. You're the first person who's actually spoken to me in a week here. I'm invisible." "I wondered about that. I admit I've been watching for a few days, wondering if I dare say anything to you. I'm not exactly Ms. Popular myself. I don't know anyone either, really. I was kinda hoping you might want to hang out? Maybe we can talk more after school at my place?"  
  
I stood there floored. I was actually being invited to someone's home in a social capacity.   
  
She was staring at me.  
  
"OK?"  
  
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The afternoon raced by as I pondered what was going on? Was she going to blackmail me? What she going to tell everyone? Was she going to ravage me? But the one that stuck with me -- the hope was, "Was she going to be my friend?"  
  
At 2:57pm, we met in front of the school. "I was afraid you weren't going to show up or were going to turn me in for being a peeping Tom."  
  
This disarmed me, for I'd been dreading something harsh. This sounded like she was nervous too. "I decided to trust you."  
  
"Well, let's go. Umm...I just realized, I don't even know your name."  
  
I laughed starting to feel at ease, "Oh my gosh, I don't know yours either! I'm Susan."  
  
"Susan -- it is my pleasure to make your acquaintance," her hand reached toward me as she performed a slight bow, "I'm Kristi."  
  
And with that we started wandering toward her house, asking progressively more confident questions as we learned about each other. Krist had moved here with her Mother and two older brothers in October after her parents split-up. She missed her father, but was going to visit him over Christmas break.   
  
Neither of us brought up the reason for our meeting. I think we were both waiting for some privacy at her place to do so. As we walked I realized that I really, truly, might actually be making a friend.  
  
When we arrived at her place, nobody was home. She gave me a tour through a nice place. It was a large house I'd seen from my window, but it wasn't close enough for me to see detail within the windows from my place. There were four bedrooms on the fourth floor. We peeked in her mother's tidy room, her brother's messy room, and her other brother's tidy room.   
  
Kristi's room made me smile. It was just like she was in appearance. Oh -- I've not described Kristi to you yet. Well, Kristi is 5 feet exactly she told me, though she admitted in a whisper that she was only 4 feet 11 ¾ inches tall. I'd say she's trim, but her breasts are much larger than mine, I'd guess a D at least. Kristi had deep black hair and was dressed in black. Her walls were painted black, her furniture black Ikea constructions; Kristi had bright fun jewelry on her fingers, and her backpack was covered in humorous and ironic pins; every flat surface was covered with stickers and lacquered-over writings. It was fascinating.  
  
And she had a telescope.  
  
She closed her door and we just stood there in silence.   
  
"You can look."  
  
I walked over and looked through and there was my window. Through the window you could see my stand-up mirror in the corner of my room. At least my bed wasn't there, or she'd have likely seen me masturbating too. I flushed at the thought. So she'd seen me from the thighs up naked and preening. I felt wet.  
  
"I'm so sorry, but you just looked so sexy and, come on, admit it, you'd look too if you saw something like that."  
  
I continued to blush.  
  
"See...you're blushing. You know it's true."  
  
I nodded to confirm for her.  
  
"Are you...?"  
  
"GAY? No...well, not really. But sorta. I mean, I've kissed some girls and stuff, and had fun. I like boys though, in fact, my Mom's agreed to let my boyfriend visit and even stay in my room the week before Christmas break. He's done university a week before us, so he can come out."  
  
"Wow. My folks would never let a guy sleep in my room with me. Though, they'd never believe it if I brought one home either."  
  
"We've been going out for 3 years now, so my mom's reconciled to things. My dad doesn't know though. He's a bit more old-fashioned, but he's getting better. I miss my guy though."  
  
"I'll bet."  
  
There was silence again. "Are you mad?"  
  
"Mad?"  
  
"That I was peeping on you?"  
  
I thought about it for a moment and told her, "Honestly, not really. I mean, I've been trying to dress and be sexier to get noticed and looked at -- that's why the Batgirl costume -- and I'm just relieved you're not telling everyone it was me."  
  
There was a knock at her door and it swung open. "Hey! Kristi! Oh! Hi!"   
  
"Brian, stop shouting please and when you knock, you're supposed to WAIT TO BE INVITED IN."   
  
"Yeah, anyway, we're home and Mom wants to know what you feel like for dinner. Hawaiian or Supreme? And who's your friend?"  
  
"Brian, this is Susan. Susan -- Brian, my messy brother. Dean, his twin, is probably in his room reading. He's pretty quiet."  
  
"It's nice to meet you," I said as I tried not to blush. I mean, speaking to a boy that was actually cute.   
  
"You too Susan. I hope I see more of you."  
  
"So do I." I said it without thinking and think I heard Kristi let out a giggle.  
  
"OK Brian. Tell Mom I suggest we get Hawaiian, but don't really care and get out of here."   
  
I looked out the window and stood too, "It's getting dark and I really should head home."  
  
Brian left the room and Kristi stood up beside me. "I'm really glad I met you. I really enjoyed the afternoon with you."  
  
"So did I."   
  
Kristi walked me downstairs, introducing me to her mother Beverly. At the door she gave me a hug and I hugged her back tightly.   
  
"And it's kinda hot to know you enjoyed looking at me like that," was my whisper before I walked home in the night.  
  
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When I got home I didn't turn on my lights in my bedroom as I closed my door. I walked over to my window and looked out toward Kristi's house. It was there in the distance, and I could, indeed see windows lit and people moving past them now and then. The curtains on the bottom floor were all closed, but on the top they were open. Alas, my vision wasn't good enough to really see more tan vague shapes.   
  
At that point I remembered the old binoculars hanging garage. I think they'd been my grandfathers from his time in the Coast Guard. They were big and surprisingly heavy and said on them, 12x60. I'm not sure what that meant, but when I held them up to my face it was as though Kristi's house was just across one street instead of a couple blocks away. I realized that one of her brothers was reading on his bed. He was visible from the waste up as he reclined, a large book on his lap.   
  
I put the binoculars down suddenly. I realized that the idea of looking at someone else WAS exciting, especially a cute guy like Brian or...Dean. It must be Dean, because he was reading and, if my memory was correct, his was the clean room beside Kristi's.   
  
At that moment Kristi walked into her room and stood at the window. Somehow they'd drifted back up to my face during my thinking about Dean.   
  
I reached over and turned on my bedside lamp. I watched as Kristi moved back behind her telescope and looked toward me. I waved, and she waved back. And then she lifted up her black t-shirt and flashed her black bra and smooth stomach at me. I laughed and realized I had made a friend.  
  
And then I was called down for diner.  
  
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Dinner took forever, and when I returned upstairs and again glanced outside Kristi's light was off, but Dean, her bother, had left his light on. Nobody was in his room, though, that I could see, even with binoculars. I finally lay on my bed and did my homework, thinking about Kristi, her brothers, and the fact that I had a new friend. Actually, that I had A friend. My first real friend. I hoped.  
  
A bit later I turned off my lights, and waited for a few minutes. I then crept to the window and looked out with the binoculars. Kristi's lights were on again, but I didn't see her. Just her telescope and her bed in the background, also from about half-way up. It was setup the same way as her brother's room, it would seem.  
  
He was laying in his bed reading again, and I watched him for a while. He wasn't doing much other than reading, but it was enough to get me wet. I watched as he flipped pages in his book.  
  
At one point he looked up, said something, and then his brother walked in and sat on the window ledge, his back to me. I felt a bit odd watching these strangers, well, the back of a stranger and the lower head of another one. After his brother left the room, Brian got up and vanished from my sight for a moment. I saw a few bodies moving behind the downstairs curtains and then lights started to go off.   
  
At that moment, Kristi came into her room and I saw her look toward my house. My lights were off, so she couldn't see me, and didn't even try her telescope. I realized that it was close to 10pm now, and that I should probably start getting ready for bed. Perhaps the fact that Kristi might watch me, now, in front of my mirror had something to do with what I did next.   
  
I was nervous as I walked over and turned on the lights to my room. I made sure my door was closed as I walked back in front of the window, trying to act casual. I pulled off my sweater as I walked back across the window, letting whoever might be watching know that I was getting undressed. I went back in front of the mirror and started to undo my shirt. It was a flannel deal, nothing too sexy. Under it, though, I was wearing a sheer thin bra from American Apparel. I turned a bit and walked back and forth in front of my window, pretending to organize things around my room.   
  
I walked out of the window's frame with a rapidly beating heart. I couldn't believe how turned on I was. I tried to think about how to look normal as I got undressed and decided to take off my pants out-of view before walking back in front of the window, this time wearing only my matching bra and panties. They wrapped around my hips and covered most of my ass cheeks, but were just as sheer as the bra; the shadow of my ass cleft was definitely obvious through the thin fabric.  
  
I stood in front of the mirror and looked at myself, turning to look at my ass in the mirror while showing the front of my body to the window. After a minute or two, I realized that I was ready to come, and decided that I wasn't ready to share that show yet. I moved out of the window, turned off my lights and lay on my bed, prior to doing what I had to. My fingers buried themselves and seconds later I had come. My panties were soaked, as were my thighs. I dried off with a towel, and discarded everything in my laundry hamper.   
  
Returning to the window, crouched down, I looked out with my binoculars. Lights were off in Kristi's room; I wasn't sure if that's because Kristi was watching for me, or if she was asleep. I was about to give up when Brian walked back into the picture in a bathrobe and with a towel in hand, drying his hair. He then walked over to and climbed in his bed. What kept my attention was the fact that he dropped his bathrobe before getting there. He was naked. I didn't see his family jewels, but did enjoy focusing on his ass and back. He was taller than I was, perhaps 6 feet, and looked like he swam a lot. His back was broad and his hips narrow. He reaOched over and turned out the lights.  
  
The dreams I had that night were very nice.  
  
\*\*\* Over the next little while, Kristi and I got to know each other better. We spent evenings talking on the phone -- enough so that my folks treated me to a cell phone with one of those "call any 5 numbers as much as you like" deals. Kristi's was the only number in there, besides my home's phone. I watched some, and caught Kristi watching me some. I didn't try on the Batgirl costume anymore, and didn't model quite so much, but I did now and then. We didn't talk much about that side of our relationship, at least for the first week I knew her.  
  
"Um, I've got a favor to ask you," she whispered on the phone one night.  
  
"Of course, anything."  
  
"Well, don't say that yet. I mean, I know you flash me now and then, but I'm wondering..."  
  
"Yes..." was my timid answer.  
  
"Well, my boyfriend Rob is coming out Saturday night."  
  
"I know, and you must be so excited. I won't be bothered by you spending a lot of time with him. I understand."  
  
"That's not it, exactly." She looked down, obviously afraid to make her request.  
  
"It's OK Kristi. You can ask. I promise I won't get mad. The worst that can happen is I can say 'No.' "  
  
"Well, I mean, would it be all right if I let him peek at you through my telescope? He used to like looking through it back home." Again she stopped.  
  
"At me?"  
  
"Well, yeah. I mean, you know I like to watch you." She blushed here, her pale skin turning bright pink.   
  
"Um..." I was embarrassed here, knowing that she knew and accepted that I liked the idea of being watched. "I don't know, honestly, if I could do that. I mean, it's one thing if you know I like to be watched a bit. It's another for other people to know. I mean, I don't want anyone to know I like it. I'm too embarrassed and don't want to get known as a slut or show-off."  
  
"Oh, that makes sense. But what if he didn't know you knew. What if I told him I'd not told you that I could see you? I mean, I've mentioned your name, but now why or how we met. He wants to meet my 'new best friend' anyway. But showing him a bit of you in underwear, or whatever, would really rev him up. And me a bit."  
  
"I don't know." I did know, though, I was getting wet just thinking about it.  
  
"Um. Could you arrange for me to see him naked," I rushed on, "without him knowing of course!"  
  
She smiled here, "Yes. I could do that. God. Does it bug you that the idea of showing him off turns me on? I don't think, though that I want you to see us having sex or anything. I don't think I could show myself off that much."  
  
I smiled in return. She and I really did have a bond here -- and I was trusting her with a lot.   
  
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I spent the next two nights, when not talking to Kristi, fantasizing about how I could show off without it being obvious I was showing off. I finally came up with an idea and shared it with Kristi. She loved it, and I agreed to go through with it, though I claimed the right to back-out, or not be very revealing. "I'm not sure if I could knowingly show off too much knowing that someone I knew -- well, would meet -- would see me."

"I can promise you he won't ever say a thing about it. Hell, I'll be threatening him with death etc., if he tells anyone."  
  
Saturday came around and I watched eagerly, that night for lights to come on in Kristi's room. I knew he was taking the 5pm ferry and that Kristi was picking him up at 6:45pm; they were then going out to dinner before coming home.  
  
At around 9:15pm the lights in her room came on. I waited and watched as a cute guy with curly hair lift a suitcase up onto her bed and unzip it. Kristi came up behind him, her arms encircling his body as she pressed her breasts against his back. They were still clothed as he turned around and they began to make out. They were kissing gently at first before it started to get a bit more passionate. She pulled off his shirt and pointed at the suitcase on her bed. He broke free and moved it toward the chair I knew was near her window. She walked over and started lifting out clothes and holding them up to him. She held up a blue shirt and turned back to the window. I could see her looking right at me through my binoculars and knew it was time. I quickly put the down and turned on my lights. I picked up my phone and dialed her cell.   
  
"Hey Kristi, how are ya?"  
  
"Good, thanks. I've got you on speaker phone. Rob is here and he's just unpacking. What are you doing?"  
  
"Hi Rob!"  
  
"Hi Susan - I look forward to meeting you."  
  
"So, Kristi, my sister gave me a bunch of her old clothes and stuff, and I'm just trying it on."   
  
"Cool, is there some nice stuff in there?"  
  
I laughed quietly at our loosely scripted play. "You're busy with Rob, I'll let you go."  
  
"No, really, I can talk for, say, 15 minutes." This was our code to let me know that she wanted me to turn off my lights and look back at her with my binoculars. That's when she'd pull him away from the telescope if he was still watching me.   
  
"No, seriously, go re-connect with Rob!" I hung up.  
  
I moved to the foot of my bed and picked up a sweater that I'd picked out. I walked over to my mirror and held it up against my chest, arching my back and promoting my assets as it were in the mirror. I twisted trying to show my front and then I shook my head, perhaps in an exaggerated fashion. I dropped the sweater and pulled mine up over my head, revealing a tight white tank top. I picked up the sweater - it was a nice forest green - and pulled it on, appreciating how nicely it fit. I was beginning to enjoy my own figure. And I hoped Rob was too. I didn't look, but turned back and, walked off-stage, as it were, beyond the view of the window.   
  
I pulled off the sweater and walked back to the mirror in my tank top and started taking off my baggy cargo pants. I was wearing french-cuts in white that hugged my hips well. I stood there for a minute and turned to admire my ass in the mirror. I then walked back to my bed and returned with a skirt and stepped into it, doing up the straps and checking out the look. I spun around a bit, and nodded my approval.   
  
I then reached up and pulled off my white tank-top, revealing the Calvin Klein bra underneath. I picked up, from my bed, a long white dress shirt that went just past my hips, barely covering my ass. I walked back in front of the mirror, buttoning it up as I twisted and turned. After a minute I pulled off the skirt and exchanged it for some brightly patterned nylon leggings. I pulled up the shirt in back and looked at my ass in the mirror. I ran my fingers along the leggings and tried to express my frustration at my underwear-line, which, really, wasn't bad, and not something anyone would see through anything over the leggings.   
  
I pulled them off, sticking my ass toward the window as I did so.  
  
I then pulled off my panties, turning to the side so that the curve of my ass was all Rob would see, not the crack. Well, maybe. I may have twisted it a bit more toward the lens than I'd originally planned. I then slid up the stockings, and pulled my shirt up past my belly button.  
  
I twisted and turned, pretty much as I had the first time I tried them on a few weeks before. I loved how they felt and how running my fingers all over felt.  
  
I then pulled them off completely and looked at the clock by my bed. It had been almost exactly 15 minutes. I then undid the buttons on the shirt and pulled it off, dropping it to the ground just as I walked out of the window's view.  
  
A few seconds later my lights were off and I was back, binoculars in hand, at my window.  
  
I watched as Rob and Kristi kissed standing by the telescope. A few moments after I started watching, Kristi pushed him away, though and held a finger up to his lips. He reached out toward her, but she grabbed his wrists and put his hands down by his waste.   
  
Just like she'd predicted, he didn't even consider closing the curtains or turning off the lights. She began to unbutton his shirt and proceeded to slide it back off his shoulders. He was an average 19 year old, I guess. He wasn't built like some 28 year old teenager on t.v. today, nor was he pudgy. He just was, well, a guy. He managed to distract Kristi with some kisses and gropes. she restrained him again, and got him to hold off.  
  
I think it was the fact that she was undoing his belt buckle. She soon had his jeans pulled out of my view, and I loved that he was wearing bright red boxers. He was turned at right angles to the window, and I giggled seeing distinct tent in the front.  
  
There was something infinitely more appealing and sexier about seeing him now, and Kristi's brother's ass a while back, than looking at naked beefcakes on the internet. It was just more real.   
  
My laugh turned into a choke as I saw Kristi turn toward the window and, I'm sure, stick her tongue out at me. And then she pulled down his boxers and I saw my first real, practically live cock. I'd no idea if it was, really, big or small, because within seconds of it popping into view, Kristi had stood back up, and wrapped a hand around it and was leading him toward the bed. He lay back on the bed, and I was treated to a longer look as it stuck straight up before flopping back onto his belly. And a second later Kristi had turned off the lights.  
  
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The next morning I slept in. It would seem I'd been up all night doing to myself what I suspect Rob was doing to Kristi.  
  
I didn't see her before school on Monday, but did during our morning break.  
  
"Well, did he enjoy the view?"  
  
"Did you?"  
  
We both started laughing.   
  
"He didn't move from that position for the entire time you were there. And he was hard as steel, as I suspect you saw, when I got to him. Sorry about turning out the lights, but I'm a bit more private than you are."  
  
"Private with your body, but not with your boyfriends though!"  
  
Again, we collapsed in giggles, taking a few seconds to recover. "I guess I do enjoy showing him off. It's the visual part of me. I like to see."  
  
"I get that now. I'd never realized how exciting it was to watch or see something. I mean, I'd read about it and I get the other side, but I didn't expect to feel that way myself. I was up all night."  
  
"So were we!" She grabbed my arm as we started laughing again, and, I think, attracting more attention than either of us had in ages.  
  
"So will I be seeing much of you over the next few days?"  
  
"Probably a little, but not much in person." She stuck out her tongue just as the bell rang.  
  
And she was right. We saw each other at school during breaks, but outside of school she was with Rob. And I saw them, and am sure he and she saw me, for Kristi made sure to parade him around in various states of undress in front of her lit window. And I made sure to walk around in my underwear and towels, flashing the odd bit of nude nipple or ass in a daring way. But there's only so much "in front of a mirror" activity you can do before it looks fake. At least that was my thought. And he was there to see Kristi.  
  
On the Wednesday of that week, Kristi called after school, "What are you up to?"  
  
"I was going to go for a swim, actually," I admitted. Kristi had worked out of me, the story of my visits to the pool. I was blushing lustfully as it came up again, feeling the excitement that had been building reach a new peak. I'd been thinking about my swim all day.  
  
"Awesome, Rob and I'll meet you there."  
  
She hung up before I could argue.   
  
Fuck. I'd had things planned out. My old liner-less bathing suit was ready to go. I was wondering if I'd see a familiar face, or - more importantly - if some faces would see bits of me.  
  
I spent the next few hours, including through dinner, trying to figure out what to do. What to wear. I mean, I'd been looking forward to this.   
  
When I left I had a light-blue t-shirt with me to wear over-top of my bathing suit. I felt ripped off, a bit, having had my plans stolen from me.   
  
I'd survive, and, hell, I'd be able to see Rob in a bathing suit, and, really, face-to-face for the first time. I was looking forward to that. If he was as nice as Kristi said, I'd enjoy making a new acquaintance.   
  
I arrived at the pool right as the adult swim opened, and I walked out into the pool in my bathing suit and t-shirt. I didn't attract too much attention, that I saw, and I decided to wait for them in the hot-tub.   
  
It didn't take long before I saw Kristi, in a red one-piece, and Rob, in blue shorts, walk toward me waving. I waved back as they joined me in the hot-tub.   
  
"It's really nice to finally meet you Susan. You've really helped Kristi feel happier here."  
  
"You too Rob. Kristi's told me a lot about you, and she's been so excited about your visit."  
  
We chatted for a while, the three of us, getting to know one another. Kristi got warm faster than Rob or I, "OK, it's time for me to hit the cooler water. Do you two want to play some volleyball?"  
  
The evening proceeded well, though Kristi did query me when we were alone, "What's with the t-shirt. I mean, I do like the way your nipples show through it, but it's covering up your sexy suit."  
  
"I just couldn't wear it in front of people I know. I was too nervous, especially in front of Rob."  
  
"Ha. No worries Susan, we'll get there." Her tongue came out again with attitude as she splashed me and swam away.  
  
A couple hours later it was time for us to leave, and Kristi and went to the change room together.   
  
It was odd. It was the first time, in person, either of us had seen the other nude; despite peeping on each other from afar, and talking about it off and on, we'd not undressed in front of each other before. It was surprisingly comfortable and surprisingly sexy at the same time, and we both knew it as we watched each other undress. We also watched each other watching.  
  
I peeled off my t-shirt and loved the look on Kristi's face as she stared at me. Her eyes were almost bugging out of her head. I knew that in the light of the change room, the colour of my nipples would start to become visible through the stretched black fabric. And their outline would be in hi-def as the fabric clung like a second skin. My pussy, right now was enveloped by the fabric tightly, and my crack was evident.  
  
"I understand why you were nervous about wearing the suit in front of Rob and I. But Fuck. It's the hottest thing I've ever seen."  
  
I was looking at her as she pulled off her suit. Her large breasts were still perky and rode high on her small frame. She was fairly pale, and her skin smooth as cream. She had a beauty mark on her right hip. And she wasn't shaved. She had a dark black batch covering her pussy. I was thinking, right now, "You're the sexiest thing I've ever seen." I may have even whispered it.   
  
I peeled off my suit as well, and we walked back to the showers to rinse off.   
  
"What would you do if someone stole all your clothes right now while you're in the shower?"  
  
"Oh my God." I'd fantasized about something like that happening. "I don't know. I mean, it's not likely to happen."  
  
"But what if it did. Tonight?"  
  
"Oh God. Then I guess I'd have to borrow a towel from you, and then drive home. I don't know what I'd do there. I guess try to sneak in."  
  
"Hmmm...you couldn't drive, though, without keys. I've got an idea."  
  
I wasn't sure if I liked where this was going; fortunately Kristi couldn't see how wet the fantasy made me under the shower.   
  
"What if all that was left was your t-shirt? And we told Rob that I had a spare key at my place. That way we could go home, you could borrow some clothes from me and I'd give you your 'spare key'. My bag's big, and your clothes won't take up much space. I'll just put them in there."  
  
"I don't know, I mean, Rob would see me in the t-shirt."  
  
"Rob's been seeing you in your t-shirt all-night, it covers more of you than that bathing suit did. Come on. We could meet you out at the side. Then you could take the side exit and not walk through the lobby. We'd just be a minute to get our car and come get you."  
  
"But he'll just suggest I wear a towel, either yours or his."  
  
"I'll tell you that I stood on mine when I was getting dressed." We looked around, and indeed, the floor was a bit gross. "And I'm sure he'll take the hint from me. He's a horn dog guy after-all."  
  
"But..." I didn't have any other excuses. I knew that I was going to take her challenge. I knew that she was enjoying being the puppet-master in my exposure, just like she'd enjoyed showing off Rob during the previous few days.   
  
"Just stay here." And she was out of the shower, grabbing her towel off a hook, and out of sight.   
  
I waited another minute while I showered off. I then went back to where the cubby I'd stored my stuff, only to find nothing but my wet t-shirt hanging there. Kristi was nowhere to be seen.  
  
I pulled on the cold and now-clammy t-shirt, finding it clung to me much like the suit did. It was thin, and my nipples were clearly defined, as were a darker shadow where they lay. The material was light, after-all. It did, thankfully, come down just past my ass, that is if I didn't reach for anything , sit, or bend over. I hesitated, but realized that I was past the point of no return now. I either had to go out to the lobby or out to the pool area to get assistance. At the pool, I'd walk past people lower than me - in a pool or hot-tub that is - so the lobby was safer. I was glad that the dripping water from the t-shirt camouflaged the dripping moisture from me.  
  
I pushed open the locker room door and peeked around. Kristi was talking to Rob about 40 feet away. Right in the middle of the lobby. Right at that moment, I knew I'd be having to get even with her.   
  
I took a step. The ones that came after were easier, because as people's eyes found me, I wanted to escape faster.   
  
"Kristi, someone took my towel and suit and clothes and everything. All that was left behind was my t-shirt."  
  
"Oh my gosh, you must be freezing. You should use my tow...wait. I was standing on it when I dried myself, you don't want that near you. Rob can she use yours?"  
  
"Um." Rob looked at Kristi, wondering if he was really supposed to pretend or not. "I stood on mine either, I don't think you'll want it."  
  
"Well, can we get out of here? Can you take me home?"  
  
"I've got your spare key at my house. Let's go there and you can borrow clothes. We can come back and then you can drive home."  
  
"I think you should report it." Rob's suggestion wasn't one I was expecting.  
  
"No. I couldn't bear the thought of standing around like this anymore."  
  
Rob was staring at me, pretty blatantly, just like the other people in the lobby.   
  
"Let's go then, our car is this way." Kristi took the initiative, but instead of walking out the side door, she walked out the front, past everyone else in the lobby. Damn her. She knew I was liking it. And I knew she was too.  
  
We walked outside, across the parking lot to Kristi's car. People's eyes followed us, but we kept moving.  
  
It was cold out, and had started to rain a bit, further causing the t-shirt to cling to my increasingly hard nipples. We made it though, and as I shivered in wait, Kristi opened the driver's door, and unlocked the passenger door. "Do you want the front seat or the back?"  
  
I answered Kristi, "It doesn't matter, just let me in!" Rob laughed and said, "After you," while he gestured gallantly with his hand.   
  
I reached forward to push the passenger seat forward and froze, realizing my ass was sticking out from under the shirt. Well, too late for that. I pushed it forward and stepped into the car, further pushing the bottom of my shirt up my body as my thighs came apart. I don't know if Rob saw anything else, but I am sure my ass was fully visible to him as I unglamorously climbed into the car.   
  
Rob didn't say anything, but when I looked at Kristi, she wiggled her eyebrows and looked down. I'd been spread fully apart in front of her, under the interior light. I shuffled over to be out of her line of sight and sat behind the driver's seat.  
  
Rob bushed the seat back as I sat there, pulling my seatbelt on. It pressed between my breasts, holding the shirt more tightly around my tits. And sitting, the shirt pulled way up, the vinyl of the seat cold on my bare ass. And if Rob decided to look back, my hands were the only thing preventing him from seeing how clean shaven I was.  
  
The heat finally kicked in a few blocks away, and we all gave over to chatting. It was easier, in the dark of the night and alone in the back seat, to almost forget what I wasn't wearing.   
  
When we got to Kristi's house, she parked on the street and ran in. Rob turned to talk to me and did his loveable best to maintain eye-contact. I mean, I was in a fabric-cling-wrap and more naked, I suspected, than most women in his life. "Um. Thanks for the swim. Um. Sorry about your stuff."  
  
"That's OK. It wasn't your fault. I'm just sorry you had to see me like this." I knew I was blushing furiously in the back seat.   
  
"I didn't mind, I mean, um. It's ok."  
  
We didn't say anything else during the awkward minutes it took for Kristi to return.  
  
Let's go.  
  
She drove off without giving me the bag in her hand, and I didn't think to ask. I was so close to orgasm that I didn't dare move.   
  
When we got to the pool, Kristi pulled around by my car, and parked under the big light in the parking lot. "I grabbed my gym bag from school, as it was easiest. I'll get the stuff back from you tomorrow. And here are your keys."  
  
I took the bag, thankfully and zipped it open, discovering a pair of bike shorts and a dark blue t-shirt. I checked that Rob was looking forward, and quickly pulled my wet shirt off, and the dry shirt on. It was loose enough, though it only came down to my belly-button. I then tried to wiggle into the shorts, but if you've ever tried to put on too-small shorts in the back seat of a small car, you know it's tough. I noticed Rob trying hard to look and not to look at the same time. I finally contorted enough to get them on, and, thankfully, found that Kristi had put my own runners in her bag. They fit. She'd planned this during her time inside the house.   
  
"Thank you, I'll see you tomorrow at school, ok. Have a great night Rob. It was nice to meet you."  
  
"It was nice to see you, I mean, um, meet you finally too."  
  
"See ya Susan," said Kristi with a laugh in her voice.  
  
I managed to drive home and sneak in without incident.   
  
That night there was no need for binoculars or prancing around in front of the mirror. I'd been seen, well, my ass at least, had been seen naked by the first live man ever. I was in fantasy heaven. And my fingers were tired when I finally fell asleep.  
  
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School let out the next day, and Kristi invited me to join she and Rob, that night, for a little party. "My mother's out of town and she said we could use the hot tub and that you could sleep over if you wanted. Do you want?"  
  
I'd not even had the opportunity to give her grief about the trick she'd played on me the night before.

"And thank you so much - you really rev'd up Rob last night. He only admitted to seeing your naked ass as you climbed into the car, and he did ask me why my suits didn't show off my nipples so much and tried to get me to try a wet t-shirt on for him. Well did get me to try one on." Her eyes sparkled. "I told him you were a fairly shy person, and that you were likely mortified."   
  
"Anyway, see you tonight. Say 8pm?"  
  
And without me saying a word, Kristi walked away.  
  
**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 03**

I returned home after school, knowing I'd be going to Kristi's place tonight, but not really knowing what to expect. Kristi had played a trick on me recently; I'd ended up in nothing but a wet t-shirt in the lobby of the local recreation centre. I'd loved it.  
  
I called my mother at her work and quickly got permission for a slumber party with my new friend. My parents were still getting used to me having a friend, and were ready to let me do anything if my social growth continued. They'd worried about my shyness and solitude for a long time.  
  
My next step was to figure out what to wear that night, both for the hanging out that evening and for sleeping. You'd think I'd not worry about it too much, but I wasn't just having a sleep-over with Kristi. Her boyfriend, visiting from Vancouver, would also be there. And while her mother was apparently away, her brothers would probably be there.  
  
"Kristi," I began after she picked up the phone, "What should I wear tonight? It's just casual right? Just you, Rob, your brothers?"  
  
"Susan, my brothers went with my mother to Vancouver to visit my father. She's doing some financial and legal things that have to do with their divorce, and she'll come back tomorrow night. My brothers are spending a week with Dad before Christmas, and I'll go over after for the week. Mom gets us all on Christmas day though!" I could hear the excitement in her voice when she spoke about seeing her father; her parents had recently divorced and while her father remained in Vancouver, she and her brothers had been brought to Vancouver by her mother.  
  
"So just you and me and Rob?" Kristi has already let Rob peep on me through her telescope while I tried on clothes. This meant that I might be able to indulge my fantasies a bit. "Well, what do you want me to wear?"  
  
I could almost hear the gears of her mind working as she first realized that I was telling her I was in her control, and then, second, as she considered just what was appropriate to have me wear. She knew I didn't want people to know about my, well, my fetish. I should add a third process - she was figuring out what sort of reasons would let her show me off without it being known I was aware or part of the plan.  
  
"Well, I think you should wear that cute peasant-dress, the dark blue one, that your sister gave you." I didn't think that would be too bad, it did go down to my ankles, though the arm holes were quite big, and it showed a lot of cleavage. "You should wear a warm sweater when you first come over OK?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," I said jokingly.   
  
"Mmm...I might get to enjoy you calling me that," led to us both laughing aloud.   
  
"And I think you should wear that black silk camisole ensemble you have. You can sleep in my brother's room or on the couch." That wasn't too bad, as the camisole had matching boyshorts. Mmmm...they were a bit too big, having come down from my sister, and the legs gaped nicely. Just thinking about it started my juices flowing.  
  
"Mmmmm?" Kristi said. Oops, I'm made that noise with my throat, not just my mind.   
  
"OK," I rushed, eager to move on from my embarrassing moment, "I'll see you at 8pm, you said."  
  
"Yeah at 8 is awesome, and don't..."  
  
"Gotta go, see you tonight!" I cut her off, midsentence, and raced to try on the boyshorts, just to check and see what anyone around me might see.   
  
That took me an hour. And then it was time for dinner.  
  
I was stuck talking to my family for the next few hours, and then at 7:55pm, I was out the door, walking toward Kristi's place. As told, I was wearing my blue peasant's dress with a dark navy sweater to keep warm. Under it, I was wearing plain white panties and a bra, both sheer Calvin Klein numbers. I had my bag over my shoulder containing my camisole set and not much else.  
  
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I arrived promptly at 8pm, ringing to doorbell. Rob answered, welcoming me in, "Kristi picked up your bathing suit after school and has it here for you. She said you didn't own any other."  
  
I'd actually completely forgotten about needing a bathing suit. Crap. I didn't know if I could wear it in front of Kristi, let alone Rob. It was revealing.  
  
Kristi came down the stairs, "Come on up here, we'll get you setup in my brother's room." We left Rob fiddling downstairs.  
  
"As far as Rob knows, this is your only suit. I was going to remind you to bring a suit, but you hung up on me. This is what you're stuck with. By the way, what happened to the lining?"  
  
"Um...it fell out?"  
  
Kristi's laugh was wonderful to hear, free of judgment, and lovely as a bell.   
  
"I've got you setup in Dean's room with fresh sheets etc. Does that work for you?"  
  
"Of course." I dropped my bag on the bed  
  
We were met downstairs by Rob who had big round glasses full of a red drink in his hands. "Margarita?"  
  
I'd never had so much as a sip of anything before, but damn it, I was 18, and why not. "I'd love one, thank you."  
  
As I took my drink, and Kristi hers, Rob said, "It's a raspberry-banana, I hope that's OK."  
  
My first sip surprised me. It was delicious - the fruit flavors were crisp, and there was the odd pleasant taste of what I presumed was the Tequila. "It's actually my first drink ever, and," I sipped again, "it is amazing."  
  
Kristi laughed, "Well, go easy on it. Rob makes them strong."  
  
We spent the next half hour talking in the living room and drinking and nibbling on crackers and cheese in the living room. I only had one drink, and already I was feeling a bit more relaxed that I figured was normal. Kristi had had a couple, as had Rob.  
  
I was also feeling a bit warm, and pulled off my sweater, using it as a pillow.  
  
"I love that dress, Susan, could you stand up and let us see it properly?"  
  
I was happy to comply with Kristi's request. It would give me a chance to stretch my legs.  
  
I gave a spin, enjoying the breeze on my legs as the skirt billowed outward.   
  
Kristi and Rob whistled, and we all laughed, I collapsed on the floor after several spins. As I let my dizziness melt away, Rob went to get us more to drink.   
  
"Quick, let's get you seated up here again." Kristi pulled me up and positioned me back on the couch across from Rob. I sat there, cross-legged, and Kristi pulled my dress here and there, arranging it so that my panties were clearly visible if Rob bothered to look. I hoped that the moisture I felt forming wouldn't be. I experimented enough, before Rob entered, to realize that I could control how much he saw by how tight I pulled the top of my dress with my hands or elbows as I leaned on my knees.  
  
Rob returned, handing us each another glass. "WOW!" Kristi spat out, "This one is strong."  
  
It was stronger and, despite the iced nature of the drink, I could feel a pleasant warmth at the back of my tongue and down my throat, as I drank.  
  
"So what's the plan for tonight," I asked, "are we going to watch a movie or play a game?" I pulled the fabric a bit more tightly, providing Rob his first opportunity of the evening to see my panties. I wanted to give him every opportunity to see me, so I turned toward Kristi and engaged her.  
  
Kristi winked at me, having seen my maneuver, and replied, "I was thinking we should play a drinking board game. What do you think? I've got a bunch of board games in my closet."  
  
I laughed, thinking I may have had enough to drink already, but replied, "Sounds great. How about something I don't need to think for - I think I'm tipsy for the first time - so something simple OK?? How do we make a board game into a drinking game though?" I thought about what Rob was seeing, would my wetness be obvious through my panties? I suspect my slit was visible through their sheerness. If there was enough light.  
  
"Well, if you lose money or a piece, you have to drink. Something like that. It depends on the game. What do you think Rob?"  
  
There was a long pause.  
  
"ROB?" Kristi's slightly raised voice got his attention, which, I was internally pleased to see, had been locked on my panties.  
  
Rob downed his drink quickly, and said, "Um...What?"  
  
Kristi and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. To cover for the real reason, I said, "Just how many has he had to drink? He's falling asleep?"  
  
Kristi and I laughed some more, with Rob joining in after a moment - he also managed to drag a pillow over his lap in an almost subtle way.   
  
Kristi saved him, "We were just going to go up to my room to look at the board games I've got. I think we should try turning one into a drinking game. What do you think?"  
  
"Awesome idea. I've played them with some of the guys at res parties at UBC."  
  
I stood up, prompting Kristi to follow suit. "I'll be right up," said Rob.  
  
I held in the laugh, and Kristi, as she followed me, just let it out.  
  
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Up in her room, Kristi led me to her closet while she whispered, "He couldn't pull his eyes away. God, I could see the bulge in his pants growing out of the corner of my eye. Thank you for doing this!"  
  
I wasn't sure what to say, as I was thinking she was doing it all for me. I was almost inaudible as I said, "No...thank you."   
  
We looked at each other and our eyes said that we both understood. We both got something out of this.  
  
She opened her closet to reveal a dozen board games, several card games, and a few dozen puzzles. Some were obviously from her childhood, and I recognized most of them. I tried to think what sort of game might make a good drinking game. I admit, I'd read online about people playing strip poker, even fantasized about losing such a game. I'd never thought about drinking games though.  
  
"Well, we could play checkers. Whenever you lose a piece, you have to take a drink," was Kristi's first suggestion.  
  
"Or chess?"  
  
"But both of those are only for two players. And there are 16 pieces on a chess board, and something like that on a checker board for each side. That's probably a couple real drinks if you lose. Hmmm."  
  
"What about your old Candyland game?"  
  
Kristi, thought about it, "I guess you could drink a certain amount depending on what you land on, but I think that you'd get REALLY DRUNK by the end, and I don't think we want to get that drunk. Especially for your first time."  
  
"Yeah, I don't want to get sick or anything."  
  
At that moment Rob came in, without his earlier pants-tent. "Let's see what you have in there, Hon." He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her back into his chest. She smiled as she wiggled her hips back into his crotch. "You've got some good ones we've used at parties, but let's see what will work. I heard you as I came in, Susan, say that you don't want to get sick. I'd say that's a good plan. Women are light-weights at drinking."  
  
"Oh, and you're such a booze-master, big-guy." Kristi laughed as she said it.  
  
"Well, compared to you - and especially Susan - I am," Rob said cockily.   
  
"OK, so you can drink twice as much, whichever game we decide on."  
  
"Um."  
  
I chipped in, "Come on big guy, you're an alcohol-maniac!"  
  
Having already had four drinks, if my count was right, he was feeling pretty confident. "Um. Sure. So if you two would have to take one drink, then I'd have to take two?"  
  
Kristi and I both responded in unison, "Yes."  
  
That was easily settled with his, "Easy!" We all returned to our analysis of the game situation.  
  
We finally settled on Battleship as our game to play. Every time someone hit someone's ship, the victim had to sip. If your boat was sunk, you had to finish your drink. We settled on using small juice cups as our drinking cups so that we weren't too crazy. And Rob promised to stop making the margaritas double strength. Kristi and I would be on the same team and lose and win together.  
  
We setup on Kristi's bedroom floor. I was laying on my stomach and Kristi sat beside me, cross-legged and, I was sure, showing Rob whatever was under her skirt. Across from us was Rob, sitting proudly and confident as he setup his ships. We had a pitcher of his margarita concoction beside us, and each had a full glass.  
  
I could describe for you the next hour as we played, argued, and laughed. After 4 drinks, though, I begged for mercy, realizing I was getting, well, drunk. I feeling a bit dizzy. Rob puffed up even more, saying, of course, but Kristi would have to keep drinking in my place. I made puppy-dog eyes at Kristi, and she agreed to keep it up for a few rounds.   
  
I also shifted so that my dress gaped more. I was sure that Rob could see my nipples poking through my bra if he leaned forward enough. He did.  
  
The next thirty minutes went well for us, or, that is, Kristi, as Rob lost more ships, and we lost none. The alcohol, in me, had settled a bit, and I realized that I was enjoying being tipsy, though the dizzy wasn't quite as fun. Kristi hadn't had much more than me to drink, but Rob was, well, slurring his words now. I had shifted once to sit cross legged and flash my wet panties more.  
  
Kristi was smiling and winking at me in her slightly drunk state, and obviously supporting my continued show.  
  
"I think we've all had enough to drink now, Rob, what shall we do next?"  
  
I didn't, know, as, I admit, I'd not heard her question. I'd realized some time before that Rob was able to see straight down the neck of my dress, as I lay there on the carpet, and my sheer white bra, and maybe even my nipples were on display for him. He'd long since lost his concern over covering his boner. And Kristi's skirt was pulled up enough that even I, laying beside her, could see her dark panties. And the wetness in the middle.  
  
"I need to prove I am better. I'm a guy. I have to win against you girls." Rob meant that, though it came out more slurred and with more pauses and stutters than that. There may have even been some chest beating in there.  
  
"Well, " started Kristi as she looked in my eyes, "I don't think we need more drinking for a bit, but what else could we bet to make the game interesting?"  
  
"Money?" He mumbled?  
  
"I don't have any money with me though," I shared, "I can just watch though."  
  
"No, that's silly, we all have to play. And you and I can be on the same team, OK?"  
  
"OK?" I said, though it sounded more like a nervous question.  
  
"Yeah! I'll kick both your asses," Rob exclaimed with the confidence known only by a drunk man.  
  
"OK. So it's settled, we'll be clothes. But we have to make sure we're all wearing the same number of pieces of clothing."  
  
I have no idea where I got the courage to agree. Or perhaps I lacked the courage to resist.  
  
"How can we do that? He's only wearing, what, a shirt, underwear, pants and socks. That's just 5 pieces. We're wearing, well, I know I'm wearing 3 pieces right now. That's not enough. And you're wearing a skirt, that gorgeous red blouse, did I tell you how much I love it, it's simply, oh, and some black panties, and I think a bra. That's 4."  
  
"Close, but I'm wearing a black bathing suit. Good point. Let's see. Rob, go put on your bathing suit too. And I'm going to go get us each some socks, and Kristi her bathing suit."  
  
She returned, and I pulled the bathing suit on under my dress, then sat and pulled on the socks Kristi brought me. I may, possibly - yeah, there's a chance - shown off my panties a bit as I did so; I can't confirm it didn't happen. Anyway, that left me wearing my sheer white panties and bra, with my too-small bathing suit over-top. Then I had on my long dress, and some socks. 6 pieces of clothing.  
  
Kristi was now wearing socks, a skirt, a shirt, her bathing suit, and a long sweater. 6 pieces of clothing.  
  
And Rob was wearing, upon his return from the bathroom, underwear, his bathing suit, jeans, a t-shirt, and some white socks. 5 pieces of clothing.  
  
I asked, "So how do we do this with Battleships?"  
  
There was silence. Kristi hadn't thought that far ahead, and Rob hadn't thought in a few drinks.  
  
"I've got it, let's do Amazing Feats!"  
  
"What on earth is that?" I asked Rob, surprised that he'd thought of something in his state before Kristi. I knew I wouldn't as I was going for the ride, able to believe that Rob, and maybe even Kristi (though that I really knew it wasn't true), thought I wasn't in control of myself or the situation. What happened, what I showed, wouldn't be my fault.  
  
He paused as he tried to process my question and recall what we were talking about.  
  
"Rob? Are you OK?" Kristi looked concerned for a minute.   
  
"Yep. I'm awesome and going to kick ass at Amazing Feats."  
  
"But what is it!?" Kristi and I spoke in stereo, causing Rob to look back and forth between us for a few seconds.  
  
"It's probably too tough for you ladies. Everyone in the game has to do a feat. A trick. Something. Each of the other people has to duplicate the feat or drink. It's usually just for guys though. Girls couldn't do the stuff we do."  
  
"I think we can take him, don't you Susan?" Kristi spoke with a confidence I didn't share. But that was, perhaps the point, me being shown off to Rob.  
  
"Sure?"  
  
"OK. It's agreed. Susan and I are a team, against you Rob. If you can't do what the other team does, you have to take off the piece of clothing the other team requests. You then give it to the other person to keep."  
  
We all agreed, and Rob offered to go first.   
  
Rob walked over to a large stuffed chair in the corner of Sarah's room. He crouched down and picked it up. I didn't think I could lift it up or hold it for, well, he put it down as his count reached 15 seconds. Kristi stood up, taking the first attempt. I started to wonder what piece of clothing I'd have to take off first.  
  
Before I got to my bra, Kristi got my attention, "Well, come on, we're a team Susan. Get over here."  
  
Rob started to argue, but wasn't really up to defeating Kristi's logic and certainty. He'd agreed to play against us as a team. I quickly walked over and, while it was too heavy for one of us on our own, together we were able to hold it up for 30 seconds.  
  
Rob said, "OK, so now, um, I get another chance to do what you just did, or beat it. Awesome." He only made it to 23 seconds.  
  
"Hmmm, I think I'd like your sock." I was surprised at how easy Kristi went on him, but then, the way she prolonged everything was working for me. My entire body was tingling in anticipation.  
  
Kristi and I whispered to each other about what our feat might be. I had an idea, having seen it in a movie a few months back. We filled a few fingers in each of our glasses with the last of the pitcher of margarita. Rob smiled, confident that he could easily beat us at any drinking game. Kristi and I drained our drinks in one go, putting our glasses down gently and smiling at Rob.  
  
He quickly drank his down, and put his glass down in front of him, "In your face, he said, with pride, though more in a joking way than confrontational."  
  
Kristi and I picked up our glasses and spat out the drink we'd not actually swallowed.  
  
"I guess the other sock is ours Rob."  
  
He tried to out-do us next by doing a handstand against the door. We were able to do one for longer than he could. Being a girl does have some advantages, and more gymnastics practice in gym was one of them.  
  
"Shirt next, eh Susan?"  
  
He passed it over and I laughed as Kristi decided to pull on his socks, and told me to put on his shirt.  
  
I looked at him, and, much to my embarrassment, said, "Kristi, Rob's kinda hot."   
  
She laughed, "And you can look all you want, but you can't touch."  
  
Rob didn't say anything to this, instead saying, "I'm going to make more drinks," and vanishing out the door.  
  
Kristi and I rinsed out our glasses in the upstairs bathroom, and tried to think of more feats to challenge Rob with.

Rob returned, "I made Banana-Lime this time. But we're out of booze."  
  
"I'm sure it'll be enough stud," was Kristi's response. It was accompanied by an ass swat as he walked by.  
  
He filled our glasses and his, though other than a sip, I didn't drink any more that night. It was good, but I was worried I wouldn't be.   
  
Rob did pushups, and managed a staggering 53. I was able to do 23 of my own, and Kristi did 20. That wasn't enough. Rob had won.  
  
Before Rob could demand any clothing, Kristi pulled off one of her socks and gave them back to him. "Take them then." He took them smiling in victory. If I was him, I'd have asked us to take off our dresses. I started taking of my own socks, but Kristi stopped me. Rob and I both looked at her questioningly. "We only have to do half of what he does, remember, like the drinking game." I stayed mute, wondering how she thought he'd actually go with that.   
  
"Um."  
  
"So let's see if you can do this." Kristi pulled me back to my feet, my arms noticing the burn of use. "We'll be right back," Kristi said, as she led me out of the room and down to the garage.   
  
We returned a minute later with two hula-hoops. We kept them going to a full minute, before we passed them over to Rob. He kept it up for two minutes, and we rose again. I realized, as did Kristi, that Rob was in fairly good shape. He was, ultimately, able to outlast Kristi, which meant both of us under the rules Kristi had laid out. Rob remembered that much.  
  
I handed him a sock. He took it smiling, "You have boootiful feet Susan."  
  
We went back and forth through a range of activities and tricks over the next 45 minutes. At that point, Rob was in back in his t-shirt and only missing his socks. He also had our socks and Kristi's sweater.  
  
Our next feat involved saying a tongue twister.   
  
Yellow butter, purple jelly, red jam, black bread. Spread it thick, say it quick! Yellow butter, purple jelly, red jam, black bread. Spread it thicker, say it quicker! Yellow butter, purple jelly, red jam, black bread. Don't eat with your mouth full!  
  
Rob only made it to the first second 'Spread' before messing up. We did realize, you see, that for us to win, we'd have to take advantage of his drinking handicap. I, personally, felt no guilt.  
  
"Rob, I'd like your bathing suit."  
  
"Kristi, my shirt is next."  
  
"No, we agreed we could ask for any piece of clothing we wanted."  
  
Rob had another long drink and pulled stood, pulling down his jeans. He stood there, his legs looking nice as they emerged from his black nylon shorts. Also trying to emerge was, well, you know what was happening.  
  
"Hurry up Robby," was Kristi's prompt. She said it so sweetly and lovingly though, that he swallowed and followed along. He pulled down his bathing suit, standing there in his shirt, and a pair of white underwear. He then quickly pulled up his jeans, stealing my view of my first hard cock pressing against some tight white underwear.   
  
Rob, though, won the next two rounds, first asking for his suit back, though he didn't put it on, and then he demanded Kristi's bathing suit. She merely reached up under her skirt and pulled of the bottoms, showing Rob, and I, unfortunately, absolutely nothing. She had another long sip of her drink too, I noticed.  
  
Rob won the next round and asked for the rest of her bikini. His jeans were strained, and my lips were wet (both of them). My tongue was pinched between my teeth as I took in the view and the situation. Kristi's breasts were gorgeous against her tight tiny body. They were fairly perky, despite their size, and her nipples were amazingly perfect little mounts that, I admit, I wanted to touch and kiss. I resisted though.   
  
The next round saw Rob getting creative in his drunken state. He went and grabbed his digital camera, sat it on Kristi's desk, and set the self timer. He then walked to the opposite side of the room and took a photo of his whole body - as he pointed out. Kristi didn't want to have any photos of her nudity on a camera, and we lost that round. Rob laughed, sure in his certain victory.   
  
"Now for your bathing suit Susan."  
  
I slipped it off under my dress, passing it to him, hoping that he wouldn't notice how wet the crotch was. He didn't. He just smacked his forehead saying, damn, I thought you'd have to take off your dress to do that.  
  
Success was ours, as we won back Kristi's bathing suit, then my own, then his shorts again. He won, what were to be our final two rounds, but for one, and laughed as he requested the return of (imagine him all proud here) of both pieces of Kristi's black bikini.  
  
Kristi returned it, laughing, and covered her breasts self-consciously. "I think we should stop now, and maybe go in the hot-tub. It's almost midnight, after all."  
  
"I need one more chance to win your skirt sexy," was Rob's reply.  
  
Kristi and I agreed. I think I actually supported Rob, though, hoping we'd lose rather than win. I wanted to see Kristi naked a lot. A real lot.  
  
Kristi and I both did the splits. It was all over, for Rob, and Kristi asked for, and received, the return of her bikini top.  
  
"OK. It's over. Hot tub time." Rob stood, "Can you toss me my trunks?"  
  
Kristi, laughter in her voice, refused, "It was agreed that the winner of each piece of clothing got to keep it."   
  
"But what am I supposed to wear in the hot tub?"   
  
"You've got my bikini bottoms or your white underwear. But you know the rules, only bathing suits in the hot tub so that the filter doesn't cog."  
  
"But."  
  
"Have another drink and meet us out there."  
  
Kristi led me downstairs and onto the deck at the back. We pulled off the cover of the hot-tub, releasing steam into the cool night air. I stripped off under my dress, pulling my bathing suit back on, still tipsy enough, but also secure enough, that in this light, not much would be visible. Kristi pulled on Rob's shorts, and we both stepped into the warm water. She in her bikini top and his shorts, and me in my old black suit.  
  
Rob came outside a couple minutes later with and empty pitcher dripping the last of the margarita into his throat. He was wearing Kristi's bikini bottoms, and his hard cock was outlined, surprisingly clearly in the fabric. He'd pulled it sideways to keep it covered, and it pushed the fabric out tightly. When he climbed clumsily into the water with us, I saw that it was pulled tight against his tush, and was starting to pull up between his cheeks. It was cute and hot at the same time.  
  
We talked for a while, soaking the night away. Kristi got up at one point and turned the lights over the deck. The kitchen lights, "weren't bright enough and I was getting a headache." I didn't think much of it until I had to go pee for the 3rd time that night. I was halfway across the deck when I realized that in light this bright, the crack of my ass would be clearly visible through the thin fabric.   
  
As though she'd been waiting for the pause in my step showing my sudden awareness of my vulnerability, Kristi spoke. "Could you bring out a tray with some water on it for us?"  
  
"Sure," I called over my shoulder, preferring to not turn around just at that moment.   
  
As I sat on the toilet, my suit down at my ankles, I frantically fingered myself, stopping only when I heard Kristi call, "Are you OK? You've been 10 minutes."  
  
I ashamedly let her know I was fine, and, washing my hands, came back out to the deck. As I reached the tub, fully aware that my nipples and pussy were almost certainly visible through the old seamless bathing suit if only my arm and hand weren't carefully placed Kristi, damn her, said, "Don't forget the water" I was forced to return to the kitchen, pour three glasses of water, put them on a tray, and walk back out. I realized as I reached the deck that I needed both hands to hold the tray. I had nothing to cover myself with.   
  
My nipples were hard, pushing clearly against my suit. The fabric between my legs clung to my lips, outlining them for any that cared to look.  
  
Kristi took her water, but Rob needed prompting and then I had the problem of where to put the tray. Rob and Kristi both stared at me the entire time. I just about came right there out on the deck. Being seen like this, by someone I knew, was unbelievable arousing to me.  
  
Kristi told me, "Don't bother getting back in, we're getting out and can all put the cover back on together."  
  
She smiled at me, winking, knowing how much I loved being exposed like this. I couldn't help but notice though, that when they got out of the hot tub, Rob and Kristi were both wearing their proper bottoms again. Kristi looked awesome, and Rob looked engorged. He was so drunk, though, that I'm not sure he realized I was staring. But he kept staring at me.  
  
We managed to get the cover on and all walked inside. Kristi passed each of us a towel and we dried off, agreeing to retire for the evening.  
  
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I listened to the sounds of laughter, a bed bumping against the wall, and a whimper-like noise for about twenty minutes. I'd changed out of my wet suit, hanging it over a chair, and pulled on my camisole and panties. As I listened, I pinched my nipples and stroked my belly. I cupped my breasts, and fingered my pussy. I arched my back at the same time I heard Kristi's whimper. I could imagine her biting her lip trying to remain quiet.   
  
While I was no longer tipsy, I was thirsty. I decided to visit the kitchen for some water after I washed up a bit in the bathroom.   
  
Down in the kitchen, as I drank my second glass of water, Kristi surprised me. She was wearing a pair of flannel pajama pants - covered in little hearts with faces - and nothing else. She seemed surprised to see me, but didn't cover up. Instead she ran to me and gave me a big hug.  
  
"Oh my God, thank you. Rob was hard and so turned on. We didn't talk at all, and he couldn't stop kissing me. Thank you!"  
  
"Please don't thank me, um...this is embarrassing."  
  
"Why?" She hugged me again, and her nipples against my chest, separated only by the thin camisole, started my arousal again."  
  
"Um. Because, I guess, because I get excited being seen. And seeing him. And You. And everything."  
  
"Bah...it's good for all of us, and I'm not worried about him leaving me for you or anything. It's fun. And harmless. And I liked it all too. And I've got an idea for the morning. And a way to thank you now."  
  
I gulped, not sure if I could take much more.   
  
"I want to show you something." Kristi took my hand and I admired her back, and shoulders, and neck In the dim light they glowed like the moon.  
  
"Rob is passed out now, completely out. Just be quiet ok. But I want to show you what I've fallen in love with."  
  
I didn't know what to think, and I certainly didn't expect to see what I saw.  
  
Rob lay there, on his back, one leg bent and his right foot resting against his left knee. His arms were spread out to the side. He was naked. And on top of the covers. I caught my breath and just stared. I started at his feet and worked my way up his toned legs. When I reached his penis and testicles, hell, his cock and balls, I couldn't go farther. They were the first I'd seen live, ever, and I was intrigued.   
  
Kristi whispered, "Isn't it, and he gorgeous?"  
  
I didn't have any words, and just nodded.  
  
She pulled on my hand after a minute or so and led me back to my room.   
  
"Thank you," were my first words as she closed the door.  
  
Kristi whispered back at me her plan for the morning.  
  
I didn't sleep a wink.  
  
**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 04**

I didn't really sleep that night. I was so excited thinking about the night; I was even more excited thinking about the morning and just how far I'd be able to take things.  
  
I set my watch to beep at 5am, which was only a few hours away. I was already awake when it went off. The house was silent, but for the light sound of snoring coming from Kristi's room when I walked past. OK, I did actually stop and listen. And maybe look through the open crack in the door at Kristi and Rob as they lay there.  
  
Rob was on his back, the covers thrown aside. Kristi's right leg and arm were thrown across him, blocking, alas, my view of his cock. Last night was, really, the first I'd ever seen live, though he didn't know I'd watched him after he passed out. With Kristi holding my hand, practically. Kristi, though, was much more exposed, no longer wearing her pajama pants. She, like me, it looked like, was shaved, and her ass and puss were glorious, though pale, to observe. I watched, for over five minutes, before I remembered the need for me to prepare.  
  
I walked down the hall, pausing to pee in the bathroom, before going downstairs to the kitchen. I was still wearing my tight camisole and the loose matching booty shorts I'd inherited from my sister (who's bottom was larger than mine, but chest wasn't, much to her chagrin). Out the window, I could see that it was still raining in the darkness, and paused to try to calm down. I was breathing a bit hot and a bit bothered, so to speak.  
  
Kristi and I had worked out a agreement on a rough script to play out for Rob; he'd gone to bed before we had and things revolved around Kristi telling him I'd kept drinking much later into the night. That was my excuse for what I was going to do.  
  
The first thing I did, realizing the house was chilly, was turn on the gas fireplace in the middle of the living room. I stood there, warming myself for a moment as the heat started to radiate. I knew that Rob would be asleep for several more hours, and Kristi for at least a couple. I'd set my alarm early because I wanted to both work up my nerve, and also enjoy the experience as it drew itself out. Anticipation is big for me.  
  
I quietly pulled the cushions from the crouch and lay them on the floor in a rough mattress-like arrangement. I walked into the attached dining room, and pulled the white table cloth off of the table. It would be my blanket.  
  
I then went into the kitchen and looked under the kitchen sink. As Kristi has told me, there were several empty wine bottles. I pulled on out and put it on the ground beside my "bed".  
  
This is where I hesitated, because there was, well, no going back. I mean, I could, but I knew I'd regret it. Here was a safe way for me to totally, well, I'll start describing what happened a few hours later.   
  
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I'd lain there for hours, but it passed in minutes. I had never felt nor been so exposed in my life. I finally heard movement upstairs. The creaking of the floor. Then feet on the steps. Then nothing.  
  
I knew that someone was in the room with me. I didn't know who it was, though I suspected Kristi. She'd not had near as much to drink as Rob, and had told me she would be up much earlier.  
  
I tried to breath normally, knowing that from his or her position, I was exposed.   
  
I lay across my improvised mattress, with one knee pulled up, and the lower leg resting on the ground. My "blanket" covered me. Well, part of me. I'd positioned it to cover my head, my upper right shoulder, most of my ass, and part of my right thigh. The rest of my was exposed. Right then, I though my pussy was covered, though I wasn't sure. I knew that depending on how I shifted and what I pulled I could reveal more of my ass, my leg, my back, and my very wet pussy. I couldn't believe that I'd held, more or less, this same position for a few hours. It didn't feel that way though. All it felt like was awesomesauce.   
  
I felt someone near my, and heard rapid breathing through the table cloth over my head.  
  
"Perfect," whispered my co-conspirator, Kristi. "You look unbelievably sexy. I love your curves. FUCK. I am tempted to ravage you right now, and I never thought I'd say that. Are you still wanting to go through with it?"  
  
I whispered back, "Please."  
  
I heard a light laugh, and relaxed, knowing that things were going ahead. Now don't think my relaxing about that lessened my anticipatory lust one iota. It just started ramping it up. Especially knowing that Kristi was enjoying seeing me.  
  
"Let me position this a bit better." Kristi's hands touched my skin as they slid the table cloth around a bit. She covered a bit more of my waist, and a bit less of my leg. "Remember, when he's in here, to pretend to be asleep at first."  
  
I heard her move away, then heard a sound I'd not expected, that of her cell phone taking a photo.  
  
I had my first orgasm, a small one, then.  
  
Fortunately Kristi didn't say anything, even if she did notice.  
  
And then I waited some more.  
  
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Another unknown amount of time passed, and I could see that the sun was up and it was to be a bright winter's day. The light filtering through my "blanket" told me that much. It didn't tell me who came downstairs a few minutes later. I'd heard a toilet flush, feet on the stairs, and then silence again.  
  
"Holy shit."  
  
It was Rob...and it took all my willpower to not cover up or strip it off right then and there. I tried to breath normally.  
  
Minutes passed, I think, without me hearing another sound. Then I heard more footsteps on the stairs, and I knew that Kristi had joined him.  
  
"I didn't know, I mean." Rob mumbled with a slightly worried tone, "It's not my fault."  
  
"I know. It's hers silly. Last night I came down for some water and ran into Susan who'd also woken up. We ended up talking for another hour about guys and how shy she is. She asked for something more to drink and I let her open a bottle of wine, expecting her to only have a glass."  
  
Rob didn't reply.  
  
"Rob...over here." Kristi said it, though, with a laugh in her voice. "It serves her right. She kept drinking and before I knew it was asking me what to do about it."  
  
"I don't get it. About what?"  
  
"She's shy silly. She's never even kissed a guy, let alone done anything else. And last night was her first time drunk. I told her to lighten up, dress sexier, show more skin. Guys would come to her."  
  
"Well, yeah. But she's hot even ..um well, she's attractive you know."  
  
"It's ok. And yes, you can look. She kept giving me reasons she couldn't do this or that or open up to guys at school. I finally called her a prude." Kristi was following our script so far, more or less. "There's the bottle. I can't believe she finished it after I left."  
  
"But why is she naked? And down here?"  
  
"When I first came down, she was wearing a camisole and shorts."  
  
"And?" I could hear anticipation in Rob's voice.  
  
"She asked what she could do to prove to me that she wasn't really a prude."  
  
"I told her that I didn't think she had a hope. I was teasing, but she got a bit upset about it," Kristi continued, "but I told her that she had trouble even getting naked in front of me."  
  
Kristi continued, telling Rob how I'd gotten obnoxious then, and swore, "I can and I will get naked in front of you."  
  
"And did she?"  
  
"Not then..she was having trouble sitting up at that stage, so I setup a bed down here and put the table cloth over her as a blanket."  
  
"So she got naked after you left?"  
  
"I guess....god she's beautiful. Do you like looking at her?"  
  
Rob's response sent a shiver through my body, "Well, yeah, I do. I don't want to be with her or anything, you know that, but I do like to look."  
  
"I'll tell you what, lover, until she wakes up, you can look all you want. Here, you can even take some photos on my cell. I want to tease her with them later. But no touching."  
  
"Um." Rob hesitated. And then I though. photos? This was beyond what we'd talked about. But I trusted Kristi. I thought I could anyway.  
  
"It's OK. After you watched her through my telescope - and don't ever tell her you did - and saw her ass outside the pool - you fucked me longer and harder than you ever have before. Three times that first night."  
  
I heard the sounds of kissing. "Shh...take advantage of her being passed out. God you're hard already. I might have to come get you in a minute. I'm just going to sit here and watch."  
  
Oh God. This wasn't what I expected. I thought, I quick flash, maybe a bit more than I was currently showing, but not that they'd both be there for a prolonged period of time and with a camera.  
  
I heard light footsteps near me and heard the camera going off from several angles. Thank goodness my face was covered. I was dripping between my legs, and desperate to finger myself. I couldn't though. I just concentrated on trying to breath slowly.  
  
"Here, let me help you." Kristi's voice was surprisingly near, and I was shocked as I felt her finger tips. The camera went off again. She drew her fingers up my leg, took hold of the blanked, and pulled it an inch or so to the side, revealing my ass crack, most of my thigh, and to my shameful pleasure, my wet, shaved puss.   
  
Click.  
  
"Oh my God." Rob was sounding out of breath himself, and suddenly whispered quietly, "Sorry...I'm trying to be quiet. What if she wakes up?"  
  
"The amount she had to drink." Kristi poked my left ass cheek roughly and I managed not to move; I really managed, though, I think, to not move my ass back over her finger to impale my cunt on her digit. "She's not waking up for a bit."   
  
Another click from a different angle. "Thank you so much Kristi - God I love you."  
  
"God - I love that bulge in your boxers. I'm glad you're enjoying this. You know I like watching you like this."  
  
Click.  
  
I felt fingers again, this time at my ribs. Kristi was lightly tickling me on my left side and I couldn't help but squirm a bit. "I bet if I tickle her a bit here, I can get her to shift a bit. Maybe you can see those nipples you were staring at through her wet shirt."  
  
Click. Tickle. Click. Tickle.   
  
I gave in then, trying to act restless and rolled away from her fingers onto my side. I thought that showing more of my breast would be enough for her, but she kept tickling, and I again caved into my own desires by rolling onto my back. I hugged the table cloth between my arms and acted like the light was bothering me, letting out a moan of pleasure I hoped sounded like the groan of a hangover.  
  
Click. Click. Click.   
  
I was now on my back, my legs bared to the world and my right breast completely uncovered. I held my improvised blanket over my face, and continued to feign sleep as best I could. My pussy was completely bared - it visible completely to Rob.  
  
Click. Click. Click.   
  
"OK, I think that's enough, now give me my camera. I won't risk - no matter how much I trust you - these photos getting out to your buddies!"  
  
I breathed a sign of relief at that - for my face wasn't exposed in any of the shots.  
  
"Let's go back upstairs now Rob - I don't think I can wait, and by the looks of that wet spot on the front of your tent, neither can you."  
  
I heard them creep quietly away, hearing Kristi's last words, "I bet she's still like that when we finish. I've got an idea if she is."  
  
I listened to them fucking for the next hour. And I did something similar to myself.  
  
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I wasn't sure how I should be positioned at first. I mean, should I be laying on my back, my side or my stomach. Should I be covered more, less, or at all with my improvised blanket (a table cloth)?  
  
I finally settled on a bit of a fetal position, covering my "hung-over" head to block out light, and hugging the rest of it between my arms and legs. I was on my side, my legs pulled up to my chest. My left breast was mostly visible between my folder arm, and my ass and likely my pussy were sticking out behind me as I lay on the couch-cushions I'd moved to the floor.  
  
I finally heard footsteps coming back downstairs. Was it Kristi or Rob? Or both of them?  
  
I didn't have to wait long, "See Rob, she's still out like a light. I bet she's going to have a horrible headache."  
  
"Um...shouldn't we cover her up now?"  
  
"Give it up - you know you're loving looking, and it serves her right."  
  
Kristi and I had planned things out, though she'd already gone "off-script" as it were. I didn't really mind though as I was living out one of my fantasies; the fact that it was out of my control was even more exciting.  
  
"Um." Rob was a bit distracted still, it would seem.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Well. Um."  
  
Kristi laughed a wonderfully gorgeous laugh, crystal clear in the living room. My senses were all highly enhanced for some reason. I was sure I could hear them breathing.  
  
I heard movement around me, "Shhhh," whispered Kristi, and I sensed someone moving closer to me.  
  
Suddenly, loud in my ear, "Good morning, good morning! Time to get out of bed! Good morning, Good morning! Get up you sleepy head!" This was our signal for me to slowly awaken in a hung-over stupor. "GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!" She was singing now loudly and I started to moan.  
  
"Ohh....stop it....ouch.....stop please."  
  
"Awe, does your head hurt a little?"  
  
"Where's the cat?" I asked.  
  
"What cat," asked Kristi, genuinely curious.  
  
"The one that shit in my mouth!" I let out a moan, but was delighted to finally use that line I'd heard in a movie once.  
  
Rob and Kristi both laughed.  
  
"Was that Rob?"  
  
"Yes"  
  
"Why is Rob in my room?"  
  
"Susan, you're not in you're room. You passed out down in the living room."  
  
"Oh God."  
  
"So, are you going to survive?" Kristi was whispering now.  
  
"I think so. Is this what it's always like when you drink?"  
  
"When you drink another bottle of wine like you did. Yes."   
  
"I did?"  
  
"You don't remember?"  
  
I started to uncover my face with the blanked, "Owwwwch....my head. It's so bright."  
  
"What else do you remember from last night?"  
  
I buried my face back under my sheet.  
  
"I remember us in the hot tub, and I though going to bed...but ...wait. I'm in the living room?"  
  
Kristi and Rob both chuckled as she replied, "You're in the living room. I don't know why."  
  
"Um. What am I..." I reached out to feel my body, "...naked?" I shifted rapidly to cover myself with the table cloth and peeked my eyes out.  
  
"Oh my God. What happened? How embarrassing. And Rob is ....I'm so sorry."  
  
Kristi laughed lightly, "It's OK. It was a nice view while it lasted, right Rob?"  
  
"Um. Yeah. While it lasted?"   
  
I could hear the question in Rob's tone. He seemed to realize that Kristi wasn't going to tell me about what had already happened this morning.   
  
"So where are my clothes?"  
  
"I guess up in your room. You really don't remember last night?" Kristi confirmed my lack of memory once again.  
  
"No...oh no. What did I do? God. I'm never drinking again!"  
  
"Don't worry, but shall I bring you up to speed on what I know?"  
  
"Please...and I'm so sorry that Rob saw me like that. Can you forgive me?"  
  
Rob was quick to speak up, "I didn't really see anything Susan - it's OK."  
  
"Yeah, we were only down here a minute and the table cloth covered most of you. Well, except your ass." I could hear the smile in her voice.  
  
"So what did I do?"  
  
Kristi began a fabricated explanation of what had transpired. I saw the look of confusion on Rob's face, and witnessed her wink at him telling him to go with it. By now I knew that Rob would do anything Kristi told him to. She took care of him well.  
  
"Well, after we went to bed, I came back downstairs to find you in the kitchen getting some water. You were pretty tipsy then, and suggested we have some wine and talk more. Well, you had some wine and we talked - I didn't drink a thing. Half an hour later, we had a bit of a fight; the booze was getting to you, and, well, you were a bit of a bitch."  
  
"I'm so sorry - I hope I wasn't horrible!"  
  
"Well, not that bad, I was mostly laughing, but you were really obnoxious."  
  
"What did I do? Please tell me!"  
  
"Well, the fight was about guys and clothes, and you said I was easy and I called you a prude. And you really got upset at that. I mean, you have to admit, you're pretty reserved around men and don't do much to attract them."  
  
"Yes." I hung my head, realizing that this was close to the truth with regard to how I lived my life up until a few months ago.  
  
"You said you'd prove to me you were no prude and started taking off your camisole. I said that I didn't think you could spend an hour naked alone, let alone with someone around."  
  
"I did? Oh god. I'm so embarrassed."  
  
"You did. And, by the way, you have great breasts. You also said that you would prove you weren't a prude and stay naked as long as I wanted you to. I laughed, but you took off your panties and tossed them aside. In fact, there they are on the other side of the couch."  
  
"Oh. Can you pass them to me...please?"  
  
"In a minute. Maybe. Now at that point I laughed, and you said, "I'm serious! I bet you I can do it, and if I do, you can never call me a prude again!' I tried to convince you to get dressed, but you wouldn't until I agreed to the bet."  
  
"So. Um. Did I win?"  
  
"Well, you've not actually completed the bet. I told you to stay naked until noon, and you'd win. You agreed last night, but obviously won't go through with it. So I can still call you a prude!" She laughed as I buried my head in my hands.   
  
"It's only 15 minutes to noon if you want to take the bet up again, prude!"  
  
"But...but..."  
  
"It's up to you, and I'm sure Rob won't object."  
  
"But I am naked, I'll just stay like this then."  
  
"Naked means uncovered. Admit it, you don't have the guts."  
  
I looked at Rob, who's eyes were wide as he looked back and forth between me and Kristi.  
  
"If you can do it, I'll buy you a new bikini from that shop in the mall."  
  
"But I don't wear bikini's they..."  
  
"Prude!"  
  
"Fine. But can Rob maybe read in your room or something?"  
  
"No. That was part of the bet."  
  
"But...I can't just stand here naked."  
  
She looked at me and I looked back. She gave me a wink, knowing I'd go along with whatever she told me. "You won't."  
  
"But Rob will just stare at me."  
  
"Oh, a non-prude wouldn't worry about that!"  
  
"But..."  
  
"Are you going to do it? 15 minutes naked in front of Rob and I. Your bathing suit last night was pretty tight anyway."  
  
"Can I have some water Kristi? Please? My head hurts so much."  
  
"After you decide."  
  
I wasn't sure I was ready to strip down with Rob knowing I was making that conscious choice. I'd told Kristi I might not be able to go through with it.   
  
I realized that this was going a bit fast for me, and feeling like I was letting Kristi down, told her, "I'm sorry, I guess I am a prude. I just can't do it in front of Rob. No offence Rob"  
  
She took it well, "That's OK, why don't you go upstairs and get dressed then."  
  
Rob looked disappointed, but didn't say anything.   
  
I started moving from the room, awkward in the table cloth, but knowing I'd made the right choice for me right now.  
  
And then I tripped, stepping on the bottom of the fabric, and fell down. The table cloth pulled away as I went forward, trapped under my clumsy foot, and I found myself lying on my stomach on the floor, buck naked.  
  
I could feel every part of me turning bright red as I got onto all fours and started to get up. "Nice view, Susan," said Kristi from behind as she let out a whistle. I realized that, on all fours, I was aiming my ass and nether regions right at them. If possible, I think I turned even more red.

I left the blanket where it was and ran up the stairs, Kristi's happy laughter ringing behind me.  
  
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I came back downstairs, dressed as I had been the night before.   
  
"I'm sorry I couldn't do it. I really am a prude." I tried to affect a ready-to-cry face. "And I'm so sorry you both saw me like that."  
  
Kristi hugged me as Rob, like most men, panicked at the possibility of tears, "It's OK. I didn't really see anything much. And you looked good. But I wasn't looking."   
  
Kristi stopped his babbling, "Shut up Rob. And you did look good sweetie."  
  
I hugged her back, whispering, "Are you sure you're not mad?"   
  
She shook her head against mine gently whispering, "Are you kidding? He fucked me hard after the earlier visit."  
  
We broke our friendly embrace and I went to the kitchen to get myself some of the forgotten water. I was actually quite thirty, despite not having a hang-over.   
  
"I think I should go home now, but thank you both for a wonderful evening, even though I don't remember much of it. I'm sorry if I, well... I'm sorry."  
  
I spent a few minutes grabbing my things, locating my 'lost' sleepwear behind the couch. Walking home in the cool air was wonderful, helping me regain my breathing, lose my blush, and reducing my urge to finger myself to orgasm.   
  
**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 05**

I left Kristi and Rob alone for the next few days without interruption.   
  
Well, Kristi and I did talk on the phone and email each other a few times. And she did send me the photos of myself. Revealed. Exposed. Open completely to Rob's eager glance, and I think, Kristi's.   
  
I was ashamed and embarrassed and absolutely loved the feeling.   
  
I spent those days looking at the images, revisiting my memories from the past two months, and fantasizing about situations, plausible and fantastic, that I might find myself in.   
  
I also enjoyed watching Kristi and Rob, in various states of undress, and in the most interesting of contortions, through my binoculars. In our brief conversations, Kristi told me how much Rob enjoyed looking at me, and at the photos on her camera. And she told me that she was sure he'd not sent them to anyone else. I even got to watch, once, as the showed him her camera, and as he subsequently ravaged her on her bed. Thank you, Johann Lipperhey, oh inventor of my spy-tool.  
  
Rob returned to Vancouver on Christmas Eve, and Kristi and I talked on the phone through most of the night. She was so happy with his visit - she'd really been worried about losing him now that she'd moved over to the island; those fears were back in the closet, safely put away for another few months (her words, not mine). "And thank you, for um, well, helping spice things up Susan."  
  
"You're welcome, but you know, well, that I loved it all too. Thank you too."  
  
We talked around my exposure, and giving myself up to her control, without really getting specific. At least until the end, where she said, "Check your email. Your Christmas present is there. Hugs!" She hung up before I could ask a single question.   
  
Of course, the first thing I did then was get up, turn on my computer, and check my email.  
  
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fromspecial-k  
  
subjectmerry christmas!  
  
tosusan458  
  
I bumped into Pandora Jenkins from school - you know, Cat Woman - and she invited us to a party at her place for New Years. And Joey's going to be there :P Anyway, I'll tell you about it when I see ya! And for Christmas, I'm going to buy you the same bathing suit you buy me - we can be twins!   
  
Hugs and kisses,   
  
Kristi!  
  
\_\_\_  
  
I was going to a party? A real party? That was a gift I'd savor.   
  
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Christmas morning, day, and dinner were pretty normal. The gifts I gave were a success, and I received two that I wanted to share with Kristi.  
  
I saw Kristi again on Boxing Day and, of course, we had decided to go to the mall. As she drove us there, I told her excitedly about the gifts I thought she'd appreciate: a webcam and money. The money would come into play today, because I'd told Kristi that I was getting her a bikini for Christmas and also to thank her for all she'd done for me while Rob was in town. She was pleased about that. The webcam, though, that really got her interest up, "Susan. A webcam? Hmmm....that has possibilities. I have one somewhere, but I think it's still packed from the move. I can't believe I've not been using it with Rob like I did when I lived over there."  
  
"Oh," I questioned?  
  
"Um...well. Yeah. Um. We used to have late-night dates when we couldn't get together. For a while I had him leaving his on 24/7 so that I could just tune in to see what he was doing and wearing - ha...who am I kidding. He was never wearing anything...and I liked that."   
  
Kristi's candid confession got my mind racing more too.   
  
"I'll help you set it up and we'll have some fun," was her someone ominous reply. I loved it.  
  
Before the conversation could progress, she pulled into the mall's parking lot. Eagle eyed, I managed to sight a parking spot after 10 minutes of searching, and Krista managed to get there before anyone else.   
  
"Are you ready?"  
  
"Susan. I've never been more ready. Are you?"  
  
"Let's roll."  
  
We broke down into laughter as we got out of the car, ready to tackle the mall on Boxing Day.  
  
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We stood at the entrance, a big-and-tall shop on our left and a bank on our right. Neither was what we were after.  
  
"Where do you want to go first, Kristi?"   
  
"Susan," Kristi replied, "our first stop is the bathroom. I'm about to burst - and I want to fix your outfit a bit."  
  
I looked down at myself, not sure if I was ready for how Kristi might fix my outfit - or all that sure about what was wrong with it in the first place. I was wearing a brown t-shirt dress that went down to a few inches above my knees, some sandals, and, really, not much else. If you've not been to Victoria in the winter, you may be surprised at just how nice it can be; sure it snows every few years, and we can get some rain, but today was 12°C (about 54°F for those of you in the US, Liberia, or Myanmar), and we'd both moved from the car, through the sun, into the warm mall.   
  
Kristi was wearing a tight white, fitted t-shirt which clung to her breasts, showing a fair bit of cleavage, and an old pair of men's jeans which looked great on her. She and I agreed - most women looked far better in men's jeans than in women's - and the fact that they were old and threadbare in places helped draw boys' eyes to her. She loved it. And I admit, so did I. I loved seeing the glimpses of skin through the distressed fabric.  
  
As we walked down the hall, Kristi tugged my arm and pulled me down a hallway. There was a door there with "Employees Only" on it, but an "EXIT" sign was above the door.   
  
"Should we be here, Kristi?"  
  
"It's OK, Susan. I always figure out where the staff washrooms are in malls. They're usually cleaner, fully stocked, and never busy. Here's the one for this wing of the mall."  
  
Sure enough, there was a sign on a door a few feet ahead. "OK," I said, as she pulled me through the door, "I'll just wash my hands."  
  
Kristi quickly entered the lone stall in the room while I went to the sink and checked my hair in the mirror. She was right, it was a clean area and even smelled of flowers.   
  
Her voice came out of the stall, "Susan, do you trust me?"  
  
"I think so? Why are you asking?" I was a bit concerned.  
  
"I want you to take off your underwear and give them to me."  
  
"W-why?"  
  
"Admit it, Susan - you've thought about it. About not wearing any undies out in public."  
  
"Um"  
  
"Susan..."   
  
"Well, yeah, I mean we've talked about it a bit."  
  
Kristi didn't reply, and I felt I had to fill the silence. "Yes. I've thought about it."  
  
"Well, hand them over." Kristi had emerged from her stall and had her big purse open in front of her.  
  
I stood in silence. I just didn't know how to give in to my desire.   
  
A quiet voice, calmly spoke, "Susan? Do you trust me Susan?"  
  
"Yes," was my timid reply.  
  
"We've never really said it out-loud. You love it when people see your body...see you naked, exposed...embarrassed even maybe?"  
  
I couldn't speak, instead feeling myself turn bright red over my entire body. I was even shaking a bit.  
  
Kristi's bag lowered in one arm and she reached out and took one if my hands in hers.  
  
I stuttered a bit, but finally got out, "Yes."  
  
"It's O.K., you know. Lots of people do. And even more like to look."  
  
"Yeah, but...." I stopped talking, now know what to say in my shame.  
  
"Why are you so worried?"  
  
"I don't want anyone to think I'm a slut, or to have photos of me all over the internet." It came out all in one fast breath.   
  
"Do you trust me? Think about it, because if you do, I think I can help you."  
  
I did think about it for at least 60 seconds as she stood their patiently. "Yes."  
  
"I think you know how much I like showing off Rob, and how much I enjoy being in control. Like a director, I guess."  
  
I smiled as I thought of the times I'd seen him , thanks to Kristi's machinations. I felt some confidence coming back as I realized how much she shared with me. How much she trusted me. "Yes," I giggled in relief, "you're good at that."  
  
"Then trust me now. I'm going to make sure that you and your reputation are safe - but also that you get some release. And I'll figure out ways to help you that lets people know that it's out of your control and not your choice. I've been thinking about this Susan. Trust me."  
  
I looked at Kristi and realized I trusted her completely. "O.K." I looked her in the eyes and she looked back. Then she winked, I laughed, and she held her purse up and open in front of her again.   
  
I reached down and slid my dress up my hips. I felt everything in infinite detail. The light cool touch of my fingertips along my hips raised goose bumps all over my body. I pulled the dress up high enough to reveal to Kristi my white briefs with a bright blue cat embroidered on the front.  
  
"Cute!"  
  
I hooked my thumbs over the top of the waist band of my panties and pulled them over and down my hips. I lifted my right foot and stepped out of them, quickly bunching them up and dropping them into Kristi's purse.  
  
I looked at her, knowing I was bright red, and knowing that it was ok that she knew. Really, this wasn't my choice, as I'd said I'd do what she wanted.  
  
She kept looking at me after I'd let the dress drop back down, and said, "Don't forget the bra."  
  
I felt my flush deepen and I pulled my arms inside my dress and undid my bra, sliding it off my arms, and then out and arm-hole. I dropped it, too, into the purse which was then lowered.  
  
"Was that so hard?"  
  
"Kristi, I'm so embarrassed about this. I know it's not normal, but I can't help that I like it."  
  
"You know I like the idea myself...but from the other side of things. I prefer to be the watcher and the exposer, you like to be the exposee. It's like the yin and yang of nudity. It's good. Now are you ready?"  
  
"For what?" I was nervous. And, I must admit, getting a bit wet.  
  
"We're just going to walk around for a while. We've gotta get you used to being without undies...at least enough that you're not bright red when you're not even flashing anyone, let alone know someone's looking."  
  
I looked into the bathroom mirror, and laughed at how red I was. Being a fair-skinned red-head, I flushed easily as it was, and right now, ever bit of skin on my arms, neck, and face were pink. "O.K., give me a minute to calm down."  
  
She laughed lightly, and that alone helped me to relax a bit. I took slow, deep breaths for a minute or so, and could feel my skin cooling down a bit. "I think I'm ready."  
  
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Kristi and I walked back down the hallway to the mall proper. I have to admit, I was glad to learn about the staff washrooms at malls; they were easy to access and clean.  
  
As we opened the doorway to the main mall itself, my breath caught. It's true, I'd gone out sans panties before, but always alone. Even my forays to the pool, for the most part, were without anyone I knew. Here, now, my identity was known, as were my core feelings and emotions. I stepped past Kristi, who kindly held the door for me, and realized that everyone wasn't looking at me like I was some slut yelling, "Look at my bits!"  
  
I was able to breath.  
  
Kristi and I wandered the mall, basically window shopping as I calmed down fully and became more comfortable in my outfit. "Susan, how do you feel?" asked Kristi, recognizing, I think, that I was calm again.  
  
"Wet," was my unthinking reply.   
  
Kristi laughed, and I couldn't help but join in. "I mean, um, Kristi, I'm calm now, but I am aware of every step, of the touch of air on my body, of the fabric sliding against my skin."  
  
"You know I don't always wear panties, but I can't really go without a bra and stay comfortable. And I have to say, Susan, without lines, you make that dress look even sexier. Until someone realizes that you must not be wearing panties or a bra, you just look fucking hot - after then realize, then it's super fucking hot!" She laughed.  
  
I blushed now at her compliment, but it wasn't the flush of shame.   
  
"And your nipples look amazing."  
  
I couldn't stop myself from looking down, and realized that my nipples were pushing out, hard, through the material of my t-shirt dress. I flushed, this time in a lusty embarrassment, and crossed my arms in front of me.  
  
"Don't do that."  
  
It was a command, I realized, and I dropped my arms. It took a few minutes for my red skin to return to normal, but I continued to walk. As I started to consider those around me more, I noticed that most people didn't notice me, though now and then I got a smile, and more rarely a double-take as someone noticed my nipples as they glanced at me, and then looked back to make sure. I did my best to smile back normally to those that smiled at me, and to not notice those who stared at me.  
  
"Feel like some shopping yet?"  
  
"I think I can concentrate on other things now...thank you. Where to, first?"  
  
"Let's go to the food court first. I need a coffee or something to wake me up. I was up late talking to Rob. And I've gotta tell you about the party."  
  
I'd forgotten about the New Years party Kristi had mentioned in her email. I was excited to be going to my first real New Years party, and wanted to learn more.  
  
Kristi found her over-priced coffee, added a dozen spoonfuls of sugar, and found us a spot at the counter at the top of the escalators. We sat down and began to talk.   
  
"So I ran into Pandora at the grocery store the other day and we recognized each other."  
  
I leaned in, keen to hear more about the woman I'd kissed at the costume party, albeit through my mask.  
  
"We were in line together and she told me about the New Years party she was hosting. She's having a theme party to go with the Olympics this year, and asked everyone to dress up as some sort of Olympic athlete or in a sporting theme."  
  
"'That sounds like a lot of fun,' was my response, Susan."   
  
"Anyway, she asked me what I was up to, and when I told her that I was hanging out with my friend, Susan, from school, she knew exactly who you were. She said, 'She's the red-head right? That's always reading and really shy?'"  
  
I was surprised she knew me, and said so.  
  
"I admit that I was surprised to, but she told me she thought you looked 'nice and kinda cute' and that her friend Joey had asked her about you once."  
  
I could feel myself flushing again, shocked and pleased that he actually knew I existed. Maybe I wasn't as invisible as I thought.   
  
Kristi giggled, "I thought you'd like that part. Anyway, she asked if we wanted to come to the party. Do you want to go?"  
  
"YES!"   
  
We both laughed then and Kristi continued, "Anyway, I told her we'd be there for sure. It's at her house. She said there would be about 20 people there, just friends – not some house-wrecking party – and that they'd love to get to know us better. When I asked about costumes, she told me that we could dress up as any sport we wanted really, not just Winter Olympic sports. She and a friend are going as figure skaters, so that costume's out, but we can do anything else we want. And we have to do some sort of sketch or act of our sport in action."  
  
"Wow. Any ideas? This sounds like fun, and if I have a drink or two, I might even be able to do the performing thing. That scares me though – getting up in front of people is hard for me to do."  
  
"You're a fun mix of contradictions Susan. I love it."  
  
We laughed again and chatted about costume ideas. Kristi decided that sexy was the key, which ruled out my earlier hockey-gear idea. Neither of us having the money to buy fancy outfits ruled out slick full-body ski-suits etc, and I didn't own any real winter-wear anyway.   
  
"What about tennis players," questioned Kristi?  
  
"Hmmm...," I considered whether I could be around people that I knew in such a short skirt, "I think I could do that!"  
  
Kristi looked at me, smiling, "That'll be great. We can go buy some little tennis skirts and shirts today."  
  
I thought about it. To be surrounded by classmates, wearing a little skirt and a tight shirt excited me a little. I'd have no anonymity, but I would have a real reason to be dressed that way. And Kristi would be there too.   
  
"And I think there are some rackets in our garage from when my brothers played," Kristi said.  
  
We talked a bit about what we might do, as a routine, but didn't come up with much.   
  
As we walked and talked, I had almost forgotten about my state of dress. My nipples, I realized when I caught my reflection in a window display's mirror, were no longer hard, but did puff outward notably from my small breasts. That reminded me of my state of dress - but I continued to be more relaxed. Nobody was getting angry or pointing. I caught the odd stare, but nary a glare. It felt good, and I felt sexy. But I didn't feel ridiculed or derided. I was OK. I felt appreciated by those that smiled at me.  
  
We went into the Sport-o-Matic in the mall, and quickly found the tennis skirts and shirts. We talked about whether or not we should match and about what style of shirt to get.  
  
We finally settled on matching white, pleated tennis skirts that came in both our sizes. I slide one over my skirt there and then and after doing it up realized it came about 2 inches below the moon of my ass; Kristi did the same over her jeans, and found hers to hang even higher. We then found some stylish light green lycra-cotton blend polo shirts with a deep v-neck. We decided to try everything on to make sure it fit, and went over to wait in line for a change-room.  
  
As we talked about the aspects of our outfits we liked, a girl in front of us turned around, and her face lit up.   
  
Pandora started wishing us both, "Merry Christmas" and asking us if we were going to make it to her party. Kristi did the talking, and I tried to not appropriately. Being known as 'shy', it seemed acceptable for me to be quiet. I'd have participated fully, honestly, if I hadn't been distracted by the man standing beside Pandora. As he realized she was talking to people she knew from school, Joey turned around, and gave me a stunning smile.   
  
I think I managed to smile back, likely looking like I was stoned on something - I'm sure I had a glazed look.   
  
"Hi," he said in a voice I recognized all too well from my eavesdropping around school. And that party.  
  
"Hi Joey, I'm Kristi," came Kristi to the rescue, "and this stunned girl is Susan. She's a bit shy."   
  
"I'm not that shy, I just didn't expect to run into so many people from school. Um. Happy Christmas." I did find my voice.  
  
It was as though I'd realized, for the first time, that I could speak up, and it was all right. God I was shy and pulled back from the world.  
  
"How have your vacations been so far?" I was confident in a way I'd not been before.  
  
Before Joey could respond, Pandora started up, telling us about what she'd been up to, and about her brother who was visiting from Kelowna. Joey winked at me, catching me smiling at Pandora's open way. I blushed down to my chest, I'm sure, and was suddenly very aware of how closely my sole garment hugged my body. Joey's eyes flickered between my face, Kristi's face, and my body; he really did a good job of trying not to look, and the fact that he couldn't succeed did a good job on me. I could feel my nipples hardening and knew that the change would show through the thin fabric of my dress.   
  
Pandora fully caught my attention when she said, "Oh, I'm sorry I'm talking so much. I've just always wanted to meet you. But I've never wanted to intrude on your reading. When you read, you look like you're in another world, and nothing else could matter to you. I'm Pandora and this is Joey." And then she reached out and gave me a hug. I could feel my hard nipples brush against the texture of her wool sweater.

I even hugged her back.  
  
"I've wanted to meet you too, Pandora, but I am very, very shy. I'm trying to be more outgoing, and Kristi has been a big help. She even got me drunk the other day, for the first time."   
  
"It wasn't me that just kept filling her own glass!"   
  
And with that, we all relaxed, chatting as the line moved forward. I was amazed at how comfortable I was  
  
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We finally made it to the front of the line and Pandora took the first stall. "Susan, let's you and I share ok? It'll be faster," said Kristi. I was fine with that; they were big stalls. Finally one opened up and we walked toward it. The stall's former occupant walked away, with her boyfriend, and Joey took the newly vacated seat. A minute later another woman left a stall, and Krista and I scooted toward it.  
  
As soon as the door was shut, Kristi started changing and after a few seconds staring at her almost bared breasts, I turned to face the wall, and I pulled on my future tennis skirt, zipping it up and letting it fall into place. It felt cool against my bare skin, sliding easily as I moved. By the time I had finished getting the skirt on, Kristi was pulling her shirt over her head.   
  
"Wow, you make that outfit look so hot. You look so sexy," I told her.  
  
She smiled as I returned to my trying on new clothes. I then started to pull off my t-shirt dress.  
  
"There's no mirror in here, I'm going to use the one outside."  
  
"OK," was my unthinking reply.   
  
Before I could say, "Wait!", Kristi had unlocked and opened the door of our stall. My face was covered with my dress, as I was still pulling it over my head...I was naked from the top of my tennis skirt to my neck. I struggled to reverse the process, finding myself tangled up even more. And while I'm sure it was only a few seconds, it seemed like minutes before I heard the stall-door close again.  
  
My knees shuddered as I realized that Joey had been sitting right outside that door. And that if he'd been looking straight ahead, he'd have seen my bare torso. I'd been facing the wall, so it would mostly have been my back and maybe the side of my breasts. I quickly stood tall again, enjoying the rush of pleasure I'd felt at being seen, and confidently removed the dress and pulled on the shirt before Kristi reentered the stall.   
  
It clung to me like a second skin, and I realized that I'd definitely want to wear a bra under it. My nipples were noticeably protuberances through the stretchy fabric, the areolas puffing out slightly around them. Even the indent of my belly-button was visible. Perhaps I needed a medium instead.   
  
I pushed the stall door open a bit, sticking just a head and shoulder out, "Kristi?"  
  
Joey looked me right in the eye, "She's in Pandora's stall now, because Pandora had a mirror."   
  
"Um."  
  
"Can I help? Do you need a second opinion?" Joey was so sweet, and I could see him hoping to see me in my outfit after having seen me almost nude a few seconds ago...at least in my thoughts.   
  
"The shirt I have is too tight, and I can't wear it without a bra." I don't know why I told him that, but it just came out. "I think it's too revealing." I hung my head down, feeling my cheeks go red.  
  
"Do you want me to look?" I could see the longing in his eyes.  
  
"I'd be embarrassed...."  
  
Joey rushed more words out, "I won't tell anyone I just saw you or if the shirt is too tight. I already learned my lesson."  
  
I looked at him confused? "What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, you know those photographs from the party of that girl I shared with people?" I nodded. "Well, I realized that by doing that, I'd lost any chance I had of her trusting me enough to go on a date...to get to know me...to see if we had anything in common. All because pictures I took turned out to be, well, more revealing and sexier than I'd remotely though possible. It wasn't my fault that her outfit was see-through under the flash, but it was that anyone else saw those photos. I was able to apologize to Pandora, and we've become good friends since. I just hope she wasn't horribly affected by my shitty choices."  
  
I looked at him, touched by his concern for 'the girl' and his seeming honesty regarding his regrets. I almost, then and there, told him that I was the Bat Girl from that party. Instead, I said, "I meant, what do you mean that you just saw me?" I felt myself blushing more, as I was forcing my shame out into the open.  
  
Joey cutely mumbled, "Um...well, um. The door. When Kristi came out. No shirt."  
  
"You saw me without my shirt on?" I helpfully deciphered.  
  
"Well, a bit, yeah, but I won't say anything to anyone. I promise."  
  
"I'm so embarrassed...I've never...no guy has ever..." I shut-up then, letting my crimson tone express my shame. I realized too, that it was a blatant admission of my lack of experience with guys. I blushed more.   
  
"You looked..." He was instantly quiet.  
  
I looked up at him.  
  
"...good."   
  
I blushed even deeper, and was saved only by Kristi and Pandora emerging from their stall. Kristi's shirt was snug around her large breasts, I realized, with some space to spare below them, hanging free from her torso. The skirt did come down below her round ass, but only just. Pandora was also a curvy, fit, and sexy shape. She was, shorter than me, but taller than Kristi, and All Woman, in my view. C-cup breasts were firm against her one-piece Speedo swimsuit; it was high cut, revealing her sexy hips and nicely defined legs.   
  
My admiration of her physique was broken as soon as their hands gripped my arm and pulled me out, "Let's see how you look!"  
  
I could have killed them...."Stop, I'm not wearing...um...stop." I sounded week, even to myself. And I was too late. Everyone in the area around the change rooms was looking toward us. Toward me. At Me. At my nipples, pressing firmly through the thin material of my shirt. The shirt even clung to my torso tightly, and the indent of my belly button was even visible.  
  
Pandora was the first to hint, out loud, at what was so obvious to everyone, "Susan, are you smuggling peanuts?"  
  
I was quiet and looked down, my arms dangling at my sides. Feeling the red burn of shame alongside the fiery flush of lust. I loved knowing people were seeing part of me that, well, they normally wouldn't - looking at me in my arousal.   
  
"I made her take her bra off before we came out. It was showing through her dress too much, and she doesn't really need it," was Kristi's contribution.   
  
Pandora asked, "Are you cold, Susan?"  
  
"Um....the fabric was cold against my skin," was the only reply I could come up with after a pregnant pause. With my face still pointed down, I angled my eyes toward each of my companions, hoping they'd accept that line. I stood very still, not sure about how short the skirt really was, and not ready or knowing how to give sitting-down-Joey a peek at what I wasn't wearing under it.  
  
"I like it though," put in Kristi, "you look so sexy like that."  
  
I tried not to catch Joey's eyes while I replied to the girls, my voice a bit shaky, "Let me go back and get changed, I'm not comfortable in something so revealing."  
  
"We're just teasing you, Susan. I wish I could wear any shirt without a bra. And yeah, you can see your nipples when they're hard like this." I think I turned even more red at that, and was starting to worry about dripping down my legs. "But damn, mine show through a padded bra and a rugby shirt when they're cold."  
  
"But..."  
  
"Susan - look at me," Kristi interrupted me. I looked up at her. "You look great, and very sexy. BUT you definitely do NOT look sleazy or anything. You're fit, thin, and are lucky you don't NEED a bra if you don't want one. Anyway, you can wear one on party night, so don't worry about it."  
  
"Are you sure?"   
  
"Yes. You look great." I was surprised that the first response was from Joey. It thrilled me between my legs, and in my heart.   
  
"Tha..Thanks?" He was trying to not look at me and failing briefly every few moments.   
  
"You both look great in those outfits, and both soooo hot."  
  
"So it's settled," Kristi said with confidence. "We're going as Tennis players."  
  
Pandora and Joey both clapped, and then three of us turned to look at Pandora as we realized she had been standing there this whole time in just a bathing suit. It was her turn to blush, though she didn't turn that red. "So what do you think," she said with cheek, a hand on one hip and one on the side of her head, "would anyone want to jump in a pool with me?"  
  
That broke all the tension as we dissolved into laughter. And we all agreed that she looked fantastic in the white and red suit.   
  
"Samantha, Allison, and Robin are all going to get white and red suits and we'll be a synchronized swim team."   
  
"That'll be more fantastic," I said with my once-again-steady voice, "the four of you will look fantastic!"  
  
She refused to tell us about their planned routine, and Kristi and I could honestly say we had no idea what ours was going to be.   
  
After changing back to our normal clothes without incident, the three of us rejoined a now bored (and not longer covering his lap with a jacket) Joey and left the store.   
  
Joey and I lagged behind a bit behind, Pandora and Kristi chatting away about a teacher they were both going to have next term. "So what are you going to dress as for the party, Joey?"  
  
He replied to me, "I have absolutely no idea, Susan - not a friggin' clue. I don't own any hockey gear, and am not really a spandex person. It makes my choices difficult. Most of my friends are women, Pandora, really, is my best real friend, and I don't really have any good guy friends to borrow gear from. I'll figure something out though. I mean I do have 5 days to figure it out, after all."  
  
We both laughed at his short-term challenge, and the four of us walked down the walkway of the mall, talking about nothing of importance.  
  
And nobody commented on my still hard nipples poking through my dress. But Joey did spend a lot of time beside me looking downward and over in my direction. I also realized that I'd stopped blushing every time I thought about him looking at my fabric-sheathed breasts.   
  
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"So Susan, are you ready for me to buy you your bathing suit?"  
  
"What's that about?" Joey and Pandora both asked at the same time, curiosity evident on both faces as they looked back and forth between Kristi and I.  
  
"I..."  
  
"We..."  
  
Kristi and I both tried to talk at the same time, and laughed after the first words overlapped. "You explain, Susan," Kristi said with a smile.  
  
"Well, I am buying Kristi a bathing suit for Christmas, and she's going to buy me one too."  
  
"The SAME one, was what I said, so you'll all have to help me pick well."  
  
We reached the escalator and trekked upstairs to the 3rd floor and home of the mall's sole store specializing in swim-wear. I realized as we entered that I was comfortable in this group - enjoying myself, relaxed and moderately confident in participating in our group and individual conversations. This was a new thing for me, and it felt like I'd expanded my circle of friends immensely. Hell, I had - by 200%!  
  
We all started looking around, holding up suits that caught our eye and yelling, "Kristi?" She laughed at some of the silly ones we grabbed - she was not going to get a bathing suit - a bikini - with a frill. She shook her head at the thongs and g-strings. And she carefully considered some before rejecting them because the colour or the cut were wrong.   
  
Finally we settled on 4 different bikinis she'd try on. As Kristi entered the change room, Pandora called out, "And you have to model them for us all!" We took up all three chairs in the empty hallway outside of the store's four change rooms.  
  
We all leaned back and relaxed, though I didn't lean back too far in my panty-less state, and I carefully kept my legs together - I was very aware of the mirrors on the change-room doors. I could look at the mirror in front of Pandora, who sat to my left, and see Joey, who sat to her left, smiling back at me. I smiled at him before blushing, realizing that I was, dare I say it, flirting with a boy.  
  
We enjoyed the quiet of the not-busy store, and sat silently while Kristi put on the first bikini. "I can't come out in this, the top is too small!" We sighed and rolled our eyes at each other. A few seconds later she passed out the suit, and Joey gallantly got up and went to fetch her the same suit in a larger size.   
  
"So?" Pandora looked at me, leaning toward me conspiratorially.  
  
"So.......what?" I was confused, but I twisted toward her keen to find out what she was talking about.  
  
"So...what do you think of Joey?"  
  
I was speechless, "......" She opened her eyes wide, and then wiggled her eyebrows, "Think about it, Susan, I think he's into you, and he's a really great guy."  
  
"Um, well, um, he is nice."  
  
Our whispering stopped as Joey reentered, passing the suit back over the top of the door of Kristi's stall. "Thanks!" was her quick reply.  
  
Another minute passed, and the door opened a tiny bit, Kristi's head poking out, "So do you promise not to laugh if it's bad?"  
  
Of course we told her no, and to come out, we were sure she'd make any suit look great. It took about 30 seconds of cajoling before she emerged. Kristi looked amazing, her short curvaceous body filling out completely - hell, overflowing up top - a white, yellow, and pink plaid bikini with bright pink edging and a pink belt with silver clasp. Kristi struck a pose, and we all gave her our full attention, watching her spin and preen for a minute.   
  
"Wow," was all Pandora could say, and Joey nodded silently.  
  
"You look great in that one, but might even need a larger size up top," was my contribution. I opted not to draw attention to how snug the bottoms were, and how clearly defined her camel toe was. I'm sure Pandora and Joey noticed as well, and looking at the smirk on Kristi's face, I started to consider that she'd planned it all.  
  
"OK, so on to the next one," Kristi said as she returned to her stall.  
  
The next one was a light-blue string-bikini, with the top tying off at the back of the neck and torso, and at each hip of the bottoms. It covered her breasts well, and fit her body snugly, but not too tight. She looked good in it, but we all liked the first one she tried on best.   
  
The third suit, though, was the unanimous winner. When she emerged from the stall, we all just knew it was the right one. The forest green boy-shorts hugged her hips and accented her round ass; they were only 2 inches wide at the hips, and dipped down in the front a bit. And only a slight camel toe, as they weren't too tight or too loose on her. The sport-top was stretched around her ample breasts, and supported by two thin over-the shoulder straps; it was only half an inch wide by the time it curved around to the center of her back.   
  
"Well, what do you think?"  
  
The three of us sitting there spoke at once, "That's the one!", "Wow.", "You look so fucking sexy."   
  
"Perfect. I like this one best too. And this is the one I'll get for you Susan - I hope you like it. Will you wear it?"  
  
"I do. I think it's sexy, and I'd be nervous wearing it, but I could do it."  
  
"Promise? I don't want to buy it and have you not like it."  
  
"I do, I promise!"  
  
"How about a hot-tub party tonight? Can you guys come too? My mom's visiting friends up-island and brothers both have dates and said they're going out We'll have the place to ourselves."  
  
Joey said, "Yes," before she'd even finished talking, and we all laughed. Kristi broke it up, to the relief of the other customers waiting for a booth to free up. "And Susan - give me your best promise and guarantee this suit won't go to waste." She looked at me with a sneaky sparkle in her eye.  
  
"Yes. For the final time. Let's see. I, Susan, give me solemn oath that I will wear anything you want tonight if you'll only stop asking me to promise, and if I break my promise, um...I don't know...I'll be your slave the rest of the night. How does that grab you?"  
  
"It grabs me just fine, and I'm going to hold you to it. Shake on it?"  
  
We shook. Joey and Pandora just laughed. I looked at them, "I was taught that any promise you make must have a consequence in case you break it. Kristi likes to make fun of me for always doing that."  
  
"Cool," said Joey. Pandora just smiled and winked at me.  
  
"OK you three, I'm hungry and bet you are too -- trying on clothes is tiring." We all laughed once more, and Kristi continued, "Why don't you all go get a table in the food court, I'll get changed and grab Susan's suit for her. Susan, you and I can settle up later. Does that work?"  
  
Knowing it was much busier now, we thought it wise to get somewhere to sit and eat, and quickly took her suggestion. While eating, and before heading home, we arranged to meet at Kristi's place that night around 8:00PM. We broke up soon after, and Kristi dropped me at home. I'd forgotten to grab my bathing suit from her, but we'd sort that out tonight.  
  
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As soon as I'd returned from the mall, I'd swept upstairs and started reading a book I'd received, for Christmas. I had trouble concentrating, though, as I lay on my bed; I just kept thinking about Joey, and how he saw me today. And how I'd gone around without any underwear all day. And. Sigh. I'd have to start that book some other day - I'd not gotten past the 3rd page, I didn't even remember those three pages, and it was dinner time.  
  
After dinner was finished and I received permission to sleep over at Kristi's, I retreated to the bathroom for a shower and a shave. I'd been bare for a while now, but it did take some upkeep. I was thinking about waxing, but, honestly, it scared me a bit. After my shower, I sprinted to my bedroom in just my towel, and went straight over to my closet to pick out what to wear.   
  
I picked out my sleepwear first, seeing as we'd agreed on the ride home that I'd sleep over. Since her brothers might be home after their dates and see me in the morning, I opted for the bottoms of a pair of surgical scrubs I'd found at Value Village. They were old cotton, worn soft in the wash with ties at the waist above a slit on each hip. They were a bit large for me, and when I moved or bunched them up, a few square inches of bare skin on each hip would be visible. Not slutty or especially revealing, but suggestive of the naked body under those pj's. They'd be good for curling up on the couch or for eating breakfast. I had a tank-top in the same green as the bottoms, and added it to my overnight bag.  
  
I opted for an old pair of men's 501s, again from the double V. I liked the way they showed off my ass without clinging like a second skin. I could move comfortably and sit without feeling pinched. I had put on some slightly sheer red panties with white polka-dots and a matching bra, pulled on the jeans, and stretched out in front of my mirror to admire my figure and the hang of the pants.   
  
A few seconds of twisting and vanity later, and my phone rang. It was Kristi, "I love the bra and the jeans look hot. You make 'em work."  
  
"You're using the telescope again, eh?" She must be in her brothers room, as he'd taken it back for a course he was taking.   
  
"Anyway," Kristi continued without answering, "It's already 7:30, you're going to be late!"  
  
We hung up laughing, and I grabbed an old men's dress-shirt that I'd found in a box, marked "1960-70's", down in the basement. It was a rough cotton/poly blend that just slid over my skin, and I liked the brown-and-orange two-inch-stripes; the collar was fun-big too.  
  
I slipped my feet into some sneakers and ran downstairs, said my goodbyes to everyone, and ran out the door. I walked quickly toward Kristi's and arrived just before 8:00 PM.  
  
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I realized, partway there, that I'd forgotten my sleep-over bag. There wasn't much point in going back, and Kristi would be able to loan me something to sleep in. I just enjoyed the walk on this warm December evening. The streets were quiet, there was only the barest of breeze, and I was able to think about what the night might bring.

It would be nice to spend more time with Joey and Pandora...I hope I look good in the suit. I hope Joey looks at me and likes it. Wouldn't it be funny if he wore speedos. But then I might get to see his cock through them. Hmm. Jeoy's cock. Any cock. And Pandora - I want to see her in her suit. She's so sexy too.  
  
I was still on edge from the days exploits. Not wearing underwear in that dress, and with my friend fully in the know, was so exciting to me. And thinking about seeing Joey again after he'd seen so much of me. I hoped he hadn't told anyone. But what if he does. If other guys at school are looking at me. And the girls. Would they all be thinking I'm a slut?  
  
My nipples were hard when I arrived at Kristi's place and pushed the doorbell. A quick glance down told me that the bra and shirt, together, mostly covered up my excitement. It also reminded me that I'd not worn a coat tonight either.  
  
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Kristi practically pulled my arm out of my socket dragging me through the door.   
  
"My brothers gave me a gift. Can you guess what it is?"  
  
"Um, a sweater?"  
  
"No, Susan. They gave me this Altoids tin."  
  
"I like those mints. They're refreshingly strong."  
  
"There aren't any mints in here Susan. Open it."  
  
She passed me the container and I opened it, fearful I'd spill whatever was in it.  
  
The tin was stuffed with nicely rolled joints. There must have been 20 or so fat white tubes in there, and I could smell the skunky aroma coming off them.  
  
You might ask how I knew what this was? Well, TV and Movies have prepared me for the visuals, and I do live in British Columbia. I smell it the park, in the school parking lot, and even walking through downtown in the middle of the afternoon.  
  
"Wow," was all I could say at first. She nodded at me. "I didn't know you smoked, Kristi."  
  
"I don't. Well, I have once before at a party. My brothers said they wanted me to have a great break and enjoy my last term of school."  
  
"Wow. I can't imagine anyone in my family...well, are you going to go all 'chronic' on us and start quoting Cheech and Chong movies?"  
  
"Ha...no, but I did think we could smoke a bit tonight if you and the other two want or don't care. We won't if anyone objects. What do you think?"  
  
"I've never done it before, but I'm game to try some. Let's see what Pandora and Joey say. This is going to be fun.   
  
"Great. Now let's go check the tub."  
  
We went out onto the deck in the back yard and began to remove the cover of the hot tub. The water was nice and hot. We turned on some Christmas lights for 'mood lighting' as we laughingly called it, and Kristi brought out a portable stereo and her mp3 player, setting the volume low so as to not bother her neighbors.   
  
"Are you sure that Pandora isn't interested in Joey? And that he isn't interested in her?" I think some anxiety had crept into my voice.  
  
Kristi took my shoulders, "I'm not 100% sure, no. But I'm fairly certain. Pandora mentioned a couple times today how much Joey kept looking at you."  
  
"She didn't. He didn't. Did he?" The idea that Joey wanted to look at me sent a thrill through me.  
  
"Pandora, by the way, is into girls."  
  
I didn't get a chance to respond or ask any questions, because the doorbell rang then and we made our way to let in our new friends.  
  
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Pandora and Joey came in the front door, smiling, and each carried a small bag over their shoulder.   
  
Joey looked a bit nervous when he whispered, "Is it just the four of us tonight? I brought some Bailey's for coffee or hot chocolate if that's ok?"  
  
Kristi looked all serious and put a hand on each side of his face, pulling him down eye to eye. "Joey. It is just the four of us. And Bailey's is awesome. Susan's never had it before either, and she's a funny drunk if she gets too much in her."  
  
"I am not," was my verbal response. The red of my flushed face suggested otherwise.  
  
Pandora laughed, "Where do I get changed? I have a craving for some hot tub."  
  
"And Bailey's," called Kristi as she started walking toward her room.  
  
"The ladies can get changed up in my room, and Joey, you can get changed there in the bathroom." Finger pointing made things clear, and I followed the ladies toward Kristi's room, thinking about seeing Joey in a suit. And him seeing me in mine. And about seeing Pandora sans garments as it were.  
  
Pandora and Kristi chattered away to each other, and I remained in my own thoughts as we neared her room. Following them into the room, I brought myself back to the present.   
  
Let my first hot tub party begin.

Kristi's curtains were closed, so the fact that she could see my house – my bedroom window in fact – never came up while we were changing in her bedroom. Pandora, Kristi, and talked as we undressed, and I took appreciative peeks at both of their bodies as they bared more skin.   
  
I stood in my bra and panties and watched Kristi slide her new bikini on. She stood there naked for only a few seconds before casually drawing the forest green boy-shorts up her legs and over her round ass. They were very low cut in the front and snug enough to accentuate the flesh between her legs. She immediately grabbed the sport-top of the same colour and pulled it on. Her breasts pushed it outward and her nipples, chilled from her brief nudity, were obvious. She looked good.  
  
At the same time as she was doing this, Pandora was doing a similar routine with a bright red bikini with large white polka-dots. Hers had a very burlesque feel and really showed off her curves to their advantage. "It's a vintage reproduction I bought online, do you like it," she asked, catching me looking at her.  
  
"You look go, er, it looks great on you," I shyly commented, seeing the corners of her eyes and smile move up she caught my slip; she did look good though, very tasty – oh my, where did that come from? "Um...Kristi, where's my suit?"  
  
Kristi turned to me with a sly smile, and I shivered a bit, and not just because I was standing there in a sheer pair of underwear and matching bra in a rich red with tiny white dots all over. "Kristi?"  
  
I soon was told that when Kristi had returned to buy my suit, they were out of that style in my size. "I know I was supposed to get the same suit I had for you, but they just didn't have it in the store."  
  
I was worried, because Kristi has a look in her eye that said she was up to something, and sure enough, "I wasn't sure whether to pick something else out for you, or what I should do...I was going to get you to bring yours when I called, but it slipped my mind."  
  
"Oh, well, that's ok, I'll just get dressed and I can sit beside the hottub and talk." I was disappointed, having looked forward, in my own way, to wearing my new bikini.  
  
Kristi, though, wasn't finished, "But I'm sure we can find you one of my other suits. Just look in that drawer there, there should be four or five and I'll pick the one you should wear."  
  
I got to the point of opening the drawer when what she said sunk in, "Kristi, don't you mean I'll pick with your advice?"  
  
"Susan, Susan, Susan. Don't you remember? We shook on something only just this afternoon...as in a solemn oath you made."  
  
I laughed then, "Oh, I did forget. But I made the promise to wear what you told me to. I'll stick to it. So you can pick my suit." I pulled open the drawer and quickly found the suits she mentioned.  
  
I held each up in front of me, and laughed at the prospect of the first. It was a bikini, but not one you could tighten. And we'd have to do a lot of tightening for it to fit my small chest and more slender body. Kristi, though, was having fun, "No, you have to try it on, Susan, or else we can't judge right. You want to look your best for Joey, don't you? And you did say you wanted help to look sexier and to be more outgoing."  
  
I looked at Pandora who just smirked with open eyes and replied, "Well, you did make the agreement" She paused, but before either Kristi or I could say something, she continued, "And if you end up being her slave she just might make you spend the night naked."  
  
My eyes must have bulged then as that idea ran through me, and I'm sure my skin flushed even deeper. Pandora probably thought it was because I was mortified by that idea, but Kristi knew, just as I did, that it was because that idea thrilled me.  
  
"Oh...I do like that idea. Thanks Pandora. And I'm sure Joey would love it even more. Now how about you try them all on." It was said with a laugh and I gave in easily, a shaky laugh and smile being my response.  
  
I pulled off my bra and slid the top of that first bikini over my head and the three of us laughed. It gaped everywhere, and Kristi said, "Well, out of the one's we've seen so far, it's number 1," prompting more laughter. "Try the next one."  
  
The next one was a very small bikini that seemed to just have strips of fabric and a lot of string. I realized it was a thong and wondered briefly what the WW on a small tag stood for. "You wear this one? It must not cover much, Kristi."  
  
Kristy cupped her large breasts in the palms of her hand, and said, "That's the bikini Rob got me for Christmas. I could only wear it when only he and I were home. Try it on." Her eyes told me I had no choice, but in a supportive way.  
  
The top was actually nice, a bit thin and every bump on and around my nipple was obvious. "And the bottoms?" I held them up at eye level. Like the top, the bottoms were made of a thin black material. At least they wouldn't be see through .   
  
As I lowered my panties feeling many types of embarrassment, both good and bad, Pandora spoke up, "God, I envy you ability to go without a bra. I have to wear some serious support when I'm out and about."  
  
My face grew warm, "What do you mean? If I don't wear a bra, my nipples show, even when soft. Besides, " I paused, "the guys never look at my tiny chest, they love big gorgeous breasts like yours and Kristi's.  
  
Kristi broke in, "Well, they like them now, but in 30 years they'll be down to our wastes, especially if we don't wear bras. And I've gotta tell you, I know you're shy and all, but the guys were noticing your breasts today in a good way. You looked sexy."   
  
"Yes. Yes you did." Pandora caught my eye and held it as she spoke.  
  
"But I looked so cheap."  
  
"What are you talking about? Braless is back in, all the celebs are doing it. In health at my old school in Vancouver, one of the girls brought a science article to school her mother had given her; it said that not wearing a bra reduced the chances of Breast Cancer, and she stopped wearing one because of that ... and she had tasty little boobs like yours that'll stay in place and sexy till you're 80."  
  
I looked down at my bare breasts, and had to acknowledge that they did look good. "It may be healthier...?" I was already thinking about the feeling of my shirts and sweaters sliding against my skin. "And it didn't look too sleazy?"  
  
Pandora was quick to jump in, "You can get away with it with your sleek model's figure."  
  
I felt my face go red even more, "Um, thanks. Well, I admit it was more comfortable. Maybe I'll try it sometime."  
  
We let it the topic go then, and I stepped into the tiny bikini bottoms. I pulled them up, but they were still a bit loose in the hips. I was glad I was shaved now, because they barely covered my slit. "Susan, the top is perfect, but those aren't the right bottoms. But I think you should look at their website. I'll show you sometime and I'll help you pick a suit." She had walked over to me and passed me another suit, this time one with a colourful print pattern. "This is an old one from when I was young, but before these knockers blossomed I figured it may be tight, but fit."   
  
I pulled the briefs up my legs and, indeed, they were snug and felt like a second skin. These were better options than the other two pair I'd already tried as far as looking normal though.   
  
"Good think you're shaved, those look painted on...try on the top too."  
  
I didn't reply to Pandora, but instead just pulled the tankini on over my head. It didn't stretch enough to make it over my shoulders. I passed it back to Kristi with a shrug, and my heart fluttered in nervous excitement as she said, "Well, what if that's the suit I want you to wear. The bottoms look good."  
  
It was silent for a moment before the two of them started laughing. "Try this one. It's from when I was a bit older." She offered me the last suit, a black one piece that I already knew well.   
  
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I dried off quickly with a towel and went to retrieve the drinks. I made it out of site of the deck before my knees started shaking. I quickly got the drinks, returning to the water because I was actually a bit chilly now. Joey turned around, as did Kristi and Pandora, and watched me approach with the drinks carefully balanced. I passed them out before climbing back in the pool again touching Joey's shoulder as I passed down, knowing he was looking at my ass and likely able to discern it's crack through the stretched wet fabric.  
  
Conversation resumed, drinks were had, and strangely, I lost the various other times we had to get more drinks. I did start having a lot less myself, not wanting to really get drunk and do something I'd regret. But I was definitely tipsy, and at times I'd forget myself and sit up tall in the water, back straight, and breasts above the waterline. Joey would always notice, and when I'd realize, I'd blush and sit a bit lower. Well, sometimes.   
  
Talked turned to the fact that I wasn't a social butterfly and that, really, this was the biggest party I'd ever been to, bar the one with Kristi and her Boyfriend. They thought it was sad, and asked me what I expected from a party. I mentioned several things I'd seen in movies, purposely choosing silly things as well as serious and encouraging the growing mirth. Then Pandora said it, "We should play some party games so that you get that experience. We're already drinking, and drinking games may not be the best idea anyway since, well, anyway, not a good idea. What do you think?"  
  
Joey was agreeable to anything, it seemed, and Kristi quickly chimed up with, "Let's start with Truth or Dare. Then we don't have to get out of the hot-tub at all, well, unless the dare calls for it!"  
  
I apparently didn't have a say in the matter and was very quickly faced with the question "Truth or Dare" from Pandora.  
  
I hesitated and Kristi asked, "Susan, are you going to wuss out? If we're going to play these games, you have to, we all have to agree to play them. Promise?"  
  
"I promise," was met with a nod from Kristi, and then a pointed stare and an 'ahem'.  
  
"I promise, and if I don't um...what?" Kristi's prompt had reminded me of the fiction she and I'd concocted earlier about my taking oaths very seriously.   
  
"Pandora, do you have any ideas of what she should do if she chickens out of any of these games?"  
  
Pandora looked at me with a sparkle in her eye, then she glanced at Joey who was also looking at me. I realized I was sitting proud again, my nipples swollen and pushing the fabric out. "So it has to be something she really doesn't want to do to make her promise mean something?"  
  
"Yep, that's what her family raised her to do. I have to say, though, it works, and she's never failed to carry out a promise. It's nuts, but I love her for it."  
  
"I think she should have to run around the block naked if she doesn't stick with the game and do the dares. Um, and answer the question too!" The last part seemed to be an afterthought.  
  
I made the promise.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
"Truth."  
  
I'd answered the question asked earlier of me Pandora when she enthusiastically asked me a second time, "Truth or dare?" She continued, "So Susan, do you prefer thong or full cut briefs?"   
  
It was an easy question she'd given me to start, obviously easing me into the game. We continued in this vein, with all of us requesting truth. But as the game moved through it's first few rounds, drinks were finished, and more collected, this time by Pandora, and we were all quite tipsy, though me not as much as them. It was Kristi who said, "Dare," first.  
  
It was in response to my query and I realized I didn't have a dare ready. "Um. I don't know. What can I dare you to do?"   
  
Pandora was quick, "Anything you don't think she'll do, because then she has to take off a piece of clothing."  
  
Kristi laughed, "Oh, so are those the rules we're playing?"  
  
We all laughed, and I wasn't sure if they were serious. "I dare you to get us more drinks." It was an easy one and I think she was a bit disappointed in me.  
  
Escalating truths and simple dares were the pattern until I was asked, "Susan, how often do you masturbate each week." I immediately flushed, and there was no way I was going to answer that question. I'd be embarrassed to detail how many times I was masturbating each day, let alone each week.   
  
"I, um...what if I don't want to answer, " I said feeling the heat in my cheeks?  
  
Kristi had the answer, "You have to take a dare. Now you've not taken one yet have you?" I hadn't and I agreed, somewhat nervously, to take my first dare.   
  
"I dare you to kiss Joey." Pandora was giving me eyes that said, "DO IT!"  
  
I was excited, nervous, and wondering if my breath was ok when I leaned across and gave him a kiss on the lips. It was just a little peck, and I felt him lean in for more, but I pulled away, somewhat teasingly. I sat back down feeling butterflies in my stomach after my first 'guy kiss'.

Joey was a bit embarrassed and was breathing hard as the game continued. I had Kristi do jumping jacks beside the hot-tub, she had Joey kiss each of us and guess who was who, and he found out from Pandora that she masturbated at least once a day. She wasn't even embarrassed when she told us. She was so brave, like Kristi.   
  
We switched direction so that we were giving a different person a dare or query, and Kristi decided to get revenge for me embarrassing her with jumping jacks in the cold air while wearing just her new wet bikini. That actually make her glare at me and blush a bit. She, in fact, changed the game and direction of the evening and us drunken louts were happy to comply. "Susan, I think you're too innocent and chicken to keep going with the game."  
  
I was a bit offended she'd think so, but then I saw her wink. "I can do anything you can do Kristi. I can do anything any of you can do." I was sounding a bit obstinant, but nobody noticed instead going, "Wooooooo," at my attitude.  
  
At that, Kristi reached down under the water, did a shimmy and shove and came up holding her bikini bottoms. Nothing could be seen through the bubbles, but I could see Pandora's eyes bulge then narrow as a smile formed. Joey squirmed and, I think, shifted something around in his bathing suit. "I dare all of you to do the same. Or are you going to fail the dare and have to take something off for the rest of the night?" She spun them around and tossed them to the deck floor.  
  
Pandora laughed, looking at me then at Joey, and did the same.   
  
Joey looked down, gulped, and reached down. I could see his flush under the deck lights and longed to reach out with my foot to see what it could feel. I wanted to see more of his body.  
  
They were all looking at me. "You've painted yourself into a corner Susan. Take off your bottoms. Ooooh, you're not wearing a bikini, so you can't actually do what we all can do. I guess you're going to fail the dare and either end up naked for the night if you stick with the game rules, run around the block naked if you drop out, and be my servant for a day if you don't do that. That's what you get for the jumping jacks – now my breasts are sore." She said this with a smile in her voice, and I could see a sparkle in her eye. The four of us laughed as well.  
  
But then it was up to me. "But you made me wear this bathing suit because of that stupid promise. OK. I can do this." I was as careful as I could be, sinking low in the water, and I slid the straps of the suit off my shoulders, down my body, over my hips, and off my legs. I threw it drunkenly, and a bit too hard, and instead of landing on the deck, it went over the railing and into the grass yard below.  
  
That brought another round of laughter, and I realized through my alcoholic daze, that I'd maybe gone a bit far here. What would they think.  
  
They thought I was drunk and laughed some more. But the game continued that way, mostly with people stating truths and everyone else following. There was more kissing. And then Pandora stood up, the water only reaching her waste now and said I dare you all to stand up and stretch like this; she raised her hands, showing us what she meant. This was fine Kristi too. Joey was taller and drunkenly stood up, and I'm sure I saw the head of his cock crest the bubbles before he caught himself and lowered down a bit.  
  
Again, they all looked at me. I gave them a proud look, and I did it. I stood up. I might have bared a bit more below my waste as Joey did, but nothing that wasn't smooth skin. And my breasts. Open in the night air. In front of a boy. A guy. And he was staring as I raised my arms, my breasts jutting out proudly, the nipples hardening under the cool air's touch and goose pimples forming and spreading across my torso and arms. I desperately wanted to touch myself, but managed to resist.   
  
"Wow." Joey spoke, there was a moment's pause, and we all sat down again.   
  
"I'll give it to you, I wasn't sure you had it in you, but it was win-win for us regardless." Pandora said it with a smile, and Joey continued the game with a truth and sparks in the air.

**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 06**

Kristi's curtains were closed, so the fact that she could see my house – my bedroom window in fact – never came up while we were changing in her bedroom. Pandora, Kristi, and talked as we undressed, and I took appreciative peeks at both of their bodies as they bared more skin.   
  
I stood in my bra and panties and watched Kristi slide her new bikini on. She stood there naked for only a few seconds before casually drawing the forest green boy-shorts up her legs and over her round ass. They were very low cut in the front and snug enough to accentuate the flesh between her legs. She immediately grabbed the sport-top of the same colour and pulled it on. Her breasts pushed it outward and her nipples, chilled from her brief nudity, were obvious. She looked good.  
  
At the same time as she was doing this, Pandora was doing a similar routine with a bright red bikini with large white polka-dots. Hers had a very burlesque feel and really showed off her curves to their advantage. "It's a vintage reproduction I bought online, do you like it," she asked, catching me looking at her.  
  
"You look go, er, it looks great on you," I shyly commented, seeing the corners of her eyes and smile move up she caught my slip; she did look good though, very tasty – oh my, where did that come from? "Um...Kristi, where's my suit?"  
  
Kristi turned to me with a sly smile, and I shivered a bit, and not just because I was standing there in a sheer pair of underwear and matching bra in a rich red with tiny white dots all over. "Kristi?"  
  
I soon was told that when Kristi had returned to buy my suit, they were out of that style in my size. "I know I was supposed to get the same suit I had for you, but they just didn't have it in the store."  
  
I was worried, because Kristi has a look in her eye that said she was up to something, and sure enough, "I wasn't sure whether to pick something else out for you, or what I should do...I was going to get you to bring yours when I called, but it slipped my mind."  
  
"Oh, well, that's ok, I'll just get dressed and I can sit beside the hottub and talk." I was disappointed, having looked forward, in my own way, to wearing my new bikini.  
  
Kristi, though, wasn't finished, "But I'm sure we can find you one of my other suits. Just look in that drawer there, there should be four or five and I'll pick the one you should wear."  
  
I got to the point of opening the drawer when what she said sunk in, "Kristi, don't you mean I'll pick with your advice?"  
  
"Susan, Susan, Susan. Don't you remember? We shook on something only just this afternoon...as in a solemn oath you made."  
  
I laughed then, "Oh, I did forget. But I made the promise to wear what you told me to. I'll stick to it. So you can pick my suit." I pulled open the drawer and quickly found the suits she mentioned.  
  
I held each up in front of me, and laughed at the prospect of the first. It was a bikini, but not one you could tighten. And we'd have to do a lot of tightening for it to fit my small chest and more slender body. Kristi, though, was having fun, "No, you have to try it on, Susan, or else we can't judge right. You want to look your best for Joey, don't you? And you did say you wanted help to look sexier and to be more outgoing."  
  
I looked at Pandora who just smirked with open eyes and replied, "Well, you did make the agreement" She paused, but before either Kristi or I could say something, she continued, "And if you end up being her slave she just might make you spend the night naked."  
  
My eyes must have bulged then as that idea ran through me, and I'm sure my skin flushed even deeper. Pandora probably thought it was because I was mortified by that idea, but Kristi knew, just as I did, that it was because that idea thrilled me.  
  
"Oh...I do like that idea. Thanks Pandora. And I'm sure Joey would love it even more. Now how about you try them all on." It was said with a laugh and I gave in easily, a shaky laugh and smile being my response.  
  
I pulled off my bra and slid the top of that first bikini over my head and the three of us laughed. It gaped everywhere, and Kristi said, "Well, out of the one's we've seen so far, it's number 1," prompting more laughter. "Try the next one."  
  
The next one was a very small bikini that seemed to just have strips of fabric and a lot of string. I realized it was a thong and wondered briefly what the WW on a small tag stood for. "You wear this one? It must not cover much, Kristi."  
  
Kristy cupped her large breasts in the palms of her hand, and said, "That's the bikini Rob got me for Christmas. I could only wear it when only he and I were home. Try it on." Her eyes told me I had no choice, but in a supportive way.  
  
The top was actually nice, a bit thin and every bump on and around my nipple was obvious. "And the bottoms?" I held them up at eye level. Like the top, the bottoms were made of a thin black material. At least they wouldn't be see through .   
  
As I lowered my panties feeling many types of embarrassment, both good and bad, Pandora spoke up, "God, I envy you ability to go without a bra. I have to wear some serious support when I'm out and about."  
  
My face grew warm, "What do you mean? If I don't wear a bra, my nipples show, even when soft. Besides, " I paused, "the guys never look at my tiny chest, they love big gorgeous breasts like yours and Kristi's.  
  
Kristi broke in, "Well, they like them now, but in 30 years they'll be down to our wastes, especially if we don't wear bras. And I've gotta tell you, I know you're shy and all, but the guys were noticing your breasts today in a good way. You looked sexy."   
  
"Yes. Yes you did." Pandora caught my eye and held it as she spoke.  
  
"But I looked so cheap."  
  
"What are you talking about? Braless is back in, all the celebs are doing it. In health at my old school in Vancouver, one of the girls brought a science article to school her mother had given her; it said that not wearing a bra reduced the chances of Breast Cancer, and she stopped wearing one because of that ... and she had tasty little boobs like yours that'll stay in place and sexy till you're 80."  
  
I looked down at my bare breasts, and had to acknowledge that they did look good. "It may be healthier...?" I was already thinking about the feeling of my shirts and sweaters sliding against my skin. "And it didn't look too sleazy?"  
  
Pandora was quick to jump in, "You can get away with it with your sleek model's figure."  
  
I felt my face go red even more, "Um, thanks. Well, I admit it was more comfortable. Maybe I'll try it sometime."  
  
We let it the topic go then, and I stepped into the tiny bikini bottoms. I pulled them up, but they were still a bit loose in the hips. I was glad I was shaved now, because they barely covered my slit. "Susan, the top is perfect, but those aren't the right bottoms. But I think you should look at their website. I'll show you sometime and I'll help you pick a suit." She had walked over to me and passed me another suit, this time one with a colourful print pattern. "This is an old one from when I was young, but before these knockers blossomed I figured it may be tight, but fit."   
  
I pulled the briefs up my legs and, indeed, they were snug and felt like a second skin. These were better options than the other two pair I'd already tried as far as looking normal though.   
  
"Good think you're shaved, those look painted on...try on the top too."  
  
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When it was time for the next round of drinks we decided to hold our breaths underwater for it, with the loser being the first person to surface. We girls all had our hair pulled back, making it as easy for us as for Joey, to dip just our faces into the water. As we held our breaths I felt Kristi's hand bump into my shoulder and push upward. I didn't resist. And I was the first to come up. I waited for the others to come up, realizing as they did that I probably could have held on just as long as they did. But I was ok with that. Nervous. But ok.  
  
I stood in the tub, water dripping from my body, and tried to remain calm as I asked them each what they wanted to drink. I did my best to pretend I had no idea how revealing the suit was. Joey stumbled a bit as he told me, his eyes having trouble not staring at my skin tight web bathing suit, clinging to my body. As I walked up the stairs beside him, I touched his shoulder and said, " 'scuse me," just as my suit-clad mound emerged from the water beside his face. He gulped.  
  
I dried off quickly with a towel and went to retrieve the drinks. I made it out of site of the deck before my knees started shaking. I quickly got the drinks, returning to the water because I was actually a bit chilly now. Joey turned around, as did Kristi and Pandora, and watched me approach with the drinks carefully balanced. I passed them out before climbing back in the pool again touching Joey's shoulder as I passed down, knowing he was looking at my ass and likely able to discern it's crack through the stretched wet fabric.  
  
Conversation resumed, drinks were had, and strangely, I lost the various other times we had to get more drinks. I did start having a lot less myself, not wanting to really get drunk and do something I'd regret. But I was definitely tipsy, and at times I'd forget myself and sit up tall in the water, back straight, and breasts above the waterline. Joey would always notice, and when I'd realize, I'd blush and sit a bit lower. Well, sometimes.   
  
Talked turned to the fact that I wasn't a social butterfly and that, really, this was the biggest party I'd ever been to, bar the one with Kristi and her Boyfriend. They thought it was sad, and asked me what I expected from a party. I mentioned several things I'd seen in movies, purposely choosing silly things as well as serious and encouraging the growing mirth. Then Pandora said it, "We should play some party games so that you get that experience. We're already drinking, and drinking games may not be the best idea anyway since, well, anyway, not a good idea. What do you think?"  
  
Joey was agreeable to anything, it seemed, and Kristi quickly chimed up with, "Let's start with Truth or Dare. Then we don't have to get out of the hot-tub at all, well, unless the dare calls for it!"  
  
I apparently didn't have a say in the matter and was very quickly faced with the question "Truth or Dare" from Pandora.  
  
I hesitated and Kristi asked, "Susan, are you going to wuss out? If we're going to play these games, you have to, we all have to agree to play them. Promise?"  
  
"I promise," was met with a nod from Kristi, and then a pointed stare and an 'ahem'.  
  
"I promise, and if I don't um...what?" Kristi's prompt had reminded me of the fiction she and I'd concocted earlier about my taking oaths very seriously.   
  
"Pandora, do you have any ideas of what she should do if she chickens out of any of these games?"  
  
Pandora looked at me with a sparkle in her eye, then she glanced at Joey who was also looking at me. I realized I was sitting proud again, my nipples swollen and pushing the fabric out. "So it has to be something she really doesn't want to do to make her promise mean something?"  
  
"Yep, that's what her family raised her to do. I have to say, though, it works, and she's never failed to carry out a promise. It's nuts, but I love her for it."  
  
"I think she should have to run around the block naked if she doesn't stick with the game and do the dares. Um, and answer the question too!" The last part seemed to be an afterthought.  
  
I made the promise.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
"Truth."  
  
I'd answered the question asked earlier of me Pandora when she enthusiastically asked me a second time, "Truth or dare?" She continued, "So Susan, do you prefer thong or full cut briefs?"   
  
It was an easy question she'd given me to start, obviously easing me into the game. We continued in this vein, with all of us requesting truth. But as the game moved through it's first few rounds, drinks were finished, and more collected, this time by Pandora, and we were all quite tipsy, though me not as much as them. It was Kristi who said, "Dare," first.  
  
It was in response to my query and I realized I didn't have a dare ready. "Um. I don't know. What can I dare you to do?"   
  
Pandora was quick, "Anything you don't think she'll do, because then she has to take off a piece of clothing."  
  
Kristi laughed, "Oh, so are those the rules we're playing?"  
  
We all laughed, and I wasn't sure if they were serious. "I dare you to get us more drinks." It was an easy one and I think she was a bit disappointed in me.  
  
Escalating truths and simple dares were the pattern until I was asked, "Susan, how often do you masturbate each week." I immediately flushed, and there was no way I was going to answer that question. I'd be embarrassed to detail how many times I was masturbating each day, let alone each week.   
  
"I, um...what if I don't want to answer, " I said feeling the heat in my cheeks?  
  
Kristi had the answer, "You have to take a dare. Now you've not taken one yet have you?" I hadn't and I agreed, somewhat nervously, to take my first dare.   
  
"I dare you to kiss Joey." Pandora was giving me eyes that said, "DO IT!"  
  
I was excited, nervous, and wondering if my breath was ok when I leaned across and gave him a kiss on the lips. It was just a little peck, and I felt him lean in for more, but I pulled away, somewhat teasingly. I sat back down feeling butterflies in my stomach after my first 'guy kiss'.

Joey was a bit embarrassed and was breathing hard as the game continued. I had Kristi do jumping jacks beside the hot-tub, she had Joey kiss each of us and guess who was who, and he found out from Pandora that she masturbated at least once a day. She wasn't even embarrassed when she told us. She was so brave, like Kristi.   
  
We switched direction so that we were giving a different person a dare or query, and Kristi decided to get revenge for me embarrassing her with jumping jacks in the cold air while wearing just her new wet bikini. That actually make her glare at me and blush a bit. She, in fact, changed the game and direction of the evening and us drunken louts were happy to comply. "Susan, I think you're too innocent and chicken to keep going with the game."  
  
I was a bit offended she'd think so, but then I saw her wink. "I can do anything you can do Kristi. I can do anything any of you can do." I was sounding a bit obstinant, but nobody noticed instead going, "Wooooooo," at my attitude.  
  
At that, Kristi reached down under the water, did a shimmy and shove and came up holding her bikini bottoms. Nothing could be seen through the bubbles, but I could see Pandora's eyes bulge then narrow as a smile formed. Joey squirmed and, I think, shifted something around in his bathing suit. "I dare all of you to do the same. Or are you going to fail the dare and have to take something off for the rest of the night?" She spun them around and tossed them to the deck floor.  
  
Pandora laughed, looking at me then at Joey, and did the same.   
  
Joey looked down, gulped, and reached down. I could see his flush under the deck lights and longed to reach out with my foot to see what it could feel. I wanted to see more of his body.  
  
They were all looking at me. "You've painted yourself into a corner Susan. Take off your bottoms. Ooooh, you're not wearing a bikini, so you can't actually do what we all can do. I guess you're going to fail the dare and either end up naked for the night if you stick with the game rules, run around the block naked if you drop out, and be my servant for a day if you don't do that. That's what you get for the jumping jacks – now my breasts are sore." She said this with a smile in her voice, and I could see a sparkle in her eye. The four of us laughed as well.  
  
But then it was up to me. "But you made me wear this bathing suit because of that stupid promise. OK. I can do this." I was as careful as I could be, sinking low in the water, and I slid the straps of the suit off my shoulders, down my body, over my hips, and off my legs. I threw it drunkenly, and a bit too hard, and instead of landing on the deck, it went over the railing and into the grass yard below.  
  
That brought another round of laughter, and I realized through my alcoholic daze, that I'd maybe gone a bit far here. What would they think.  
  
They thought I was drunk and laughed some more. But the game continued that way, mostly with people stating truths and everyone else following. There was more kissing. And then Pandora stood up, the water only reaching her waste now and said I dare you all to stand up and stretch like this; she raised her hands, showing us what she meant. This was fine Kristi too. Joey was taller and drunkenly stood up, and I'm sure I saw the head of his cock crest the bubbles before he caught himself and lowered down a bit.  
  
Again, they all looked at me. I gave them a proud look, and I did it. I stood up. I might have bared a bit more below my waste as Joey did, but nothing that wasn't smooth skin. And my breasts. Open in the night air. In front of a boy. A guy. And he was staring as I raised my arms, my breasts jutting out proudly, the nipples hardening under the cool air's touch and goose pimples forming and spreading across my torso and arms. I desperately wanted to touch myself, but managed to resist.   
  
"Wow." Joey spoke, there was a moment's pause, and we all sat down again.   
  
"I'll give it to you, I wasn't sure you had it in you, but it was win-win for us regardless." Pandora said it with a smile, and Joey continued the game with a truth and sparks in the air.

**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 07**

There we sat in the hot tub. Facing Joey, who was sitting on the stairs, I was very aware that we were both naked under the bubbles of water. To my left was Kristi, and opposite here was Pandora -- both of them were wearing only their bikini tops.  
  
Our game of truth-or-dare had changed now into something more. We were all well in our cups, as they say, and didn't seem to be questioning where things were going. I was nervous though; this was only the 2nd 'real' party I'd been to, and here I was naked again -- and loving it.  
  
I'd just stood up, baring my breasts to a guy to keep up with my friends, having promised to do anything they did.   
  
Joey sat there, trying even harder to not look like he was trying to see our nude forms under the surface of the water. I admit that I was trying to see his naked bits through the turbulent water.  
  
Joey, at that point, smirked at me, and turned around, leaned out over the edge of the hot tub and grabbed his dropped bathing suit. We were treated to a view of his pale ass -- it was so cute -- and all started to giggle.  
  
As he sat back down and started wiggling into his bathing suit again, Joey made a coughing noise and looked at us, "Well, I thought the game was now one copycat."  
  
We all realized he meant we should get our bathing suits back. Pandora immediately copied Joey's actions, and I admit I enjoyed looking at her round bottom, and what was peeking out between her legs, as she stretched out to grab her bathing suit bottoms. She winked at Joey as she sat back down, and he giggled a bit. Kristi took a moment and did the same, and I saw Pandora's eyes fix in place for a few moments. I envied Pandora her view.  
  
Then they were all looking at me. And smiling. And I realized that I'd thrown my one-piece suit too hard when I'd copied them and it had fallen off the deck to the grass below.   
  
"Would one of you mind getting me my suit or passing me a towel, please?" I hoped they'd refuse at the same time as dreading it.  
  
They all looked at me. And smiled.  
  
And I said, "Fine," stood up my small breasts and lustfully-hardened nipples jutting forward. I walked across the few feet of the hot-tub toward Joey up the stairs he was sitting on. His eyes were locked on my breasts, his mouth slightly open, and he seemed to be holding his breath. And then I felt a leg from my righ.  
  
I tripped over Pandora's leg and fell right onto Joey. Thank you Kristi! I being in the water, it wasn't a hard fall, but it did startle me. I ended up sitting on his lap with my breasts above the water line just a few inches from his face and his arms around me having reached out to catch me.  
  
Kristi and Pandora were silent for a moment then started laughing as though this was the funniest thing in the world. I looked down, unable to meet Joey's eyes -- not only from embarrassment, but also because he was staring at my breasts. And I loved it.   
  
We sat there for a few seconds ignoring the laughter until her looked up at me with a sheepish look on his face realizing he'd been caught. "Sorry, here." He released me from his arms and let me stand up. I stood up, regretfully, having only just realized at I was feeling something hard developing under my ass. I stood up as gracefully as I could and walked up the stairs, not even realizing until he gasped, that my shaved nether regions had emerged right beside where he sat. I quickly mounted the stairs and walked across the deck to the railing. I heard, "She's drunk, should we help her?" from Joey.  
  
"No. She made an agreement and she's sticking with it. And it's not a big deal with just us here. She's safe." Gee, thanks Kristi.  
  
"Yeah, and she's so cute." Gee, thanks Pandora.   
  
I was glowing in their compliments, in the risk, the exposure, the daring. I walked away from them and down the stairs, not looking over my shoulder lest I change my mind. I reached the bottom, stepping carefully onto the cold and wet grass. I knew my suit had to be right below the edge of the deck and I found it soon enough. It was ice cold, having been wet when I tossed it into the night. I was going to put it on before going back upstairs, imagining how it would look against my chilled skin, goose bumps and hard nipples. Then I thought about how they already were drunk, presumed I was drunk, and anything stupid I did could be explained by alcohol if later held against me.   
  
I walked up the stairs holding the suit. As I reached the top and turned toward them, I was greeted with three pair of eyes staring right at me. I knew my small breasts were perky and looked good, and hoped that my shaved pussy was a good looking one. It's funny the insecurities that go through your mind when you're only eighteen. Joey definitely didn't care, drinking up the sight of my naked form, nearly six feet of only naked skin but for my red hair. I was glad that they expected my to be dripping from the water, and hoped it would cover for my, um, wetness for other reasons.  
  
I may have added an extra sway to my step, trying to appear a bit more drunk; this was only to give me the excuse of falling against Joey again as I walked past him down the stairs. I let my hand clasp his wet shoulder to steady myself, and made sure to run my hip against his shoulder. His fingers traced along my calf in a way that sent shivers through my body. "See, I told you I can do anything you can do," was my drunk statement as I stood there getting into my bathing suit again. I squirmed my way into it, and felt a bit of relief at being covered again, albeit only by a skin tight sheath of fabric without lining.   
  
I sat down, a smug look on my face. I was greeted with a big smile on Joey's face as he looked me in the eyes. "I wish I had a camera. But I know you'd never pose for photos."  
  
Pandora was quick to suggest we go inside to dry off and continue our games and party. Kristi responded with, "Sounds good -- and do any of you want to smoke something my brothers gave me?"  
  
The four of us exited the tub, and I took pleasure in noticing something pushing out Joey's trunks. I was embarrassed when he caught me looking at him, but so was he, as he mumbled, "Sorry," as though it was his fault and would offend me. It was cute has he turned away to try to hide it while wrapping himself in a towel.  
  
We worked together to cover the hot tub, and Joey, Pandora, and I stood talking while Kristi went to get a joint from the Altoids tin her brothers had given her for Christmas. It was mostly Pandora and Joey talking, as I thought about what had transpired so far tonight and how fair I'd exceeded my boundaries. They teased me a bit about my walk across the deck, asking why I didn't get dressed below. It was only in jest, and they agreed in the way only a drunk can agree, that I was right to put my suit on in the hot tub because it was how they did it. It was making sense to me to.  
  
Kristi returned and over the next few minutes we passed around a joint. There was much coughing by Joey and I who had never smoked anything before, but by the end I realized that I was high and drunk for the first time in my life.  
  
We went inside to the family room of the house, having gathered more drinks on the way. We were still in our suits and towels and I enjoyed watching Joey's back move as he walked in front of me. I surprised myself by letting out a little growl when Pandora traced her fingers down my bare back to the top of the towel. The touch was so vibrant and I realized I desired more.   
  
It was Pandora who suggested changing out of the wet clothes, and we all left our drinks to go change. Joey went to the downstairs bathroom to change, while we three girls went back up to Kristi's room. I was surprised by Pandora pinching my bottom as we walked up the stairs, and streaked a few times as she did it. I loved her touching me.  
  
In Kristi's room, we all stripped, and toweled dry. Kristi asked, "Hey, do you want to stay over?" And we both confirmed that we would do so. Kristi offered Pandora some PJ's to wear, but Pandora had brought her own, just in case everyone drank too much. I looked at Kristi as she pulled on some flannel pajama bottoms over her naked skin, and pulled on a cozy hoody over her naked torso. Her nipples poked through it enticingly, and I turned away to look at Pandora before anyone noticed my stare.   
  
Pandora had pulled out and quickly finished pulling on some flannel pajama bottoms herself along with a matching top. They both said how cute the other's outfits were, and I concurred. They both looked at me then, and Pandora started to ask why I wasn't getting dressed.  
  
I realized I hadn't even thought about it, being distracted watching both of them dress. I looked around for my clothes at that point, and realized quickly they were nowhere to be seen. Kristi went, "Oh no, I must have gathered them up with my laundry on my last drink run...but anyway, it's up to me to decide what you should wear."  
  
"But..." I wasn't sure what to say, so I stopped and composed myself, "...please be nice."   
  
Pandora liked my 'birthday suit' and that set both of them giggling as I begged them drunkenly to be kind and not make me do that, as though it was an option. Kristi stopped giggling long enough to say, "Joey wouldn't mind would he?"   
  
Pandora laughed back, "Well, would any of us?" "Please, I'll wear anything." The fact that there were towels on the floor and bathing suits didn't even come up. I wasn't about to bring it up.  
  
Kristi finally went over to her large walk-in closet and started looking through her clothes. I was fairly certain she wouldn't make me go out naked, but I secretly hoped she'd return with a scarf and baseball cap or something. I loved this exposure so far tonight and longed for my embarrassment at the hands of my friends. And for Joey to see it. And to see Joey and talk to him and be with him more. I think I realized then how truly smitten I was.  
  
Pandora walked up behind me, still giggling, and wrapped her arms around my waist and pulled herself close. I liked the scratchy feeling of her fabric top against my bare back. She said, "I like the brave you." I snuggled against her, forgetting my shyness, and luxuriated in the warmth and tactile sensations. She let go after a ten seconds or so, to my disappointment, and sat down on the bed to, "..watch the show."  
  
When Kristi emerged she had a corset and matching panties in her hands, which started me shrieking in a funny, fearful way again while both of them started laughing again. When she returned to her closet with more laughter, I let myself breath again, enjoying the feeling of standing here naked and so vulnerable and in someone else's control. Kristi emerged next with a pair of stockings and a cut-off t-shirt than ended would have been well above my bell-button if I put it on; that was it. She handed them to me and revelled in my bulging eyes as I imagined myself walking downstairs and spending an evening with Joey wearing a t-shirt that barely covered my breasts and black stockings that would probably only go half-way up my thighs. I squirmed and pressed my legs together as I considered that visual.  
  
Pandora laughed, "You're so cruel, I love it." Which set them both laughing again, and I joined in as Kristi took back the stockings and pulled a pair of light nylon running shorts out from behind her back. She handed them to me and said, "This is what I want you to wear tonight. It's something someone might wear to sleep in, and Joey won't know the difference. And it's my decision, and this is a good time to push yourself."  
  
I looked down at the light-weight shorts I now held in one hand, and the t-shirt I held in the other. I shrugged, and said, "I'll take it. Thank you for not making me go out there bare naked." I said it with a slur and it came out implying that I would have done that if she'd insisted.  
  
Pandora commented to Kristi as I pulled the clothes on, "I love this girl."  
  
We walked downstairs in our -- well, they in their pajamas, and me in a pair of nylon running shorts with slits up each side to the waistline, and a small yellow t-shirt that came down just to half-way between my belly button and breasts. I was tingling in excitement and noticing every sensation as the fabric moved against my skin, as the wind touched the skin still bare. Joey waited for us in the living room, dressed in his full ensemble. He looked at us with a curious smile as we joined him and asked, "Um, I guess I should get going if you guys are ready for bed. You're obviously staying, Pandora?" He seemed disappointed.  
  
I blurted out, "No! Stayyyy, we decided we should all crash here and have a slumber party. You can stay, right?" I was shocked at my verbal brazenness, but pleased when he quickly agreed to remain. Later I realized that I was much more drunk than I thought.  
  
We got setup around the coffee table. Kristi sat at one end on a cushy chair while Joey sat on the floor opposite the couch Pandora and I were on. I was self-conscious about the short t-shirt and shorts, but this was soon forgotten as the pot took hold more fully and blended with the alcohol we continued to consume.  
  
Pandora brought things back to our earlier game, "So I think it was my turn I have my camera here, and I think that we should each take a nude picture of ourselves. And yes, I'll go first. Are all of you brave enough to do that? Or will you all be taking off a piece of clothing?"   
  
"Wait, something isn't right. Fair, really. Joey, you're wearing two much. I think he should have to be wearing two thing just like us. Now Joey, I'm ok if those two things are your socks, but I'll let you decide."   
  
Joey considered what he'd miss, I presume, and quickly stood up and took off his socks, shirt, and jeans, which left him standing there in some patterned boxers and a thin white undershirt. He looked so cute and I remember wanting to just go look at him closely, explore with my hands, smell, taste....I was in a state where I wanted to experience.  
  
Joey's strip brought us back to laughing in a silly way and saying and laughing more at more silly thing.  
  
Pandora got up, wandered toward the downstairs bathroom, and was gone a few minutes. The three of us were fairly quite except for small giggles we'd let out as we waited for her. She was gone a few minutes, but returned a bit red in the face and the query, "Who's next?"  
  
Kristi reached out, "So we have to be totally naked?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Kristi then vanished, but returned quicker than Pandora did.  
  
I was getting nervous, though, I suddenly realized, there were already several naked photos of me out there -- there were on my phone and home computer. I decided that I trusted Pandora, and when Kristi returned, I reached out my hand, stood up and went in to the bathroom.  
  
I'd seen these self-shot photographs, and I quickly stripped down to the clothes I was born in. I decided to just get things over with, stood with my legs apart and back to the mirror over the bathroom counter. I pointed the camera over my shoulder and took a photo, reasoning that all anyone would see was a redhead, her naked back and ass and upper legs. I quickly dressed in my borrowed nightwear and went out and handed the camera to Joey.   
  
He seemed nervous, but took the camera, walking toward the bathroom. He was back fairly quickly, his face red, and handed the camera to Pandora. "I have the same camera," said Kristi, rising and returning shortly with a cable to which she connected the camera to the tv.  
  
"Wait, we're going to view them up there on that huge screen?" Pandora was smiling, "I like that idea. The little screen won't do the photos justice, I'm sure. I can't wait to see them."  
  
A few remote controls and button presses later, We were all squished on the couch and stairing at the tv as Pandora moved through photos she already had on the camera. They were photos of people at school, some flowers, and her family. Then She was up on the screen, totally nude, obviously, but covering her breasts, well the nipples at least, and between her legs with her arms and hands. "Wait, you're covering yourself," I said, as thought she'd breached a serious rule.   
  
"Nobody said you couldn't cover yourself, "she started snickering," I can't wait to see your photo now, Susan."  
  
Joey spoke up, "Neither can I," blushed and looked down, moving a small pillow over his lap for some reason. "I mean to see all the photos."  
  
Kristi his the next key and her picture came up. She had crouched on the edge of the cabinet, and wrapped her arms around her knees while taking the photo. It was, again, obvious she was nude, but you could, really, only see the curve of her ass from the side.   
  
Pandora said, "Hey, I never noticed the mirror on the other wall in there. Look,you can see the other side of you in the background." We all looked, and sure enough, the mirror showed Kristi's other side, baring more of the side of her breast since that was the side of the hand holding the camera. I started to realize that I'd shown more than I expected.  
  
They flicked back to Pandora's shot and sure enough, her curvy tush was visible in the mirror reflected in main mirror's reflection. We all laughed, but mine was a bit more nervous as I wondered what I may have actually recorded. It seemed to take forever as they moved forward again past Kristi's photo to the one of me.   
  
I felt myself sinking into the couch as the floor dropped out from under my stomach. The picture had worked out as I expected, except for the fact that the reflection from the 2nd mirror clearly showed my face, my tongue between my teeth and parted lips, my breasts, and from my mid thighs up -- and yes, my pussy was clearly visible. I was red, and mortified, and hid my hands in my face. This also covered for the shivers of pleasure running through me as I realized Joey was staring at me on the screen.  
  
"Wow," was Joey's contribution at first. Then Kristi started giggling. And Pandora said, "That's one for the wall."  
  
They teased me for a few minutes, the girls I mean, as the photo stayed up on the screen. When I finally looked up and at the people around me, I saw the Kristi smiling at me in a coy way, Pandora looking between me and the screen, and Joey looking at the screen as though he was trying to memorize it.  
  
Then they pushed the button and Joey's naked body had replaced mine and the large T.V. His self-portrait was more artistically posed that mine. He'd started out standing as I had, and had twisted back at the waist to look at the mirror above the sink as he took the image. He also had the problem I had in that the front of him was reflected clearly.   
  
It was my turn to look, his to be nervous. His cock, something I'd never really looked at in this way before -- the big screen -- was a nice size to my inexperienced eyes. It hung down ten centimetres or so, and looked a bit purple and swollen. His testicles hung down behind it reminding me of pink Kiwis. I looked back and forth between his cock and ass in the picture, and up at his red face on the screen. "Wow," was what I said without thinking.   
  
"You look good buddy," Pandora said with a punch to his shoulder, and Kristi agreed with a murmer.  
  
"Um, thanks. I'm really embarrassed right now. Sorry." Joey seemed to think we might be upset.  
  
Kristi responded, "Don't be silly. You, Susan, we all look fantastic. Pandora, can you email me those pictures later? Send them to all of us."  
  
"But..."  
  
"But..."  
  
"Sure."  
  
Pandora's was the last response, and you know which ones belonged to Joey and I.  
  
"Can we all at least promise to show any of them to anyone?" Quick agreement was the answer to my drunken plea, and I followed with, "OK, I trust you all." I was blushing, wondering if agreeing was wrong, but excited at the prospect of Joey looking at that photo of me.

**A Formerly Shy Person Ch. 08**

I took the initiative to walk over and turn the TV off, unplug the wires connecting the camera, and pass the camera to Pandora. I walked out of the room with our glasses, and went to the kitchen to mix more drinks. I decided that I'd best not have much more, so didn't mix Vodka in with my juice for this round. The rest got double shots.  
  
When I returned with the drinks, our chatter returned and I was relieved that I was able to comfortably participate. We talked about how crazy we were to take a picture like that, and I took secret pleasure – of a lustful sort – that my classmate Joey has seen me naked tonight. A few times. I was confident that all would be blamed on alcohol and went farther than I'd expected I would.   
  
Joey was looking wide-eyed through all this, as though he would miss something if he blinked. I didn't blame him. Kristi was doing what she could to embarrass me through exposure, and Pandora was helping her along, though without knowing how much I really enjoyed it.  
  
"What other good party games are there that Susan should experience?" Kristi had obviously decided it was time to get me worked up some more.   
  
"I don't think I need to drink anymore," commented Pandora as she took another sip of her drink, "so no drinking games."  
  
"Charades?"   
  
We all looked at Joey. "Strip Charades" was his reply before he started giggling and slid off the couch and onto the floor.   
  
"How about something a bit more tame mister-I'm-partying-with-three-sexy-women," was my contribution. I was cocky and confident while drinking it would seem.  
  
"I know, spin-the-bottle!" Pandora was the focus of our attention now, and Kristi asked me if I'd ever played that game.  
  
"No." I looked at Joey, who was looking back at me, and suddenly gave in to the urge to look at my feet while my chest and cheeks turned pink.  
  
The now empty Vodka bottle we'd opened was quickly retrieved from the kitchen and we sat spaced around I on the carpet. I was kneeling with Joey on my left, Kristi across from me, and Pandora on my right when Pandora reached out to spin the bottle while saying, "I suggested the game, so I get to go first."   
  
It spun around smoothly and came to a halt pointing at Kristi. She let out a quite growl, leaned forward on her, sticking her fetching-in-flannel-ass out behind her. Pandora copied the same pose and the two kissed briefly. "Mmmmmm.....I like that," whispered Pandora as she sat back down.   
  
"I can't get carried away, not without Rob here, anyway," said Kristi, as she spun the bottle next. It landed on Joey, and she leaned over and exchanged a brief smooch – and it really was a smooch, not a kiss. I didn't even think to be jealous, and crossed my fingers as Joey spun the bottle. It moved past me twice, then to Pandora...Kristi....back to Joey. And stopped.   
  
We all started laughing as Joey wrapped his arms around himself and pretended to make out with, well, an imaginary himself. I surprised myself by reaching over and pushing him over onto his side which only encouraged more laughter from all of us.  
  
He soon spun again, and the spin landed on me. On me.  
  
We leaned toward each other and our lips met. I unconsciously put my hands up on his chest, not to push him away, but to feel closer to him. I don't know how long the kiss lasted, but it felt like it went on and on in a good way. I savoured the taste of his breath, the texture of his lips, the feel of his bottom lip between my teeth as he pulled away at the, "Break it up" and "Get a room" calls that were directed our way.  
  
I sat back, flush, on my heels, but with my hands planted on the ground supporting my body. I was trying to catch my breath when I looked down and realized that if I could see right down the neck of this silly crop-top Kristi has made me wear, then so could he. And I was ok with that. I did, after a few seconds, look up and was thrilled to meet his eyes after knowing he had been looking down my shirt. And I noticed a distinct tenting in his boxers a foot away from my face.  
  
"I guess it's my turn to spin." I reached out, and spun the bottle hoping it would land on Joey again. It didn't, instead landing on Pandora who quickly leaned toward me.  
  
"You're not dating anyone...yet, " she said turning to glance at Joey for a moment, a smile on her face and sparkle in her eye. I leaned toward her, and she initiated a kiss. Her hands went to the side of my head as we kissed, holding it in place as I started to pull away. Our tongues intertwined, she nibbled my lips, and I, again, realized my hands had moved up to her chest. I could feel her nipples harden behind the fabric of her top, and I also needed to come up for air.  
  
She let me go finally and set back, leaving me in the same position as Joey had. "And this is a great view too. Thank you," she said after too many seconds.  
  
Later I thought about what happened and my reaction, but right then, I was distracted by Kristi, "Well, I feel left out without Rob here. I think I'm going to head off to bed. Joey can use the couch, and you two can use my brothers' rooms. Susan, can you help Joey find some bedding?" She stood then, and walked out, "I'm going to call up Rob on the webcam and work out some frustrations," being her last playful words of the evening.  
  
The three of us tightened our circle and chatted away, with more drinks being shared out. The time went fast, and we were all surprised to learn how late it was when Kristi re-entered the room. She was wearing a silky bathrobe, her nipples evident, along with the curve of her breasts and hips. "I realized I needed a bath before bed. Susan, one of the beds I thought you could use is covered with stuff, so would you mind sleeping on the other couch down here?"   
  
I didn't mind, especially because it meant Joey would be sleeping only a few feet away from me. Pandora pouted a bit, then winked at me. "I guess we're all fine with things, though if you needed a shower, I guess you enjoyed your web cam session with Rob." I was being a bit sassy, and Kristi smiled back.  
  
"Oh, so you're going to be a smart-ass eh?" Sticking her tongue out at me, Kristi continued, "You forget, it seems, who is in charge of what you wear tonight. Remember your promise?"  
  
"Yes, Kristi, I remember. I'm sorry. I thought I could just wear what you have me in now."  
  
Pandora and Joey were smiling, both of them in a lusty way, and encouraged Kristi, "Don't let her get off that easily!" Thanks you guys. Seriously thanks!   
  
Kristi laughed like a mad scientist in a movie, making her voice deeper. She let me off the hook, "Naw, I'm going to go easy on her, after all she's really done everything we've told her to tonight, like a good girl. She's not the prude I thought she was."   
  
I was still feeling cocky though, and as she started to walk away, I reached out and tried to pinch her ass. That might have gotten a laugh and hand-slap before she continued on her way to bed, but I managed to pinch her towel, pulling it free. Kristi stopped after a couple steps, let out a scream, then ran around the corner and upstairs to her room.   
  
Joey was trying not to laugh and pretending to not look at her naked figure as the towel fell, revealing her in all her silky smooth glory. Pandora didn't hesitate to look, and laughed heartily at Kristi's misfortune.  
  
She returned a few minutes later, back in her flannel pj bottoms and hoody. "Well Susan, so much for letting you off easy tonight." She was smiling and obviously not upset about the baring of her skin in front of Joey and us. She said, "Alas, you've left me no choice but to suggest you get the bedding for you and Joey, and return quickly."  
  
I looked at her questioningly, catching her wink, and acted timid and worried as I went to get a couple blankets, sheets, and pillows from a closet in the hall upstairs. I returned and passed Joey his bedding while I went over to the empty couch and tucked in the sheets. I looked back at Joey and Pandora, then toward Kristi, "What is your command? And should I have another drink first?"  
  
Kristi smirked, and nodded about the drink. I reached out for Joey's glass, the only one with anything left, and gulped down the remaining juice and vodka.   
  
By the time I was done, Joey had layed out his bedding and was reclining on the couch and under his blanket. He was looking at me, a nervous smile on his face. "Here's the deal, since you have no choice in the matter, I've decided that you'll be sleeping wearing just these." She held up a pair of leather wristbands with rings attached to one another.  
  
I shivered, and wondered if she was serious. "I suggest you climb under your covers and strip off the t-shirt and shorts I loaned you. I'll put these on you, and tuck you in. My alarm is set for 8:00 AM, which should give us all five hours sleep, and I'll come down with your clothes then. Are you going to follow through on your promise?"  
  
"If I don't I have to do something worse. Please just tuck me in well so that I'm not showing anything." I climbed under the blankets, while Pandora laughed and Joey stayed silent lest he spoil the moment. I wasn't controlling my arms that well as I pulled off my shorts under the blanket, but I managed to do it without showing off my wares. I wasn't as able to protect my modesty – well, what was left of it – as I removed the t-shirt, and the blanket fell to my waste as I pulled it off. I giggled in my best drunk airhead as I pulled them back up and said, "None of you saw that right?"   
  
Joey didn't say anything, but couldn't stop smiling. Pandora said, "Yes, and they were great. Kristi, are you sure you need to let her have a blanket? It is warm down here after all."  
  
Kristi looked like she was considering it, but then laughed, walked over to me and said, "Naw, the blanket isn't clothes and I don't need to punish her that much." I was relieved, and as she held up the wrist restraints, I sat up, again baring my chest, and put my hands behind me. "Well, I was going to let you wear them in front, but this is even better."  
  
As I realized that with my hands cuffed behind my back, I wouldn't able to pull up my blanket if it should fall off. I met Kristi's eye as she finished, then realized I was showing my breasts again, "Please cover me up Kristi, I'm doing what you said." I tried to thank her with my eyes, and she winked at me in return. I lay back, thankful the couch was soft and my hands under my back didn't bother me too much.  
  
"Pandora, I think we need another picture of this before I pull up her blanket and tuck her in. I want to have a memory of this for a while yet."  
  
Pandora returned with her camera, but asked Joey to take the photo as he was the camera expert. He seemed reluctant, and when he finally stood from his blankets, it was obvious why. His boxers were tented out by what appeared to be a rather sizeable erection. I just stared at it, as he tried to hide it by twisting his body away from the other two.   
  
Kristi said, "Wow Joey, if I wasn't with Rob I might be tempted to see what's in those shorts." He blushed more than he already was and took a photo of me, lying on the couch, covered only by a blanket to my waste and with my hands pinned under my back. I realized as he took the image that I was still looking at his boxers, wishing that he would just pull them off.  
  
Joey sat the camera down on the low table in front of his couch, and Kristi drew the blanket up above my chest to right under my chin, covering me completely. She tucked it in between me and the back of the couch and smiled, "Try not to squirm too much gorgeous," leaned over and gave me a kiss on the forehead."  
  
She said, "Come on Pandora, I'll show you to your room. Joey, I'll get the lights." Pandora stuck her arm through that of Kristi, and the two thumped upstairs whispering and laughing. Joey and I stared at each other, me looking, I think, a bit nervous, but also dazed, and him looking nervous, sheepish, and hopeful.   
  
After a minute he seemed to snap out of it, got up and turned out the lights.  
  
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We started talking then, and spoke for at least an hour getting to know each other. We didn't talk about the nudity and kissing and all else from the night, but instead about our past and our hopes and dreams. And he asked me out, "Susan, I mean, Susan, would you like, um, sometime, if you don't it's ok, but would youliketogooutwithmesometime?" It was a rush at the end, and the silence after seemed to stretch.  
  
It wasn't that I didn't want to say yes, but that I couldn't take a breath...when I finally did, I gasped, "Yes, I mean, I would like to go out with you anytime."  
  
He said, "Really," and started me giggling. "What?"  
  
I was able to speak this time, "I'm still pretty drunk, but it strikes me as funny that you here we are, and I'm naked before our first date."  
  
We both laughed, and as that settled into a comfortable silence, I whispered, "Goodnight Joey. I'm looking forward to our date."  
  
"Goodnight Susan, so am I."  
  
I listened to him breathing just a few feet away, and eventually I noticed it change. In the dim light of the room, I was able to make out his shape on the other couch. He was on his back, his blanket around his waste, and hands on his stomach as he slept.  
  
I didn't sleep that night, instead fantasizing about how he could come over and stick his penis in my mouth, in my pussy, anywhere he wanted. I was helpless, but definitely not unwilling, and regretted not being able to reach and caress myself. I tried clenching my thighs and squirming, but didn't find relief.   
  
As the sun started to come up, I again looked to my side toward Joey. His blanket had fallen to the ground and, again, his boxers were tented. From this side, though, his fly was parted as the fabric was lifted, and I could see the pale outline of his hard cock. I longed to touch it, to taste it. I was feeling so wonton, and I realized, I was loving it.  
  
I could see the clock across the room saying it was 6:48 AM. I was still covered, but started to wonder, as I looked at Joey, about what I might do.  
  
I used my feet, quite easily, to pull the blanket down my body to just above my nipples. I paused, appreciating the cool air on my warm flesh. At 7:04 it was light enough to see that Joey's erection and I stuck a leg out from under the blanket; baring my my hip against the wall of the couch down to my toes on that side; my chest was still covered. At 7:12, I pulled the sheets a bit farther down my body baring a breast on. At 7:17 I pulled it down below both breasts. At 7:19 I had only my pussy and one leg covered. I suddenly got nervous realizing that Joey could awaken at any moment, but at 8am, regardless, Kristi would be down here and if I was uncovered, she'd probably humiliate me further by waking everyone else up. I was torn.  
  
I decided to pull the blanket back up at 7:22, but in my attempts to grab it with my feet and knees, managed to have it fall completely to the ground, leaving me naked, on my back, with my hands cuffed behind me between my back and the couch. I almost orgasmed right then and there, but that would be an embarrassment too much and I resisted. At 7:24 I started to get nervous, and I tried to roll over on my side to face the back of the couch to provide myself some cover. My arms though gave me no leverage. Nor was I able to sit up now or swing my legs off the couch. I was stuck, like a turtle on its back. Except I was naked.  
  
At 7:31, I was lying there, my head tilted to the side to look at Joey sleeping, noticing again, that his boxers were tented, though this time without offering a peek through the fly. According to the clock on the VCR, it was 7:32 when I heard Joey snort, then saw his hands come up as he rubbed his eyes. I closed mine as fast as I could, turned my head to face the wall of the couch and did my best to appear asleep.  
  
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It was so hard to keep my breathing normal as I lay there naked as the day I was born and unable to cover myself. I heard the sounds of movement on the couch, then total silence. All I could hear was my own heart beat and breathing, and a voice inside my head yelling at the top of its lungs, "HE IS LOOKING AT YOU TOTALLY NAKED."  
  
I heard the release of a breath held too long from Joey, and, I think, a whispered, "Woah."   
  
I longed to look to see his face, to know how he was reacting. And to see how that tent in his boxers was doing. I began to count in my head, "One thousand and one, one thousand and two..." and so on; I reached 407 before I heard anything from the couch across from me. That's almost seven minutes of him able to stare at me in the morning-sun lit room, without any reason to look away. What was he doing?   
  
When I did hear something it was movement on the leather couch, the fluff of a blanket being put back on then after ten seconds of silence, a cough. Then a loud yawn. I realized he was trying to awaken me so that I could think I'd woken before him and avoided being seen naked. It was a wonderful gesture, and I realized that he was, truly a wonderful guy.   
  
I didn't wake up and cover myself, despite the noises he made of slowly waking up. I heard him, "Susan....Susan," as he whispered, getting louder and louder, "wake up Susan." I didn't respond. I simply noticed the ache in my hard nipples and the tingling between my legs. I loved this exposure for which I couldn't be blamed – both because of alcohol consumption, kept oaths, and the sleep of the drunk.   
  
I heard a beeping from upstairs, faintly, through the walls and floor. It was Kristi's 8:00 AM alarm clock. She was getting up.  
  
I heard a sudden shuffle from Joey's direction, the ruffling of a blanket and felt it fall mostly across my body, covering me from mid-thigh to well above my head. It wasn't the greatest of throws, but was appreciated. Through the blanket I couldn't hear everything around me, and wondered if Joey was back 'asleep' or getting dressed now that he'd covered me up.  
  
It must have been a few minutes before I heard the sounds of another person in the room. I didn't know if it was Kristi or Pandora. I also didn't hear any talking, so that meant Joey was feigning sleep as well. I thought I could hear a quiet chuckling, and shortly after I heard a voice near my ear speaking through the blanket, "Susan, are you there. Are you awake." I was glad she was whispering, because, I realized, my head was aching. I stayed quiet.  
  
Pandora, mumbled, "I bet you're going to be out for hours. I feel like shit..." and then quiet. I heard after a few seconds her repeat her whispered attempts to wake Joey.  
  
"Fuck. I wonder how late they stayed up drinking and talking."  
  
I heard Kristi's voice respond to Pandora's last whisper. "I got up to pee just after four, and peeked downstairs and they were both chatting away. I think they really like each other."  
  
"I know. It was fun to see, though I admit I have a bit of crush on Susan myself." I was surprised in some ways, but not others by Pandora's revelation. "And from what I remember of last night, we all did a few embarrassing things. Sorry, I hope that doesn't offend you."   
  
Kristi laughed, "No. It doesn't at all. I can quite understand crushing on Susan. She's adorable." I was blushing under my blanket, glad it was covering my face. "She's my best friend, but so shy and naïve. I love how trusting she is, but worry about her being taken advantage of. Well, I guess I was doing that a bit last night. I wonder if she's still naked under there, or if she found some clothes."  
  
Pandora let out a sudden bark of laughter that was quickly muffled, "I forgot about that. I can't believe she let you do that to her, but I'm not complaining and no harm was done. Let's peek."  
  
I was surprised, but not upset at this suggestion, and steeled myself to breath normally and not move, no matter what.

I felt a finger lightly touch my left shin near the blanket's edge. I stayed still. It tickled back and forth. "She's out to the world. The first time she ever drank anything a few weeks ago, the same thing happened. She's just not used to it – she drank too much, and stayed asleep through Rob and I getting up."  
  
"Well, at least she wasn't starkers then."   
  
Kristi didn't respond at once and my heart began to race. Was she going to tell Pandora? Did I want anyone else to know about that event?  
  
Kristi spoke again, "Well, to tell you the truth, she was so drunk, when I woke up I found her naked downstairs and her clothes strewn about." Kristi started giggling, "Go get her purse. I want to show you something." Oh my god. I'd put the photos on my phone – the ones Kristi took on hers and sent me. The ones from that morning that I was sleeping naked on the living room floor. Why had I done that – and Kristi knew too – OK, it was so that I could look at them wherever I was. The showed me naked to the world, exposed in every way. I'd knew I should have deleted them.  
  
Pandora returned, "Here, what are you looking for?"   
  
"There it is," Kristi said over the thump of my purse on the floor, "I took photos the morning after her drinking binge. I took them on her camera, and I don't think she even realizes they're there. I'm waiting for her to find them on her own. Have a look – but promise not to tell anyone."  
  
I was mortified. And very excited. I was tingling and fighting the desire to moan, to squirm, to touch myself. "Oh my god. These are so hot. She was passed out while you did this? And has no idea they were even taken?"  
  
"Nope. She got snotty the night before when I was going off to bed, so I figured she could use a surprise. Anyway, I'll put this away and we can wake them up."  
  
"Wait." What did Pandora want? Perhaps we could take some more pictures on her phone. To surprise her. She was pretty sarcastic last night." The last was said almost as a question and I suspect Pandora was hoping that Kristi would take that line of reasoning.  
  
"Ha. Sure. Let's do it. She's out of it, and I suspect he is too. Here, you use the camera." Oh god. And Joey was listening to all of this, maybe even watching through barely parted eyelids. "Now, let's just make sure they're out of it." I felt a rough shake of my leg. Then my hip was pushed. "She's out of it."   
  
Pandora responded, "So is he," from over by Joey.   
  
And then I listened to them, "Here, take a picture of the whole room so you can see both of them under their blankets. Joey looks so cute with his arm over his eyes like that and his mouth hanging open. And is that morning wood I see through his blanket?"  
  
"OK, take a picture of me beside her." I heard laughing as, presumably, a few pictures were taken. "Now you."  
  
"OK, let's take a peek under here." And I felt Kristi's fingers touch my shin. Thankful for her warning, I didn't move. I felt the blanket sliding up my legs. It reached just inches below my bare pussy. "Take a shot from here. Yeah, like that."   
  
"Point it this way, up, yeah...very sexy." There whispers kept going as they took pictures. "Shall I slide it up more?" Oh please, yes. "OK, let's do it." I felt the blanket slide up more and knew my most private areas were on display, especially with one leg folded and foot pressing against the opposite leg's knee. I was open to the world.  
  
"Wow." And more pictures were taken. The blanket slid more. Slowly. "Slow down. There. Keep going."  
  
"She's going to be so surprised. You're sure she won't be mad?"  
  
"No, she believes that if you do something publicly, you're accountable for it. Take this shot."  
  
She was painting a backstory for me that could provide her with many opportunities to take control of me, to embarrass me, and use me for her entertainment while showing me off.   
  
The blanket was now above my breasts, and the chilly morning air explained, I hoped, my hard nipples and goose bumps. There was silence now apart from the odd, "Nice", "Over here", "Another." How many photographs were they going to take?  
  
"It's so sexy seeing her naked there, with him only a few feet away totally unknowing. And look, he's still got that pup-tent in his blanket."  
  
"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"  
  
I was seemingly forgotten as, presumably, they began to take pictures of Joey laying there. They started with whispers, "Joey. Wake up." A few seconds later, "See, he's out. Let's see what's under that blanket."  
  
"Wait, pull it this way so that it looks like it just slid off in case he starts waking up." I noticed that they didn't bother to cover me up at all in case he started waking up. I was ok with that. I didn't dare open my eyes, though I wanted to see what they were seeing. "Take some photos on her phone, she'll love the surprise."   
  
"Wow, look, without the blanket it's really poking up."  
  
"Take another photo."  
  
"Look, you can see his cock through the fly, it's huge."   
  
"Don't....he'll wake up."  
  
"Shhh..." What were they doing?   
  
"Push the fabric just a bit more."  
  
"Wow. It is gorgeous. Susan may turn out to be a lucky girl." Pandora sounded like she was talking about Joey's cock.   
  
More pictures, I suspect were being taken, "Come take another from over here."  
  
"Nice, you can see her naked body, and his cock popping out of his fly. I can't believe you pushed the fabric off it like that. But I'm glad." God how I wanted to look.  
  
"OK, put the phone away for now to surprise and shock her another day."  
  
"What next?"  
  
NEXT? What more could they do to me? To us?   
  
"OK, but first, take a photo of me beside each of them, and I'll take one of you." Oh, Pandora was really getting into this.