**Amy and the Doctor**by Mindy Sparks

TheSparkZone

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 1**  
The teacher said, "Amy, it's your turn to come up to the front of the class and read your report."  
  
I reluctantly picked up the report from my desk and slowly walked to the front of the classroom. I nervously raised my report, but when I saw all the eyes of my classmates upon me, I was unable to speak. An eighteen-year-old senior in high school shouldn't be this deathly shy, but a severe lack of self-confidence pretty much destroyed all of my social skills.  
  
Even though I've been told that I have a really cute face, I've never been on a date or kissed a boy. I have a couple of close friends, but most of the kids in school don't even know I exist. However, the popular girls know me very well because they love to bully me. One of those girls is Tiffany, the captain of the cheerleaders, and she was in the classroom staring right at me.  
  
The teacher said, "Amy, either read your report or you'll fail this assignment."  
  
I said, "I'm trying Mrs. Ashford, but I have trouble talking in front of people."  
  
Mrs. Ashford said, "If I knew of a way to cure your shyness, I'd share it with you, but unfortunately I don't."  
  
Then Tiffany blurted out, "I heard that if you read your report in your underwear, you won't be nervous."  
  
Mrs. Ashford said, "No, Tiffany. I believe the saying is...if you picture your audience in their underwear, you won't be nervous."  
  
Tiffany countered, "This isn't a saying. There's documentation on the Internet confirming that addressing a crowd in your underwear helps you overcome shyness."  
  
Some of my other classmates quickly chimed in and said that they'd read it, too. Madison, who is one of Tiffany's followers, added that the top teachers in the country were using this method with great success even though she knew the idea was completely fabricated by Tiffany. Unfortunately for me, my classmates were very convincing and Mrs. Ashford bought into Tiffany's stupid suggestion.  
  
My heart began racing when Mrs. Ashford said, "Well, if it's on the Internet, it must be true."  
  
I pleaded, "No, Mrs. Ashford. Please don't listen to Tiffany. She's making it up!"  
  
Tiffany confidently said, "If you don't believe me Mrs. Ashford, you should look it up for yourself."  
  
Mrs. Ashford turned to Tiffany and said, "The class is only an hour long. We don't have time to look it up. You're a good student and captain of the cheerleaders, so if you say it's true, then I believe you," and then Mrs. Ashford looked at me and said, "Amy, please remove your clothes."  
  
I shrieked, "Remove my clothes? Here? In the classroom? In front of the boys...and everybody?"  
  
Mrs. Ashford said, "Yes Amy, take off your clothes. Tiffany was nice enough find a solution to your problem so the least you can do is give her solution a chance. Now hurry up and take off your clothes. We don't have all day."  
  
I whimpered, "But...but Mrs. Ashford, I can't take my clothes off in front of the class. Please don't make me take my clothes off."  
  
Mrs. Ashford sternly demanded, "Quit your whining and strip! The class is waiting Amy."  
  
When I refused to budge, Tiffany offered, "Amy looks like she needs some assistance. Should we help her?"  
  
Mrs. Ashford gave Tiffany an approving nod, so Tiffany, along with two big football players named Chip and Doug, walked up to the front of the classroom.  
  
I pleaded, "Please Mrs. Ashford, don't let them pull my clothes off in front of everybody," but Mrs. Ashford said, "I'm sorry Amy. You've wasted enough of our time. Now we have to take matters into our own hands."  
  
Chip held my hips while Doug grabbed my wrists and lifted my arms up over my head. Once I was immobilized, Tiffany looked at me with a mischievous grin and pushed my T-shirt up. Doug let go of my wrists one at a time so that Tiffany could get my T-shirt off, but then he grabbed my wrists again and continued holding my arms up in the air.  
  
Tiffany stepped aside so that everyone in the classroom could see my bra. My sandy brown hair is only shoulder length, but Tiffany brushed it back to make sure that everybody had an unobstructed view of my little white bra. Luckily I wasn't wearing a see-through bra, so my nipples were hidden. However, it was still humiliating to lose my shirt in front of all my classmates.  
  
My breasts are only medium sized, but the bra sort of pushed my boobies together. It created the illusion that I had a lot of cleavage to offer, which the boys really seemed to enjoy. I'm also a petite girl, only five feet tall, so I don't know why it took two football players to hold onto me. Regardless, Doug continued holding my arms up while Chip hung onto my waist.  
  
Tiffany said with an arrogant tone, "Now it's time to pull your pants down!"  
  
Tiffany began by raising each of my legs and removing my sandals. Then she held up one of my legs by my ankle and dragged her long red fingernails up and down the sole of my bare foot. My body twitched in agony as Tiffany tortured me relentlessly by tickling my foot.  
  
Tiffany giggled and said, "I think it's so cute when a helpless girl gets tickled!"  
  
Mrs. Ashford sternly said, "Amy is not a play-toy for your amusement, Tiffany. You have a job to do, so do it!"  
  
Tiffany meekly replied, "Yes, Mrs. Ashford," and released my foot.  
  
After removing my sandals, Tiffany kneeled down in front of me, reached up and unzipped my pants. Then she unbuttoned my jeans so that they hung open in front of me. Before continuing, Tiffany moved aside to make sure that she was not blocking anyone's view. She wanted everyone in the classroom to watch me lose my pants.  
  
Then a guy yelled out, "Look, I can see her pussy hair!"  
  
Tiffany added, "Well, you sure can," and then Tiffany began combing her long red fingernails through the little patch of girl-fur that was exposed above the elastic waistband of my skimpy white cotton panties.  
  
I was mortified as the football players held me in place while the rest of the class watched Tiffany play with the little bit of pussy hair that had escaped from my skimpy undies. Then Mrs. Ashford urged Tiffany to continue with the task at hand, so Tiffany moved her hands to my sides and placed her thumbs deep into the waistband of my tight jeans. As Tiffany ever so slowly slid my pants down, I sensed that something was terribly wrong. Unfortunately, it wasn't until my pants reached mid-thigh before I figured out what Tiffany was doing to me, right in front of all my classmates.  
  
I began screaming, "Stop Tiffany, stop! You're pulling my panties down, too," but Tiffany didn't bother to stop until my pants were completely removed from my legs.  
  
Then Tiffany saw my little undies entangled within my jeans and she sarcastically said, "Oh dear, Amy. You were right. I did accidentally pull your underpants off," and then she giggled as she stepped back so that everyone in the classroom could see my light brown pussy hair.  
  
I was mortified. All I had on was my little bra and I was being held in front of the class with my neatly trimmed hairy triangle out in the open for everyone to see.  
  
Thankfully, Mrs. Ashford came to my rescue and said, "Tiffany, please put Amy's panties back on her immediately."  
  
Tiffany said, "But Mrs. Ashford, if giving a presentation in your underwear is an effective cure for shyness, then wouldn't it be twice as effective if she gave her presentation in the nude?"  
  
Mrs. Ashford sat there for a while pondering the question as she stared at my nearly naked body. Unfortunately, the entire class was staring at my nearly naked body, too. While Mrs. Ashford took her time making a decision, my smooth legs, soft pussy hair and flat tummy remained exposed for all of my classmates to carefully examine. I was totally humiliated and I thought that things couldn't get any worse, but they did.  
  
After what seemed like forever, Mrs. Ashford finally replied, "Well, I suppose you're right, Tiffany. Go ahead and remove Amy's bra, too."  
  
I was still held tight by Chip and Doug as I begged, "No, Tiffany. Please don't take my bra off. I'll be completely naked," but everyone else in the classroom started yelling, "Yes! Go for it," so Tiffany gave me an evil grin and unhooked my bra.  
  
She slipped my bra off and I was now totally nude in front of the entire class. I could feel the eyes of my classmates scanning every inch of my soft tanned skin as I was held in place and forced to let them study my bare body. It was truly the most embarrassing moment of my life!  
  
Tiffany reached out, squeezed my full firm breasts and said, "Wow, they're even bigger than I thought they'd be."  
  
Next Tiffany tweaked my nipples and said, "You've got some nice pink puffies, too!"  
  
Tiffany began making soft circles with her fingertips over my delicate pink nipples, which really embarrassed me because she giggled and said, "Look everybody. Amy must like it when I touch her titties because her nipples are poking out nice and hard," and then Tiffany stepped aside, pointed at my nipples and emphasized, "See?"  
  
Everyone sat in silence for a moment, gazing at my bare breasts and hard nipples, and then one of the guys in the class yelled, "Touch her pussy!"  
  
Tiffany looked me in the eyes, smiled, and then she began sliding her hand down the front of my bare body. Her fingers softly caressed my flat tummy before pausing momentarily to gently tickle my belly-button. Finally, Tiffany's fingers reached the light brown curly hair between my legs.  
  
There was silence in the classroom as Tiffany slowly raked her long red fingernails through my exposed pussy hair. I assumed that Tiffany's goal was to playfully humiliate me, but I started getting extremely nervous because each time Tiffany's hand made a downward motion, her fingers reached further between my legs. My body shuttered when her fingertip finally made contact with my pleasure place. Tiffany managed to elevate my humiliation to an even higher level by splitting my pink pussy lips with her finger and rubbing back and forth. She even massaged my little clitty, which sent chills of delight throughout my body.  
  
Then Tiffany looked up at me and loudly stated, "You must really like this because you sure are getting wet down here, Amy!"  
  
My face turned crimson red because now the whole class knew that Tiffany was actually getting me excited. I took a deep breath the next time Tiffany reached between my legs because it appeared that she intended to slide her finger into my wet waiting pussy.  
  
However, Mrs. Ashford stopped her by commanding, "That's enough, Tiffany. Everybody take a seat and let Amy get up on the desk so she can read her report."  
  
I squealed, "Up on the desk! Why do I have to get up on the desk?"  
  
Mrs. Ashford said, "Because you're short and I want to make sure everyone can see you. Do you need Chip and Doug to help you get up there?"  
  
Not wanting those guys touching my naked body again, I quickly said, "No, I can do it myself."  
  
I turned away from the class and placed one knee up on the desk while my other foot remained flat on the floor. This put me in an awkward position because I was bent over with my butt sticking out and my legs spread. I looked over my shoulder and saw the boy in the front row gawking at me. A wave of humiliation flowed through my body because I knew that the boy could see everything I had to offer.  
  
Pulling myself up onto the desk left me elevated on my hands and knees at the front of the classroom with my bare ass pointed right at my classmates. In my vulnerable position, they could even see my pink pussy lips from behind. There were snickers and catcalls from both the guys and the girls as I finally rose to my feet and faced the class.  
  
I put one hand over my hairy triangle and held my paper in front of my breasts, but Mrs. Ashford said, "Hold your paper up higher and put your free hand at your side."  
  
From the expression on her face, Mrs. Ashford looked like she was enjoying the sight of my nude body just as much as my classmates were. My medium sized breasts, puffy pink nipples and sandy brown bush were now all completely exposed to everyone in the classroom, but I still couldn't speak. I kept thinking about the boy in the front row that was looking right up between my legs and gawking at my bare pussy lips.  
  
Mrs. Ashford said to me, "Class ends in a minute. If you don't finish your report, we'll have to do this again tomorrow."  
  
Then I looked to my left and noticed that the door leading to the hallway was wide open. I was so nervous that my paper started shaking, which made it even harder for me to read. Unfortunately, I only managed to mumble two sentences before the bell rang. In no time, the hallway filled with students and my classmates quickly crowded around the desk, making it impossible for me to get down.  
  
There were guys all around me. As I stood on the desk directly in front of them, my bare butt and light brown pussy hair were right at their eye level. It allowed the boys to thoroughly examine the most private and intimate places on my young tight body.  
  
More students began filing into the room for the next class as a crowd gathered in the hallway to get a glimpse of me standing there naked on the desk at the front of the classroom. The boys started touching my bare flesh, tickling my butt crack and running their fingers through the soft curly hair between my legs, and I was powerless to stop them. I looked to Mrs. Ashford for help, but she just sat back and smiled as if she was amused by the whole situation. Tiffany was standing next to Mrs. Ashford and she had a look of superiority on her face as she watched me suffer the humiliation of being naked in school!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 2**  
With all of my classmates gawking at my bare body, I panicked and started screaming, "Mom! Mom! Help me mom! Please help me mom!"  
  
My bedroom light came on and my mom rushed into my room. I threw my blanket off and my thin T-shirt was drenched with my cold sweat. My mom sat on my bed and put her arm around me.  
  
She asked, "Another one of those dreams, huh?"  
  
I said, "It wasn't a dream. It was a nightmare!"  
  
She said, "Are you sure? It looks like you were dreaming about boys. Your nipples are poking out and there's a wet spot on your underpants."  
  
I blushed and said, "Stop it, mom. You're embarrassing me!"  
  
My mom hugged me and crawled into my bed next to me. We cuddled until I fell asleep in the safety of my mother's arms.  
  
Before I left for school the following day, my mom suggested that I talk to someone about my nightmares. I was totally against the idea, but my mom insisted. My mom has always been very good to me so I decided to honor her wishes and talk to a therapist.  
  
The following evening, my mom found a doctor in a social network on the Internet. There was a picture of the man wearing a lab coat in front of what appeared to be a hospital and that was enough to convince my naïve mother that the man was a legitimate doctor.  
  
I said, "Really, mom...you expect me to talk to a doctor that you found in a social network?"  
  
My mom replied, "I can't ignore the fact that you keep having dreams about being stripped by your classmates, rendering you helplessly naked in school. Besides, the doctor is very good looking!"  
  
Against my better judgment, I agreed to talk to the psychologist. Unfortunately, I had no idea that the doctor was going to make my dreams a reality!  
  
I was stripped by my classmates, rendering me helplessly naked in school...at least that’s what happened in my dream. After suffering a series of these nightmares, my mother decided it was time for me to see a psychologist. My mom found a doctor in a social network on the Internet. There was a picture of the man wearing a lab coat in front of what appeared to be a hospital and that was enough to convince my naïve mother that the man was a legitimate doctor.  
  
I love my mother, but she has lower self-worth than I do. My mom has been pushed around by men all her life, beginning with her stepfather. She tells stories of how her stepfather would pull her pants down and spank her for misbehaving, even if she really didn’t do anything wrong. However, her stepbrothers never received that type of discipline and they got in trouble all the time.  
  
After having her pants pulled down and her bare bottom spanked, my mom was forced to stand in the corner with her pants down for up to an hour. She would receive this type of punishment even if there were guests in the house. My mom said that after being spanked and sent to the corner, her stepbrothers, her stepbrothers' friends, her cousins and even the sons of her parent’s friends would constantly walk by to get a look at my mom with her pants down.  
  
If my mom tried to cover up, her stepfather would spank her again and make her stand in the corner even longer. Therefore, she had no choice, but to stand there with her pants around her ankles and allow the boys to look at her bare butt. My mom was a teenager when her stepfather moved in, so it was really embarrassing for my mother when her stepbrothers’ high school friends were allowed to see her with her pants down.  
  
When it got to the point that the neighborhood boys were hanging around the house just to watch my mom get punished, my grandmother stepped in and put an end to it. My mother's stepfather left home shortly thereafter and the punishments finally ended. Unfortunately, by then my mom was the laughingstock of her high school. When I used to get in trouble, my mom would threaten to implement the same type of punishment on me, but I acted so terrified of anyone seeing me with my pants down that she didn’t have the heart to follow through with her threat.  
  
The abuse continued for my mother after she got married. My father impregnated my mom when she was only sixteen-years-old. When my mom was in her twenties, my father began blaming my mother for tying him down and ruining his life. My father never hit my mother, but he sought his revenge by publicly humiliating her, which in my opinion was even worse.  
  
It all started one night when my dad's drinking buddies came over to our trailer home. My dad told my mom to serve his friends their drinks, but she refused. This made my father angry. Then one of my dad's friends said that if his wife stood up to him the way my mother stood up to my father, he would force his wife to serve the drinks topless.  
  
My father got a gleam in his eyes and told my mother to remove her shirt. When she refused, my father demanded that she take her shirt off or he would kick her out of the house. I remember hearing my mother beg him not to make her bare her breasts to his friends, but with the threat of being homeless, my mom gave in and slipped her shirt off. Then my mom removed her bra, but held her hands over her bare breasts in an attempt to hide them from my dad's drinking buddies.  
  
I couldn't resist opening my bedroom door a little bit so I could see what was going on. My dad seemed to really enjoy watching my mom work as a topless waitress. She was red-faced with embarrassment as she tried to hide her bare boobs with one hand while serving drinks with the other. Unfortunately, my mom’s breasts were too big for just one hand and they spilled out in the open for everyone to see.  
  
After everybody left, I silently sat in my bedroom and waited to hear what was going to happen next. I expected an argument, but my dad told my mom that he was never so proud of her. He said that my mom made him feel like a king the way she showed off for his friends. It was a thrill for my father to watch his friends get so excited from seeing my mother's perfect breasts. Then my mom and dad disappeared into their bedroom and I heard the bedsprings squeaking for quite a while.  
  
My dad's friends began dropping by every Friday night. My mother appeared to tolerate being a topless waitress in order to make my father happy, but after a while, watching my mother bare her breasts to his drinking buddies didn't thrill him the same way it did the first time. My father determined that he needed to increase my mother's level of humiliation in order for him to get as excited as he did the first time he watched my mom appear as a topless waitress.  
  
The following Friday night, my dad gave my mom some new bikini bottoms to wear instead of jeans. My mom put them on, but after she looked at herself in the mirror, she told my father that she couldn't go through with it.  
  
My mom said, "You can't expect me to wear these in front of your friends. The front is so small that my pussy hair is peeking out and it barely covers my butt in back."  
  
Unfortunately for my mom, my father found the bikini bottoms very enticing and insisted that my mom wear them when she served drinks. My mother complied with his demands, but she was mortified to be in a room filled with men while wearing practically nothing. And if that wasn't bad enough, my father soon grew tired of the bikini bottoms and found something even more revealing for my mother to wear.  
  
The following Friday, my dad forced my mom to perform her waitress duties clad only in a pair of tiny see-through panties. The panties were so small that some of her butt crack hung out in back and the material was so sheer that the men could see her hairy triangle through the front of the veil-thin panties. My mother was horrified when she entered the room because my mom felt like she was wearing nothing at all.  
  
Having all those men gawking at my mom's nearly naked body totally embarrassed her, but eventually my dad even grew bored of seeing my mom in the skimpy panties and imposed even more humiliation upon her. He decided to turn my mother into a French Maid. My mom was very nervous about this arrangement because all she was allowed to wear was a tiny black apron trimmed in white lace and a matching hat.  
  
My mom examined her outfit, and then she turned to my father and begged, "This is going too far. Please don't make me wear this French Maid costume. Everyone will be able to see my bare butt."  
  
My dad sternly replied, "I'll tell you when it has gone too far. Now quit whining or you'll be showing more than just your ass!"  
  
I remember peeking out of my bedroom door that night and watching my dad collect money from his group of friends, which seemed to grow larger every week. The guys cheered when they first saw my mom in the French Maid costume because her big boobs and bare butt were completely exposed. It was embarrassing for my mom to display her breasts and butt to the guys, but her face really turned red when she’d bend over because her little apron would fall away in front exposing her sandy brown bush from the sides.  
  
My mom tried to hide from the guys, but they'd always find a reason to make her bend over. Then they'd move into a position where they could see what my mom was trying to hide under her apron. My mom looked like she was mortified and my dad didn't seem to care about her feelings at all. However, he did show his appreciation after his friends went home.  
  
Finally the day came when my mom had nothing left to offer except total nudity. She was so nervous that she could barely deliver drinks to the men. Knowing that her full firm breasts, light brown bush and smooth round butt were on display for everyone to see made it difficult for her to function as a waitress, but she managed to make it through the night. As usual, my father expressed his gratitude after his drinking buddies left.  
  
I went to bed in tears after seeing my mother humiliated in front of my father’s friends because I was afraid it would happen to me. When I asked my mom why she did it, she said it was the only time my dad paid any attention to her. She also admitted that over time she learned to enjoy having a roomful of men lusting after her because it made her feel pretty and desirable.  
  
I told my mother that I peeked out of my room and it didn't look like she was enjoying herself. I said that it looked more like she was nervous and embarrassed. My mom replied that being nervous and embarrassed is what made it thrilling. She said I was too young at the time, but she hoped that one day I would understand why she did it. She also hoped that some day I would get the chance to experience the thrill of being naked in front of a group of strange men, too. I’m older now, but I still don’t understand. I'm also certain that I would not find the experience thrilling at all.  
  
Even after everything my mom went through to please my father, he left my mom to marry a stripper. My mom was distraught, but she said that she had no regrets. However, I had plenty of regrets. Remembering how scary it was to see my mom completely nude in front of a roomful of men is a major reason why I’m so fearful of having my body exposed to a boy. My dad left me with emotional scars that will probably haunt me for the rest of my life. His actions could also be the cause of my nightmares.  
  
My mom thinks she can replace my father by throwing herself at every handsome man that comes along. It thrills my mom to flirt with men and tease them with her great body. My mom is a beautiful woman so I don’t understand why she feels that she has to make herself so available to men, but she claims it makes her happy because she feels wanted. I guess my mom has spent her whole life having her body exposed to men, so it feels natural to her.  
  
My mom loves the attention she gets when she shows off for a man. However, I am the complete opposite. Since my mom grew up only receiving attention from men when her body was put on view, she is now conditioned to believe that men are only interested in her when she flashes for them. I'm even embarrassed when my mom flashes men in my presence.  
  
When we go grocery shopping, my mother will wear her shortest skirt. Then she will bend over to look at items on the bottom shelf when she knows a man is looking at her. My mom's skirt will ride up in back, exposing her panties to the man. After giving the man a nice long look at her panty-clad butt, she will continue shopping and act as though she didn't even know the man was there.  
  
On one occasion, my mom told me to wait for the pizza delivery man while she took a shower. When the man arrived, my mom walked into the room with a towel wrapped around her head, and nothing else. She stood there for a long time with her breasts and bush completely exposed for the man to observe. Then she apologized, stating that she didn't know the man was there. When she left the room, she treated the man to a clear view of her smooth round butt.  
  
My mom has a history of undressing in front of the window when the mailman delivers the mail. She also likes to sunbathe when the neighbors are mowing their lawns. My mother wears the tiniest bikini bottoms and when she unties the back of her top, she always manages to accidentally flash her bare breasts to the men watching her. It gives my mom a huge thrill when she thinks a man is getting excited because she showed him a little skin or casually revealed her panties to the man. I, on the other hand, am deathly afraid of a boy seeing me without my clothes on, which is why my mom contacted the doctor.  
  
When I saw the way my mom was looking at the handsome doctor’s picture, I was afraid the doctor was going to be my mom’s next target. Then my mom discovered that the insurance she gets from her job at the local discount department store does not cover counseling. I was relieved because I really didn’t want to see the doctor anyway, but my mom sent the man an e-mail. In her message, she told a sob story of how she was a single-mother raising a teenaged daughter in a trailer home on the outskirts of town. Because of her circumstances, she hoped the doctor would cut her a deal.  
  
The doctor said that most counselors charge seventy dollars per hour. However, he made house-calls allowing him to reduce his fee since he didn’t have the overhead of an office and receptionist. The doctor offered a rate of fifteen dollars a session provided my mother paid in cash. My mother was thrilled and jumped at the offer, but I was leery of the doctor’s motives. However, I decided to honor my mother’s wishes and agreed to see the doctor.

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 3**  
When I saw the way my mom was looking at the handsome doctor's picture, I was afraid the doctor was going to be my mom's next target. Then my mom discovered that the insurance she gets from her job at the local discount department store does not cover counseling. I was relieved because I really didn't want to see the doctor anyway, but my mom sent the man an e-mail. In her message, she told a sob story of how she was a single-mother raising a teenaged daughter in a trailer home on the outskirts of town. Because of her circumstances, she hoped the doctor would cut her a deal.  
  
The doctor said that most counselors charge seventy dollars per hour. However, he made house-calls allowing him to reduce his fee since he didn't have the overhead of an office and receptionist. The doctor offered a rate of fifteen dollars a session provided my mother paid in cash. My mother was thrilled and jumped at the offer, but I was leery of the doctor's motives. However, I decided to honor my mother's wishes and I agreed to see the doctor.  
  
The doctor arrived on a Friday evening and he was driving a Chevy Aveo. It was a fairly new car, but it wasn't the type of car I'd expect a successful doctor to drive. He introduced himself as Doctor Hefferton and he took a seat on the couch next to me. My mom settled into a chair directly across from us.  
  
The doctor had a warm smile and a caring demeanor, but I still had trouble opening up to him. Doctor Hefferton is a very handsome man in his early forties who claims to be one of the top psychologists in the area. He also said that he specializes in sexual abnormalities, so my mother thought I was in the best hands. However, he didn't have any credentials backing up his claims and it wasn't easy for me to talk about my innermost feelings to a complete stranger.  
  
The doctor said, "Why don't you tell me what's bothering you."  
  
I couldn't speak, so my mom opened up and gave an explanation of what was troubling me.  
  
My mom said, "Well, Doctor Hefferton, my daughter is having problems that are sexual in nature," and then she smiled at the doctor.  
  
The doctor smiled back and said, "Please Mrs. Wilson, call me Bob."  
  
My mom's face lit up and in a flirty tone, she responded, "Okay, Bob...and you can call me Debra!"  
  
As I said before, my mom is a beautiful woman. She's thirty four years old and stands about five-foot-four. My mom has sandy brown hair like mine and she's on the slim side, but she has full round breasts and a firm butt. We've been told that we look more like sisters than mother and daughter, but I wish my mom would act her age instead of mine.  
  
My mom was wearing a short jeans skirt and an off-white knit shirt. The outline of her bra was visible through the tight shirt, but it was obviously a flimsy bra judging by the way her nipples were poking through the thin material. Her legs were crossed and she was dangling her sandal from the end of her dainty little foot. My mom's short skirt had ridden up dangerously high, but with her legs crossed, the doctor could not see her panties.  
  
The doctor said, "Please continue, Debra."  
  
My mom said, "Well, as you can see, my daughter is a very cute girl with a terrific body."  
  
The doctor looked at me and said, "Yes, she's quite attractive," which made me blush.  
  
My mom continued, "But she's an eighteen-year-old senior in high school who's never been on a date, and she keeps having dreams that her classmates are pulling her clothes off and leaving her naked in school."  
  
The doctor said, "Hmm, interesting," and then he turned to me and said, "Have you ever been naked in front of a boy?"  
  
I replied loudly, "No, never!"  
  
The doctor said, "Can you tell me about one of your dreams?"  
  
I blushed and couldn't speak, so my mom said, "It's okay, Amy...you can tell him. He's a doctor."  
  
The doctor said, "Let's just give her some time to get comfortable," so my mom opened a bottle of wine.  
  
After the doctor and my mother finished their second glass of wine, they were much more relaxed, but I was still nervous and afraid to speak. Unfortunately, after having a few drinks, the doctor and my mother were even more anxious to hear me describe one of my dreams. I finally gave in and reluctantly told this story.  
  
Tiffany is the most popular girl in school and she loves to bully me. One day after gym class, Tiffany and her cheerleader friends began taking their shorts and T-shirts off right next to me. They were all wearing skimpy lingerie that looked like it was purchased from Victoria's Secret. There was cleavage spilling out all over the place and their G-string panties barely hid anything at all.  
  
Even though it was just girls, I was afraid to take my clothes off in front of them. Maybe I was embarrassed because I was wearing plain white cotton panties and a simple white bra, or maybe I just didn't trust those girls. Regardless of the reason, I decided that I would wait until Tiffany and her cheerleader friends were in the showers before I began undressing. Unfortunately, as the girls started removing their bras and panties, they noticed that I was still fully clothed.  
  
Tiffany said, "Look girls, Amy's afraid to take her clothes off. I think she needs our help!"  
  
By now, all of the girls were stark naked as they turned their attention to me. I was surrounded by bare flesh, perky breasts and perfectly manicured pussies. Since the girls were all cheerleaders, they were strong with firm bodies, and I was no match for the five of them. The girls pulled my T-shirt and shorts off in no time, and then they pulled my bra off. One of the girls actually broke the clasp on my bra when she pulled it off, which was very upsetting because it forced me to remain braless for the rest of the school day.  
  
After pulling my panties off, the girls dragged me into the shower with them. I stood under the shower while the girls began laughing and playfully rubbing soap all over each other's naked body. The girls aren't lesbians, but they certainly act like they are.  
  
The cheerleaders took turns soaping up each other's ass, making sure they ran their fingertips up and down one another's butt cracks. The girls also made sure that their breasts were nice and clean, paying close attention to their pretty pink nipples. Considering the girls barely had any pussy hair at all, they sure spent a lot of time shampooing each other's pleasure zone.  
  
Suddenly Tiffany noticed that I was just standing there so she ordered the girls to clean me up. Tiffany instructed her cheerleader friends to wash my face and the girls began lathering up their bare titties. The cheerleaders proceeded to clean me up by rubbing their soapy breasts all over my face. Every one of them dragged their hard nipples across my lips and a few of them managed to push a nipple into my mouth.  
  
I said to the doctor, "I was so embarrassed! Can you imagine having a group of naked teenaged girls rubbing their soapy bare breasts all over your face?"  
  
The doctor paused for a moment, but then he looked over at my mom and the two of them began to laugh.  
  
He finally said, "Um, yes...that must have been embarrassing for you," and then the doctor tried adjusting himself to hide his raging hard-on from me, but all he really managed to do was bring it to my attention.  
  
I started to blush when I realized what my story was doing to the man and my mom giggled when she caught me staring at the bulge in the doctor's pants. My mom was obviously getting a little drunk on the wine she was drinking because she spread her legs far enough apart for her white panties to peek out from underneath her short jeans skirt. Her nipples were also poking out prominently against her snug knit shirt and she made no attempt to hide them from the doctor's view. I was sitting across from my mom with the doctor sitting next to me. Since I could easily see my mom's panties, I was certain the doctor could see them, too.  
  
After my mom poured the doctor and herself another glass of wine, the doctor said, "Amy, please continue your story," so I did.  
  
After I received a face-full of breasts, Tiffany dropped the soap and ordered me to pick it up. When I bent over to reach for it, Tiffany stuck her bare ass right in my face. My nose ended up in her butt crack and it caused me to drop the soap.  
  
Tiffany ordered me to pick up the soap again and this time she pushed her blonde bush into my month. I could feel Tiffany's wet pussy hair against my tongue and I was unable to move away from her. I was now on my hands and knees, and Tiffany's naked friends held me in that position while Tiffany gyrated her hips and made fake orgasm sounds.  
  
The soft blonde fuzz between Tiffany's legs was dragged across my face and pushed into my mouth over and over again, and my tongue even made contact with her precious pink pussy lips. Tiffany must have liked that because she held my head in place and rubbed her wet slit back and forth across my mouth until I agreed to lick her pussy again. Soon I heard laughter behind me and discovered that the other girls in my gym class were watching from outside the shower. I was so mortified by the ordeal that I had a nightmare about it that evening.  
  
The doctor looked surprised and said, "Wait a minute. You mean that wasn't a nightmare?"  
  
I said, "No. It really happened to me."  
  
He said, "You mean you were totally nude in the shower and a group of naked teenaged girls rubbed their soapy bodies up against you?"  
  
I said, "That's right. Now you know why this is so upsetting."  
  
The doctor smiled at my mother and she smiled back. It didn't seem like either one of them were concerned about my feelings. It appeared as though they were only using my story to fuel their desires, but I continued with my story anyway.  
  
I rinsed off, got dressed and left the locker room while trying not to make eye-contact with anyone, although I heard several snickers and giggles as I left the locker room. However, in my nightmare it didn't end that easily.  
  
In my nightmare, the girls from my gym class that were already dressed led me away from the girls' showers. I was still totally naked as they marched me into the boys' gym. The girls forced me to stand on the second bench in the bleachers while they waited for Tiffany to arrive. As they waited, the girls held my arms to my sides so my bare body was completely uncovered. My breasts, bush and butt were all open to public viewing and the boys took full advantage of my embarrassing situation.  
  
Tiffany finally entered, but Ms. Roberts heard about the disturbance and rushed into the boys' gym right behind Tiffany. Ms. Roberts, the girls' gym teacher, arrived just seconds after I was released by my captors and she demanded to know why I was standing there stark naked in the boys' gym. Tiffany quickly told her that I wanted to show off by streaking the boys during gym class and all the girls came to watch.  
  
As I desperately tried to shield my nudity from the boys, I attempted to explain what really happened, but Ms. Roberts became furious and accused me of trying to get out of trouble by blaming the other girls. Ms. Roberts said that since I wanted to streak the boys, then that's what I was going to do. She punished me by making me run laps in the boys' gym for the entire period. Ms. Roberts also sat in the bleachers the whole time watching me run and she looked like she enjoyed seeing my naked body jog past her lap after lap.  
  
As I nervously trotted around the boys' gym in the nude, the eyes of every boy in the class were upon me. I tried holding one hand in front of my pussy and the other over my ass, but it became uncomfortable having my boobs bounce up and down as my bare feet patted across the basketball court. I ended up cupping my hands over my breasts to keep them from bouncing around. Unfortunately, that left my smooth firm butt and sandy brown bush completely uncovered as the boys watched me run around the gym stark naked for an entire hour. When the bell rang, I made a beeline for the girls' locker room and as I burst through the locker room door, I awoke from my nightmare.  
  
The doctor sat there speechless, so my mom broke the silence by asking, "Well Bob, what do you think?"  
  
The doctor said, "Debra, I think you and I need to discuss this in private."  
  
My mom said, "Okay," and in an attempt to quickly rush me out of the room, she said, "Amy, it's getting late. You should go to bed."  
  
I said, "Bed? It's only ten o'clock," but my mom winked at me and said, "Bob...I mean the doctor and I need to talk."  
  
It was clear that my mom wanted to get rid of me so she could be alone with the handsome doctor. I decided to let my mom have her fun by thanking the doctor for his time. I went into my bedroom, but with my bedroom door cracked open, I could see and hear everything that was going on in the living room.  
  
I should have afforded my mom some privacy, but since they were talking about me, I couldn't help eavesdropping. After another glass of wine, the doctor had several ideas about therapy for me. He also offered some therapeutic suggestions for my mom, too, which she was willing to try out immediately!  
  
The doctor and my mother were obviously charged up after hearing my story. However, Doctor Hefferton remained dignified as my mother took a seat next to him on the couch. He had plenty to say, all of which was disturbing to me.  
  
Doctor Hefferton told my mother that it is very unusual for an eighteen-year-old girl to be afraid of boys. He said that I had intimacy issues and I needed to face my fears. He also said that I had lesbian tendencies, which should be explored.  
  
When my mother asked him what I needed to do in order to cope with these issues, the doctor suggested that I try innocently revealing my body to random boys. He justified his position by establishing that the boys would enjoy looking at me in various states of undress.  
  
I thought to myself, "Well, duh!"  
  
He continued qualifying his diagnosis by telling my mom that after placing myself in situations where my body is accidentally exposed in public, I would learn from the boys' reactions that I am viewed as a work of art rather than a sex object. I would become proud of my body and my self-esteem would skyrocket, which should put an end to the nightmares.  
  
My mom said, "That makes a lot of sense."  
  
As my heart raced, I said to myself, "That makes no sense at all!"  
  
Doctor Hefferton also said that I should try engaging in a girl on girl relationship. Since I have such a fear of boys coupled with dreams about naked girls, I should make love to a girl in order to determine if I am trying to suppress lesbian tendencies. He said this could also cause nightmares. Then he chuckled and said that having a lesbian affair while boys watched would be the ultimate therapy!  
  
I shrieked to myself, "Ultimate for who...the boys?"  
  
Now I was really beginning to question the doctors motives!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 4**  
Doctor Hefferton and my mother were in the living room and I was watching them through my partially opened bedroom door. With so much of my future in the hands of this so called doctor, I felt compelled to monitor their conversation as well as their actions. My mom opened another bottle of wine, as if they hadn't had enough to drink already, and then she asked the doctor how to proceed with my therapy.  
  
As they sipped their wine, the doctor said, "Well Debra, we obviously can't address the lesbian issue right now."  
  
My mom said, "Yes, we'll have to try that in the future!"  
  
The doctor smiled at my mother, so she blushed and said, "I mean we'll have to discuss my daughter's lesbian therapy later."  
  
Doctor Hefferton asked point blank, "Debra, are you a lesbian?"  
  
She replied, "No...but I'm willing to learn," and then they both laughed.  
  
After they settled down, my mother said, "With regards to exposing my daughter in public, I can't ask Amy to just strip and walk around naked in front of boys. How do we ease her into this therapy?"  
  
Doctor Hefferton replied, "Her exposure must be innocent, accidental and gradual. We could start by having her go braless in a thin top."  
  
My mom immediately asked, "Will you excuse me, Bob?"  
  
He said, "Why of course."  
  
My mom said, "I have to use the little girl's room. I've had a lot of wine you know," and then she disappeared down the hall.  
  
The doctor waited patiently until my mother returned. When she re-entered the living room, she was still wearing her thin top, but the doctor was happy to see that she was no longer wearing a bra. The snug knit shirt clung to the curves of her breasts and her nipples poked out prominently against the front of the delicate fabric. The doctor didn't say anything, but the tension in the room was so thick, you could cut it with a knife.  
  
My mom took a seat next to the doctor, pushed her big boobs out and asked, "What would you suggest as the next step for my daughter?"  
  
As Doctor Hefferton blatantly gawked at my mom's breasts, he said, "Um, your daughter could hike up a short skirt and flash her panties."  
  
My mom slowly inched her jeans skirt up and asked, "Like this?"  
  
The doctor said, "Well, um, yes, but I can't see your panties."  
  
My mom proceeded to hike her short skirt all the way up to her waist, and then she asked, "How about now?"  
  
My mom's white panties were now fully exposed to the doctor as he said, "That's much better!"  
  
My mom left her skirt up, but she crossed her legs as she took another sip of wine. Doctor Hefferton sighed in disappointment as my mother's silky white panties were now blocked from his view. The doctor quickly explained the next step of my treatment in the hopes that my mom would continue following the plan right in front of him.  
  
The doctor said, "It might even be more beneficial if you...I mean your daughter accidentally unfastened her skirt so that it would fall down when she stood up. She could act surprised to make sure it looked like an accident."  
  
My mom grinned, but she did not reach for the zipper on her skirt, which caused the doctor to sigh in disappointment again.  
  
My mom said, "I'm sorry doctor, but there's no button or hook on this skirt. There's just a zipper."  
  
Doctor Hefferton anxiously said, "You could unzip it and pretend like the zipper broke."  
  
My mom said, "I don't know. That seems so cliché," as a look of frustration appeared on the doctor's face.  
  
The doctor said, "Another alternative would be for your daughter to go without panties under her short skirt."  
  
My mom said, "I guess that would work. She'd know that she was naked under her skirt, but she could still hide it from everyone else."  
  
Then my mom stood up, reached under her blue-jean mini skirt and slowly slid the silky white panties down her legs. After removing her skimpy undies, my mom walked across the room to put her panties on a chair. When she bent over to place her little undies on the chair, her short skirt rode up in back. Doctor Hefferton almost strained his neck trying to get a peek up my mother's skirt at her bare ass, but unfortunately for the doctor, only a small portion of my mom's round rear-end was put on view for the doctor to observe.  
  
When my mom returned to the couch, she pulled the hem of her skirt down so that everything stayed hidden, which prompted the doctor to say, "Now your daughter should hike her skirt up again!"  
  
My mom chuckled and said, "Oh Bob, we've already played that game. Why don't you have another sip of wine and chill out."  
  
As the frustrated doctor leaned forward to get his wine glass, my mother reached behind her and acted like she was straightening her skirt. However, unbeknownst to the doctor, when my mom moved her hand behind her, she secretly slid the zipper on her short jeans skirt all the way down. Then they sat back on the couch and chatted with the doctor as they drank their wine.  
  
My mom is such a tease! As they talked, my mom would cross and uncross her legs. Each time she lifted her leg, the hem of her short skirt would slide up a little higher. With the knowledge that my mom was naked under her skirt, the doctor was almost incoherent as the hem of my mother's skirt came closer and closer to uncovering the Promised Land.  
  
Then my mom scooted forward on the couch to set her glass down on the table. Scooting forward caused her short skirt to slide all the way up, but just as her soft brown pussy hair began to peek out, she grabbed the hem of her skirt and pushed it down so that she was completely covered. I thought the doctor was going to suffer a heart attack as his face turned red from excitement, but when my mom pulled her skirt down, he looked like a boy that was forgotten by Santa on Christmas Day.  
  
Then my mom asked the doctor if he wanted some cheese and crackers to go with his wine. The doctor said that it sounded good to him, so my mom stood up to go into the kitchen. As planned, when she stood up her skirt plunged to the floor leaving her bottomless in front of the doctor.  
  
My mom's beautiful bare butt was right in the doctor's face as she screamed, "Oh no, the zipper on my skirt must have come apart!"  
  
She bent over to pick up her skirt without bending her knees, which gave the doctor an unobstructed view of her smooth firm ass. Again the doctor's face was red from excitement as beads of sweat began to form on his forehead. My mom picked up the skirt, and then she turned around to face the doctor. As my mom examined the skirt, the doctor examined my mom's sandy brown bush, which was only inches away from his face.  
  
My mom giggled and said, "Isn't that funny. We talked about breaking a zipper on a skirt and then it really happened," which was a lie because I saw her pull the zipper down earlier.  
  
My mom asked, "Well, I can't put this skirt back on. Should I put my panties on?"  
  
Doctor Hefferton quickly blurted out, "No! I mean, why bother. I've already seen you without panties."  
  
My mom giggled and said, "You naughty, naughty doctor! Do you really expect me to remain bottomless for the rest of the evening?"  
  
The doctor grinned, but didn't answer so my mom said, "Well, if that's what you want me to do, then I guess I'll just put this skirt over on the chair with my panties. After all, you're the doctor!"  
  
My mom walked over to the chair directly across from the doctor and bent over straight legged again. When my mother bent forward this time, the doctor had a clear view of her smooth bare ass. After putting her skirt on the chair, my mother returned to the couch.  
  
As she slowly walked across the room, my mom made no effort to hide the soft triangle of hair between her legs from the doctor's hungry eyes. When my mom finally returned to the couch, she sat back down next to the doctor and crossed her legs. Most of her pussy hair was hidden, but there were still a few strands of girl fur on display.  
  
My mom looked at the doctor and said, "You're sweating. Is it hot in here?"  
  
The doctor replied, "Um, yes. That must be why I'm sweating."  
  
My mom said, "I'm a little warm, too. Do you mind if I get comfortable?"  
  
Doctor Hefferton said, "I would love it if you got comfortable."  
  
The doctor was thrilled because he assumed my mom was going to remove her shirt. However, she only pulled her shirt up far enough to reveal the undersides of her perfect round globes. My mom's delicate pink nipples remained hidden from the doctor's view. The sight of my mom's partially exposed breasts combined with the bare skin on her flat tummy was so exciting for the doctor that it was causing sweat to drip from his face.  
  
My mom said, "Bob, you're sweating. Let me wipe your face!"  
  
She looked around, but she couldn't find a napkin or anything to use to wipe his face.  
  
My mom said, "I guess I'll just have to use my shirt."  
  
My mom put her hand inside her shirt without removing it and leaned forward to wipe the doctor's face. As she wiped his face with her hand, she couldn't help rubbing her breasts up against his face. This really thrilled the doctor, but moments later it got even better. My mom's left breast accidentally slipped out from under her shirt. When she felt the doctor's tongue against her hard nipple, she pulled away from the doctor.  
  
My mom looked down and when she saw that one of her breasts was fully exposed, she giggled and said, "Oopsie!"  
  
Then my mom put her hand back under her shirt. She leaned forward towards Doctor Hefferton and stretched the thin knit top up high enough to allow the other breast to fall out, too.  
  
Ignoring the fact that she was now essentially topless in front of the man, my mom said, "Let me finish your face," and then she leaned forward, but as she wiped the doctor's face with her hand, she also rubbed her bare titties all over his face, too.  
  
The doctor looked at my mom's bare boobs and said, "It's just like the shower story your daughter told."  
  
My mom said, "Except those girls were naked," and then she pulled her top all the way off.  
  
As my mom began pushing her big melons up against the doctor's face, my naked mother said, "There...now it's like my daughter's shower story!"  
  
My mother suddenly stopped and stood up in front of the doctor.  
  
As she displayed her nude body to the man, she said, "Bob, I think it's time for you to cool off, too!"  
  
My mom pulled the man's shirt off and I was impressed with his upper body. He had well-defined arms and a flat stomach. Then he stood up and my mom quickly removed his pants. All he had on was a pair of blue boxer shorts, and as my mom put her fingers inside the waistband of his boxers, I began to feel something stirring inside me.  
  
I thought to myself, "Wow. I'm about to see a penis for the first time!"  
  
My mom pulled his pants down and there it was, right in front of me. It was long, thick and hard, and it looked like it was throbbing. I guess they do that when a man is excited. I'd never seen one before, but it looked pretty big to me.  
  
My mom confirmed my appraisal when she said, "My oh my Doctor Bob...you have quite a big one!"  
  
Then my mom said, "I'll bet it's tasty, too," and then she kneeled down and put it in her mouth.  
  
As her luscious moist lips went up and down on the man's hard missile, I couldn't resist the temptation of touching myself. I began moving my finger back and forth over my jeans, but I couldn't feel anything so I quickly pulled them off. As I rubbed myself over my panties, I had an urge to touch my breasts, too. Of course, touching myself over my shirt didn't quench my desires so I pulled my shirt and bra off all in one swift motion. I looked down at my white cotton panties and decided they had to go, too, so I pushed them down to the floor. Now I was totally nude, just like my mom and Doctor Hefferton.  
  
I peeked out the door to see what was going on and the doctor was lying on the floor. My mom was straddling the doctor's face as her head bobbed up and down on his rigid rocket. While my mom pleasured the doctor, he began licking the pink slit between her legs. As I watched the doctor and my mom perform in the sixty-nine position, I couldn't help inserting a finger inside my bare beaver. It felt so good that I moaned out loud. I quickly caught myself and suppressed my moans so that I wouldn't alert my mom as to what I was doing in my bedroom.  
  
The doctor began moaning loudly, so my mom took the man's penis out of her mouth and began stroking it with her soft hand. I watched in amazement as Doctor Hefferton grunted, and then he released his body fluid. Streams of a white milky substance shot into the air as my mom continued stroking the doctor's manhood.  
  
The doctor soon collapsed, but he quickly regained his composure and continued tending to my mother's needs. As I watched the doctor move his finger in and out of my mother's pleasure place, I pushed a finger into my own tight wet pussy. It didn't take long for me to bring myself to an earth shattering climax.  
  
Soon my young bare beaver was so over-stimulated that I could no longer withstand the touch of my own finger. I whimpered softly as I withdrew my finger from my dripping wet pussy, and then I pushed my bedroom door shut and fell asleep on the floor, still completely naked. I don't know what happened between my mother and the doctor the rest of the evening, but I was certain that I would see him again.  
  
Even though the thought of being placed in humiliating situations terrified me, I still was able to sleep peacefully through the night. Maybe the doctor's therapy would effectively cure my condition, but I wasn't crazy about exposing my body to strangers in public. Of course it appeared that my mom would be flashing right along with me, but I was still in no hurry to begin the treatment. Unfortunately, my treatment was scheduled to begin the following morning!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 5**

When I awoke the following morning, I found myself still naked and lying on my bedroom floor. There was some stiffness in my back from sleeping on the hard floor, but I was well rested because I made it through the night without experiencing one of my forced-nudity nightmares. Little did I know that I was about to experience one of my nightmares for real because my therapy was scheduled to begin today.  
  
After showering, fixing my hair and putting on a little makeup, I found some clothes that my mother laid out for me to wear. They consisted of a wife-beater style tank top and a pair of worn out denim shorts. It appeared that my mom went a little crazy with the scissors because the tank top was cut so short that I wasn't confident it would cover my breasts. The blue jean shorts were surgically altered to the point that I wasn't convinced my butt or my bush would be hidden from view. When I realized that there was no bra or panties to go with the outfit, I picked up the skimpy garments and headed into the kitchen where my mom was making coffee.  
  
Upon entering the kitchen, I was shocked to find Doctor Hefferton sitting at the kitchen table. The doctor was thrilled to see that I was totally nude and he immediately began examining my over-exposed body. My face turned crimson red as his eyes zeroed in on my perky breasts and light brown pussy hair. I quickly clutched the shorts and shirt against my bare body, but not before giving the doctor an unobstructed view of my full firm boobies and neatly trimmed bush.  
  
As I struggled to hide my nudity from the man, I shrieked, "Mom, why didn't you warn me that Doctor Hefferton was here?"  
  
My mom chuckled and answered, "Don't worry...he's a doctor."  
  
I squealed, "He's a psychologist, not a medical doctor!"  
  
My mom rolled her eyes and then she changed the subject by saying, "Oh good, you found the clothes I laid out for you."  
  
I said, "Clothes? There's hardly anything here! The shirt is tiny and the shorts are much too short. Besides, you didn't give me any underwear."  
  
My mom replied, "That outfit isn't meant to be worn with underwear."  
  
I screeched, "No underwear? Are you kidding? This shirt won't hide anything and these shorts are absolutely indecent."  
  
My mom said, "Doctor Hefferton feels that if you face your fear of being naked in public, it could cure your shyness problem. He said it may also put an end to those nightmares you've been having so I took some of your old clothes and made a few alterations."  
  
I screeched, "A few alterations? There's practically no material left!"  
  
Then I turned to Doctor Hefferton and I wanted to say that he was a fraud, simply pretending to be a doctor in order to see a young girl naked. I wanted to tell him that his forced-nudity therapy was merely a perverted scheme to publicly humiliate me. I wanted to finish by saying that just because my mom was naive enough to believe in his so-called therapy, that didn't mean I was going to buy into it. However, as usual I was too intimidated by the man to say what was on my mind, especially since I was stark naked, so I gave up and hurried off to my bedroom.  
  
I was mortified because I glanced over my shoulder and caught the doctor checking out my bare butt as I scurried down the hallway. Once I entered my bedroom, I slipped on the tank top. Even though I only have medium sized breasts, they're still round and firm and I could feel the lower portions of my boobs peeking out from below the bare midriff shirt. My round rosy nipples were also visible through the ribbed white cotton material which made me feel very self-conscious.  
  
The blue jean shorts were even worse than the tank top. They were slightly loose in the waist and they rode dangerously low on my hips allowing a little bit of my butt crack to show in back. The shorts fit snug across my butt cheeks, which actually made my butt look good, but my mom obviously doctored up the shorts when she cut them off.  
  
As I looked at myself in the mirror, I could see that the legs were cut too short. The blue jean shorts were also cut so that there wasn't much material remaining between the legs to hide my pussy hair. The way that the shorts were cut left the leg holes so wide that someone could easily look between my legs and see that I wasn't wearing panties. To make matters worse, the snap on the denim shorts kept popping open, as if my mom had intentionally sabotaged it!  
  
I stood in front of the mirror for a long time, nervously examining my diminutive fashion statement before finally leaving the shelter of my bedroom. Doctor Hefferton greeted me in the living room with a big smile on his face, which made me feel as exposed as I did when I was naked. I tried to explain that I could never leave our trailer home dressed in such a slutty outfit, but my mom paid no attention to my pleas. Before I had time to react, my mother and the doctor ushered me away from the protection of my home and into the doctor's car.  
  
We drove for a short time while the doctor explained how wearing revealing clothing in public would really help my self-esteem, make me proud of my body, and blah, blah, blah. I stopped listening to him shortly after he started talking. Unfortunately my mother hung onto every word that came out of the man's mouth. It appeared as though she planned to make me follow his idiotic therapy even if it meant I would end up without any clothes on at all!  
  
I lost all respect for Doctor Hefferton the previous evening when I caught him in the nude with my mother's hand wrapped around his throbbing erection. I also heard him using his disguise as a psychologist to convince my mother that exposing me in public would cure my extreme shyness problem and put an end to my force-nudity nightmares. I don't know how he bullied my mother into going along with his scheme. In fact, I wasn't even certain that he was a real doctor. The only thing I knew for sure was that because of this so called doctor, I was out in public and barely dressed!  
  
A few minutes later we pulled into a convenience store called Quick Gas and Food, and the doctor said, "Amy, why don't you go in and get something to eat?"  
  
I replied, "I refuse to go in there dressed like this! Besides, I don't have any money."  
  
My mom winked at me and said, "You don't need money. Dressed in that see-through tank top and those short-shorts, I'm sure the boy behind the counter will let you eat for free."  
  
My mom added, "It looks like he's the only one in the store so I don't know why you're making such a fuss about it. You'll be in and out in no time."  
  
The doctor offered, "If you'd rather change into other clothes before you go into the store, I'll allow it."  
  
I asked, "Other clothes? What other clothes? I didn't bring any other clothes!"  
  
Doctor Hefferton grinned and sarcastically said, "No other clothes? That's a shame. Then I guess your only choices are to go into the store wearing the clothes you have on or no clothes at all."  
  
My mother stated, "If I were you, I'd get going while I still had clothes on. It would be really embarrassing to go into the store completely naked!"  
  
The doctor and my mom started laughing, but there was no doubt that they were serious about making me go into the store barely dressed. With the way my mom had been acting lately, I was afraid she really would let the doctor strip my clothes off and send me into the store bare assed naked. Seeing no other option available, I reluctantly got out of the car. Having such a phobia about showing my body in public made it difficult for me to enter the store in such meager attire, but I nervously opened the door to the store and went inside.  
  
The boy behind the counter gave me a big smile and waved hello. He stood around six-foot-two, which is almost twelve inches taller than me, and he appeared to be around my age. The boy had dark hair and big brown eyes, which were almost as wonderful to look at as his bulging biceps. All I could do was stand there speechless and admire his good looks.  
  
After standing there for while like an idiot, I finally told him that I was hungry and I wanted a hot dog and a Coke. I explained that I didn't have any money, but I would gladly come back and pay him later if he let me eat now. The boy replied that it was no problem and he told me to help myself. Assuming the boy was giving me the green light to eat for free, I headed for the soda machine.  
  
The boy watched every move I made as I poured myself a Coke from the soda dispenser. I had to be extremely careful handling liquids because if the veil-thin material of my tank top got wet, it would look like I wasn't wearing anything on top at all. After successfully pouring the soda, I walked over to the machine that cooks the hot dogs.  
  
I slowly leaned over to pick up a hot dog from the machine. It made me very nervous because I could feel my braless breasts peeking out from under my tiny top. I could also feel my butt cheeks showing from below my short-shorts. However, it felt wonderful knowing that a cute boy was expressing interest in me.  
  
I had to lean over even further to get a bun from below the hot dog cooker. This really made me nervous because it gave the guy behind the counter an even clearer view of my smooth firm butt cheeks. I began to wonder if the boy could tell that I wasn't wearing panties under my cut-off shorts, but I remained in the precarious position while I searched for a bun.  
  
Even though I was outside of my comfort zone, I stayed bent over because for the first time in my life, I was having fun teasing a boy with my body. I was overwhelmed with emotion wondering how much of my backside was on display. However, when my tiny tank top started sliding up over my braless breasts, I panicked and stood up, quickly putting an end to my floor show.  
  
As I put the hot dog on the bun, I heard the door open. Two boys entered the store and walked over to the magazine rack. I recognized the boys from my high school. They were eighteen-year-old seniors just like me and once again I became very nervous about being seen in public wearing such a revealing outfit. It was one thing to show off for a complete stranger, but it was totally different being forced to expose myself in front of boys that I would have to see on a daily basis.  
  
As the boys reached for a magazine, they spotted me in my meager attire and their faces lit up like the Forth of July. It was really embarrassing to be the center of attention, especially since my sudden rise in popularity was generated by my lack of clothing.  
  
As the boys gawked at me, I tried to look calm and composed while casually eating my hot dog. However, I was really concerned about how much of my braless breasts were hanging out from below the too-small top I was wearing. The boy behind the counter must have sensed my discomfort because he brought out a small step-stool to for me to sit on, but I chose to remain standing. I was afraid that if I sat down, the lack of material between my legs would reveal that I wasn't wearing panties under my micro-shorts. I would end up giving everyone a beaver shot. Then that stupid snap on my shorts popped open and the eyes of all the boys were drawn right to my waist.  
  
I had a hot dog in one hand and a Coke in the other which prevented me from fixing the snap on my shorts so I simply stated, "Oops, my shorts popped open. I guess I'll have to wait until I finish eating before I can fasten it."  
  
As I ate my hot dog and drank my soda, I felt the zipper on my shorts give a little. This worried me because I was afraid my shorts would come unzipped and fall down in front of the boys. The fact that I wasn't wearing panties intensified my nervousness. However, my shorts were still covering my smooth firm ass and hairy triangle when I put the last bite of hot dog into my mouth.  
  
I finished eating and I was hopeful I'd be able to leave the store with my dignity still intact. Then the door to the store opened and an older woman walked into the store. She was in her forties, a little overweight and wearing a Quick Gas and Food uniform. The woman looked me up and down, and she watched as I threw the hot dog wrapper into the trashcan. That's when my luck ran out!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 6**  
When the woman saw me throw away the hot dog wrapper, she bellowed, "Did you pay for that meal little girl?"  
  
I replied, "No, but..."  
  
Before I could finish my sentence, the lady turned to the boy behind the counter and asked, "Ron, are you giving away free food to one of your bimbos again? If so, you're fired!"  
  
Ron replied, "No ma'am. I figured she would pay for it when she finished eating."  
  
My heart sank...the cute boy sold me out! To add insult to injury, at that very moment a police officer entered the store. The cop was a woman, around five-foot-eight and probably in her late twenties. The officer had shoulder length auburn hair and she appeared to be proud of the way her big boobs filled the front of her tight police uniform. The woman was relatively attractive for a cop and she was obviously no stranger to the store because the older woman addressed the policewoman by her first name.   
  
The woman wearing the Quick Gas and Food uniform said, "Dawn, I just got ripped off."  
  
Officer Dawn responded, "What happened, Joyce?"  
  
The woman, who apparently was named Joyce, pointed at me and said, "This girl ate food without paying for it. She could be hiding merchandise under her clothes, too."  
  
I screeched, "Under these clothes? You gotta be kidding!"  
  
Officer Dawn paused for a moment and scrutinized the outfit I was wearing. She probably thought I was some kind of slut trying to impress the boys with my lack of clothing. The officer had no idea that my mom was the one who took a pair of scissors to my tank top and shorts in an effort to cure my extreme shyness problem. The officer also didn't know that a man pretending to be a psychologist convinced my mom that exposing me in public would put an end to the forced-nudity nightmares I'd been having. All she saw was a barely dressed eighteen-year-old girl in the middle of a gas station convenience store.  
  
I was frozen with fear as the policewoman examined my skimpy outfit. She inspected my wife-beater tank top, which was cut so short that the undersides of my full firm breasts were hanging out from below the tiny shirt. Officer Dawn also observed how my round rosy nipples showed through the veil-thin cotton material.  
  
Then the cop took a long look at my worn out cut-off blue jean shorts. She squatted down to get a closer look at the way my butt cheeks hung out from below the too-short shorts. This made me nervous because I was afraid she could tell that I wasn't wearing panties. Then she stood up and noticed how low the shorts were riding on my hips. The policewoman even put her finger inside the waistband of my shorts to point out that some of my butt crack was showing.  
  
When Office Dawn completed her inspection of my skimpy outfit, she smiled at Joyce and asked, "Do you want me to search her?"  
  
I thought to myself, "Search me? What's left to search? She already had her finger inside my pants!"  
  
Unfortunately, the two women were determined to humiliate me in front of the boys because Joyce grinned at the officer and said, "She's all yours, but be thorough when you search her. There's no telling where she might be hiding stolen goods!"  
  
The policewoman instructed me to place my hands behind my back, but I said, "Let me snap my shorts first."  
  
The officer grabbed one of my wrists and commanded, "Put your arms behind your back now!"  
  
I begged, "But...but my shorts might fall down."  
  
The office said, "You let me worry about your shorts."  
  
Officer Dawn clearly meant business so I put my arms behind my back allowing the cop to handcuff my wrists together. Then the policewoman saw the small step-stool that the cute boy brought out earlier and she instructed me to stand on it. The policewoman obviously wanted to make an example out of me and she knew that standing up on the step-stool would add to my embarrassment.  
  
Officer Dawn slowly walked around me and said, "You picked the wrong person to mess with today. I know your type. You think that you can dress like a slut and the boys will give you whatever you want. Unfortunately, this time a boy gave you something that didn't belong to him and now you're going to pay the price."  
  
I said, "No, that's not true. I never dress like this!"  
  
Then Joyce called out, "If you don't like wearing those clothes, then maybe you should take them off," which made my heart race.  
  
Neither of the women laughed at Joyce's remark, so I began to worry that the officer was actually contemplating the thought of making me strip in front of the boys. I was terrified because I wasn't wearing a bra or panties and I could tell that the boys were eager to see me in the nude. The two women were in complete control of my fate and there was no limit to what they could do to me.  
  
Ron moved from behind the counter to get a better view of me in my vulnerable position. Then Joyce and the two boys I knew from high school all moved forward to get a closer look, too. Since I wasn't wearing a bra or panties, the situation was distressing because I was being forced to stand on a step-stool and I was fearful that the boys could see under my shirt or up my shorts.  
  
Officer Dawn began her search by gently running her fingertips up and down my smooth bare legs. It tickled, but in a good way, and it sent chills up and down my spine. I don't know why she was tickling my legs, but the policewoman was obviously skilled in her technique.  
  
Then she lifted my left leg up by my ankle and removed my sandal. Officer Dawn proceeded to softly run her finger between each of my toes before gently scratching her fingernails over the sole of my foot. I was squirming because I'm extremely ticklish, but I was helpless and at the mercy of the officer's touch.  
  
I begged, "Please...please stop. Why are you doing this to me?"  
  
Officer Dawn replied, "I've found that it relaxes the criminal and makes her less likely to resist. Besides, I want to show you who's in control."  
  
I said, "I know you're in control and I'm powerless to resist you. Besides, you're driving me crazy!"  
  
Officer Dawn replied, "Tickling bothers you? Well that's too bad because I still have to examine your other foot."  
  
Knowing how much I dreaded being tickled inspired the officer to spend twice as much time on my right foot. She used her fingernail to make figure-eights over the sole of my bare foot which made my body wiggle and twitch. Then the policewoman used all of her fingernails to scratch up and down the length of my dainty foot, alternating between scratching hard and softly grazing my sensitive skin.  
  
Officer Dawn paused for a moment and asked, "You hate this don't you?"  
  
I replied with nervous laughter, "Yes, I can't stand it! Please stop."  
  
Officer Dawn said, "No, I think I need to keep doing it until I'm sure you've learned your lesson."  
  
I begged, "Please...please stop. I'll be good, I promise," but the officer just smiled and continued torturing me.  
  
Everyone appeared to enjoy watching the woman tickle me, and with my leg held up in the air I was worried that the boys could see inside the wide leg holes of my cut-off blue jean shorts. When Officer Dawn finally released my foot, she went back to running her fingertips up and down my legs. The way she was gently touching the smooth skin on my legs also tickled, but at least I didn't have to worry about the boys getting a peek at my pussy hair.  
  
Then the officer paused again and said, "Did you know that all you're squirming worked the zipper down on your shorts?"  
  
I gasped, "Oh no! Please pull it up."  
  
Officer Dawn gave my shorts a soft tug and said, "Don't worry. Your shorts aren't gonna fall down, but you are showing a bit of girl fur down there."

I was mortified! The policewoman proceeded to pull on a tuft of my pussy hair as the boys watched and I was powerless to stop her. Then she moved her hands to the back and began pushing her fingers into the waistband of my short-shorts. Officer Dawn wiggled her finger around over my butt crack, which tickled and once again my body squirmed and twitched. Upon finding a new ticklish spot on my body, the policewoman quickly exploited it.  
  
Officer Dawn was standing in front of me as she reached around and slid her hands inside the back of my shorts. The policewoman massaged each of my butt cheeks as she slowly pushed her hands deeper into my shorts. I was relieved for a moment because having my butt massaged didn't tickle. In fact, it actually felt good!  
  
Unfortunately, my relief was short-lived. My wrists were handcuffed behind my back so I tried to reach for my shorts. When I found that all I could feel was my bare ass, it became painfully apparent that I was losing my shorts. This made me extremely nervous because not only was the cop forcing the shorts down my hips, she had also pried the zipper all the way open in front of me.  
  
I begged, "Stop, please stop. You're pushing my pants down."  
  
Officer Dawn said loudly, "Oh, am I pushing your shorts down? Well I'm sorry, but you wouldn't be so upset if you'd have worn panties!"  
  
One of the boys from my school said, "Wow, she's not wearing panties?"  
  
Joyce said, "No...can't you tell by all that pussy hair showing in front?"  
  
Then Joyce said, "Move out of the way Dawn so the boys can see."  
  
I was mortified! The policewoman stepped aside so that everyone could see the light brown pussy hair that exposed above the zipper. My shorts were hanging halfway down my hips, so I was pretty sure that almost my entire hairy triangle was on display for the boys to observe. My only hope was that my shorts didn't fall all the way off, but Officer Dawn wasn't finished searching me yet!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 7**  
I was now handcuffed and standing on a step-stool in the middle of a Gas Station Convenience Store with my blue jean shorts unsnapped, unzipped and hanging halfway down my hips. Since I wasn't wearing panties, my light brown pussy hair was on display for everyone to see. The sheer wife-beater tank top I had on was cut so high that the undersides of my braless breasts were exposed and a sadistic female cop with a fetish for tickling young girls was having a field day with my exposed skin. Worst of all, three boys along with the woman who manages the store were in attendance to see me in my state of undress.  
  
Officer Dawn stepped forward and began dragging a finger back and forth through the soft curly hair between my legs. The policewoman didn't force my shorts down any further, but she made sure the front of my shorts were open as wide as they would go. She combed her fingernails through my neatly trimmed bush for a while, but then she stepped in front of me and pushed her hand down the back of my shorts.  
  
The policewoman gently slid her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt crack. This was driving me wild and the officer knew it. She softly tickled the crack of my ass for the longest time and she even probed me. Then the woman pushed her finger so far into my pants that she actually touched my moist slit from behind.  
  
I gasped as the officer used her finger to split my pussy lips apart. My whole body tensed up as her finger glided back and forth across my pink place. I was so preoccupied with Officer Dawn's finger that I failed to notice she had pushed my shorts down even further. Then she abruptly pulled her hand out of my pants and stepped aside. I was petrified because it felt like two-thirds of my butt was showing and my shorts were dangerously close to falling all the way off.  
  
After removing her hand from my pants, Officer Dawn began softly scratching her fingernails up and down my sides. I was fighting to keep my shorts up, but I couldn't stop fidgeting because the woman was tickling me relentlessly. Then I wiggled my hips the wrong way and my shorts slid down even further. I could feel the top of my shorts against the bottom of my butt cheeks, so I knew that I was in real trouble.  
  
Joyce said, "If you keep tickling the girl's sides, her shorts are gonna fall off."  
  
Officer Dawn said, "You're right. I'd better stop tickling her sides."  
  
As a collective sigh was expelled from the boys in attendance, I was able to relax for a moment. I thought my shorts were safe, but then the policewoman moved her fingertips to my front.  
  
Officer Dawn looked at Joyce and said, "You told me to stop tickling her sides, but you didn't say anything about tickling her tummy!"  
  
Joyce chuckled and the boys perked up as Officer Dawn began dragging her fingernails across my abdomen, which caused my hips to jerk wildly. My heart sank when my shorts slipped to my upper thighs because I knew my hairy triangle was now completely exposed and everyone took notice of my predicament. Then the policewoman stopped tickling me momentarily and I thought she was going to pull my shorts up for me. Unfortunately, all she did was gently drag her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt crack to point out how much of my bare butt was showing.  
  
Suddenly the door opened and a guy walked in followed by a girl. I didn't recognize the guy, but I was quite familiar with the girl. It was Tina, one of the Tiffany cheerleader clones! I was overcome with fear because she loved to bully me and the thought of Tina seeing me this way increased my level of humiliation a thousand percent. When Tina spotted me, she grinned from ear to ear and I was now certain that I would never live this experience down.  
  
The guy said to one of the boys from my high school, "Hey man, I got your text so I rushed over to see if it was true."  
  
The boy excitedly said, "It's true all right!"  
  
Then Tina interrupted, "Be quiet you guys. Amy's about to lose her pants!"  
  
As everyone watched, Officer Dawn moved her fingers to my mid-section. She alternated between my sides, my tummy and my belly-button causing my body to twitch and squirm from her relentless tickle-torture. As I jostled my hips around, I could feel my shorts slipping further and further down my legs, but I was powerless to stop them.  
  
When my shorts reached my knees, I tried to spread my legs in an effort to keep them from falling all the way off. Unfortunately, all I did was provide the boys with a better view of my pussy. My awkward position even gave the boys a glimpse of my pretty pink pussy lips. Eventually the policewoman stopped tickling me, but when she did, I relaxed my legs and my shorts dropped to the floor.  
  
With my shorts down around my ankles, Tina ran forward and Officer Dawn made no attempt to stop her as she ran off with my shorts. I was now bottomless in a Gas Station Convenience Store with four boys gawking at me. I felt angry, scared, embarrassed and humiliated, and worst of all my ordeal was not over yet.  
  
The policewoman stood behind me and began moving her fingers up my back. When she reached my tank top, she merely continued moving her fingers up and dragged my top up with her fingers. This was very disturbing because dragging the back of my shirt up forced the front of my top up, too. I could feel the front of my shirt slowly rising up over my breasts and when I felt the hem of the cut-off tank top dangling over my erect nipples, I knew that I was in danger of losing my last article of clothing.  
  
I panicked and begged, "Please don't pull my top up any further. My boobies are about to pop out and the boys will see them."  
  
The policewoman smirked and said, "Sorry, I have to check for concealed weapons."  
  
I screeched, "Concealed weapons? The only thing under my top are my..."  
  
Then one of the boys called out, "Tits! I can see her bare titties," as the front of my shirt slid all the way up over my breasts.  
  
My bare boobs were hanging out and the cop made no effort to hide them from the boys' view.  
  
With all the boys staring at me, I became angry and yelled, "Why don't you just get a pair of scissors and finish the shirt off!"  
  
Officer Dawn said, "If that's what you want."  
  
I shrieked, "No...please don't cut my shirt off! I was being sarcastic," but it was too late because Tina called out, "I'll get the scissor!"  
  
Tina grabbed a pair of scissors off the counter and ran forward. I tried to dodge Tina, but the cop held me in place. I cringed as Tina snipped up one side and down the other. Soon there was nothing left of my tank top except little scraps of material on the floor. I was now completely naked in public.  
  
Adding to my humiliation, the cute boy came up to gather all the scraps of material from the floor. When he bent over, his face was only inches away from my pussy hair. I turned crimson red from embarrassment because Officer Dawn allowed Ron to spend an extremely long time looking between my legs. I was mortified because he saw everything! Finally Ron left to throw the remains of my shirt into the trashcan and I stood there bare assed naked waiting to see what was going to happen next.  
  
Joyce asked, "Dawn, are you finished with your search?"  
  
Officer Dawn said, "Just one more cavity search to perform."  
  
I shrieked, "Please tell me you're not going to check my you-know-what."  
  
Officer Dawn interrupted and said, "Yes...I'm going to check your you-know-what, and by you-know-what I mean pussy...a common hiding place for drugs or contraband."  
  
As if I wasn't humiliated enough, the policewoman had to make a spectacle out of me. She began by slowly combing her fingertips through my light brown bush before moving a finger down between my legs. I was completely embarrassed, yet unexplainably aroused. My nipples poked out proudly and with my wrists handcuffed behind my back, there was no way for me to hide my titties from the boys.  
  
Then Officer Dawn gently split my pink pussy lips with her finger and started moving it back and forth over my moist slit. When her fingertip made contact with my little clitty, I nearly jumped out of my skin. This woman knew exactly what she was doing to me and it didn't look like she was going to stop any time soon.  
  
Officer Dawn said, "I'm ready to perform the cavity search."  
  
Joyce asked, "Wouldn't it be easier if you got her a little wet first?'  
  
Officer Dawn replied, "Oh I think she's wet enough already," which made the boys smile.  
  
Officer Dawn pushed a finger deep inside of my tight young pussy as the boys watched. The officer worked her finger in and out, in and out, and then she paused and began making little circles with her finger deep inside of me.  
  
I pleaded, "Please stop. Please don't do this in front of the boys," but Officer Dawn said, "You're wet. Don't try to pretend as if you don't like it."  
  
I was mortified! The policewoman continued pushing her finger in and out of my pussy. I tried not to get excited, but it was hard to resist her gentle touch. She knew exactly how to tease my pleasure zone and the tension in the room intensified when I began moaning uncontrollably.  
  
As the policewoman worked her finger in and out of my pussy over and over again, I started to feel something building inside me. I kept telling myself not to get excited because there were boys watching me...looking at my bare body...studying my perky breasts...gazing at my puffy pink nipples...examining my light brown bush, but for some unknown reason, knowing the boys were watching me only added to my excitement. It simply made the feeling inside me more intense and caused it to build even faster.  
  
Suddenly my legs quivered and Officer Dawn was afraid I'd fall off the step-stool. She told me to lie down on the floor and spread my legs. Sure I was humiliated. There were boys staring at my bare beaver! However, I was in desperate need of an orgasm so I complied with the officer's request. Then Officer Dawn kneeled down beside me and continued her assault on my pretty pink pussy.  
  
Officer Dawn gently teased one of my nipples as she massaged my pleasure place. Occasionally she would remove her finger and softly manipulate my little clitty, but she would quickly return to my tight wet pussy and push her finger deep inside of me. Soon I reached the point of no return and my body tensed up all over.  
  
I started gasping, "Oh...oh please don't stop. It feels so good. I'm...I'm cumming, I'm cumming! Mmm, I'm cumming," and then my body went limp.  
  
Soon I could no longer withstand the touch of the policewoman's finger between my legs, so I begged her to stop. For once, Officer Dawn granted my request. She stood up leaving me lying there stark naked with everyone gazing down at me. As I looked up at the boys, I could see a bulge in each of their pants so it was obvious that they enjoyed my performance.  
  
Officer Dawn announced, "I've completed the search. I'm convinced she's not hiding anything down there."  
  
Then Officer Dawn helped me up to my feet and said, "Come on, its time to go downtown to the station."  
  
I shrieked, "Downtown? Haven't I been punished enough?"  
  
Officer Dawn replied, "Sorry, its policy."  
  
As the policewoman started to escort me towards the door, I panicked and asked, "Wait, I'm naked! What about my clothes?"  
  
Officer Dawn asked, "Where's her top?"  
  
Joyce answered, "Destroyed."  
  
Then Officer Dawn asked, "What about the shorts?"  
  
Tina giggled, pretended to look around, and then replied, "Sorry, we must have misplaced them."  
  
Officer Dawn said, "Well, I guess you're leaving naked," and then she escorted me out the door.  
  
Everyone followed me into the parking lot, giving them an unobstructed view of my bare ass. When the cop was about to open the door to her unmarked police car, Doctor Hefferton finally appeared.  
  
The doctor asked, "Dawn, what's going on?"  
  
Officer Dawn replied by slowly telling the entire story from beginning to end while I stood there naked in public with my wrists handcuffed behind my back. Officer Dawn and Doctor Hefferton kept talking as if I wasn't even there, but everyone else was well aware of my presence as they had a clear view of my breasts, bush and butt.  
  
I interrupted, "Hello...naked girl here! Could you please open the door?"  
  
Doctor Hefferton said, "Hang on, Amy. I'm trying to get you released."  
  
I said, "Can you make it quick?"  
  
I was forced to remain standing there naked in the parking lot of the gas station while the doctor continued discussing the situation with the policewoman. Unfortunately, there were some men at the gas pumps and they were staring right at me. There were also people driving down the street that were getting a glimpse of me in the nude, too.  
  
Eventually Doctor Hefferton offered money to Joyce and Officer Dawn, and they agreed to set me free although my humiliating experience was not over yet. Doctor Hefferton's car was clear across the parking lot, right next to the street. I had to walk all the way across the lot naked. I tried to walk with an arm across my chest and a hand between my legs, but I was still a sight to behold. Besides, my bare butt was fully exposed to everyone.  
  
When we got to the car, Doctor Hefferton prolonged my nudity by fumbling with his keys. This aggravated me because my mother was in the car, but she made no effort to unlock the doors. Once we finally entered the car, Doctor Hefferton headed for our trailer home, but I was forced to ride with an arm across my bare breasts and a hand covering my pussy. People in other cars pointed and stared at me, but the doctor didn't care. He took his time, allowing as many people as he could to see the naked girl in the back seat.  
  
As we rode home, I suddenly recalled that Doctor Hefferton addressed Officer Dawn by her first name when he initially arrived on the scene. It was as if he already knew her. I also wondered why Officer Dawn's police car was a Toyota. It became apparent that Dawn wasn't a police officer at all. My naked misadventure was all pre-arranged by Doctor Hefferton.  
  
I was fuming the rest of the way home. Later that evening, I tried to reason with my mother, but she was convinced that Doctor Hefferton was a legitimate psychologist. I told her that there was no way I could ever endure another naked-in-public experience, but my mom said my reaction is a common response to the situation. My mom said that Doctor Hefferton told her to expect it. My mother informed me that I'd have to continue with the therapy until I felt comfortable exposing myself in public. Upon hearing that, I went into my bedroom and sulked. My fate was sealed and I was dreading the next phase of my therapy!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 8**

Doctor Hefferton's therapy was definitely not working because I experienced another one of my naked-in-public nightmares. Riding home from the convenience store in the nude actually triggered my bad dream. When we arrived at our mobile home, I wanted to stay in the car until my mom opened the front door. Unfortunately, Doctor Hefferton claimed he had another appointment and needed to leave immediately, so I was forced to get out of his car right away.  
  
I desperately hoped that none of our neighbors were outside as I made a mad dash from the car without a stitch of clothing on, but then I saw Mr. Grover leering at me from across the street. To make matters worse, I had to stand on the doorstep of our trailer home while my mom fumbled with her keys. It was extremely embarrassing for me to allow Mr. Grover the pleasure of gawking at my totally nude eighteen-year-old body, and my mom's lack of concern for my nakedness only served to intensify my embarrassment.  
  
Irritated by my mother's inability to open the door, I screamed, "Hurry, Mom. Mr. Grover is looking at me!"  
  
To my dismay, instead of speeding up, my mom turned around, waved to Mr. Grover and said, "Hi Dennis," which only prolonged my naked predicament.  
  
As my mom began making small talk with Mr. Grover, I spied the neighborhood boys entering the trailer park on their bikes so I panicked and yelled, "Oh, no...there are boys coming down the street! The door, mom...open the door!"  
  
Instead of opening the door, my mom glanced up the street, laughed and said, "You're right, the boys are coming this way. It's a shame you don't have any clothes on. I guess it would be pretty embarrassing if they saw you like this."  
  
I glared at my mom and sarcastically said, "Ya think! Focus, mom...open the door!"  
  
My mom merely smiled at me and then she slowly began looking through the keys on her key chain. There was no way I was going to let the neighborhood boys catch me in the nude so I grabbed the keys out of my mom's hand and quickly opened the door myself. I burst through the door just as the boys reached our trailer. There were a few catcalls from the boys so I guess they got a glimpse of my bare ass, but at least they weren't treated to a full-frontal view!  
  
That night I had a bad dream about the experience. In my dream, my mom never did find her key. We were locked out of our trailer home and I was stark naked!  
  
My mom said, "I'll go get Mr. Grover. He'll be able to open the door."  
  
I shrieked, "You can't get Mr. Grover. I don't have any clothes on!"  
  
My mom replied, "I'm sorry Amy, but we don't have any other choice."  
  
When Mr. Grover spotted me without my clothes on, he was all smiles. I threw an arm across my breasts and put a hand between my legs as Mr. Grover examined the lock on the door. He got down on one knee as he worked on the lock, which put him in the perfect position to check out my light brown pussy hair. I tried to cover my neatly-trimmed bush with my hand, but there were still a few strands of pussy hair peeking out for the man to see.  
  
I also caught Mr. Grover trying to get a glimpse up my mother’s short blue jean mini skirt. I think my mom knew he was trying to get a peek at her panties, but she didn’t seem to care. My mom is a bit of an exhibitionist and she loved teasing Mr. Grover, so it was no big deal to her. However, I was completely naked so it was a very big deal to me!  
  
I whispered, "Mom...Mr. Grover keeps looking at me."  
  
My mom replied, "Well what do you expect? He's a man, and you're a young cute naked girl. It's only natural for him to want to look at you. Besides, he's doing us a favor so just let him look if he wants to."  
  
Then I glanced up the street and saw the neighborhood boys approaching on their bikes.  
  
I shrieked, "Mom, there's boys coming down the street. They'll see me naked! What should I do?"  
  
My mom replied, "I'm sorry Amy, but there's not much you can do. I guess you'll have to stand there and let them look."  
  
I mocked, "Let Mr. Grover look...let the boys look. Is that your answer to everything?"  
  
My mom simply smiled at my sarcasm, as if she was happy to exhibit my naked body to the neighborhood. When the boys finally arrived in front of our trailer, they just rode around in circles observing my bare body from a distance. Then the boys got up enough courage to come all the way up to the front door and offer to help. However, Mr. Grover explained that he didn't need any help from the boys because I was his assistant, and then he patted me on my bare butt cheeks.  
  
I objected, "I don't remember offering to help!"  
  
My mom countered, "Amy, that's no way to act. Mr. Grover is doing us a favor so if he needs your assistance, then you will be his little helper!"  
  
Then My mom grinned at Mr. Grover, as if she was giving him the green light to humiliate me in front of the boys. While I continued standing there in the nude with an arm across my breasts and a hand between my legs, the boys formed a half circle around me. They paid particular attention to my smooth firm butt, which was completely exposed. Then Mr. Grover asked me for a screwdriver. At first I refused to move, but my mom glared at me so I nervously bent over, giving the boys an even better view of my bare ass.  
  
Reaching for the screwdriver forced me to uncover my pussy hair, much to the delight of the boys. I got really nervous as I searched through the toolbox because everyone was eyeing my bare butt and light brown bush, and there was nothing I could do to stop them. I finally found the screwdriver and handed it to Mr. Grover, but before I could place a hand over my pussy, he instructed me to hold his pliers. Now I no longer had a free hand to conceal my pussy hair so only my breasts were covered. Then Mr. Grover asked me to hand him a different screwdriver while continuing to hold the pliers.  
  
I whined, "If I reach down for another tool, then I won't be able to hide my breasts from the boys."  
  
Mr. Grover looked up at my mother, then he gruffly said, "Do you want the door unlocked or not?"  
  
I continued whining, "But, but my breasts...the boys...they'll see everything!"  
  
My mom interjected, "Just give Mr. Grover what he wants, Amy."  
  
Under my breath I uttered, "Mr. Grover wants to see me naked!"  
  
My mom asked, "What did you say?"  
  
I replied, "Nothing," as I gave in and slowly dropped my arm.  
  
I bent over to search for the other screwdriver, but it was buried so deep in the toolbox that I had to remain bent over for quite some time. This gave the boys a nice long look at my bare butt. My firm titties and precious pink nipples were also out in the open for the boys to see, and they quickly moved in front of me to get a better view.  
  
When I finally picked up the screwdriver, I stood up affording the boys an unobstructed view of my full firm breasts and round rosy nipples. I was mortified because the boys could now see everything I had to offer. My face turned crimson red from embarrassment because I was standing amongst a group of people and I was the only one naked!  
  
I was holding a screwdriver in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other, but I still tried to cover my nakedness the best I could. Unfortunately, most of my bare body was still on display and the boys were soaking it up.  
  
Then Mr. Grover said, "Amy, it would be easier for me if you just held the whole toolbox."  
  
I shrieked, "The whole tool box? But...but I would have to use two hands to hold the toolbox. I wouldn't be able to hide anything from the boys."  
  
The boys could barely contain their excitement when my mom sternly said, "Amy, don't argue. Just do what the man asked."  
  
Nervously, I took a deep breath and slowly bent over. As the boys gazed at my bare ass, I picked up the toolbox with both hands and held it in front of me. I tried to use the toolbox to hide my pussy hair from the boys, but Mr. Grover demanded that I raise it higher. I was forced to hold the small toolbox in front of my flat tummy so now everything I had to offer was on display for the boys to examine.  
  
With both of my hands occupied, there was no way for me to hide my nakedness from the boys. I simply had to stand there with my full breasts, pink nipples, firm butt and hairy triangle all out in the open for everyone to see. Mr. Grover appeared to be working on the lock, but he took many breaks so that he could study my tight pussy. I was mortified because Mr. Grover even got down on one knee again to get a closer look. He finally stood up, but I began to panic when Mr. Grover told us that he couldn't unlock the door.  
  
My mom asked Mr. Grover what we should do and he suggested that we try picking the lock on the window. As it turned out, the window wasn't even locked. My mom and Mr. Grover thought that was funny, but I failed to see the humor.  
  
I screeched, "You mean I've been standing here naked all this time and all I had to do was open the window and crawl in?"  
  
Mr. Grover said, "Apparently so."  
  
Then he slid the window open and offered, "Here, let me give you a boost."  
  
I sternly said, "No thanks. I can do it myself."  
  
Mr. Grover said, "Okay...we'll just stand here and watch."  
  
With all of the boys eying my naked body, I quickly put an arm across my breasts and a hand between my legs, and then I said, "Maybe you should go first, mom."  
  
As my mom boldly approached the window, Mr. Grover asked, "Can I offer you some assistance?"  
  
My mom teased, "Oh I don't know, Dennis. You might try to look up my short skirt!"  
  
Mr. Grover replied, "I promise not to look," but then he gave my mom a big grin to let her know that he couldn't wait to get a peek at her panties.  
  
It looked like my mom was about to get a taste of what I'd been going through all day!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 9**  
When I was strip searched in the middle of a convenience store, I thought it would be the worst thing that would happen to me all day, but it wasn't. My day got progressively worse. I was forced to leave the convenience store and walk across the parking lot naked. Then I had to ride home in the nude and dash from the car to the door of our mobile home in front of our neighbor.  
  
Yet that still wasn't my worst experience of the day. After Doctor Hefferton dropped us off at our mobile home and drove away, my mom discovered that she didn't have her keys. We were locked out and I was stark naked!  
  
Our neighbor, Mr. Grover, was eager to help. Was he just being nice or was he anxious to help because my mother was wearing a dangerously short blue jean mini skirt and a tight T-shirt? The answer was obvious...he wanted a peek at her panties!  
  
Then the neighborhood boys rode by on their bikes and stopped to help. Was it because they wanted to learn how to open a door or did they want to see an eighteen-year-old girl in the nude? Again a no brainer...they wanted to see me naked!  
  
Unfortunately, my day continued to get worse. After spending an eternity standing on my doorstep bare assed naked while everybody stared at me, Mr. Grover determined that he couldn't open the door without damaging it. He proceeded to check our windows and found one that was unlocked, which meant I would have to climb through the window to enter our mobile home. After assessing the situation, I determined that climbing through the window naked would be the most humiliated event of the afternoon!  
  
Luckily I was able to convince my mother to go first. My mom was fully dressed, but in the tight T-shirt and short skirt she was wearing I was confident that she would reveal more to the guys than she wanted to. I thought that she would get a little taste of the humiliation that I had endured all afternoon. However, my mom is a bit of an exhibitionist and she actually enjoyed the attention.  
  
I'm a little over five feet tall and my mom is only a few inches taller than me so she needed to climb up to get through the window. My mom is very cute and she has a great body. She had me as a teenager so she is now only thirty-four years old. She's old enough to attract the interest of Mr. Grover, who is in his mid-forties, and she's young enough to hold the attention of the eighteen-year-old neighborhood boys.  
  
As my mom reached up and grabbed the windowsill, Mr. Grover got down and boosted my mother up. When she bent forward to get into the window, her short blue jean mini skirt rode up exposing her skimpy white see-through panties to the man. Then my mom suddenly stopped and said that her T-shirt was snagged on something. She slid down, but her T-shirt was hooked on a screw in the window frame.  
  
Mr. Grover helped my mother down, but her T-shirt remained snagged on the screw. When she slid down to the ground, her T-shirt lifted all the way up over her bra-covered breasts. Her lacy white bra was so flimsy that everyone could easily see her round rosy nipples through the thin material, and all of the boys took notice, including Mr. Grover. My mom's big tits were hanging out, but she acted more concerned about her T-shirt than her exposed boobies.  
  
My mom asked, "I don't want to rip my T-shirt. Do you think I should take it off?"  
  
Mr. Grover replied, "Absolutely."  
  
I had to laugh. What other response would she expect from the man?  
  
My mom removed her T-shirt and carefully unhooked it from the windowsill. As she stood there in just her bra, she inspected her T-shirt while the boys inspected her barely covered breasts. My mom determined that the T-shirt was okay and I got excited because I thought she was going to give the shirt to me. Unfortunately, she tossed it through the open window so I was destined to remain in the nude even longer.  
  
My exhibitionist mother reached up and attempted to climb through the window again. She moved very slowly as she shimmied through the window, affording Mr. Grover and the boys a nice long look at her barely covered butt. Her panties were so transparent that I could see her butt crack through the veil-thin material and her skimpy underwear received the undivided attention of the boys.  
  
I was relieved for a moment because everyone's interest was now directed at my mom's tiny panties, but then I pictured myself going through the window. Since I was naked, I imagined what the boys would be able to see and it made me extremely nervous. The boys were not only going to get a clear view of my smooth firm butt, they were going to get a good look at my pretty pink pussy lips, too. The thought of the boys examining my bare beaver made me very uncomfortable, but I decided it was worth the humiliation of exposing myself to the boys if it meant being able to put some clothes on.  
  
When my mom finally made it into the trailer, I quickly approached the window and leaned inside. In my bent over position, the boys were treated to an incredible view of my bare ass. I wanted to climb in quickly, but it was a little more difficult than I thought.  
  
Then I heard one of the boys yell, "Let me help you."  
  
I said, "No, please don't help. Really, I don't need any help," but another boy said, "Yes you do. Here, let me help, too!"  
  
In no time I had several hands on my butt cheeks helping me get into the trailer. I was bent over with my butt right in their faces and they were touching every inch of my bare ass. I tried to pull myself through the window, but I couldn't move. Then a wave of terror flowed over me when I determined that I was going to have to spread my legs to get inside the trailer.  
  
I timidly lifted my knee up to the windowsill, and then I gasped when I heard one of the boys yell, "Wow, look at that!"  
  
I was mortified because I was now giving the boys a beaver shot and there was no way for me to stop them from examining my precious pink pussy lips. As I continued struggling to get through the window, I suddenly felt fingers all over my backside. The boys were not only touching my bare butt cheeks, they were also touching my sensitive butt crack. Then one of the boys tried to help by putting his hand on the small of my back. However, instead of helping me enter the trailer, he was actually preventing me from getting through the window.  
  
The boys seized the opportunity and I could feel their fingers creep underneath me and begin combing through my soft pussy hair. I also felt two hands reach through the window and grab my bare boobs. My right breast was being massaged while the fingers on my left breast gently tweaked and pulled on my round rosy nipple. Both of my nipples instantly became erect.  
  
Suddenly I heard my mom open the front door. She came out and still didn't have a shirt on. My mom's big tits were hanging out, which made Mr. Grover very happy. However, all of the boys' attention was focused on me.  
  
Then my mom asked, "Why is Amy trying to crawl through the window? Why didn't she just wait for me to open the door?"  
  
I felt like an idiot. I could have avoided all this torture and humiliation by waiting for my mother to open the door, but it was too late to turn back now. I was trapped and the boys weren't about to let me get away easily.  
  
Mr. Grover asked, "Should we help her?"  
  
Much to my dismay, my mom replied, "No. I don't want to spoil her fun."  
  
I said, "My fun? It's the boys' fun that you're not spoiling!"  
  
Unfortunately, my appeal for help was ignored. My mom and Mr. Grover just stood on the doorstep and watched, offering no assistance at all as the neighborhood boys molested my bare body. Then one of the boys decided to push his finger into my wet waiting pussy.  
  
I yelped, "Please, don't touch me there."  
  
The boy asked, "Why not? I heard girls like this."  
  
I begged, "Please...please stop. You don't know what that does to a girl."  
  
The boy paid no heed to my request and started pushing his finger in and out, in and out, which made that funny feeling begin flowing throughout my body.  
  
Then a second boy said, "I heard girls like this, too," and then he reached up and put his finger on my love button.  
  
As the first boy continued stroking my pleasure place, the other boy gently rubbed my little clitty and it sent chills throughout my body.  
  
Once again I pleaded, "Please...please don't touch me there," but my body defied me.  
  
As I begged the boys to stop, I unconsciously arched my back giving them full access to my tight wet pussy. My hands were on the chair inside the window and my knees were on the windowsill, spread as far apart as the window frame would allow. The boys had their hands around my thighs, so I was stuck in that position.  
  
With Mr. Grover and my mom watching from the doorstep, the boys continued having their way with me. I was naked and helpless because I got stuck trying to crawl through a window and the neighborhood boys were taking full advantage of the situation. There were hands rubbing my smooth firm ass, fingers tickling my sensitive butt crack and hands massaging my full breasts. There were also fingers tweaking my pretty pink nipples, fingers combing through my pussy hair, a finger rubbing my love button, and a finger moving in and out of my tight wet pussy. I was totally humiliated, yet I couldn't fight the feeling that was building inside of me.  
  
The feeling was getting stronger and stronger as chills went up and down my spine. It felt so good that I began to moan and I no longer had the will or the strength to pull myself through the window. Earlier I wanted the boys to leave, but now I needed them to stay and finish what they started.  
  
Instead of begging them to stop, I was now moaning, "Mmm...don't stop. It feels so good. Rub my butt, feel my breasts, touch my pussy. Yes, just like that! Mmm, it feels so good. Don't stop...please don't stop."  
  
The boys continued their assault on my body and it felt great. They were touching me in all the right places and the feeling inside of me kept building stronger and stronger. Finally I reached to point of no return. I needed to cum and I needed to cum now!  
  
Finally, my body tensed up and I started screaming, "Oh my gosh, it feels so good. I'm...I'm cumming, I'm cumming. Mmm, yes...yes, oh yes...I'm cumming!"  
  
Soon I couldn't take it anymore, but the boys refused to stop. There were still fingers all over my body, including inside my pussy.  
  
I yelled, "Mom help me. Please help me. Make the boy take his finger out of my pussy!"  
  
My mom gently brushed her fingers through my shoulder length light brown hair and softly said, "Amy...Amy, wake up. That's not a boy's finger...that's your finger!"  
  
Startled, I opened my eyes and saw my mom sitting beside me on my bed. My T-shirt was up above my breasts and my panties were down around my ankles. Then I looked between my legs and found that my mom was right...it was my finger inside my pussy!  
  
I was mortified as my mom said, "You were having another nightmare, and this one really got you worked up."  
  
As I pulled my finger out of my pussy and squeezed my legs together, I innocently asked, "What makes you say that?"  
  
My mom chuckled and replied, "By the way you were pumping your finger in and out of your pussy while pulling on your nipples. It was getting me worked up! When you screamed, 'Oh my gosh, it feels so good. I'm...I'm cumming, I'm cumming. Mmm, yes...yes, oh yes...I'm cumming,' then I almost came myself."  
  
I was so embarrassed. Not only was I having another naked-in-public nightmare, I was also caught masturbating by my mother.  
  
Then my mom hugged me and said, "It's going to be alright. I'll give Doctor Hefferton a call and we'll set up another therapy session."  
  
I begged, "Mom, please don't call Doctor Hefferton. All he wants to do is expose me in public and that's the reason I'm having nightmares in the first place."  
  
My mom simply replied, "You'll have to trust him, he's a doctor."  
  
After my mom left my bedroom, I curled up in the fetal position. I'm having naked-in-public nightmares and my doctor thinks exposing me in public will cure me of these nightmares. However, I don't believe he's a real doctor. I think he's some guy in his forties who likes humiliating eighteen-year-old girls by stripping them in public. Unfortunately, he's sleeping with my mother so she hangs on every word he says. Terrified, I just laid there with my T-shirt up over my breasts and my panties down around my ankles wondering what compromising position I was going to end up in during my next therapy session!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 10**  
It was well past noon and I was still lying in bed with my T-shirt up above my breasts and my panties down around my ankles. After my mom caught me furiously pumping my finger in and out of my tight young pussy, I was too embarrassed to get up and face her. Then I heard the front door open and close. Assuming that my mother left our mobile home to run an errand, I finally dragged myself out of bed.  
  
I kicked off my panties and pulled my short T-shirt down. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that half of my light brown pussy hair was showing in front and I could feel that half of my smooth firm butt was hanging out in back. I could also see my pert pink nipples poking out in front of the pale blue T-shirt, but I was home alone so I really didn't care.  
  
I headed for the kitchen to make myself something to eat, but when I passed by the living room window, I saw a disturbing sight. My mom didn't actually go anywhere. She merely ventured out to retrieve the mail. The disturbing part was that my mom was still wearing her nightgown and she wasn't wearing anything underneath it!  
  
Even though the nightgown went down to her knees, it was still very revealing because it was made of a pink see-through material. It also had spaghetti straps and a deep V-neck that showed plenty of cleavage. My mother's round rosy nipples were visible through the thin fabric and her light brown bush was prominently displayed through the veil thin material below.  
  
As I watched my mother prancing around half naked in broad daylight, I asked myself, "Why is she checking the mail? There's no mail on Sunday!"  
  
Then I saw Mr. Grover approaching from across the street and I wanted to yell out, "Quick mom, turn around. Mr. Grover is coming and he'll see you in your nightgown."  
  
Unfortunately, Mr. Grover said hello to my mother before could I even open the door. At first I thought my mom was embarrassed, but as it turned out my exhibitionist mother didn't seem to care at all. She apologized to Mr. Grover for the way she was dressed, but her nervous smile didn't fool me.  
  
While my mom apologized to Mr. Grover, she emphasized what she was apologizing for. She pointed out how her nipples showed through the top of her flimsy nightgown and she drew attention to the way her hairy triangle was visible beneath the sheer material. My mom even demonstrated how easily the spaghetti straps can fall down, and then she bent over and shook her top, nearly exposing her bare breasts to the man in the process.  
  
I was certain that my mother was actually enjoying the way Mr. Grover was shamelessly gawking at her. While Mr. Grover sipped from his can of beer and exchanged small talk with my mom, he frequently glanced down at my mom's full firm breasts and neatly trimmed bush, which were easy see as the sunlight shined through my mother's practically transparent gown.  
  
Due to an unexpected teenaged pregnancy, my mom is very young for having an eighteen year old daughter. I've always felt that my mother is beautiful and she has a great body. Many people have even commented that my thirty-four year old mom actually looks more like a sister to me than a mother. I guess that's why she loves to flaunt it.  
  
When Mrs. Grover saw her husband talking to my mother, she came out to join them by the mailbox. Mrs. Grover was carrying a couple of beers and she was wearing a short white T-shirt with "Bad Girl" written across the front of it. From the way her medium-sized breasts bounced around as she crossed the street, it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Mrs. Grover handed my mother a beer so it appeared that they were going to stand outside and party for a while.  
  
Mr. Grover is in his mid-forties, but his wife, Gloria, is only thirty years old. She's a hair stylist and they've only been married for a few months. I didn't know much about her, but I quickly discovered that the stunning brunette shared my mom's zest for exhibitionism.  
  
It was obvious that Mrs. Grover wanted to compete with my mother for Mr. Grover's attention because Mrs. Grover's small T-shirt stopped right at the bottom of her pleasure place. I was curious as to whether or not she was wearing anything underneath it. I figured the shirt was riding too high on her thighs for shorts, so the question was whether she was wearing panties or going commando in public.  
  
Soon a car went by and blew Mrs. Grover's short T-shirt up, exposing a pair of black G-string style panties to the occupant of the car. I would have expected Mrs. Grover to feel embarrassed and quickly push her T-shirt down. However, when the driver beeped his horn, both Mrs. Grover and my mother shamelessly waved to the man.  
  
First I looked at Mrs. Grover, who was standing outside drinking a beer and clad in only a small white T-shirt with a black G-string. Then I looked at my mother, who was also drinking a beer, and she was dressed in a see-through nightgown with nothing on underneath it. Since I have such a fear of showing my body in public, it was hard for me to watch the two women standing on the side of the street wearing practically nothing at all.  
  
Watching the two women became simply unbearable when I saw Mrs. Grover lift her T-shirt and begin talking about how tiny her panties were. It appeared that Mrs. Grover was explaining to my mother how she had to trim her pussy hair very short in order to wear the skimpy G-string. Then, to emphasize her point, Mrs. Grover boldly pulled her panties all the way down to her knees. She wanted to show my mom how she had just finished shaving her pussy so nice and clean. Mrs. Grover even asked my mother to feel how smooth it was.  
  
When my mom accepted and reached down to put her hand between Mrs. Grover's legs, I said to myself, "That's all I can take. These women give trailer park girls a bad name!"  
  
I went into the kitchen and ate a bowl of cereal. When I was finished, I put my bowl in the dishwasher and headed for my bedroom to get dressed. Then I heard a car door slam and I couldn't help peeking outside to see what was going on. When I cracked open the front door, I saw Doctor Hefferton's car in the driveway. What I didn't see was my mom right there on the doorstep. She quickly grabbed my wrists and pulled me outside.  
  
My mom excitedly said, "We're going over to the Grover's house right now. Gloria is going to style her sister's hair, so she offered to cut and style our hair, too...for free!"  
  
As the door to our trailer closed behind me, I yelped, "I can't go over there. I don't have any pants on. I don't even have any panties on!"  
  
My mom responded, "That's okay. It's just Mr. Grover and Doctor Hefferton, and they've already seen you naked."  
  
As my mom dragged me into the street, I attempted to explain that displaying my body to the men was not okay with me. Unfortunately, I couldn't put up much of a fight because I was too busy trying to pull my shirt down and cover my pussy. Then I spied those neighborhood boys riding their bikes down the street. I figured it was better to be half naked in Mrs. Grover's trailer than to be half naked in front of the boys. We hurried into the Grover's mobile home, but I soon learned that when I'm in public with Doctor Hefferton, hiding my nude body is not an option!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 11**  
When my mother and I arrived at the Grover's mobile home, Mrs. Grover graciously greeted us at the door and ushered us into the kitchen. Mr. Grover and Doctor Hefferton were seated at the kitchen table and as I entered the room, their eyes became glued to my short T-shirt. Since I was naked underneath the shirt, I held it down in an attempt to hide my light brown bush from the men. I took a seat at the table with the men, but my hands were in my lap as I continued tugging on my short T-shirt.  
  
Doctor Hefferton pointed to my hands and asked, "What are you trying to hide down there, Amy?"  
  
I began to blush and Mr. Grover added, "You don't have to be embarrassed around us. After all, we've already seen you naked."  
  
That statement made my face turn crimson red, but I was really mortified when Mrs. Grover said, "I heard you had quite a day yesterday. You were naked in a convenience store and naked in a crowded parking lot. Then you went for a nude car ride and ended up in front of your own trailer without any clothes on. That would have been too much nudity for me...and I'm a girl that likes showing off! Since you're terrified of being naked in public, it must have been pretty horrific for you."  
  
I said, "It was extremely horrific!"  
  
Doctor Hefferton commented, "And I heard you had another one of your naked-in-pubic nightmares, too."  
  
I started to say, "Yeah...no thanks to you," but my mom jumped in and said, "Yes she did and this time she ended up masturbating until she gave herself an orgasm. It was so cute watching Amy push her finger in and out of her little pussy. Her T-shirt was up over her breasts and her panties were down around her ankles, and she was just going to town on that little beaver of hers. Amy was even pulling on her nipples while she masturbated."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Oh Amy, it sounds like you were just adorable! I wish I could have been there to see it."  
  
The expressions on the men's faces showed that they wished they could have seen it, too, which really embarrassed me.  
  
Feeling humiliated, I covered my face and mumbled, "Can't I have any secrets?"  
  
Mr. Grover laughed and answered, "Not when you’re naked in public!"  
  
Sensing my discomfort, Mrs. Grover diverted, "Well, enough about Amy. We should get started on your hair, Debra."  
  
My mom said, "Okay," and then she stepped in front of the kitchen sink.  
  
Mrs. Grover asked, "Do you need another beer Doctor Hefferton?"  
  
Doctor Hefferton replied, "Yes I could use one, and please call me Bob."  
  
Mrs. Grover opened the refrigerator and bent over to grab a beer from the bottom shelf. When she bent over, her short T-shirt rode up and the men could see that fabulous toned ass of hers. Mrs. Grover was still wearing her G-string, but the string got swallowed up inside her butt crack so it appeared as if she wasn't wearing any panties at all. I couldn't believe that Mrs. Grover had just met Doctor Hefferton a few minutes ago and she was already displaying her nearly naked ass to him!  
  
My mom was leaning over the kitchen sink and Mrs. Grover bent over to wash my mom's hair. It was easy to see my mom's bare butt through the super sheer material of her nightgown, and once again Mrs. Grover's nearly naked ass was showing, too. Everyone appeared to loosen up as the beer continued to flow and Doctor Hefferton began comparing the women's butts.  
  
That prompted Mr. Grover to declare, "My wife has the best butt in the trailer park," and then he hooked his finger around his wife's G-string and pulled it down.  
  
Mrs. Grover yelled, "Dennis! Stop that," and then she bent down to pull her panties up.  
  
She bent over with her legs straight and pointed her bare ass right at the men, which they thoroughly enjoyed. Then she pulled the G-string up and went back to washing my mom's hair. As Mrs. Grover bent over the sink, Doctor Hefferton motioned for Mr. Grover to pull the G-string down again. He obliged, but this time Mrs. Grover didn't pull her panties back up.  
  
Mrs. Grover simply scooped the tiny G-string up with her toe and said, "If you want my G-string so bad, then you can have it," and then she kicked the G-string in Doctor Hefferton's direction.  
  
The men laughed as Mrs. Grover returned to the sink. Then she bent over to rinse my mother's hair, but when her short T-shirt rode up this time, her totally bare butt was put on view for the men to enjoy. Mr. Grover appeared proud of his wife's fine ass while Doctor Hefferton carefully studied every inch of it. Then Mrs. Grover finished washing my mom's hair and the two women stepped over to a tall bar stool positioned next to the kitchen table.  
  
As my mom stood in front of the bar stool, the sunlight from the window shined right through her see-through nightgown. The veil-thin material of the gown practically provided the men with an unobstructed view of my mom's full firm breasts and neatly-trimmed bush. It was obvious that the men were gawking at my mom's state of undress, but she just stood there and boldly let them look.  
  
Mrs. Grover spread her hair tools out across the kitchen table, and then my mom finally took a seat on the tall bar stool. When Mrs. Grover reached up to begin trimming my mother's hair, her short T-shirt rode up with her arms. The men, especially Doctor Hefferton, were on the edge of their seats anticipating the moment when Mrs. Grover would have to reach all the way up, forcing her to expose her pussy to the men.  
  
Little by little Mrs. Grover's hands climbed upward as she snipped my mother's hair. The hem of her short T-shirt slowly followed as it rose up higher and higher in front of her. Mrs. Grover was well aware of what was about to happen and she couldn't help smiling about it. Then Mrs. Grover finally reached all the way up to cut the top of my mother's hair causing her T-shirt to lift up above her pussy.  
  
Doctor Hefferton gasped when he saw Mrs. Grover's pretty pussy. I guess he didn't expect to see such a smooth clean-shaven pussy. Doctor Hefferton almost looked shocked by the sight of her bald beaver. Mrs. Grover chuckled when she saw Doctor Hefferton's eyes popping out of his head and it distracted her so much that she dropped her comb.  
  
Before Mrs. Grover bent over to retrieve the comb, she made sure her legs were slightly spread apart. Then she slowly bent over with her legs straight. Mrs. Grover had to bend over so far that her pretty pink pussy lips were visible from behind. Mrs. Grover remained in that position for a while, giving the men a nice long look at her bare ass and silky smooth snatch. Then she stood up and looked over her shoulder. Mrs. Grover flashed a big smile at the men before moving next to my mom and finishing her hair.  
  
As my mom stood up to leave the chair, the front door opened and Mrs. Grover's sister entered. Unfortunately for me, her sister was followed by her husband and son.  
  
I muttered, "Oh great...there's more men here to look at me."  
  
Doctor Hefferton leaned over and said, "You should embrace this moment. It's good therapy for you."  
  
I wanted to tell Doctor Hefferton where he could shove his therapy, but I bit my tongue and concentrated on holding my short T-shirt down to protect my bare pussy.  
  
Mrs. Grover introduced the new arrivals as Bill and Linda Parker, and their son's name was Brian. My mom reached out and shook the man's hand, as if it was no big deal to meet someone for the first time while wearing a see-through nightgown. My mom shook the man's hand so hard that the spaghetti strap on her nightgown slid down her arm and one of her boobs popped out right in front of them. My mom even acted as if she didn't realize her boob was exposed as she continued shaking the man's hand, causing her firm breast to bounce in the process.  
  
Mrs. Grover finally said, "Debra, your tit's showing," and then she reached out and pushed my mom's strap back up.  
  
My mom faked embarrassment, but I knew for a fact that she was just showing off for the handsome man. Mr. Parker acted mature as he only glanced casually at my mom's figure, but Brian outright gawked at my mom's nearly naked body. The boy couldn't take his eyes off my mom as he stared intensely at her titties, hoping they would fall out of her flimsy top again.  
  
Mrs. Parker finally slapped Brian on the side of the head and said, "It's not polite to stare, Brian!"  
  
As Brian turned away in shame, my mom said, "I'm so sorry, Linda. If I'd have known you were bringing your son, I would have worn something more appropriate. Maybe I should put something else on."  
  
Mrs. Parker replied, "No, that's okay. I just don't understand why eighteen year old boys are so obsessed with naked women."  
  
Mr. Grover laughed and said, "Yeah...eighteen year old boys are the only ones obsessed with naked women," and then the rest of the men laughed, too.  
  
As Mr. Parker sat down in the last available kitchen chair, my mom said, "Brian, I have an eighteen year old daughter," and then she turned to me and said, "Amy, come over here and meet Brian."  
  
I shrieked, "Come over there! Mom, you know I don't have any pants on!"  
  
Brian excitedly said, "She doesn't have any pants on?"  
  
My mom smiled and replied, "No, and she doesn't have any panties on either. In fact she's not wearing anything under the little T-shirt she has on so try not to stare at her. She gets embarrassed easily."  
  
Brian's could barely contain himself as he said, "Wow...she's naked under her T-shirt! I mean...um, no, I won't stare, I promise."  
  
Then my mom demanded, "Come on Amy. We're waiting."  
  
I asked, "Do I have to?"  
  
Mrs. Parker said, "There's no point in humiliating the young girl," but my mom countered, "She's not going to be rude and defy me like this. I'll drag her over here if I have to."  
  
When it appeared that my mom was becoming angry with me, I gave in and went over to meet Brian. I nervously stood up and carefully held the front of my shirt down with my left hand while I shook the boys hand with my right. I could feel the cool breeze against my bare butt and I blushed because the men seated behind me had a clear view of my bare ass.  
  
Mrs. Parker said, "Well look at her. She's cute, isn't she Brian?"  
  
Brian mumbled, "Very cute," but I don't think he even looked at my face.  
  
Then I heard Mr. Parker say, "Like mother, like daughter," in reference to my bare behind.  
  
It really embarrassed me so I quickly sat back down in my chair.  
  
Mrs. Parker told Brian, "I know how you hate watching women get their hair done, so you can sit in the living room and watch TV."  
  
Brian replied, "No, that's okay. I don't mind waiting in the kitchen."  
  
Mrs. Parker joked, "You don't mind waiting in the kitchen because Amy's in there, right?"  
  
Brian didn't respond to his mother. He just smiled at me, which made my face turn an even darker shade of red.  
  
My mom looked around the kitchen and said, "There's no chairs left."  
  
Doctor Hefferton said, "That's okay. You can sit right here," and then he pulled my partially dressed mom down on his lap.  
  
Then my mom asked, "But where will Brian sit?"  
  
Brian replied, "Don't worry about me. I'll sit right here on the floor."  
  
Brian knew exactly what he was doing when he took a seat on the floor next to me. The adults in the room were well aware the boy's intentions, too. They could see that Brian had positioned himself perfectly so that he was eye-level to my pussy. It made me feel uncomfortable because I had to be very careful about keeping my pussy hair covered. Doctor Hefferton and my mom sensed my discomfort with the situation, but all they did was smile at me as they opened a couple cans of beer.  
  
Luckily, Mrs. Parker wanted to be the next girl to get her hair done, but I got really nervous when I thought about how I would have to stand up in front of Brian. He was sitting on the floor and he knew that I didn't have anything on underneath my super short T-shirt. Brian was tall and cute, and he was obviously an athlete because of his muscular build. However, that didn't mean I wanted to jump up and flash my naked body at him.  
  
Brian knew that he would be able to see everything I had to offer when I stood up and he couldn't wait for that moment to arrive. Since I was bottomless, there was no way I would be able to hide my butt and bush from the boy, and he kept smiling in my direction to let me know that he was paying close attention to my predicament. I nervously smiled back at Brian, which seemed to excite him even more. The tension between us was growing stronger by the minute because we both knew that I was going to be forced to flash my naked body for him very soon!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 12**  
Mrs. Parker stepped up to the sink and asked, "Gloria, do you have a smock or something I can put on over my dress?"  
  
Mrs. Grover chuckled and said, "Nope."  
  
Mrs. Parker said, "Well what am I supposed to do? I don't want to mess up my dress."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "I guess you'll just have to take it off," and then she proceeded to unzip Mrs. Parker's short sundress as the men cheered.  
  
Mrs. Parker put her hands over her breasts to keep her dress from falling off and then she said to the men, "I'm not stripping for you perverts...and hell, I just met Bob. Sure, if I had a body like Gloria's I'd consider it, but not with my body!"  
  
Mrs. Parker was about ten years older than her sister, but she shared the same good looks. She was a little heavier than Mrs. Grover, but the weight was all in her boobs and butt. Mrs. Parker was actually very attractive so I don't know why she felt ashamed of her figure.  
  
Mr. Parker said to his wife, "Just do it, Linda. We need a thrill."  
  
Mrs. Parker reluctantly said, "Oh alright," and then she removed her hands from her breasts.  
  
Mrs. Grover proceeded to push Mrs. Parker's dress off and it fell to the floor. As Mrs. Grover picked up the dress and set it on the kitchen counter, her sister simply stood there in her underwear. Mrs. Parker had on a normal bra to harness her big boobs, but her panties were practically transparent. Her dark bush was clearly visible under the thin white material.  
  
Mrs. Parker got embarrassed when she saw all of the men staring at her so she turned around. Her panties were also transparent from behind and the men could see her slightly large, but very shapely ass right through the sheer fabric. There was even a little bit of Mrs. Parker's butt crack hanging out above the waistband of her underwear and the men were quick to point that out.  
  
Acting mischievously, Mrs. Grover turned her sister around to face the men. Then she hooked her finger inside of Mrs. Parker's panties and stretched them out so that everyone could see her pussy hair. Mrs. Parker had a nice lush patch of dark hair between her legs and Mrs. Grover made sure that everyone got a good look at it.  
  
Mrs. Grover raked her long red fingernails through her sister's pussy hair and said, "Look at that bush. Why don't you trim that forest?"  
  
Mrs. Parker countered, "Like you're perfectly trimmed down there," and then she lifted up the front of Mrs. Grover's short T-shirt.  
  
Mrs. Parker looked shocked to discover that not only was Mrs. Grover trimmed down there, her sister was actually clean shaven between her legs. Then Mrs. Grover grabbed her sister's hand and forced it down between her legs.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Smooth, huh?"  
  
Mrs. Parker said, "Yep," and then she pulled her hand away.  
  
Mr. Parker called out, "My turn to touch it," but Mrs. Parker glared at him so he quickly shut up.  
  
Then Mrs. Parker turned to Brian and said, "Don't let me catch you looking under Aunt Gloria's shirt!"  
  
Mrs. Grover, who obviously had a little too much to drink, threw a leg up on the tall barstool and said, "Yeah, Brian. Don't let me catch you looking under my shirt."  
  
Brian couldn't help looking up at his aunt. From his position on the floor, he had a clear view of her bald beaver. He could easily see his Aunt Gloria's butt crack and pretty pink pussy lips, and she just stood there letting him look. In fact, she was practically pushing her smooth snatch right into the boy's face. The men were equally as attentive to Mrs. Grover's display, especially Mr. Parker, who seemed thrilled to get a look at his sister-in-law's pussy.  
  
Doctor Hefferton said to Mr. Parker, "Your son's getting quite an education today."  
  
Mr. Parker replied, "Yep, every day's a school day, but I never had a teacher quite like Gloria," and then the men laughed.  
  
Finally, Mrs. Parker said, "That's enough, Gloria. Let's get started on my hair."  
  
When Mrs. Parker bent over the sink, her panties slipped down a little and there was even more of her butt crack showing above the waistband. However, no one was showing more butt crack than Mrs. Grover because she wasn't wearing any panties as all. Since Mrs. Grover had to bend over to wash her sister's hair, practically her entire butt was hanging out from under the short T-shirt for everyone to see. Brian appeared to be studying his Aunt Gloria's bare butt closely, which made me happy because it took his focus off of me.  
  
While Mrs. Grover washed her sister's hair, she looked down and saw how Mrs. Parker's butt crack was hanging out. Mrs. Grover decided to have a little fun and figured she'd push her sister's panties down in front of the men. Mrs. Grover placed her finger at the top of Mrs. Parker's butt and gently slid her finger down her sister's butt crack, dragging her sister's panties down with her finger.  
  
When more than two-thirds of Mrs. Parker's bare butt was showing, she called out, "Gloria, stop it!"  
  
Mrs. Grover removed her finger, but neither Mrs. Grover nor Mrs. Parker bothered to pull the panties back up. Mrs. Parker remained bent over at the sink with most of her bare ass on display for everyone to see. Mrs. Grover bent over to finish washing her sister's hair, putting plenty of flesh on display for the men to enjoy.  
  
Mrs. Parker finally pulled her panties up before she sat down on the bar stool. Once again the men were excited to watch Mrs. Grover's short T-shirt rise up in front, putting her pussy on view. Everyone had their eyes focused between Mrs. Grover's legs, including Brian and my mom.  
  
Suddenly I remembered Doctor Hefferton discussing the possibility of my mother having a lesbian affair while the doctor watched. When I saw the way my mom was smiling at the sight of Mrs. Grover's pussy, I got an instinct that my mom had found her partner. Then Mrs. Grover noticed how my mom was gazing at her pussy, so Mrs. Grover flashed a big smile at my mom. Now I was certain that the two women were going to hook up. However, I was pretty sure that it wasn't going to happen today. I figured they would wait for a more private and intimate setting.  
  
Mrs. Grover finally finished with her sister's hair, so Mrs. Parker stood up and reached for her dress.  
  
However, Mrs. Grover quickly snatched the dress away from her sister and said, "Sorry sis, only naked women are allowed in my house today!"  
  
Mrs. Parker didn't even put up a fight.  
  
She merely said, "Fine...whatever," and then she walked over and stood in front of me.  
  
Mrs. Parker, who was still glad in only her underwear, looked down at me and said, "Your turn, kid," and then she waited for me to stand up so she could sit in my chair.  
  
It was the moment everyone had been waiting for, especially Brian. I was going to have to stand up in front of the boy and I wasn't wearing anything under my short T-shirt. I was about to expose my butt and bush to a boy I'd just met, as well as all the other men in the room. Little did I know that Brian would soon be seeing more than just a quick flash of my pussy hair!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 13**  
Suddenly everyone in the room was focused on me. I felt so nervous and helpless as they all waited patiently for me to get up out of my chair. I'm sure the men were looking forward to seeing my young bare body, but then I determined that they were actually more interested in witnessing my reaction to Brian looking up between my legs. I hesitated for a moment, but then I decided that I wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of humiliating me so I boldly stood up without even touching the bottom of my super short T-shirt.  
  
With a big smile on my face, I simply walked directly to the sink and bent over so that Mrs. Grover could wash my hair. I'm sure Brian had a clear view of my butt and bush as I passed by, but I never glanced down to see his reaction. Neither Mrs. Grover nor I had panties on so when we leaned over, everybody had an unobstructed view of our bare asses.  
  
Even though I tried not to show it, I was extremely embarrassed because my T-shirt was so short that my lower back was exposed. Since I could feel the bottom of my shirt resting on my lower back, I knew that every inch of my smooth bare butt was on display for everyone to see. From Brian's position on the floor, I was afraid that he might be able to look between my legs and see my pussy lips from behind, too. Thinking about what I was showing to Brian served to heighten my level of embarrassment.  
  
Mrs. Grover spent twice as long washing my hair as she did with everyone else. It was obvious that she did it on purpose to give everybody a nice long look at my firm little butt. However, I just remained bent over and didn't say a word. I was determined to get through this ordeal without complaining.  
  
Then Mrs. Grover patted me on my bare butt and said, "All done...time to cut your hair," but she didn't take her hand off my butt.  
  
Mrs. Grover let her hand linger over my smooth bare ass. Then she let her finger slowly slide down my sensitive butt crack. As everyone watched, I stayed bent over the sink as Mrs. Grover's finger slid further and further down my butt crack. She didn't even stop when she reached my pussy. Mrs. Grover boldly split my slightly moist pussy lips with her fingertip and ran her finger back and forth a few times. Mrs. Grover was waiting for me to stop her, but I never did.  
  
Then she felt my sweet snatch getting wet from her touch so she giggled and said, "I guess we better get started on your hair...your other hair!"  
  
I climbed up into the chair and pulled my super short T-shirt down. Unfortunately, every time I let go, my T-shirt would rise up and my pussy hair would show.  
  
Mrs. Grover saw me struggling with my T-shirt and said, "Maybe you should take that shirt off so it doesn't get messed up while I cut your hair."  
  
My face lit up because I thought Mrs. Grover was going to give me a bigger shirt to wear. Unfortunately, Mrs. Grover was getting drunk from all the beer she was drinking and her real goal was to get me completely naked. When I lifted my arms and allowed her to pull my shirt off, I quickly put an arm across my chest and a hand between my legs as I waited for the bigger shirt to arrive, but it never did. Mrs. Grover simply reached up and began cutting my hair.  
  
I gulped and asked, "Aren't you going to give me another shirt?"  
  
Mrs. Grover laughed and said, "Of course not. Everyone wants to see those pretty titties of yours," and then she pulled my arm down and squeezed my breasts.  
  
I looked out and everyone was watching Mrs. Grover play with my boobies. They all had big smiles on their faces, especially Brian. When Mrs. Grover bent down and began sucking on my nipples, I became overwhelmed and tears started to roll down my cheeks."  
  
Mrs. Grover looked up and said, "Don't cry, Amy. We're just having a little fun with you."  
  
I said, "But Brian is looking at me."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "He's looking at me, too."  
  
Then I started crying harder and said, "But I'm the only one that's naked!"  
  
Mrs. Grover quickly stripped off her T-shirt and said, "No you're not. Now I'm naked, too. See? Look at the way my boobies are out there for everyone to see!"  
  
Her boobs were right in my face, so I was almost forced to take a look at them. Mrs. Grover has nice natural breasts with round rosy nipples and I was very impressed with her rack. I'm sure all the men were impressed, too, but that didn't change the way I felt. I was still self-conscious about the way Brian was staring at my naked body.  
  
I said, "Brian's still looking at me."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "You want him to look at me? I'll make sure he's looking at me!"  
  
Then Mrs. Grover walked over in front of Brian, who was still seated on the floor, and she started dancing. First she turned so that her back was to the boy. Mrs. Grover bent over, put her hands on her knees and started moving her butt back and forth, which caused her tits to bobble back and forth in front, too.  
  
As Mrs. Grover continued shaking her ass, she looked up and noticed that all the men were watching her breasts bounce around. She decided to turn up the heat so she licked the fingers on each hand and began rubbing her nipples as she danced. Once her nipples were nice and hard, she turned around and put Brian's face right between her breasts. She was bent over with her bare butt pointed up in the air as she continued rubbing her tits against her nephew's face.  
  
She started saying, "You like Aunt Gloria's breasts, don't you? You like it when I push my nipples in your mouth, don't you Brian? None of the girls at school have nice big firm titties like mine, do they Brian? Now do you want to see Aunt Gloria's pussy? I'll bet you do! I'll bet you even want to taste Aunt Gloria's nice sweet pussy lips, don't you Brian? Well, here's your chance!"  
  
Then Mrs. Grover placed her foot up on the counter next to Brian's head. She pushed her clean-shaven pussy into her nephew's face and began gyrating her hips back and forth."  
  
Then Mrs. Grover started moaning, "Use your tongue, Brian. Mmm...that's it, that's the spot. Mmm...feels so good!"  
  
As Mrs. Grover continued pushing her pussy into Brian's face, Mr. Parker turned to his wife and asked, "Do you remember when Gloria used to baby-sit for us?"  
  
Mrs. Parker replied, "I don't even want to think about it!"  
  
Finally, Mrs. Grover looked over at me and saw that I was no longer upset so she stopped dancing. She leaned over and kissed Brian on the head, and then she returned to the tall barstool where I was sitting. The adults in the room, especially the men, were worked up after watching Mrs. Grover dance, but I was actually relaxed.  
  
I was so relaxed from watching Mrs. Grover dance in the nude that I wasn't even trying to hide my girl parts from the crowd any longer. My medium sized, but full firm breasts were completely exposed for everyone to see and my legs were slightly spread apart, too. I wasn't providing a clear beaver shot to the men, but I was sure if they looked hard enough, they'd be able to see my pretty pink pussy lips peeking out from between my legs.  
  
As Mrs. Grover cut my hair, she kept rubbing her bare breasts against me. She pushed them against my back, then she'd brush them up against my face, and she even got in front of me so that our nipples rubbed up against each other. While her breasts were rubbing up against mine, I unconsciously put my hand on Mrs. Grover's bare ass. I even let my finger move around and I tickled her butt crack. Then I opened my eyes and saw everyone looking at me.  
  
My face turned red and I wanted to crawl in a hole and hide, but Mrs. Grover brushed her hand against my face and said, "It's okay...I liked it," and then she smiled at me.  
  
She eased my tension, which made it easier for me to sit there in the nude until Mrs. Grover was finish cutting my hair.  
  
Then I stood up, but Mrs. Grover said, "Wait a minute. I'm not done yet."  
  
I stop and stood there stark naked in front of all those people as I tried to figure out what she wanted to do to me. I didn't know what to expect, but I started getting nervous because I figured that whatever she planned to do to me was going to be embarrassing and humiliating!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 14**  
As I stood there without a stitch of clothing on, Mrs. Grover squatted down in front of me. She took her comb and began combing it through my light brown bush. Mrs. Grover was so gentle as she played with my pussy hair that I got chills up and down my spine. While she combed my pussy hair, she reached around with her other hand and touched my bare butt. When her fingers began tickling my sensitive butt crack, I got embarrassed because my girl juices began to flow and I was afraid Mrs. Grover would notice.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "I need to give you a trim down here."  
  
Then she continued loudly, "So you won't end up with a forest like my sister!"  
  
Mrs. Parker was sitting right behind Mrs. Grover. First she smirked at the comment, but then Mrs. Parker took the cold beer that she had just gotten out of the refrigerator and rubbed it up and down Mrs. Grover's bare butt crack.  
  
Mrs. Grover retaliated by reaching out and whipping down Mrs. Parker's panties. Then she pulled on a tuft of Mrs. Parker's dark pussy hair.  
  
Mrs. Parker yelled, "Ouch," as Mrs. Grover said, "The truth hurts, doesn’t it?"  
  
Mrs. Parker said, "No, your fingers hurt! Now give me back my panties."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "If you want them, go get them," and then she tossed them into the kitchen sink.  
  
The sink was drenched with water from everyone washing their hair in it, so the panties were now soaked. All Mrs. Parker had on was her bra. Her dark pussy hair was completely exposed for everybody to see, and Doctor Hefferton and Mr. Grover move around in front of her to get a good look. They said that normally Mrs. Parker was self-conscious about exposing herself in public, but after downing a few beers, she was much more relaxed regarding the situation.  
  
With the men positioned right in front of her, she spread her legs wide apart and said, "Knock yourselves out, boys!"  
  
The men continued standing there until Mrs. Grover took that cold can of beer and rubbed it against her sister's pussy lips.  
  
Mrs. Grover stated, "Paybacks are hell, aren't they?"  
  
Mrs. Parker replied, "Actually it felt good. Why don't you do it again?"  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Sorry sis...I've got a pussy in front of me that deserves attention," and then she took her comb and scissors and began trimming the hair between my legs.  
  
I was standing there facing everyone with Mrs. Grover bent over in front of me. Her bare ass was pointed right at the men and they never seemed to grow tired of looking at it. I blushed when I looked over and saw Brian staring at me, but I really became embarrassed when Mrs. Grover made her next request.  
  
She said, "I've gotten everything I can get in front, but now I need to get between your legs. Here, this will make it easier," and then she lifted my ankle up and placed it on the high barstool.  
  
Brian was sitting below me, so he was now staring right up at my pussy lips. I really tried not to act embarrassed, but this was truly humiliating. A boy I'd just met was looking right up at my pussy! Then Mrs. Grover made it even worse for me.  
  
She touched me between my legs and loudly said, "Wow Amy, you're really wet down here. Am I turning you on that much," as she proceeded to move her finger around between my moist pussy lips.  
  
Then she stopped and said, "It's okay, I can work around it. Now hold still...these scissors are sharp and I don't want to cut anything you might need later!"  
  
Mrs. Grover took her time between my legs. She carefully used her finger to push the hair away from my pussy lips before she began cutting and in the process, she touched my little clitty. It made my body shutter and everybody laughed.  
  
Mrs. Parker sarcastically said, "Gloria, are you going to use those scissors or are you waiting until the poor girl has an orgasm?"  
  
Mrs. Grover stood up, placed the scissors between Mrs. Parker's breasts and said, "I'm going to use the scissors!"  
  
Mrs. Parker begged, "Please don't cut my bra off...I'll be naked! I'm sorry."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Too late for apologies, sis," and with the snip of her scissors, the bra cups were cut apart.  
  
Mrs. Parker's big titties tumbled out of the bra and she was now completely naked! Mrs. Parker's face turned red as the men stood up to take a look at her big round boobs. She was embarrassed, but she went ahead and squeezed her arms together emphasizing the cleavage between her massive melons.  
  
While Mrs. Grover attended to Mrs. Parker, my leg was still up on the chair. Everyone was laughing and enjoying Mrs. Parker's predicament except for Brian. His eyes were still focused between my legs. He was staring so intently at my most private place that my face turned crimson red from embarrassment. However, I also found it arousing that the boy was studying my pussy lips and it made my girl juices flow even more.  
  
Finally Mrs. Grover returned between my legs and said, "Oh my gosh, Amy. You're really wet now. I need to clean you up," and then she used a paper towel to dry me off before she finished styling my pussy hair.  
  
When she was done, Mrs. Grover led me to the middle of the room and said, "There, that's what a well-groomed pussy looks like," and then she turned to me and said, "Spread your legs wider so they can see everything."  
  
After all I'd been through this afternoon, spreading my legs a little wider didn't bother me that much. Even when everyone came up and took a good look, I managed to contain my emotions. Mr. Grover even leaned over to get a close up view of my teenaged pussy, but I just let him look.  
  
Then Mr. Grover looked over at my mother and said, "Debra, do you know that you're the only woman left with clothes on."  
  
My mom said, "Go ahead. Strip me naked!"  
  
My mom raised her arms and Mr. Grover leaned over and grabbed the hem of her nightgown. He slowly lifted the gown until her light brown bush came into view.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "I'll need to trim that," and everyone laughed.  
  
Mr. Grover continued raising the gown until my mom's breasts were showing. Her nice pink nipples were poking out hard in front of her, so she was obviously excited. Of course, men all had bulges in their pants, too, so they were sharing in my mother's excitement. Finally Mr. Grover pulled the gown all the way up over my mother's head, so now every girl in the room was naked.  
  
Doctor Hefferton said, "Picture time!"  
  
Mr. Grover said, "I've got one right here," and then he grabbed his digital camera off the shelf and handed it to Doctor Hefferton.  
  
This made me very uncomfortable because I'd never had my picture taken naked before. However, none of the other women objected so I felt forced to participate. He pointed the camera at us as we all leaned against the kitchen counter with our arms over each other's shoulders. We were flaunting our breasts and pussies for the camera as Doctor Hefferton snapped away.  
  
Then Mr. Grover took the camera and said, "Butt shots!"  
  
We all turned around and leaned forward so that Mr. Grover could take pictures of our bare asses. Then he asked us to spread our legs further apart. I guess he wanted to be able to get shots of our pussy lips from behind. The girls and I looked over our shoulders and smiled as Mr. Grover took intimate pictures of our backside.  
  
Then my mom and Mrs. Parker figured he had enough pictures of us, but Mrs. Grover agreed to pose for a few more. Mr. Grover snapped off some pictures of Mrs. Grover touching my bare butt crack with her fingertip. Then he took some pictures of Mrs. Grover and I pulling on each other's nipples. The photo shoot ended with Mrs. Grover and I touching each other's pussies as our nipples poked out hard and proud.  
  
I rubbed my fingers around on Mrs. Grover’s soft smooth snatch and I even ran my finger up and down her bald beaver. It appeared that she was enjoying my gentle touch because she was very wet. Then she figured that since I was openly touching her so intimately, she had the green light to do the same to me.  
  
Mr. Grover must have snapped a hundred pictures of us as Mrs. Grover played with my pussy. She even had me sit up on the kitchen counter and spread my legs. This provided Mr. Grover with an excellent photo opportunity as he took close-ups of my neatly-trimmed bush and pretty pink pussy lips.  
  
For the final photos, Mrs. Grover actually inserted her finger into my young tight pussy. She moved it around inside of me and it felt really good. Then, just as the feeling was beginning to build inside of me, Mrs. Grover pulled her finger out.  
  
She said, "That's enough pictures for today because I'm getting hungry. Let's order some pizza."  
  
Then Mrs. Grover saw the look of disappointment on my face and she whispered, "Don't worry, Amy. I'll finish you off later!"  
  
That made me smile, but then Doctor Hefferton handed me some money and said, "Here Amy. I want you to pay for the pizza when the man comes."  
  
Suddenly I felt self-conscious again as I said, "Answer the door for the pizza man! Have you forgotten that I'm naked?"  
  
Doctor Grover just winked at me and said, "Consider this some more of your therapy."  
  
This naked therapy thing was really getting old, but I guess I was going to have to get used to it because it looked like the doctor planned to keep me naked for a long time!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 15**  
It had been quite a day for me so far. I didn't get out of bed until noon only to find my mother and Doctor Hefferton outside drinking beer with our neighbors, Dennis and Gloria Grover. My mom didn't wake up long before I did and she must have ventured outside as soon as she woke up because she was still dressed in her nightgown.  
  
My mother was wearing a see-through nightgown with spaghetti straps and a plunging neckline. The gown went all the way down to her knees, but the veil-thin material didn't hide anything. Her pink nipples, firm butt and hairy triangle were easy to see, especially when sunlight shined through the gauzy material.  
  
Mrs. Grover wasn't dressed much better. She was wearing a white cotton T-shirt with "Bad Girl" written across the front of it. The shirt stopped right at her crotch so I didn't know what she had on under it. Then a car went by and blew her short T-shirt up revealing a tiny black G-string underneath.  
  
When I saw the two scantly clad women out in front of our mobile home drinking beer and revealing their bodies to the neighborhood, I thought to myself, "They give trailer park girls a bad name!"  
  
Moments later I was forced to join them. Without warning, my mom dragged me over to the Grover's trailer because Mrs. Grover is a hair stylist and agreed to cut our hair for free. Unfortunately, all I was wearing at the time was a super short T-shirt. My pert nipples were poking out in front of my pale blue shirt while my bare butt and pussy hair hung out below.  
  
It was a strange turn of events. One minute I was inside our trailer condemning my mother and our neighbor for being outside while wearing next to nothing. The next minute I was outside with them and I was wearing less than they were. I was really embarrassed because Mr. Grover and Doctor Hefferton were blatantly trying to get a peek up my T-shirt and I was naked underneath it! The two men are in their forties and I'm only eighteen years old, so I felt very self-conscious as I struggled to hide my bare ass and light brown bush from the men.  
  
Hiding my body from them was no easy task. When I pulled my short T-shirt down in front to hide my pussy hair from the men, my shirt would ride up in back, putting my smooth firm butt on display for the men to look at. When I pulled the T-shirt down in back to cover my bare ass, the shirt would rise up in front, exposing my hairy triangle to Mr. Grover and Doctor Hefferton.  
  
My humiliation didn't end there. A short time later Mrs. Grover's sister showed up to get her hair done, too. Much to my dismay, she was accompanied by her husband and her eighteen year old son. Now there were four men trying to get a look at my bare body!  
  
I'm terrified of being seen in public without my clothes on, so much so that I have nightmares about it. That's why Doctor Hefferton keeps hanging around. He convinced my mother that if I expose myself in public, it will cure me of these nightmares. However, I think it's just a ploy for him to see me naked. In fact, I don't even believe he's a real doctor. Unfortunately, my mother is sleeping with the man so she forces me to follow all of his instructions without question. That's why I keep ending up naked in public and today was no different.  
  
As the afternoon wore on, my mother, Mrs. Grover and her sister, Linda Parker, downed several beers. With each beer, the women became a little less inhibited and soon their clothing began to fall. I'm too young to drink alcohol so I was very uptight about losing my clothes, yet I was still expected to strip with the rest of the women. Before long I was naked and the men took full advantage of the situation.  
  
Mrs. Parker is thirty-nine, my mom is thirty-four and Mrs. Grover is thirty, and all of the women are attractive. Mrs. Grover and my mom have great bodies while Mrs. Parker is slightly overweight. However, the weight is all in Mrs. Parker's big boobs and round shapely butt, so she is a pleasure to look at.  
  
The men were very lucky to have such a good looking group of women disrobe in front of them. However, my tight eighteen year old body seemed to be the focal point of the men. I was very self-conscious about allowing the men to stare at me in the nude and the situation kept getting worse.  
  
After we finished getting our hair done, the inebriated women and I were asked to pose for group pictures. The women appeared to enjoy flaunting their naked bodies in front of the men, but I felt totally humiliated. Somehow I was duped into posing for individual pictures, which were very up-close and personal. When the photo session finally ended, everyone was hungry so we ordered pizzas.  
  
Then Doctor Hefferton handed me money and said, "Here...go wait for the pizza man."  
  
I shrieked, "Wait for the pizza man? You've got to be kidding. I'm stark naked! How will I be able to answer the door?"  
  
My mom commanded, "Don't argue young lady. Do what the doctor asks!"  
  
Brian, who is Mrs. Parker's eighteen year old son, stepped up and said, "I can answer the door for her."  
  
Brian's mom, who was stark naked herself, stepped in front of the boy and said, "Don't interfere. They have a reason for making her answer the door."  
  
Brian countered, "But she doesn't have any clothes on."  
  
Mrs. Parker said, "We're all aware of that. We know you're aware of that, too. You've been carefully studying her bare body all afternoon. You must have her pussy lips memorized by now!"  
  
Brian was speechless as his face turned red, and then he turned to me and stammered, "I'm sorry...I didn't mean to look...I mean..."  
  
I innocently smiled at him and said, "It's okay, I'll answer the door. Thanks for trying to come to my rescue," and then I reluctantly went into the living room and took a seat on the couch.  
  
Brian followed me into the living room and took a seat on the couch next to me. I'd never been on a date before and Brian wasn't much of a talker so it was very awkward as we sat there in silence. I was mortified and I didn't know how to act, and neither did Brian.  
  
Brian tried not to outright stare at me, but who could blame him? I'm a cute teenaged girl and I was totally nude right beside him. My perky breasts, pretty pink nipples and neatly trimmed hairy triangle were completely exposed for his viewing pleasure and there was no way for me to stop him from taking it all in.  
  
As I nervously played with the money, I accidentally dropped a quarter. It landed on the couch and rolled right under my pussy. I looked around on the floor in front of me because I didn't see where it landed, but I couldn't find it.  
  
Brian noticed that I couldn't find the quarter and said, "I saw where it went. Let me get it for you."  
  
Without thinking about the consequences, he reached between my legs and search for the quarter. I could now feel the quarter under my butt crack, but it was too late to stop Brian. He kept fishing around down there and tickling my sensitive butt crack until he finally located the quarter. Then he slowly pulled it out and as he did, he slid his finger up between my moist pussy lips. Brian even made contact with my love button, which caused me to squirm a little.  
  
Then he looked embarrassed and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to touch your...you know..."  
  
I smiled and said, "It's okay. It was an accident," even though we both knew he used the situation as an excuse to touch me down there.  
  
Then we ingenuously sat back on the couch in silence as both of our faces turned red with embarrassment.  
  
Brian finally broke the silence and asked, "So, are you naked in public often," and then he cringed after realizing how stupid his question was, but I answered, "Lately, yes."  
  
He asked, "Do you like it?"  
  
I replied, "Hell no, it sucks!"  
  
He asked, "Then why do you do it?"  
  
Before I could explain it to him, Mrs. Grover pranced into the room and said, "Picture time!"  
  
I screeched, "Please...no more pictures!"  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Oh, come on Amy. You look so cute sitting there all naked and everything!"  
  
Mrs. Grover had the camera in her hand and asked Brian to put his arm around me. We both felt very uncomfortable as Mrs. Grover snapped away on the camera, but I was really embarrassed because I was totally nude while Brian was fully clothed. Mrs. Grover even took some pictures with Brian's head against my breasts, and then she took a few shots with his hand on my bare thigh with my legs slightly spread apart, exposing my neatly trimmed bush for the camera.  
  
With the camera right in our faces, Brian reached around and he was touching the side of my pretty titty while his other hand began making its way up my bare thigh. Mrs. Grover continued taking pictures as Brian's hand crept closer and closer to my fully exposed pussy. Luckily, Mrs. Grover proclaimed that she had enough shots just as Brian was about to make contact with my neatly trimmed bush.  
  
I was relieved as Mrs. Grover started walking away until she looked at the pictures in the camera viewfinder and said, "These are some great shots. Brian, your friends will love looking at these pictures!"  
  
My heart started racing as I thought about all of the teenaged boys that would see those pictures, but Brian said, "Don't worry. I won't show them to anyone."  
  
I felt a little relieved because Brian seemed so genuine, yet I knew that a teenaged boy could not be trusted with naked photos of a girl, so I remained on edge. Then the doorbell rang and the pizza man had arrived.  
  
I stood up, took a deep breath, and then I nervously said, "I guess it's show time," as I headed for the front door.  
  
It had been a strange afternoon so far, and yet another unexpected surprise was waiting for me on the other side of the door!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 16**  
When the pizza delivery boy arrived, I was the one appointed to answer the door even though I was stark naked. Brian remained seated on the couch and the adults hid in the kitchen as I nervously approached the front door. I was so tense that my hand was shaking, but I managed to open the door anyway.  
  
Everyone was expecting me to be totally humiliated when I answered the door, but much to my surprise, the pizza delivery boy wasn't a boy at all. It was a girl delivering the pizza! I was still very embarrassed because I knew the girl. Her name was April and she went to my high school.  
  
April used to belong to Tiffany's cheerleading squad...the squad that loves to bully me! However, she was forced to quit the squad when her mom and dad lost their jobs and the family fell on hard times. The bullying I received from the cheerleading squad was probably partially to blame for my naked-in-public nightmares, so it was a little unnerving to stand before April in the nude.  
  
After I opened the door, April said, "Here's your pizzas," and then she looked down at my naked body, giggled and asked, "Is it wash day or are you trying to impress that cute boy over there?"  
  
I blushed and set the pizzas on the coffee table as April took a closer look at Brian and added, "I wouldn't mind stripping for the boy myself," and then she teased Brian by winking at him, which really got his attention.  
  
April is an eighteen year old senior in high school, just like Brian and I, and she stands about five foot eight with a perfect cheerleader body. The flirty blonde was wearing a tight T-shirt with the pizza restaurant’s logo on it, and she was also wearing a pair of equally tight sweatpants. The sweatpants were rolled down so low at the waist that her pussy hair was ready to show in front, and her bare midriff T-shirt left her flat tummy and belly-button exposed.  
  
I said, "I guess you're going to report this incident back to Tiffany so she can make fun of me over it."  
  
April replied, "Nope. They turned on me in the blink of an eye when I quit the squad. Now I'm the target of their abuse!"  
  
April looked at me remorsefully and continued, "Since I now know what it feels like to be on the other side of the fence, I'm trying to make amends to the people I was mean to while I was part of the cheerleader clique," and then she put her arm around me and patted me on my bare ass.  
  
Brian asked, "What kind of mean things did you do to Amy?"  
  
April replied, "Amy used to hate it when we pretended to be lesbians while showering after gym class."  
  
Brian anxiously asked, "What exactly did you do?"  
  
April gave me a mischievous smile and said, "We would lather up our breasts and rub them all over Amy's naked body," and then she demonstrated by rubbing up against me.  
  
April continued, "Then we would caress parts of her body with our soft soapy hands."  
  
Brian excitedly asked, "What parts of her body?"  
  
April grinned at me and said, "We would start with her breasts," and then April reached out and began massaging my bare boobies.  
  
April was very thorough as she took a full firm breast in each hand and softly squeezed them. Then April licked her fingers and made gentle circles with her fingertips over my pretty pink nipples until they were nice and hard. She even tweaked them and pulled on them a little before sliding her hand down the front of my bare body. I became very nervous as her hands approached my hairy triangle, but then April paused for a moment.  
  
She turned to Brian and asked, "Do you want to see what we did next?"  
  
Brian almost jumped out of his seat as he yelped, "Yes...please show me more!"  
  
April said, "Okay," and then April stood by my side with her back to the kitchen.  
  
April slid one hand down the front of me and one hand down my back. When April's fingers got down between my legs, she teased my pussy hair with her delicate fingertips. As April combed her fingernails through my light brown bush, she softly ran her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt crack, which made me tingle all over.  
  
Then April looked at my hairy triangle and said, "I don't remember your pleasure patch being so nicely trimmed," which probably made Mrs. Grover happy because she was the one that trimmed my pussy hair.  
  
I replied, "I don't remember you wearing clothes in the shower," and then I hooked my finger inside the waistband of her sweatpants and pushed them down her backside.  
  
April looked up at me and said, "Amy, that wasn't very nice," but she didn't bother to pull her pants up.  
  
I couldn't believe it. April's sweatpants were two-thirds of the way down her butt and she wasn't wearing underwear! April thought that she was showing off for Brian, but her smooth firm ass was also put on view for the adults in the kitchen, too.  
  
It appeared as though April was going to reach between my legs and touch my pussy lips, but much to Brian's disappointment, April suddenly stopped, stood up and said, "That's the mean stuff we used to do to Amy."  
  
April was still standing next to me with her hand on my bare ass. I reciprocated by putting my hand on the exposed portion of her butt, and I even let my fingertip linger over her bare butt crack. Brian was probably hoping that I would pushed her pants down even further because her pussy hair was still hidden in front, but this whole experience was so new to me that I didn't want to be too aggressive.  
  
At that moment, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Parker and my mom came into the room, and the intoxicated ladies were still naked. April was shocked when she saw the group of nude women, but April's hand remained on my smooth butt cheek.  
  
April laughed and said, "Whoa, what is this...a nudist colony?"  
  
Mrs. Grover replied, "I'm a Hair Stylist and I'll cut your hair for free if you strip naked!"  
  
I expected April to turn and run out the door. However, April paused for a moment as if she was considering the proposition.  
  
Finally April said, "Well, our family is hurting for money and I could use a trim."  
  
Then April smiled at Brian and really got him excited because he thought that he was about to see the beautiful blonde in the nude, but then April added, "Unfortunately I'll have to take a rain check because I have more pizzas to deliver."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "If you change your mind...I'm open all night!"  
  
Then Mrs. Grover noticed that April was rubbing her hand up and down my bare butt cheek, so she grabbed her camera and said, "How about a picture with your friend?"  
  
I tried to object, but April said, "Sure!"  
  
April put her arm around me, grabbed my exposed breast from the other side and said, "How's this?"  
  
Mrs. Grover replied, "Perfect," and snapped a few shots."  
  
It was really embarrassing for me because April softly caressed my nipple with her fingertip and it made both of my nipples hard. April knew exactly what she was doing to me and I was mortified because everyone could see that the girl was getting me excited. They also thought it was cute the way I just stood there innocently and let April play with my nipple. The women could all tell that I didn't quite know how to respond to April's gentle touch and they were getting a kick out of it.  
  
Then Mrs. Grover called out, "How about some skin?"  
  
Without any hesitation at all, April lifted her shirt exposing her bra-covered breast and said, "Like this?"  
  
Mrs. Grover answered, "Yes...that's great," and then she snapped off a few more shots."  
  
Mrs. Grover asked, "Now, can you give me even more skin?"  
  
April paused for a moment and looked over at Brian. He was on the edge of his seat because he wanted to see more of the perky blonde. When April saw how excited the boy was, she winked at him, and then she turned back to the camera and lifted her bra up so that her left breast was fully exposed.  
  
April's breast was perfect. It was big, natural and had the cutest pink nipple I'd ever seen. From the expression on Brian's face, it was the cutest nipple he'd ever seen, too. April was also showing a few very fine blonde pussy hairs above the waistband of her sweatpants, but she didn't seem to mind at all.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "With big smiles," so April and I smiled big for the camera as Mrs. Grover snapped away.  
  
Then Mrs. Grover asked, "How about a shot from the back?"  
  
April and I smiled at each other and turned around. As April got ready to pose, she pulled her bra and shirt back down over her exposed breast, but almost all of her smooth bare butt was still showing behind her. We posed while smiling over our shoulders, and then we posed by looking into one another's eyes with our hands on each other's bare ass.  
  
Mrs. Grover tried to take things even further by asking April to pull her pants all the way down, but April simply blushed and said, "I really have to get back to work."  
  
My mom went into the kitchen, came out with a ten dollar bill and said, "You deserve a bigger tip for that performance!"  
  
April took the money and said, "Thanks," and then she squeezed my bare butt as she kissed me on the lips right in front of everybody.  
  
Finally April smiled at me and said, "I'll see you later!"  
  
April hurried out the door, leaving me behind to face the women and explain what it felt like to get groped by another girl. I was embarrassed beyond belief, but I had to admit that the experience was pretty exciting. Then we divided up the pizza and started eating. Little did I know that once the pizza was gone, the women would find a way to take my humiliating day of sexual awakening to yet another level!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 17**  
Brian and I innocently ate our pizza together even though he was fully clothed while I was completely naked. As I ate my pizza, I wished that I had a shirt or something to hide my perky breasts and soft pussy hair from his view. I was envious of Brian because he was able to sit there so confidently in his T-shirt and jeans while I was forced to sit next to him in the nude. However, it was also quite intoxicating knowing that the boy was getting excited from viewing all of my womanly charms.  
  
Eventually Brian couldn't hold back any longer and he leaned over to give me my first kiss. I'd never kissed a boy before, but I loved the way his wet lips were all over mine. Then he pushed his tongue inside my mouth and I responded by thrusting my bare body up against him.  
  
As Brian wrapped his arms around me in a passionate embrace, my mom killed the mood by suddenly entering the room and declaring, "I want to talk to the two of you!"  
  
Brian and I jolted back to our own sides of the couch as if we'd just been caught going all the way. Then my mom, who was still completely naked, shocked Brian by taking a seat on the edge of the coffee table right in front of him. Her legs were spread apart far enough to expose her pink pussy lips to the boy. Brian looked both excited and terrified at the same time.  
  
My mom demanded, "I'd better not catch you two having sex. You're both too young!"  
  
Mrs. Parker, who was also naked, came up behind my mom and added, "Yeah...I'm not ready to be a grandmother."  
  
I interrupted, "You’re forcing me to parade around nude in front of a boy I just met, yet you're going to reprimand me for giving him a kiss? That's pretty hypocritical!"  
  
My mom responded, "Regardless, if his snake gets anywhere near your pussy, then you'll feel a wrath like you've never felt before."  
  
Brian couldn't help watching my mom's bare breasts jiggle as she scolded us. He was almost in a trance as he stared at my mother's nice firm melons and round rosy nipples.  
  
Then Brian snapped out of it when his mother added, "That goes for you, too, Brian!"  
  
Mrs. Parker put her arms on my mom's shoulders and leaned forward to show us that they were a united front. However, the way Brian's mom pushed her bare breasts up against my mother's back was more of a distraction than an emphasis of their message. While Mrs. Parker massaged my mom's back with her big boobs, my mother reached up and held Mrs. Parker's hands. Once the naked women realized that their actions contradicted the message they were trying to convey, the ladies got up and headed into the kitchen.  
  
As we watched the women's bare asses leave the room, Brian turned to me and asked, "Was your mom mad or was she just trying to show off in front of me?"  
  
I giggled and replied, "Everyone is so drunk, it's hard to tell what they're thinking."  
  
Then Brian's aunt walked in and sat down on the coffee table directly in front of Brian. Just like the other ladies, Mrs. Grover was inebriated and stark naked. Her legs were spread apart much wider than my mom's were, so her sweet shaved snatch was fully exposed to Brian and I. Mrs. Grover also made no attempt to hide her pretty titties from Brian's view.  
  
Brian's aunt is only twelve years older than Brian and she actually looks younger than she really is. Mrs. Grover has a terrific body and she is also a beautician, so she knows how to make herself look good. Therefore, Brian was thrilled that his aunt was providing him with an uninhibited viewing of her nude figure.  
  
As she flaunted her nakedness in front of us, Mrs. Grover said, "Don't worry about what your mothers said. You two can have plenty of fun without playing Hide-the-Sausage! Here, let me show you," and then she reached out and yanked Brian's jeans open.  
  
Brian tried to push her hands away as he yelped, "Aunt Gloria, what are you doing?"  
  
Mrs. Grover replied, "Just sit back and relax," and then she proceeded to pull Brian's pants down right in front of me.  
  
Brian's penis was sticking out like a soldier standing at attention and it was finally Brian's turn to be embarrassed.  
  
Mrs. Grover turned to me and asked, "See how hard it is?"  
  
I giggled and replied, "Um...yes."  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Come down here and get a closer look. See how Brian's so excited that it's actually throbbing?"  
  
Brian was dying of humiliation as Mrs. Grover and I leaned over until our faces were right next to his hard penis. I was so close to his manhood that I was sure he could feel my breath on his love muscle when I exhaled. I'd never been this close to a boy's hard member before so I carefully inspected his erection while Brian just sat there with a crimson red face.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Do you want to touch it?"  
  
I blushed and asked, "Touch it? Touch his thingy?"  
  
Mrs. Grover laughed and said, "Well, actually it’s called a cock, dick, prick, whatever...but yes, do you want to touch it?"   
  
I smiled and replied, "Sure," and then Brian's hard penis began to twitch from excitement.  
  
I put my hand out and started gently petting his rigid rocket like I would pet a dog. Then Brian began squirming on the couch so I thought I was doing something wrong. I decided to try using just one finger to gently tickle the shaft of his penis, but Brian didn't seem to like that either.  
  
Brian said, "Amy, you're driving me crazy!"  
  
Mrs. Grover pushed my hand away and said, "No Amy, not like that. All you're doing is teasing the poor boy. You need to use some hand lotion like I have over here," and then she reached across to grab a bottle off the end table next to me.  
  
I don't know if she intended to do it, but when Mrs. Grover reached for the lotion, her breast ended up right in my face. Then Mrs. Grover brushed her firm globe up against me and she managed to push her nipple right into my mouth. Mrs. Grover paused for a moment with her precious pink nipple pressed against my lips, as if I was supposed to do something. However, when I didn't respond, she took the lotion and returned to the coffee table.  
  
Mrs. Grover squeezed a little lotion into the palm of her hand and said, "Now apply the lotion to his manhood," and then she wrapped her soft slippery hand around Brian's throbbing erection.  
  
Brian complained, "This is so embarrassing," but his aunt countered, "Quit complaining. You know you like it," and then she began moving her hand up and down the boy's rigid rocket.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "Wow Brian, the girls and I must have really tormented you today with all our nudity because you're really hard," as she continued stroking Brian's erection.  
  
Brian moaned, "That feels really good," as he looked down between my legs.  
  
My legs were close together, but there was still plenty of light brown pussy hair showing. Then Mrs. Grover put her free hand between my legs and forced them apart. As she continued stroking Brian's hard penis, Mrs. Grover softly rubbed a fingertip from her other hand up and down my bare beaver. Brian's aunt managed to split my moist pink pussy lips with her fingertip and she didn't stop until she was touching my little clitty. It sent lightning bolts pulsating throughout my body!  
  
Then she pulled her hand away, pointed to my neatly trimmed bush and said, "There Brian, now you can see her pussy much better."  
  
As Mrs. Grover continued moving her fist up and down Brian's erection, he leaned over to get a better view of my young tight pussy. I obliged the boy by spreading my legs wide apart and showing him everything I had to offer.  
  
I sat and watched Mrs. Grover stroke her nephew for a short time, and then she looked at me and said, "Now I want you to try it."  
  
When Mrs. Grover released her hand from Brian's throbbing penis, he yelled out in agony, "No...no! Please don't stop. Not now...don't stop!"  
  
I quickly wrapped my hand around Brian's massive manhood, but there was no time to savor the moment. Brian needed action and he needed it right now so Mrs. Grover put her hand over mine and forced it up and down over Brian's rock hard love muscle. Moments later, he tensed up, grunted, and then I watched as Brian fired his rocket all over the couch.  
  
Mrs. Grover continued working my hand over Brian's pulsating penis as she whispered, "That's it, Brian. Let it all out."  
  
Soon Brian pushed our hands away and collapsed on the couch as if he'd just finished running a marathon. I sat there and watched as Brian struggled to catch his breath. I also watched as Brian's hard penis began to slowly deflate. It was fascinating to be this close to a boy's manhood and I was enjoying the moment.  
  
Then Mrs. Grover said, "Okay Amy, now it's your turn."  
  
My whole body tensed up because I didn't know what was going to happen next!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 18**  
Mrs. Grover was attempting to show Brian and I how to pleasure each other without actually performing sexual intercourse. We had just completed lesson one by giving Brian a much deserved orgasm after tormenting the boy all afternoon with our naked bodies. Then Mrs. Grover and I released our grip from the teenager's penis and he laid back on the couch, totally exhausted. Like Brian, I am also only eighteen years old and I tried to relax for a moment myself after watching the boy shoot streams of body fluid all over the couch.  
  
Then Brian's aunt turned to me and said, "I'll let Brian rest for a minute while I get started on you."  
  
I gulped and said, "Started on me?"  
  
Mrs. Grover replied, "Yes...there's plenty of things Brian can do to you without going all the way. Here, I'll show you by starting with your breasts."  
  
I was too mortified to move as the attractive thirty year old woman reached out and started massaging my bare boobies. Then the naked woman climbed up on top of me and began sucking on one of my nipples while she continued manipulating my other breast with her hand. I had to admit that it felt really good, but I was also very nervous because I was about to have my first real sexual experience...and it was going to be with a woman!  
  
Then Mrs. Grover began moving her lips further down as she kissed my mid-section along the way. I could also feel her firm titties gliding over my bare flesh as she dragged them down the front of me. Mrs. Grover's soft kisses made me both nervous and excited, but my nervousness intensified as she approached my tight young pussy. When Mrs. Grover finally reached my pleasure zone, she paused for a moment, lifted up off of me and began swirling her fingernail through my light brown bush.  
  
Mrs. Grover said, "I really did do a good job trimming your pussy hair, didn't I?"  
  
I replied, "Um...yeah, you sure did," as her finger continued to slide further and further down between my legs.  
  
I didn't really know what to do, so I just laid back and spread my legs apart as wide as they would go. Mrs. Grover now had easy access to my moist pussy lips, but she continued to take her time. Brian's aunt seemed to be toying with my emotions as she used her fingertip to trace around the outside edge of my sweet snatch without actually touching my pleasure place. Brian pulled his pants up and he was now fully clothed as he sat back and watched his aunt explore my bare beaver.  
  
I was embarrassed because Brian was watching his aunt play around between my legs. I was also frustrated because I needed sexual relief and Mrs. Grover was in no hurry to satisfy my needs. I tried moving my hips so that her finger would come in contact with my tender pussy lips, but she would gently tickle the pussy hairs around the outer edges of my pink lips without actually rubbing my moist pleasure zone.  
  
I even heard Mrs. Grover chuckle because she knew exactly what she was doing to me. Mrs. Grover was working my emotions into a fever pitch while refusing to fulfill the urges that were stirring inside of me. Then, just when I was ready to scream, Mrs. Grover finally split my wet pussy lips with her fingertip and began sliding it up and down my pleasure zone.  
  
Mrs. Grover looked up at me, smiled and said, "Is that what you want little girl?"  
  
I moaned, "Yes, oh yes!"  
  
Then she began making tiny circles with her fingertip on my love button and it sent chills up and down my spine. Mrs. Grover hadn't even put her finger inside of me yet and the tension was already beginning to build throughout my body. As Brian's aunt continued touching my tender clitty, she motioned for Brian to tend to my breasts. Brian eagerly leaned over and began kissing and sucking on one of my nipples, while he used his fingertip to taunt and tickle my other nipple.  
  
As the feeling continued to grow stronger inside of me, Mrs. Grover slid her finger down and slowly pushed it into my tight young pussy. My pussy was so wet that her finger slid in easily. Once her finger was deep inside of me, Mrs. Grover began working it in and out, in and out while pausing occasionally to move her fingertip around in circles.  
  
Brian was now using both hands to play with my nipples. He would roll my nipples between his fingers for a while, and then he would gently pull on them. Brian was intrigued by the way my pink nipples poked out so stiff and hard, and he was having a good time teasing and tickling them, which felt really good to me.  
  
I moaned, "Oh Brian, that feels so good."  
  
Mrs. Grover responded, "I'll bet it doesn't feel as good as this," and then she moved her head down between my legs.  
  
Mrs. Grover began licking my love button while continuing to thrust her finger in and out of my pussy and it felt so good that I called out, "Oh my gosh, that's feels incredible!"  
  
Brian was still teasing and tickling my tender nipples as his aunt wiggled her tongue around over my little clitty. As if I needed more stimulation, Mrs. Grover reached underneath me and began sliding her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt crack. She even probed me, which made me moan loudly.  
  
Now the tension inside of my body was unbelievable and it kept building stronger and stronger. With every pleasure zone on my body now tended to, I could no longer fight the feeling. My whole body stiffened up, and then it rushed out of me like a flood to my pussy.  
  
I began screaming, "I can't take it anymore! I'm...I'm cumming, I'm cumming. Mmm, it feels so good. I'm cumming.  
  
When Mrs. Grover and Brian finally released me, I slumped down in the couch as my body twitched from the electricity generated by my explosive orgasm. My eyes were closed and it felt like I was floating on a cloud. Then I was dropped back to earth like a rock when I heard everyone applauding. I was mortified because all of the adults were watching as Mrs. Grover played with my pussy, but I was too weak to move.  
  
When I finally regained my composure, I looked around and noticed that everyone was dressed except for me. Even Mrs. Grover was wearing a bathrobe.  
  
My mom said, "Come on Amy, its time to go home."  
  
I asked, "Where's my T-shirt?"  
  
My mom replied, "I've got it. I'll give it to you when we get home."  
  
I yelped, "When we get home!"  
  
My mom said, "Yes, now give everyone a hug goodbye and come home," as she walked out the door with my T-shirt.  
  
I was already embarrassed because everybody had just watched me cum, and now I had to say goodbye to them in the nude. Everyone let their hands roam all over my naked body as I hugged them. The men enjoyed patting me on my bare ass and Mr. Grover even ran his finger up and down my sensitive butt crack. It gave me chills because my body was already ultra-sensitive from just experiencing an orgasm.  
  
Finally I left the Grover's trailer and headed across the street alone and naked. Luckily it was dark out, but it was still humiliating because my bare body was illuminated by the street lights. I hurried to our mobile home with an arm across my breasts and a hand between my legs nervously wondering who was looking at me.  
  
Then I heard a car beep and I quickly turned around to see who was checking out my bare butt. I was relieved when I saw Brian waving to me out the back window of the car. Even though it forced me to expose my pussy hair to the boy, I went ahead and raised my hand so that I could wave back to him.  
  
It seemed to take forever, but I finally made it inside our trailer, and then I headed straight for the shower. I got cleaned up and then I went directly to bed. As expected, I fell right to sleep after making it through such an exhausting day. I didn't wake up until the alarm went off the following morning.  
  
As I got ready for school, it suddenly occurred to me that I made it through the night without experiencing one of my naked-in-public nightmares. Now I was faced with a dilemma. If I admitted that I didn't have a nightmare, Doctor Hefferton would claim that his therapy was working and he would continue forcing me to expose myself in public. If I said that I had a nightmare, Doctor Hefferton would prescribe more public exposure for me as a cure for the nightmares. It suddenly became clear that I'd better get used to being naked in public because it looked like public nudity was going to be in my future for a long time!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 19**

After enduring the humiliation of attending a weekend party at the neighbor's house in the nude, I wanted to wear my heaviest jeans and thickest sweatshirt to school. Unfortunately, my mother had other plans for me. She laid out a short T-shirt, a thin pair of sweatpants and a plain white bra for me to wear.  
  
As I cupped the bra over my perky medium sized breasts, I begged, "Please mom, don't make me wear this outfit to school. The T-shirt is so short that it doesn't even cover my belly-button."  
  
My mom said, "Doctor Hefferton instructed me to dress you in revealing clothes. He said it would be beneficial in the progress of your therapy."  
  
As I pulled the T-shirt over my head, I stressed, "Again with Doctor Hefferton. Every time his name is mentioned, I end up naked in public!"  
  
My mom countered, "That's not true. He's trying to help you and he's hardly charging us anything."  
  
As I stood there in just a bare-midriff T-shirt, I said, "That's because you're sleeping with him!"  
  
My mom simply smiled as she watched me reach for my sweatpants. My smooth bare butt was showing as I bent over to pick up my pants, but it didn't bother me because my mom and I always walk around the house naked in front of each other. Then I slipped the sweatpants on, but before I pulled them all the way up, I noticed the reflection of my light brown pussy hair in the mirror.  
  
I asked, "Do you really think it’s a good idea for me to go to school without panties?"  
  
My mom grabbed hold of the waistband of my pants and said, "Of course, and I'll show you why."  
  
After my mom pulled the thin sweatpants up my legs, she rolled the waistband down dangerously low on my hips.  
  
I shrieked, "Mom, you've rolled these pants down so low that my pussy hair is right at the edge of the waistband. Over an inch of my butt crack is showing in back, too!"  
  
My mom smiled and explained, "That's why I don't want you to wear any underpants. Panties will obstruct the view of your beautiful butt."  
  
I countered, "Yeah, that's why I wish you'd let me put on some underwear. I don't want anybody checking out my butt!"  
  
As I attempted to reach into my underwear drawer, my mother alerted me that the bus was coming. I only had enough time to slip on a pair of white ankle socks and tennis shoes, so I had to leave the house without panties. I rushed out the door of our mobile home in such haste that I forgot to grab my book bag and purse.  
  
I was very nervous when I got on the school bus because it seemed like everyone was staring at me. As I strolled down the isle between the seats, I could feel the waistband of my sweatpants rubbing against the upper edge of my hairy triangle. It made me feel uneasy because the guys were focused intently on my pants and they were well aware that the slightest slip of my sweatpants would leave my girl fur exposed. I never looked back, but I was certain that the boys continued staring at me after I passed them because my butt crack was hanging out above the waistband of my rolled down sweatpants.  
  
Then I saw my new friend April at the back of the bus and she offered me a place to sit down. She was the Pizza Delivery Girl who delivered pizzas to the party that I was forced to attend in the nude. April was so nice to me that she even let me sit on the inside of the seat next to the window. April was wearing a very short plaid skirt with a button-down blouse and I spied a little nerdy freshman across the isle paying close attention to April's outfit. The freshman was eyeing April's exposed cleavage because her thin white blouse was unbuttoned low enough to put her sheer bra on view. He was also checking out April's smooth long legs displayed below her super short skirt.  
  
April must not have noticed the boy because she wasn't very careful about keeping her knees together. In fact, April kept fidgeting in her seat causing her short skirt to ride up higher and higher on her creamy thighs. This did not go unnoticed by the boy.  
  
When her skirt reached the point where her little undies were about to show, I said, "April, if you keep squirming around, you're gonna hike your skirt up so high that the boy over there will be able to see your panties."  
  
April replied, "I can't help it. These bus seats are always hard, but for some reason the seat is vibrating a lot more than usual."  
  
I replied, “I feel it, too. We're near the back tires. Maybe the pavement is rough."  
  
April countered, "No, it must be the engine because it's such a steady vibration."  
  
I said, "Regardless of what's causing it, the vibration is giving me a funny tingling feeling between my legs, if you know what I mean."  
  
April said, "I know exactly what you mean. That's why I'm feeling so uncomfortably frustrated."  
  
April paused for a moment, and then she said, "I can't take it anymore. It’s a long ride to school so I'm going to take advantage of it!"  
  
April took a moist towelette out of her book bag, and then she stood up and slowly bent over to clean the bus seat. She didn't bend her knees when she leaned forward, so the hem of her short plaid skirt rode up in back exposing her skimpy panties to the nerdy freshman.  
  
I whispered, "April, that boy can definitely see your underwear now."  
  
April looked over at the boy, and then she reached up under her skirt.  
  
I giggled and asked, "April, what are you doing?"  
  
April winked at me and said, "Just watch," and then she hooked her fingertips under the elastic waistband of her tiny panties and slowly slid the little undies down her long legs.  
  
The boy's eyes almost pop out of his head as he watched April remove her panties, so I said, "That's really mean, April. He's gonna have a boner all day!"  
  
When April stepped out of her little underpants and stuffed them into her book bag, I said, "Well, that's one way to keep him from peeking at your panties."  
  
Then April looked at me and whispered, "Is he still looking?"  
  
I replied, "Oh yeah! You have his undivided attention, and it looks like the soldier in his pants is standing at attention, too."  
  
April said, "Good. If the pervert wants a show, then I'll give him a show," and then she slowly bent over again to finish cleaning the bus seat.  
  
I warned, "April, now he's trying to slouch down in his seat to get a better view of your bare ass!"  
  
April glanced up at me and smiled. Then April spread her legs further apart and arched her back a little more.  
  
April gave me a mischievous grin and said, "There, now the little perv knows what a pussy looks like!"  
  
We both laughed as April gave the boy a nice long look at her smooth shapely butt and her pretty pink pussy lips from behind. When April finally sat down, her young sweet snatch was in direct contact with the bus seat.  
  
She immediately started moaning, "Mmm, that feels better. In fact, it feels really good!"  
  
April shifted in her seat and once again forced the hem of her short skirt to ride up. Then she spread her legs a little wider apart, which put a big smile on the freshman boy's face.  
  
I said, "April, now you're just being downright careless. You don't have any panties on and that young boy is looking right between your legs. I'll bet he has a clear view of your blonde peach fuzz pussy!"  
  
April said, "I don't care. This bus seat feels too good to worry about him."  
  
Then April closed her eyes and spread her legs apart even wider. She didn't seem to mind at all that the young boy could see the sparse blonde hair between her legs. I guess it was because April was concentrating on the vibrating stimulation provided by the bus seat.  
  
April licked her lips, and then she moaned, "Oh yeah, that's the spot. Mmm, yes, oh yes, I'm right on the spot. Oh Amy, it feels so good. You have to try it."  
  
Listening to April moan was getting me excited, but I said, "I can't do it. I don't have a skirt on!"  
  
April assured me, "Don't worry, nobody can see us back here," even though there was a nerdy freshman boy staring right at us.  
  
April pulled another moist towelette out of her book bag, so I humored her by rising up and letting her clean the seat below me. However I had no intention of removing my pants.  
  
After cleaning the seat, April said, "Okay, now slide your pants down."  
  
I said, "No way, April! I'm not going to pull my pants down on the school bus."  
  
April said, "Okay, then I'll do it for you," and without warning she hooked her fingers inside the waistband of my sweatpants and yanked them down my legs.  
  
Since I wasn't prepared for April's attack, she easily pulled the lightweight sweatpants all the way down to my ankles. It left me standing on the school bus naked from the waist down. My hairy triangle was completely exposed to the freshman boy across from me and my bare butt was on display out the back window to the motorists following the bus.  
  
April gently slid her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt crack as she said, "Amy, why aren't you wearing any panties? Were you preparing for this the whole time?"  
  
My face turned red from embarrassment. I didn't want to explain to April why my mother forced me to attend school without panties so I didn't say anything at all. Then I turned around and my humiliation was intensified one-hundred percent. Through the back window of the bus I spotted a businessman gawking at my bare ass. Then I glanced forward and found that freshman boy checking out the soft curly hair between my legs. I was so petrified with fear that I couldn't move, thus prolonging my humiliation.  
  
When I looked back again at the man in the car behind us, he was still staring at my totally exposed butt. Then he smiled and waved at me so I plunged down in my seat. That allowed April to guide the sweatpants over my tennis shoes and snatch them away from me. Now bottomless, I ducked down in the bus seat with the hope that no one could see me as April took the liberty of stuffing my sweatpants into her book bag.  
  
I whined, "Oh my gosh, April. I'm on the school bus and I don't have any pants on! This is so embarrassing."  
  
Amy replied, "I don't have any pants on, either."  
  
I said, "But you're wearing a skirt."  
  
Then April hiked her short skirt all the way up to her waist revealing her practically hairless blonde pussy to the freshman boy across from us and said, "There, does that make you feel better?"  
  
I said, "Well, I guess so, but your bare ass isn't on display to the cars behind us."  
  
With her skirt still hiked up, April proceeded to push her beautiful bare butt cheeks right up against the back window of the bus. She shamelessly mooned the motorists behind us and they responded by beeping their horns. After giving everyone a nice long look at her tight teenaged butt, she settled back into her seat and once again hiked her skirt up in front of her.  
  
April said, "There, now we're even so sit back and enjoy the ride!"  
  
As fearful as I am about being seen naked in public, I had to admit that there was a level of nervous excitement in the air from having the lower half of my body exposed on the school bus. At first it was quite unnerving knowing that a little freshman boy could see me without my pants on. Then I became conscious of the vibrating seat against my bare vagina and I quickly realized that April was right...it did feel good!  
  
When we got on the highway, the bus seat became electrified with an intense consistent vibration. April and I both squirmed around until we found the perfect position for our naked vibrating pussies, and then we sat back and let the vibrating seat work its magic on our bare beavers. It didn't take long for the funny feeling to start building inside of me as I sat there with my eyes closed. Then April reached over and began gently dragging her fingernails up and down my smooth thighs.  
  
April moved her fingers so far up my legs that they almost came in contact with my moist pink pussy lips. I even spread my legs wide apart to let her know that she had the green light to do anything she wanted to me, but she merely teased the edge of my pussy hair, and then she moved her hand back down my leg. This left my legs wide apart with nothing obstructing the view of my neatly trimmed bush. I opened my eyes and witnessed the freshman boy taking it all in, but I was so close to an orgasm that I couldn't move.  
  
Then I heard April take a deep breath and joyously call out, "Oh my gosh, this is it. I'm about to...I mean I am, I'm cumming, I'm cumming. Mmm, oh it feels so good!"  
  
April dug her fingernails into my thigh until the vibrating bus seat brought her tight teenaged pussy to the height of pleasure, and then she relaxed her grip, shifting her focus to my impending orgasm. I was so excited that it felt like a dam was about to burst inside of me. I was frantically shifting my hips back and forth to rub my pussy against the smooth vinyl as the seat continued to vibrate on my little clitty.  
  
Then April began combing her fingernails through my soft curly girl fur and I couldn't hold back any longer. My body tensed up, and then it exploded with an incredible orgasm. I wanted to scream, but April put her hand over my mouth to muffle my enthusiasm. I was so overjoyed that I didn't even realize we had pulled into the school parking lot.  
  
As I sat there trying to regain my composure, April leaned over, kissed me on the cheek and softly said, "Time for school," and then she scooped up her book bag and headed for the door.  
  
Unfortunately, my sweatpants were in her book bag!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 20**

During our trip to school, my new friend April took her panties off and gave herself an orgasm by rubbing her bare beaver against the vibrating bus seat under her short skirt. Then April convinced me to remove my sweatpants and experience the pinnacle of pleasure, too. When we finally arrived at our high school, I was still trying to recover from my earth shattering orgasm, so April kissed me goodbye and got of the bus.  
  
When I finally regained consciousness, I rose to my feet. I thought everyone had gotten off the bus, but when I looked around, I was shocked to discover that I was not alone. Standing only a few feet away from me was a little nerdy freshman boy that had been spying on me all the way to school. The boy seized the opportunity and eagerly examined the soft triangle of hair between my legs.  
  
It was the first time in my life that I'd ever left for school without wearing panties so when I removed my pants, all I had on was a thin white T-shirt, a plain white bra, white ankle-socks and tennis shoes. Unfortunately, the T-shirt wasn't even long enough to hide my belly-button so it offered no coverage below my waist. In a panic, I tugged hard on my T-shirt, but it was no use. The shirt was definitely meant to be a bare midriff top, leaving everything below my belly-button, well...bare!  
  
The ecstatic expression on the freshman boy's face let me know that I needed to find my pants and find them fast! My bare ass and light brown bush were out in the open for everyone to see and I was standing on the school bus right in front of my high school. With no place to hide, I quickly covered my hairy triangle with my hands and plunged down in my seat. I nervously began searching for my sweatpants, but I couldn't find them.  
  
Then the freshman boy said with a smirk, "Did you lose something?"  
  
In an angry tone I said, "Yes...my pants! I can't find them. Did you take them you little pervert?"  
  
He replied, "Pervert? Me? I'm not the one that lost my pants on the school bus. Maybe your friend took them."  
  
I shrieked, "Oh my gosh, April put my sweatpants in her book bag. She must have forgotten that she had them!"  
  
The boy said, "Well you'd better chase after her. She's getting off the bus."  
  
I said, "I can't run after her. I'm half naked! Can't you get them for me?"  
  
He replied, "You called me a nerd and a perv, and now you want my help? I don't think so!"  
  
I yelled, "You’re a bastard," but he didn't care.  
  
The boy just smiled and let his eyes wander down towards the naked half of my body. I desperately called out to April, but it was too late. April was already getting off the bus and she had no intention of waiting for me. By now, everyone had exited the bus except for two people, the bus driver and that nerdy freshman. I was trapped in public with no pants or panties, and my T-shirt was so short that it didn't even cover my belly-button. I was horrified and I didn't know what to do next, but there was one thing I knew for sure...I was in real trouble!  
  
The freshman boy continued to gawk at my nakedness, so I yelled, "Go away geek!"  
  
He said, "No way. I'm not leaving until you show me your pussy."  
  
In an angry tone, I said, "You've already seen it, you little perv!"  
  
He said, "My name is not geek or perv...its Andrew, and I want a good look. I want you to spread your legs and show me your pretty pink pussy lips. Then I want you to turn around and show me that nice sweet ass of yours!"  
  
I screeched, "Not a chance, perv! I'm not showing you anything!"  
  
Then the woman driving the bus called out, "Come on, time for school. Get off the bus."  
  
As I ducked down in my seat, I whispered to Andrew, "Please don't tell her I'm here,” but Andrew arrogantly yelled to the bus driver, "She can't get off the bus. She lost her pants!"  
  
The woman asked in disbelief, "Lost her pants? What are you talking about?"  
  
As the big woman rose up out of her seat and began heading towards me, I got really nervous because I knew the situation had just gone from bad to worse. When the bus driver finally got to my seat, she looked like a giant. The woman was about five-foot-ten and weighed about a hundred and ninety pounds. That's about ten inches and ninety pounds bigger than me.  
  
She looked down at me and said, "I don't know what kind of game you're playing little girl, but I don't have time for it."  
  
I begged, "Please don't make me get off the bus. I'm naked from the waist down and everyone will see me!"  
  
The bus driver asked, "Did someone do this to you?"  
  
Before I could speak, that freshman nerd interrupted, "No. Amy was making out with April and April walked off with Amy’s pants."  
  
The woman said, "Oh, it’s Lesbian Amateur Hour!"  
  
I meekly said, "No, not exactly. Can you please take me back home?"  
  
She replied with a laugh, "Back home? You've got to be kidding."  
  
I begged, "Then take me anywhere...just don't make me get off the bus. All the boys will see me and I'm not wearing any pants."  
  
The bus driver pondered the situation for a moment, and then she said, "Well, I guess I can't send you out there half naked."  
  
I was relieved because the bus driver was about to save me, but then that freshman boy opened his big mouth and said, "She didn't have any problem showing off while you were driving the bus."  
  
The bus driver asked, "What are you talking about?"  
  
Andrew replied, "Didn't you hear the horns honking? Amy and April were mooning the drivers behind us and showing off their naked bodies to everyone. If you ask me, it was a blatant disregard for your authority."  
  
I yelled, "Nobody asked you," but much to my dismay, the boy's testimony had a huge influence on the huge woman.  
  
She glared at me and said, "Don't you know that flashing your ass out the back of my bus could get me fired! You're in real trouble young lady!"  
  
I demanded, "But it wasn't my fault. It was an accident!"  
  
The bus driver snarled, "You can't accidentally lose your pants and flash your naked body out the back window. Now get off the bus immediately!"  
  
Then I made the big mistake of saying, "Okay, be a bitch why don't you!"  
  
The bus driver glared at me and said, "Listen up, Missy! When I was in high school, there were little cutie pies like you that always made fun of big girls like me and there was nothing I could do about it. Now it's my turn to even the score. I'm taking you to the Principal's Office and I don't care who sees you!"  
  
The big woman grabbed my forearm, stood me up and began leading me towards the front of the bus. I felt like I was walking my last mile. With each step I took towards the exit door, my heart would beat a little faster. My left hand was immobilized by the bus driver, so I attempted to hide my pussy hair with my right hand. Unfortunately, my bare butt was still fully exposed and that freshman boy was following right behind me.  
  
I was mortified when the perv said, "Wow, you have a nice ass!"  
  
I said to the bus driver, "Please let go of me. Nerd boy can see my butt."  
  
The bus driver replied, "I'm not letting go of you, and so what if he can see your butt. It seems to me that you like showing off your bare ass!"  
  
With the exit door only a few steps away, I looked up at the bus driver and begged, "No, that's not true at all. My biggest fear is being seen naked in public. This is very humiliating, especially since my butt is completely exposed and a boy is right behind me. Can't you find me a towel or something?"  
  
The bus driver replied, "Actually, I have a small blanket right here behind my seat."  
  
My face lit up with joy as the woman reached for the blanket, but Andrew said, "That blanket is really dirty. You don't want to put that filthy thing up against your bare skin, do you Amy?"  
  
I frantically said, "Yes I do. I don't mind. Please give me the blanket!"  
  
Unfortunately, the bus driver said to Andrew, "You're right. I'm in enough trouble already, what with high school girls flashing their naked bodies out the back of my bus. I don't want to get in trouble with the Health Department, too...although, I don't have anything else to give her."  
  
Andrew said, "Don't worry. I'm sure they'll have something she can cover up with in the Principal's Office."  
  
I screeched, "The Principal's Office? You can't make me walk all the way to the Principal's Office like this. My ass and pussy are completely exposed!"  
  
The bus driver laughed and said, "Yes, all your goodies are showing," and then she tightened her grip on my arm.  
  
To make matters worse, the woman turned to Andrew and asked, "Would you mind helping me escort this young lady to the Principal's Office?"  
  
Andrew replied, "It would be my pleasure."  
  
I thought to myself, "Of course it would be your pleasure...I don't have any pants on!"  
  
When we got to the exit door, the bus driver looked at me and said, "I guess you’d better get used to boys staring at you," and then she gave me an evil grin as she lead me down the steps.  
  
I was petrified with fear as I stepped down from the bus. The bus driver was holding onto my left arm so I cupped my right hand between my legs. I figured that way I'd at least be able to hold onto a little bit of my dignity. Then I decided to try and make a run for it, but the bus driver had too tight of a grip on my arm.  
  
Angered by my escape attempt, the bus driver called to Andrew, "She's a feisty one. You'd better help me hold onto her."  
  
Andrew said, "No problem," and then he grabbed hold of my free arm.  
  
Now there was no way for me to hide my nudity from all of the students gathering nearby. The bus driver and Andrew were marching me into my high school and I was naked from the waist down. It seemed as though I'd been saying this everyday, but this really was the most humiliating day of my life!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 21**

I was having a bad day! First my new friend April playfully pulled my sweatpants off and stuffed them into her book bag. Then April forgot to return my pants before she got off the school bus. That left me on the bus with the bus driver, a geeky freshman boy and no pants! Now the huge female bus driver and the nerdy freshman named Andrew were marching me to the Principal's Office, right in front of all my classmates.  
  
For the first time in my life I didn't bother wearing panties to school so I was totally naked from the waist down. The bus driver was holding onto my left arm, the freshman boy had a firm grip on my right arm, and my T-shirt was so short that it didn't even cover my belly-button. Therefore I had no free hands or clothing to hide my bare ass and hairy pussy from my fellow students and they were quickly gathering around to get a look at me.  
  
This is where I normally wake-up from my naked-in-public nightmares, but I couldn't wake up. To my horror, I quickly came to the realization that this wasn't a nightmare...this was really happening to me!  
  
As we entered the front doors of the high school, my face turned crimson red because everyone was staring at me. Even my History Teacher moved closer to get a better view of my neatly trimmed bush. Unfortunately, he did absolutely nothing to help me. Some of the students looked shocked or surprised, but most of the boys appeared to enjoy watching the bus driver parade my smooth firm ass and soft furry patch down the school hallway.  
  
There were other students, mostly girls, who simply pointed at me and laughed. Then one girl ran up and patted me on my bare ass. That got a cheer out of the boys so other girls decided to softly spank my butt cheeks, too.  
  
I urged the bus driver, "Can't you speed up? You're walking so slowly!"  
  
The bus driver sarcastically replied, "Speed Up? Why?"  
  
I shrieked, "Um, duh...maybe because we're in the school hallway and I'm not wearing any pants!'  
  
The bus driver said, "Oh, that's right...you're half naked. I thought you were just popular."  
  
When Andrew laughed at the bus driver's statement, I yelled, "Shut up geek!"  
  
That angered Andrew, so he said to the bus driver, “We’re not in a hurry, are we?”  
  
The bus driver replied, “Why no, not at all,” and then the two of them started walking even slower, thus prolonging my naked degradation.  
  
One girl took advantage of my humiliating turtle pace by sneaking up behind me and gently tickling my sensitive butt crack. That made me twitch and squirm, which the boys really seemed to enjoy. The boys showed their appreciation by cheering louder and it inspired the girl to continue tickling my bare ass.  
  
One of the boys yelled, “Does she have a nice butt?”  
  
The girl paused for a moment, and then she slowly dragged her fingertip up and down my fully exposed butt crack. It was totally embarrassing because the girl directed everyone’s attention right to my bare ass. My classmate was driving me crazy and she knew it.  
  
The girl finally replied, “Yes, she has a soft smooth ass,” and then she continued touching my totally nude butt crack!  
  
I tried dodging the girl’s hands, but that forced me to spread my legs awkwardly, thus further exposing my light brown pussy hair to the crowd. With the soft curly hair between my legs completely unprotected, the boys quickly lined up and started bending over in front of me to get an up close and personal view of my girl fur. One of the boys got so close that my pussy hair actually brushed up against his face as I passed by.  
  
The boy called out, "I touched it!"  
  
A girl standing next to him giggled and asked, "Touched what? This?"  
  
The girl stepped forward and combed her long fingernails through my hairy triangle. Then she humiliated me further by reaching down and tugging on a tuft of hair between my legs.  
  
She held onto the tuft of hair as I walked, so I begged, "Please let go. Everyone is watching," but the girl just looked up and gave me a mischievous smile and pulled even harder.  
  
I yelped, "Ouch, that hurt," so the girl finally let go.  
  
Then the girl fist-bumped the boy next to her and joyously said, "Now we've both touched it!"  
  
My display of full frontal nudity was so humiliating that I clutched my legs together as tight as I could, which at least partially hid my muff from the boys. Unfortunately, keeping my legs together left me unable to walk, so I returned to my normal gait, thus leaving my light brown bush out in the open for the boys to enjoy.  
  
I demanded, “Haven’t you boys seen enough? Can’t you leave me alone?”  
  
To answer my question, a boy dove down on his knees in front of me and reply, “No, I want to see more,” and then he positioned his face so that it was right in line with my pussy hair.  
  
I begged the bus driver, “Please stop. There’s a boy right in front of me. He's right between my legs!”  
  
The bus driver said, “Sorry, I’m on a tight schedule,” and then the bus driver and Andrew forced me to keep moving forward.  
  
As I approached the boy I expected him to move, but he didn’t. He just leaned backwards as my soft pussy hair came in contact with his face. With no other option, I had to spread my legs and straddle the boy, and as I passed over him, he stuck out his tongue and licked my pink pussy lips. The boy even licked my butt as I moved past him, which once again made the crowd cheer and embarrassed me beyond belief.  
  
After passing over the boy, a couple of girls ran up behind me and started tickling my sensitive butt crack. However, these girls were much more aggressive than the girl I had encountered earlier. When they dragged their fingers down my backside, they didn’t stop until they touched my bare beaver. These girls really knew what they were doing and they wanted to put on a good show for the boys. It was extremely humiliating because the girls could tell that they were getting me excited.  
  
With Andrew and the bus driver still holding onto my arms, I was powerless to defend myself against the menacing girls. The girls capitalized on the situation by relentlessly ticking my bare ass and touching my pussy, much to the delight of the boys. One girl even pushed her finger deep inside me, which made me squeal, but I was helpless and unable to do anything about it.  
  
While the girl moved her finger around inside my tight wet pussy, she whispered in my ear, “You like that, don’t you?”  
  
I blushed a deep shade of red as I pleaded, "Oh my gosh, please stop. Everyone can see what you're doing to me!"  
  
The girl softly said, "What I'm doing to you? Am I doing something to you? Am I bothering you little girl...I mean hot and bothering you!"  
  
Then the girl began pulling her finger all the way out of my pussy and sliding it up my moist snatch. The girl would allow her fingertip to linger against my love button for a moment, and then she would push her finger back inside my bare beaver. Everyone knew exactly what she was doing to me and I was mortified because I could stop my body from squirming and twitching with pleasure.  
  
Eventually the girl removed her finger from my tight wet pussy and held it up in the air. Her finger glistened from my love juice as the crowd applauded her actions. They were treating her like some kind of celebrity, yet I was the star of the show...a show that I had no desire to be a part of.  
  
Once my butt crack and pleasure place were no longer under attack by my classmates, I turned to the bus driver and said, "I hope you realize this is going to scar me for life."  
  
The bus driver asked, "What...walking to the Principal's Office?"  
  
In an angry tone I replied, "No, walking to the Principal's Office half naked with the whole school watching me while a couple of girls put their fingers between my legs!"  
  
Then Andrew said, "If it bothers you so much then I'll hide your pussy from everyone," and then he put his free hand over my pussy hair.  
  
I didn't know how to react. On one hand, Andrew was hiding my hairy triangle from the crowd, but on the other hand, he was smiling to his freshman nerd friends as if putting his hand between my legs was some big conquest. Then Andrew moved his finger around between my legs and found his way down between my moist pink pussy lips. When Andrew's inexperienced fingertip managed to come in contact with my little clitty, it made my body shutter.  
  
Then one of Andrew's geek friends called out, "Is she wet?"  
  
Andrew responded by holding his finger up and saying, "Oh yeah!"  
  
I was mortified! My sweet snatch was wet because I had an orgasm on the bus followed by the nervous excitement of having my bare ass and neatly trimmed bush paraded down the hallways of my high school. If that wasn't enough stimulation, my butt crack and moist pussy lips were tormented in public by a couple of teenaged girls. Unfortunately, the nerd herd didn’t take any of that into account and attributed my wetness solely to the touch of one of their own kind.  
  
I sadly thought to myself, "Having my pussy touched in public by Andrew the geek might be harder to live down than showing up for school without pants!"  
  
Moments later we arrived at the Principal's Office, but that didn't do much to end my humiliation. The Principal's Office has a waiting area outside with a glass wall adjacent to the hallway that was filled with students. Teachers did finally show up to disperse the crowd, but it was too little, too late as far as I was concerned. I was already, pardon the pun, the butt of everyone's jokes today!  
  
The bus driver finally let go of my arm when the Principal came out of his office.  
  
I tried to cover my pussy hair with my hands, but the Principal commanded, "Hands by your sides!"  
  
I was so frightened by my surroundings that I immediately complied with his request. The man proceeded to take a good look at me, which was really humiliating because his eyes darted right between my legs. I’m eighteen and he’s in his forties, yet he seemed to enjoy gazing at my tight teenaged pussy. Then his focus shifted to my backside and he carefully examined my bare ass. I thought he was going to spend the rest of the day gazing at all of my exposed flesh, but he finally stopped and instructed me to have a seat.  
  
I wanted to run out the door, but there were so many guys poking their heads through the doorway that I was once again trapped in public without pants. To control the crowd, the principal was forced to lock the door, thus preventing me from escaping. However, it didn't offer any protection because the boys could still see me through the big glass wall of windows.  
  
To make matters worse, that nerdy freshman followed me into the waiting room and there was already another boy seated in the room when I arrived. The boy quickly turned to me and began carefully studying my exposed ass and bare beaver as Andrew took a seat beside him.  
  
The Principal said to me, "Wait here and I'll deal with you in a minute."  
  
I said, "Wait here? But I don't have any pants on!"  
  
The man said, "I know. That's why you're here."  
  
I nervously mumbled, "But...but there's two boys in here and there's also a whole crowd of boys with their faces pressed up against the windows."  
  
He said, "They'll go away soon."  
  
I yelped, "Go away soon? But what do I do until then? And why does this freshman get to hang around?"  
  
The Principal said, "He's a witness and the other boy is in trouble, just like you.”  
  
The boy said, “Not exactly like you...I have pants on,” and then Andrew and the boy laughed.  
  
The Principal said, “Have a seat and be patient. I'll be with you as soon as I can," and then he took the bus driver into his office and closed the door.  
  
As I stood there with my hands in front of my pussy hair and my bare ass completely exposed, I thought to myself, “Can this day get any worse?”  
  
Then I looked at the boys who were utterly thrilled at the sight of my exposed skin and I knew the answer was…yes, my day can and probably will get worse!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 22**

When I awoke this morning, I never dreamt I would lose my pants on the school bus and get marched to the Principal's Office while I was naked from the waist down. Unfortunately, that's exactly what happened to me. Now I find myself trapped in the waiting room outside the Principal's Office, and I'm still not wearing any pants or panties. To make matters worse, the waiting room has a glass wall adjacent to the hallway used by my classmates, and I was locked in the room with two other students...both boys!  
  
There were two chairs in the waiting room. One chair faced the windows while the other chair was off to the side. The boys occupied both chairs, forcing me to remain standing. One of the boys, Andrew, was a geeky freshman who was only there because he was a witness to my accidental display of public nudity on the school bus. The other boy was some big fat kid who apparently got in trouble for causing a disruption during his bus ride to school.  
  
The fat kid smiled at me as Andrew said, "Amy, this is Bob. I realize he's only a freshman, but he likes you."  
  
I glared at the fat kid and said, "I'm a senior. I don't associate with freshmen!"  
  
Andrew said, "Did you make that rule before or after I touched your pussy?"  
  
Bob excitedly asked, "You touched her pussy?"  
  
Andrew replied, "Yeah man, and I have witnesses, too."  
  
I stressed, "Andrew, you were just in the right place at the right time. I assure you it will never happen again!"  
  
The boys both looked at each other and said, "Still counts!"  
  
Then Bob glanced at my nude lower half and said, "I sure picked a great day to get in trouble!"  
  
Andrew added, "Yeah. Maybe Amy and you will get detention together," and then the boys looked at me and grinned.  
  
I stood there silently for a moment, and then I asked, "Do you think I could sit in the chair that's not in front of the windows?"  
  
The boys chuckled and replied, "No way, man! We like you just where you are."  
  
I declared, "I'm not a man."  
  
The boys laughed out loud as they said in unison, "That's for sure. We can see you're a girl because we can see your pussy!"  
  
While I was standing there, I had lackadaisically let my hands drift away from between my legs. That left my hairy muff out in the open for the boys to observe. However, when the boys pointed out that they could see my pussy, I quickly put my hands in front of my totally exposed bush.  
  
As I blushed, I thought to myself, "It’s going to be a long morning!"  
  
While I continued standing, I couldn't help wondering what punishment I would receive for showing up at school without wearing any pants or panties. All kinds of punishments went through my mind. I imagined myself serving detention in my underwear. I also imagined myself receiving a bare-assed spanking at assembly in front of my whole high school. Worst of all, I imagined myself being forced to attend school in the nude for an entire day.  
  
It really upset me because I pictured my classmates staring at me as I strolled down the hallway with my firm bare breasts, precious pink nipples, smooth shapely butt and light brown bush out in the open for everyone to see. It would be extremely embarrassing! All the boys would be lusting after me while all the girls would be making fun of me. Actually, just standing bottomless in the waiting room beside two boys while facing a glass wall adjacent to the school hallway should already be enough punishment for my crime!  
  
I had been standing in the waiting room with my back against the wall for quite some time before the bus driver finally left. Then the Principal called me into his office. My face turned red because I was forced to move away from the wall and reveal my bare butt to the boys. I scurried into the office and found the Principal seated behind his desk. After closing the door behind me, I stood before the man with my hands covering my light brown pussy hair.  
  
The Principal said, "Please leave the door open."  
  
I shrieked, "Leave the door open? Then everyone will be able to see my butt!"  
  
The Principal said, "I'm sorry, but I don't want anyone accusing me of inappropriate behavior with a half-naked teenaged girl in my office. Besides, you came to school without pants so it shouldn't be a problem for you."  
  
I reluctantly opened the door, and then I stood there with one hand protecting my girl fur and the other hand partially covering my bare ass.  
  
Once again the Principal commanded, "Keep your hands at your sides," and once again I complied with his request, although I was starting to believe the Principal was enjoying the authority he had over me and he was using that power to publicly humiliate me.  
  
The Principal sat back and looked me over. I was mortified as the Principal's eyes slowly scanned the naked half of my body, paying close attention to the patch of soft curly hair between my legs. I was also embarrassed because I could hear the boys in the waiting room snickering as they examined my bare ass.  
  
Then the Principal's telephone rang, but he motioned for me to remain standing as he answered his phone. I was forced to stand there, naked from the waist down. With my hands by my sides, the Principal continued gazing at my pussy hair while he talked on the phone. I never looked back, but I could feel the eyes of the two nerdy freshmen focused on my bare butt, too. I was totally humiliated, but my embarrassment did not end there.  
  
A few seconds later, the bell rang and I became very nervous because the hallway quickly filled with students heading to their next class. It didn't take long for my fellow classmates to discover that I was still half naked and on display behind the glass wall. Once again I was helpless and all I could do was stand there and allow everyone to view my fully exposed ass while the Principal shamelessly directed his attention to my neatly trimmed bush. The Principal finally got off the phone when the school bell rang again, but he had nothing to say to me. Therefore, it appeared as though he just wanted to humiliate me by making me stand with my hands at my sides while all of my classmates passed in front of the windows.  
  
The Principal finally broke the silence when he said, "You can return to the waiting room and I'll be with you in a moment."  
  
I sternly said, "You kept me standing here for five minutes while everyone took a look at my bare butt and now you’re just going to send me back into the waiting room? What kind of cruel game are you playing?"  
  
He replied, "This is no game. You are in serious trouble..."  
  
I said, "Amy, my name is Amy. You don't know me because I've never been in trouble before."  
  
The Principal said, "Regardless, you will do as I command and remember, you brought this on yourself."  
  
I asked, "Well, can't you at least get rid of those boys? It's really embarrassing to stand there while the boys are trying to look between my legs."  
  
He replied, "Alright, I deal with Bob right now."  
  
I took a seat as Bob went into the Principal's office and shut the door. Of course I got stuck in the chair facing the windows, but at least I was sitting down. Then there was a soft knock on the door. My heart sank because I assumed my body was about to be exposed to one more person, but when I saw that April was waiting to enter the room, my mood lifted instantly.  
  
The Principal came out, unlocked the door and said, "I'm busy right now, April. Can you come back later?"  
  
She replied, "No, I need to speak with you now. You see, I was with...I mean, I'm responsible for Amy's problem."  
  
The Principal paused for a moment, glanced down at April's short skirt, and then he said, "Okay, come in and have a seat, but I must say I'm disappointed in you, April."  
  
I thought to myself, "He's on a first name basis with April, yet he didn't even know my name. Maybe she can get me out of this mess!"  
  
April entered the waiting room and the Principal locked the door behind her. The Principal went back into his office as April walked over and stood in front of me. Then she busted out laughing.  
  
I said, "Thanks for leaving me on the bus...with no pants!"  
  
April said, "I'm sorry. It completely slipped my mind, but I raced down here immediately when I found out you were trapped in the Principal's Office half naked."  
  
I said, "Raced down here? I've been here for over an hour!"  
  
April said, "Well, there was talk that someone showed up at school without pants, but I didn't find out it was you until a few minutes ago."  
  
I said, "Regardless, where are they?"  
  
She asked, "What?"  
  
I said, "My pants! Where are they?"  
  
April giggled and said, "Oh, I forgot to bring them."  
  
I shrieked, "You forgot my pants? How could you forget my pants? Didn't you notice that you had my pants when you reached into your book bag to get your panties?"  
  
April didn't answer. She simply smiled and slowly raised the hem of her short plaid skirt. Andrew's eyes about popped out of his head when April's skirt rose high enough to expose the blonde peach fuzz between her legs. Quite honestly, I couldn't help gazing between April's legs myself. April is eighteen-years-old, but with such a slight amount of light blonde hair between her legs, her nearly bald beaver looks like it belongs to a much younger girl.  
  
When the hem of April's short skirt was lifted all the way up to her waist, Andrew blurted out, "Oh my gosh, you still haven't put your panties on!"  
  
April turned to Andrew and said, "Shut up, perv," but her skirt remained up high enough in front for me to see the sparse blonde hair between her legs.  
  
I looked at her bare beaver and happily said, "So, you didn't leave me here to suffer the disgrace of being seen half naked in school. You just didn't see my sweatpants because you never looked in your book bag to cover your own pussy!"  
  
April empathically said, "That's right. I'm not Tiffany. I wouldn't intentionally torture you, but now I need to cover my pussy and your pussy."  
  
I asked, "How are you going to do that?"  
  
April replied, "Like this," and then she released her skirt and sat on my lap so that her skirt covered both of our bare beavers.  
  
When April sat down, she straddled my leg and I could feel her bare vagina resting directly on my thigh. With April's short skirt covering us, Andrew could not see what we were doing. April began rubbing her sweet snatch against my leg by gently rocking back and forth. It allowed her moist pussy lips to slide up and down my thigh.  
  
As April tried to pleasure herself on my lap, I couldn't help raising the back of her short plaid skirt and sneaking a peek at her perfect ass. After seeing her bare backside, I could resist rubbing my fingertip up and down her beautiful butt crack. April giggled, but she didn't push my finger away. In fact, it appeared to turn her on because she started rocking her hips even harder against my leg. Unfortunately for April, the door to the Principal's office opened before April was able to climax.  
  
When the Principal's door opened, Bob was escorted out of the waiting room. The Principal locked the door behind him, and then he motioned for Andrew, April and I to come into his office. April stood up and her skirt was no longer covering my naked lower half. It was very embarrassing for me because I was the only one in the room that was not wearing pants. It was also embarrassing because April left a wet spot on my thigh that glistened in the light, and it appeared that the Principal had a good idea of what caused the wet spot.  
  
We entered the Principal's office and this time he let me close the door. I left my hands by my sides since that's what the Principal always commands me to, but I was mortified because Andrew had a clear view of my light brown bush. If April was going to save me, this was her opportunity because the Principal was about to discuss my punishment!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 23**

The trial was about to begin. I was standing in the Principal's office and all I had on was a tiny bare-midriff T-shirt, a plain white bra, ankle socks and tennis shoes. I was not wearing any pants because I lost them on the school bus and for the first time in my life, I didn't bother wearing panties to school.  
  
April, who incidentally walked off with my pants, was wearing a very short plaid skirt, a white blouse, a sheer bra and sandals. The cute blonde wore panties to school, but they ended up in her book bag along with my sweatpants. Also in the office was Andrew, a nerdy freshman who was lucky enough to watch us disrobe on the way to school, and the Principal, who was seated behind his desk.  
  
I was standing in front of the Principal with the soft curly hair between my legs completely exposed because the Principal abused his power by commanding me to keep my hands at my sides. I found the situation highly embarrassing. Not only was the principal examining my light brown bush, Andrew was also gazing at my neatly trimmed pussy hair.  
  
We all stood in silence for a moment, and then the Principal asked, "What happened to cause this girl to lose her pants?"  
  
Andrew tried to speak, but April cut him off and said, "First, her name is Amy, and second, it wasn't her fault. The bus seat was dirty so she took her pants off. Then I cleaned the bus seat for her and when I was finished, her pants were gone."  
  
With a look of skepticism on his face, the Principal looked over at Andrew and asked, "Is that what really happened?"  
  
Andrew answered, "Well, not exactly. What April did was..."  
  
April interrupted, "Yow saw me pull a moist towelette out of my book bag and clean the seat, didn't you Andrew?"  
  
Andrew replied, "Yes, but then you..."  
  
April knew Andrew's testimony would send April and I directly to detention, or maybe even result in a suspension from school. However, April didn't know what she could say that would contradict Andrew's account of our escapes on the school bus. Therefore, April decided that distracting the Principal was our only hope of surviving the ordeal.  
  
As Andrew tried to tell his story to the Principal, April winked at me and then she said, "Amy, your tennis shoe is untied. Here, let me tie it for you."  
  
April proceeded to slowly bend over in front the Principal with the premise of tying my shoe. With her back to the Principal, she kept her knees straight as she leaned forward. The awkward position caused her short plaid shirt to ride up in back. It was almost comical how the Principal's mouth dropped open when he discovered that April was not wearing panties under her skirt.  
  
While still in her bent over position, April sweetly said, "I'm sorry this is taking so long. I accidentally tied Amy's shoe in a knot."  
  
The Principal smiled and said, "No problem...take all the time you need."  
  
Then that nerdy freshman moved to a location where he could also see up April's skirt, so I warned, "Be careful, April. Don't forget that you lost your panties on the bus."  
  
April looked up at me with a mischievous grin, and then she quickly stood up, pulled her skirt down and yelped, "Oh my gosh, I forgot all about it!"  
  
After turning to face the Principal, April said, "I'm really sorry, sir. I hope you weren't offended by my lack of underwear."  
  
The Principal cleared his throat and confidently said, "Offended? No, of course not, but just how did you lose your underpants?"  
  
Andrew spoke up, "She took them off, just like she pulled down Amy's pants!"  
  
April took the offensive approach by looking right at the Principal and declaring, "As soon as Amy and I removed our clothes to protect them from the dirty bus seat, our clothes disappeared. Andrew obviously stole them!"  
  
Andrew argued, "That's a lie!"  
  
April questioned, "Oh really? You were the only one who saw us take our clothes off. You were the only one that got poor Amy in trouble. You were the only one that's in here standing up as a witness to the whole affair."  
  
I added, "And Andrew also put his hand between my legs against my will."  
  
April said with surprise, "He touched your pussy? That's grounds for expulsion!"  
  
Andrew yelped, "Expulsion? Sir, are you going to let these girls get away with this?"  
  
April said in a firm tone, "Get away with this? Sir, we're the victims here. Look what he did to us," and then April slowly lifted the hem of her short skirt.  
  
There was silence in the room as the Principal and Andrew both focused their eyes between April's legs. The tension on the guy's faces was intense as the hem of April's plaid skirt rose higher and higher until April's blonde pussy hair came into view. The Principal tried to appear in control, but I sensed that he was almost shaking with excitement as he gazed at the blonde peach fuzz covering April's young tight pussy.   
  
With her bare beaver completely exposed, April continued accusing Andrew of perpetuating the situation while Andrew vehemently denied the accusations. April knew exactly what she was doing. The Principal had two fully exposed teenaged pussies staring him in the face, but he could not concentrate on the good fortune placed before him with Andrew annoyingly proclaiming his innocence Therefore, April pushed the issue until the Principal had heard enough.  
  
The Principal declared, "I can't listen to this arguing any longer. Andrew, I'm going to have to ask you to leave and I’ll deal with you later."  
  
Andrew stammered, "But...but sir, I didn't do anything wrong."  
  
The Principal didn't care. He merely escorted Andrew out of the office. Andrew looked over his shoulder to take one last look at us as he left the room. With our pussy hair still completely exposed, April and I simply smiled and waved goodbye.  
  
April and I were happy because we assumed that we had won the battle. It didn't occur to us that we were still in trouble and facing punishment for our risqué behavior on the bus. Luckily, April still has a few tricks up her sleeve...I mean up her skirt!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 24**

After escorting Andrew out of the office, the Principal locked the door to the waiting room. Then the Principal returned to his office where April and I were waiting. I was still naked from the waist down, but April released the hem of her skirt, thus blocking the view of her pantiless pleasure place.  
  
When the Principal closed the door behind him, I thought to myself, "He made me leave the door open earlier because he didn't want to be accused of inappropriate behavior with a teenaged girl. I guess that rule doesn't apply when there are two teenaged girls!"  
  
The Principal was well aware that April and I were not minors. April and I are both eighteen-years-old, but the situation should still be deemed inappropriate because the Principal is a person with authority over us. As inappropriate as the situation was, neither the Principal nor April seemed to be concerned about it. In fact, I quickly learned that the Principal may have had the authority, but April certainly had the power to control the situation!  
  
April arrogantly said, "I'm glad you got rid of Andrew. He deserves to be punished and frankly, I didn't like the way he was looking at me."  
  
The Principal chuckled and said, "You didn't like the way he was looking at you? You were holding your skirt up!"  
  
The Principal paused momentarily, and then he continued in a serious tone, "Let's forget about Andrew and turn our attention to the matter at hand."  
  
April innocently asked, "What matter is that?"  
  
The Principal angrily replied, "You know darn well what matter I'm referring to!"  
  
April looked at me and said, "Oh, you mean the nudity thing,” and then April began gently combing her fingernails through my light brown bush.  
  
The Principal almost lost his train of thought as he watched April toy with my pussy hair, but then he regained his concentration and declared, “Yes, the nudity thing! You girls are still in a lot of trouble. I'm not buying your dirty bus seat story. I also don't want to hear the excuse that Andrew stole your clothes because you shouldn't have taken them off in the first place."  
  
April, who was still dragging her fingertips through my hairy triangle, asked, "So...are you going to send us to detention?"  
  
The Principal said, "No. I have no choice, but to suspend the two of you."  
  
I started crying because I'd never been in trouble before, but April seemed unfazed by the news. April just turned and put her arms around me. She placed my head on her shoulder to comfort me, and then she slid her hands down my back until they were resting on my bare butt cheeks. As April caressed my fully exposed ass right in front of the Principal, she began concocting a plan to get the Principal to change his mind about suspending us.  
  
With no other alternative, April decided to use sex as a weapon. This was not my field of expertise and it was pretty intimidating for me just to stand in the Principal's office without wearing any pants or panties. However, April seemed quite comfortable portraying the part of an exhibitionist in front of the Principal and it appeared as though exposing her body was how she planned to get us out of trouble.  
  
April said to the Principal, "How can you suspend us when it's obvious that we were just trying to protect our clothes from the dirty bus seats? See, I didn't remove my skirt and look how dirty it is," and then she lifted the back of her skirt to demonstrate her point.  
  
With half of her smooth shapely ass exposed, April tried to show the Principal a spot of dirt. The Principal said he didn't see a spot on her skirt. Of course, that was probably because his eyes were focused on April's bare butt!  
  
April lifted her skirt even higher, but the Principal still said it didn't look dirty to him, so April said, "If you can't see the dirt, then I'll have to give you a closer look," and then she turned around and started pulling the zipper down on the back of her skirt.  
  
Little by little April's bare butt crack came into view as she slowly pulled the zipper down.  
  
It was only after April's bare ass was fully exposed that the Principal said, "April, I don't think that's really necessary," but April countered, "I think it is."  
  
With her skirt completely unzipped, April turned it around so that the back of her skirt was in front of her. Then she lifted her skirt up to examine it, which left the sparse blonde pussy hair between her legs right out in the open for the Principal to enjoy. As April checked out her skirt, the Principal checked out April's nearly bald beaver.  
  
Then April said, "I found a dirty spot. Here, let me show you."  
  
April began walking around the Principal's desk with her skirt held high.  
  
As April approached the Principal, he nervously said, "April, please don't bring your skirt to me," but April said, "Oh, it’s no problem at all. I really want to show it to you."  
  
There was no doubt that April wanted to show "it" to the Principal. I'm just not sure if she was referring to her skirt or her peach fuzz covered pleasure place. With the hem of her skirt held all the way up to her waist, April walked up beside the Principal. The teenaged teaser was definitely having an affect on the Principal because I could see beads of sweat developing on his forehead.  
  
With uneasiness in his voice, the Principal said, "April, you shouldn't get so close to me."  
  
April countered, "But I want to show you my skirt," as she walked right up to the Principal.  
  
The situation was obviously making the Principal uncomfortable, so April decided to take it to the next level. April winked at me, and then she accidentally let go of her skirt, which plunged to the floor.  
  
The Principal gasped as he watched April's skirt drop to the ground, but with her skirt pooled around her ankles, April simply said, "Oopsie!"  
  
April immediately stepped out of her skirt, and then she boldly asked the Principal to pick her skirt up off the floor. Much to my surprise, the Principal complied with April's request. When the Principal leaned over to grab her skirt, his face was directly in front of April's blonde bush. April even stepped a little closer so that her young tight pussy was only inches away from the man and he took advantage of the situation by thoroughly inspecting her bare beaver.  
  
It took a long time for the Principal to retrieve April's skirt, but when the Principal finally sat up in his chair, he spread April's skirt across his desktop. The Principal claimed he didn't see any dirt on her skirt so April asked me to come behind the desk and take a look at her skirt, too. Now the Principal had two bottomless teenaged girls within an arm's length of him.  
  
April and I claimed to see a dirt spot on her skirt, but the Principal insisted that the skirt was clean so April said, "Well I'm not putting that dirty thing back on so I guess I'll be going back to class dressed like Amy."  
  
I giggled and said, "You're not dressed exactly like me because your shirt is longer than mine."  
  
April said, "You mean my blouse covers my pussy!"  
  
April was expecting to get a rise out of the Principal, but he didn't acknowledge her statement at all. That motivated April to push the issue even further.  
  
April reached down and unfastened the bottom two buttons on her blouse, and then she turned to me and asked, "Are they the same mow?"  
  
I replied, "No, mine is still shorter," so April said, "Then I guess I'll have to open a few more buttons."  
  
April turned towards the Principal and looked him right in the eyes as she proceeded to unbutton her blouse from the bottom up. I thought she was going to unfasten every button, but she stopped with one button remaining. That button was positioned just below her sheer bra. Then April spread the bottom of her blouse apart and put her hands on her hips to hold the blouse open.  
  
With her flat tummy, belly-button and blonde peach fuzz bush completely exposed, April asked, "Now is my shirt like your shirt?"  
  
I replied, "Actually, now you're showing more than me."  
  
April looked at me with a mischievous grin and said, "Oh really? Well, I can fix that," and then she grabbed the bottom of my T-shirt and attempted to pull it over my head.  
  
We must have been quite a sight for the Principal as the two of us wrestled right in front of him. Our bare butts and naked pussies were completely exposed as April pulled my shirt up so high that my bra was showing. April had the upper hand as she quickly got my T-shirt over my head and used my shirt to limit the range of motion of my arms.  
  
Feeling trapped, I had no choice except to pull on April's blouse. The last button on her blouse popped off and went flying across the room. Now April's bra was showing, too, but we were definitely not equal. Mine was a plain white bra that completely encased my medium sized titties, but April's bra was flimsy and very sheer. As April's full firm breasts threatened to fall out of her bra cups, her round rosy nipples were clearly visible through the veil thin material.  
  
April finally got my T-shirt all the way off, which left me standing there in only a bra, ankle socks and tennis shoes. April still had her blouse on, but it was off her shoulders and hanging from her arms. That left her skimpy bra totally exposed. At first April felt victorious because she was able to remove my shirt, but when she examined her own state of undress, she noticed that one of her precious pink nipples was actually peeking out over the edge of her frilly bra. I expected April to pull her blouse up to hide her teenaged titties from the Principal. However, she did the complete opposite.  
  
April pulled her blouse all the way off, dropped it on the floor, and then she looked at me and said, "This means war!"  
  
I was getting nervous because I only had one significant article of clothing remaining, but the Principal was on the edge of his seat as he awaited the grand finale of our strip wrestling match. With her bra still playing peek-a-boo with her nipples, April made the first move. She lunged for my shoulders and pulled my bra straps down my arms. I responded by cupping my hands over my boobs to keep my bra from coming off.  
  
I bent over in an attempt to prevent April from pulling my bra down, but that was a bad strategy on two levels. First, my back was to the Principal so he had an unobstructed view of my bare ass. In fact, with my legs spread for leverage, I'm sure he could see my pretty pink pussy lips from behind, too.  
  
Second, in my bend over position, April had easy access to the back of my bra. She seized the moment and unhooked my bra. On instinct, I reached behind my back to try and grab my bra strap, leaving me open for a frontal attack. It was a golden opportunity for April to pull my bra down in front and that's exactly what she did. My medium sized firm breasts were put on view and I was unable to cover them because I was still struggling to hold onto my bra. Unfortunately, when April threatened to play tug-of-war with my bra, I was forced to let go of it because I didn't want it to get destroyed.  
  
With nothing left except my ankle socks and tennis shoes, I set my sights on April's bra!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 25**

When the Principal called April and I into his office, I'm sure he never imagined it would result in a strip wrestling match, but that's exactly what happened. April was still wearing her bra, although it was very flimsy and easy to see through, but all I had on was ankle socks and tennis shoes. My bare breasts, light brown bush and firm butt were all on display for the Principal to observe. April's sparse blonde pussy hair and shapely ass were fully exposed as well, but I was determined to pull her bra off and render her stark naked in front of the Principal.  
  
As I prepared to attack April, I had to wonder why we were trying to strip each other in the Principal's Office. This all started because April took her little undies off on the school bus and pulled my sweatpants off, too. Since I picked today as the first day in my life to attend school without panties, I was left on the bus naked from the waist down. That resulted in a trip to the Principal's Office where April and I were both bottomless and facing a possible suspension. I put my fate in April's hands, but her plan for avoiding suspension for being caught half naked at school was to get caught totally naked at school!  
  
April had her back against the Principal’s desk and when I tried to reach around her back to unhook her bra, she fell onto the desktop. Her momentum carried me with her and I ended up on top of her. With my bare butt right under the Principal's nose, I struggled to get April to roll over, but I was unsuccessful.  
  
Then I grabbed April's bra from the front and demanded, "Give me the bra or I'll rip it off!"  
  
April said, "Okay, you win," and she proceeded to roll over.  
  
Unfortunately for April, I was still on top of her and I still had a firm grip on her bra. I ended up jumping off of April and when I did, her flimsy bra split apart between the cups and came off in my hand. It left April completely naked, but that wasn't the most embarrassing part. When April rolled over, she fell off the desk and landed with her belly on the Principal's lap.  
  
I asked, "Are you alright April?"  
  
April replied, "I'm okay, but something's poking me in the stomach," and then she looked up at the Principal and asked, "Do you have a stiffy?"  
  
The Principal's face turned red as he said, "April, I think you should get down."  
  
April replied, "But sir, don't you think a spanking is a more appropriate punishment for our indecency?"  
  
Then April started rolling around on the Principal's lap. I watched as her bare tushy twitched back and forth, and I could tell the Principal was having a hard time containing his emotions.  
  
April said, "Come on, sir. I can take it. Spank my bottom," but the Principal still would not respond to her requests.  
  
Finally April said, "Here, let me show you how it’s done," and then she got up from the Principal's lap.  
  
She said, "Amy, assume the position."  
  
I said, "What?"  
  
April said, "Lay down on the Principal's lap, and then she put her hands on my back and firmly guided me down so that my tummy was right over the Principal's hard member.  
  
I could feel his love gun poking against my belly and I was hopeful that he wouldn't fire it. Then April took charge and swatted me on my butt cheek with her bare hand. It actually stung a little bit.  
  
April spanked my bare ass again and I yelped, "Ouch, that hurt!"  
  
April said, "Oh, did I hurt the little baby? Here, let me kiss it and make it feel all better."  
  
April kneeled down between my legs and started kissing the spot where she smacked my ass. As she kissed the pink spot on my left butt cheek, she started caressing my right butt cheek with her hand. Then April ran her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt crack, which tickled a little and caused me to squirm around on the Principal's lap. The Principal didn’t complain. In fact, I think he enjoyed it.  
  
This continued for a while, but then April began sliding her hand around until it was underneath me. I tensed up because I thought April was going to touch my pussy, but she bypassed me and reached for the bulge in the Principal's pants. She started rubbing the Principal's erection over his pants while continuing to caress my bare butt cheek with her other hand.  
  
The Principal stressfully said, "April, you shouldn’t be...I mean don't do that."  
  
April innocently replied, "What? Don't rub my hand over your pants?"  
  
The Principal said, "Yes, don't rub your hand over my...pants."  
  
Then April said to me, "Raise up."  
  
I lifted up off of the Principal's lap, and then April unbuckled the Principal's belt and unfastened his pants.  
  
As April started unzipping the Principal's pants, he sternly asked, "What do you think you're doing young lady?"  
  
April replied, "Doing exactly what you told me to do. You said I should stop rubbing my hand over your pants, so I did."  
  
Then April pulled the Principal's pants and boxer shorts down to his ankles. His mighty missile was pointing right at us. The Principal tried to pull his shirt down over his hard penis, but April pushed his shirt back up past his waist.  
  
Then April took his erection in her hand and said, "Sir, you have a nice big thick one, doesn't he Amy?"  
  
I blushed and admitted, "Well, I've only seen one or two, but it looks like a good one to me."  
  
Then I asked, "April, why is the top of it so purple?"  
  
April replied, "That's the head. It’s purple because he's so excited that he can hardly stand it. Here, you hold it and feel how it’s throbbing."  
  
I was mortified because I was naked and I was holding the Principal's bare boner right in his office during school hours. My hand was motionless as I felt his hard penis twitching in my hand. Then the Principal started moving his hips around, but I continued to hold my hand still.  
  
April put her hand around mine and said, "He wants you to move your hand...like this."  
  
April started moved my hand up and down on the Principal's stiff rod and he did nothing to stop us. We stroked him for a short time, and then April suddenly stopped and pulled my hand away from the Principal's hard penis.  
  
The Principal immediately grunted, "What...what are you doing?"  
  
April said, "You still haven't given us our spankings. Remember? We're here for our punishment," and then April pushed me back down over the Principal's lap.  
  
The Principal's rigid rod was really poking against my flat tummy now. Then April took the Principal's hand and forced him to spank my bare bottom. He refused to spank me hard so his swats were more like love taps. April tried to slide the Principal's index finger up and down my butt crack, but when the Principal's finger got near my pussy lips, he quickly pulled his hand away.  
  
April looked at the Principal and said, "You're not very good at this. Here, let me show you how it’s done," and then she smacked my left butt cheek twice with the back of her hand.  
  
I yelled, "That's enough, April. I've learned my lesson."  
  
April said, "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you again? Here, let me kiss the boo-boo."  
  
April got down between my legs and kissed my stinging butt cheek. Then she began moving her lips around until she was actually kissing my bare butt crack, but she didn't stop there. As April kissed my bare ass, she slowly moved her soft lips down until they came in contact with the moist pink lips between my legs.  
  
I shrieked, "April!"  
  
She replied, "What? You don't like it when I touch you there," and then she pushed her finger into my love hole as the Principal watched.  
  
I was so wet that her finger slid right in and she immediately started working it around. It felt so good that I was squirming around on the Principal's lap and rubbing my belly against his bare boner. As April continued thrusting her finger in and out of my tight young pussy, she reached under me with her bare hand and started rubbing the Principal's rock hard penis back and forth against the soft skin on my tummy.  
  
Suddenly April pulled her finger out of me and I shrieked, "Oh my gosh, April...you can't stop now!"  
  
April softly said, "Don't worry, baby. I'll make you cum."  
  
Then April turned to the Principal and whispered, "I'll make you cum, too."  
  
The Principal said, "April, this is not a good idea."  
  
April said, "Why? I don't see a wedding ring."  
  
He said, "I'm divorced and I haven't been with a woman for over a year. That's why I'm having so much trouble resisting you."  
  
April said, "Then don't resist!"  
  
She took the Principal's hand and placed it on her full firm breast while continuing to rub his massive missile against my soft belly. The Principal didn't pull his hand away from April's teenaged titty. He started massaging it while rolling her stiff pink nipple between his index finger and his middle finger. The Principal reached down with his other hand and started playing with my bare titties, too. It made me feel good, yet uncomfortable at the same time.  
  
I looked back at April and she said, "Just let him have his fun," and then she pushed her finger back inside me.  
  
Now April and the Principal really had me going. The man was twisting my nipples and caressing my breasts while April played with my pussy. She even kissed my smooth firm ass again, including my sensitive butt crack. It didn't take long for the funny feeling to start building inside of me and it quickly pushed my emotions to their limit. My whole body was tensing up and I was about to reach my breaking point.  
  
Finally I said, "I can't...I can't hold back any longer. I'm cumming, I'm cumming. Oh, it feels so good! Thank you baby, thank you!"  
  
When I just couldn't take it any longer, I pushed April's hand away from my pussy and took a deep breath. My body went limp on the Principal's lap and April could no longer move her hand. I could feel the Principal's manhood throbbing under my belly, but I couldn't move. April knew that the Principal was about to cum, too, so she helped me get up and lay across the Principal's desktop.  
  
With the Principal staring down at my young naked body, April kneeled down in the Principal's lap and wrapped her boobs around his throbbing erection. Then April started moving her full firm breasts up and down his rigid rod while pushing her titties together with her hands.  
  
April asked, "Do you like that, sir? Does it feel good?"  
  
He grunted, "Yes...it feels great."  
  
Then April asked, "Are we going to get suspended?"  
  
The Principal didn't respond so April worked her breasts against his boner even harder and asked, "Sir, are we going to get suspended?"  
  
This time when the Principal didn't respond, April stopped and pulled away from the Principal.  
  
The Principal begged, "Why are you stopping? You can't do this to me."  
  
April said, "Yes, I can."  
  
Then the Principal said, "Alright, no suspension."  
  
April asked, "What about detention?"  
  
The Principal declared, "No punishment...none, I promise."  
  
Then April looked up at me, winked, and then she softly said to the Principal, "Okay, then I guess you deserve this."  
  
April moved down between the Principal's legs and started licking the Principal's penis like a Popsicle. Then she kissed its purple head and slowly moved her mouth down until half of it disappeared. April proceeded to bob her head up and down on the Principal's hard missile, and the man started breathing faster. It didn't take long for the Principal to reach the point of no return and when he did, the Principal pulled his rigid rocket out of April's mouth and fired it all over her face. Some of it even got in April's hair.  
  
April was a mess, but she was happy. After satisfying the Principal, April got up off the floor and motioned for me to get off the desk. I hopped down on the floor, and then April climbed up and stretched out face up on the desktop.  
  
April pointed to her face and said, "Clean me up."  
  
I didn't see anything to clean her with, so I pick up what was left of her bra and wiped her face. I got the bulk of the Principal's fluids off her, but the bra was pretty tiny, so I was forced to use her skirt. After April was relatively clean, I put her dirty bra in the trashcan and dropped her skirt back on the floor.  
  
By now, the Principal was dressed, so he said, "You girls are free to go," but April said, "What about me?"  
  
April spread her legs for the Principal and he took a nice long look at her sweet pink pussy lips, but then he said, "I...I can't. I just can't," and then he looked away.  
  
April looked at me with her sad puppy-dog eyes and said, "Amy, will you play with me?"  
  
No one could resist April's plea for pleasure, including me, so I agreed to try and satisfy April's desires. It made me nervous because I was an inexperienced schoolgirl who was about to make love to another girl. My nervousness was intensified one hundred percent because the Principal was going to watch. However, April brought me to an incredible orgasm so I felt obliged to do the same for her!

**Amy and the Doctor - Part 26**

What had transpired over the course of the morning was absolutely surreal. I didn't wear panties to school and I lost my pants on the school bus. April lost her panties on the school bus, but she retained her skirt. Next I was marched into the Principal's office naked from the waist down as my classmates watched. Eventually April showed up to save me, but did she bring me any pants? No! In fact, thanks to April, we both ended up totally nude in front of the Principal.  
  
However, our adventure didn't end there. April was able to convince the Principal not to punish us for our antics by treating his penis like a Popsicle. She gave me an orgasm, too! It felt great, but then April wanted me to return the favor. The situation made me extremely nervous because I was relatively inexperienced and the now fully-clothed Principal intended to watch our performance. April was lying across the Principal's desk and I was standing between her legs at the end of the desk. I was mortified because the Principal was sitting in his desk chair right beside us, which gave him a birds-eye view of all the action.  
  
When April asked me to satisfy her sexual urges, I warned, "Okay, but I'm new at this so be patient."  
  
April responded, "Don't worry. I'll tell you exactly what to do," and then she pulled me down and tried to kiss me on the lips.  
  
After watching April used her mouth to devour the Principal's rigid rod, I turned away and let her kiss me on the cheek. She continued kissing my face, and then she moved down and began giving me soft kisses on my neck. In my bent over position, my breasts were dangling down below me and my precious pink nipples were gently rubbing against April's nipples. I could feel that her nipples were poking out from excitement and the sensation made my body tingle. Then I glanced over and noticed that the Principal was watching our titties rub up against each other. The Principal had seen so much of our naked bodies that it shouldn’t have mattered to me by now, but his lusting stare still made me blush.  
  
Then April pushed my head down so that my lips were over her beautiful boobs. I started kissing and sucking on her nipples while she combed her fingernails through my hair. I licked and kissed her nipples until they were nice and hard, and then I slowly moved down between her legs, kissing the soft smooth skin on her taunt belly along the way. Going down between April's legs made me nervous, but I just did to her what I like done to me.  
  
First I wiggled my tongue around on April's little clitty. It was easy to find because April barely has any hair on her pussy. She just has a tiny bit of blonde peach fuzz between her legs and there's practically nothing around her sweet snatch. The babe's beaver looks like mine did when I was a pre-teen, but it had plenty of sensitivity because April was really moaning as I massaged her love button with my tongue.  
  
I guess I was intrigued by her sparse pussy hair because I couldn't stop dragging my fingertip through it, but it must have frustrated April because she grabbed my finger and forced it down between her legs. I pushed my finger into her wet waiting love hole, and then she pushed my head back down between her legs. There was no doubt what April wanted me to do. She wanted me to move my finger around inside of her while I licked her love button, so that's what I did.  
  
As I pleasured April, the Principal was sitting in his chair beside us and watching every move we made. It was really embarrassing because he was fully clothed while April and I were totally naked. It was also embarrassing because we were just eighteen-year-old girls trying to make love to each other while our Principal, who is in his forties, was carefully observing my technique as I fumbled around between April’s legs.  
  
Then I really felt humiliated because the Principal decided to wheel his chair around so that he was sitting right behind me! April was lying on top of the desk with her legs spread apart and I was at the end of the desk with my feet on the floor. I was bent over with my head between April's legs and I couldn't bend my knees because they would hit the end of the desk. Therefore, I was leaning over straight legged with my legs spread more that shoulder's width apart and the Principal was right behind me! The Principal obviously had a clear view of my bare ass, but I was mortified because he could also see my pretty pink pussy lips from behind, too. Unfortunately, I was obligated to satisfy April so all I could do was focus my attention on April's pussy while the Principal focused his attention on mine!  
  
I was moving my tongue around on April's little clitty while I made circles inside her pussy with my fingertip. She seemed to be enjoying what I was doing because it was making her moan. However, April also wanted me to caress her breasts and she made that clear by grabbing my free hand and placing it on one of her spectacular globes of flesh.  
  
As I toyed with her nipple, I started thrusting my finger in and out of her tight wet pussy, and she moaned, "Oh yeah, Amy. That's exactly what I like. You're right on the spot that drives me wild!"  
  
I was doing everything April liked so I didn't dare try to do anything else. I was happy that I was pleasing April, but I couldn't stop thinking about the Principal. He was still sitting right behind me and I was completely naked. In my bent over position, he was free to inspect every inch of my bare ass and butt crack. The Principal was also at liberty to examine my precious pussy lips because they were right out in the open for his viewing pleasure and there was nothing I could do to stop him from looking.  
  
I could tell that April was about to cum, but I just couldn't bring her to that threshold. It made me anxious because I knew the longer it took to make April cum, the longer the Principal would be able to stare at my bare butt and exposed pussy. April's was moaning and telling me how good it felt, but I just couldn't push her over the edge.  
  
I continued working my tongue around on April's love button and I could taste the wetness from her moist pussy lips. I also continued to move my finger around inside April's tight teenaged pussy, which made her body tense up. Then I stopped massaging her breasts and began concentrating on her precious pink nipples. I started tickling her hard nipples, and then I began twisting and pulling on them. This did the trick because April started squirming on top of the desk.  
  
Soon April's body shuttered and she began screaming, "Oh wow! You did it...I'm cumming. Mmm, I'm cumming! Mmm...I'm cumming."  
  
Then April's screaming stopped, but she held my head between her legs so I continued toying with her pretty pussy until she couldn't take it anymore. After I finished April off, she pulled me on top of her and we pressed our naked bodies together on top of the Principal's desk. My butt was pointed up in the air and when I glanced over at the Principal, he was still gawking at my bare ass. He was able to examine my butt for quite a while because April held me in that position until she regained her composure, which seemed to take forever.  
  
When April finally released me, the Principal watch as I rolled off of his desk. Unfortunately for me, there was no way to get down without spreading my legs. That gave the Principal another look at my light brown bush and pink pussy lips. April rolled off the desk after I did, but when she got down, April spread her legs as wide as she could and took her time, permitting the Principal to take a nice long look at her nearly bald beaver. Then April smiled at the Principal, licked her lips and turned around.  
  
With her back to the Principal, April slowly bent down and picked up her blouse from the floor. She didn't bend her knees, so the Principal was treated to a perfect view of April's smooth shapely butt. Then she turned to face him and slipped on the semi-transparent shirt. I had destroyed April's bra earlier, so she was forced to go braless. Without a bra, April's nipples were clearly visible through the sheer fabric of the blouse.  
  
April began buttoning the blouse from the bottom up and she stopped right below her firm breasts. That left plenty of cleavage on display. Then she stepped into her short skirt and zipped it up. She still wasn't wearing any panties, but as long as she was careful when she bent over, no one would know.  
  
After she finished getting dressed, she kissed me on the cheek and whispered, "I'll go get your pants. Wait here until I get back."  
  
I said, "Where do you think I'd go...I'm naked!"  
  
Then the Principal chuckled and I was totally embarrassed because I was in the Principal's Office and I was still in the nude. I guess I was so engrossed in watching the Principal as he watched April get dressed that I forgot to get dressed myself. Now the Principal was free to direct all of his attention towards me as I bent down to pick up my tiny T-shirt and bra.  
  
The Principal was treated to another view of my rear end when I picked my clothes up, but I didn't linger in my bent over position the way that April did. He was still able to gaze at my bare ass because I stood with my back to the man as I strapped up my bra and pulled on my short T-shirt. With no pants available, I had nothing left to do except stand there and wait for April.  
  
As I stood there, naked from the waist down, it was very awkward because I didn't know what to do or say. Then the Principal tried to make small talk, so I turned to face him, but I put my hands between my legs to cover my hairy triangle.  
  
The Principal said, "You can relax and put your hands down. I've seen everything you've got already, so you might as well be comfortable. In fact, why don't you come over and sit on my desk?"  
  
I didn't want to get that close to him, but I was intimidated by my surroundings so I hopped up on the desk next to him. I squeezed my legs together, but a little bit of my girl fur was still peeking out and that did not go unnoticed by the Principal. As I sat there half naked and mortified, the Principal talked about colleges that I should look into. He also said that he could help me with the admissions process and explained how to get financial assistance. I was thrilled that he was taking an interest in my future, but I would have been more receptive to his advice if I was wearing pants.  
  
April finally showed up after what seemed like an eternity and she gave me my pants. I quickly pulled them on, and then the Principal offered to drive us home. He said that after what we'd been through today, we deserved the rest of the day off. When we got to the Principal's car, April called shotgun and jumped in the front seat.  
  
With the windows open, we headed for home, but April was obviously not done teasing the Principal. As the wind blew around the car, April's skirt kept blowing up and the Principal was happy to see that April did not bother to put her panties on. Every time her skirt flew up, the Principal was treated to a view of the sparse blonde hair between April's legs. April was not careful about keeping her knees together, so the Principal probably saw more that just her blonde peach fuzz. The Principal also noticed that April's blouse was unbuttoned so low that when she leaned forward, he could actually look down her blouse and see her round rosy nipples.  
  
It was no surprise that the Principal took me home first, since I was no longer showing any skin. I dreaded going to school the next day and facing everyone that had seen me half naked, but they were obviously looking forward to seeing me. Everybody was waiting for me to get off the bus, but I disappointed them. I had on my heaviest jeans and my thickest sweatshirt....the outfit I wanted to wear yesterday!