**Annies Plan**

by LeahR

This happened to myself and two friends the summer between high school and college. We'd been very close since junior high, and had done everything together. We'd been together to summer camp one year, roomed together on a class trip to Gettysburg, been guests on each others' summer vacations, and had had tons of sleep overs.

I probably don't have to tell you that three teenage girls can get into lots of trouble on a sleep over, especially when there's nothing good on TV, you've watched all the videos in your library, and you don't have a chaperon because all your parents are out together partying. They even went together on 'Get-away Weekends,' where we speculated, without ANY proof, that they engaged in swapping. I don't know to this day whether there was actually any swapping going on, but it was fun to pretend, even if it was only a guessing game. We would guess about who's dad was with who's mom, and what they were doing. In the meantime, we played games of our own.

I'm Melissa. I am the youngest of the three of us by a few months, having turned eighteen just before we graduated. I guess reverse age order is as good as any, so the middle one is Jennifer, like I said, about four months older than I. The oldest is Heather, another two months older than Jennifer, only she didn't like the name Heather, preferring her middle name, Anne. Jennifer and I were the only ones who she allowed to call her Annie.

We experimented with haircuts and color a lot of course, but, at the moment I was pretty much my natural dark blond with blue eyes. Jennifer's hair was a shade or two lighter and her eyes were also blue, although she owned some green contacts that she usually wore. Annie was the darkest. Black, very curly hair that she sometimes tried to wear long and straight, but by that summer she had pretty much decided to go short and curly. Her eyes were a very deep brown.

Bodies? Yes, we had bodies. I was 5'7" and 115 pounds (okay, 120. I can lie to you, but Jenner and Annie will read this and they know). That's 170cm and about 54 kilos for you metric readers. None of us were super well endowed up top, but I was smallest at 33 in. B cups. I didn't participate in any athletics after I convinced my mom to let me give up gymnastics after 6th grade, but the three of us worked out every weekend, which we sometimes were able to use as an excuse to get together when one of us was otherwise grounded, or our parents had other plans.

Those were serious workouts too, and kept us all in shape. We weighed ourselves every weekend and kept a chart which I still have, which is how I remember all the details.

Continuing youngest to oldest, Jennifer was the shortest, 5'4" and sometimes dipping below 100 pounds, but usually around 102. Again for you in metric lands, 63cm and 45kg. Jennifer loved to swim but, like me, she was allowed to give up competitive sports before we started 7th grade, though she continued to swim lap after monotonous lap in Annie's pool.

Annie was the tallest and most athletic. By graduation she was 5'9" (175cm), and 158 pounds (72kg). She played a lot of sports in middle school, but 'retired' before high school. The coaches kept after her though and she eventually played both volleyball and softball junior and senior years. Remember how I told you my boob size, but didn't tell you Jennifer's? That's because Jennifer and Annie were exactly the same, 34C, though Jennifer tended to fluctuate a little between B and C depending on the time of the month.

Although we did spend time at each of our houses, and had sleepovers at each of them in turn, we did spend the most time at Annie's. Annie was the rich one. Oh, none of us were poor, Jennifer and I had nice clothes and things, but Annie had by far the biggest house. In fact, my dad and Jennifer's mom, both worked for his company.

Not only was Annie's house biggest, but it had a pool and also a workout room, with a treadmill and a couple other machines, so that was where we hung, just spending enough time at me and Jennifer's to keep our moms happy.

At any rate, all that was just background for the story I started out to tell you. Just one more thing, Jennifer and I both had older siblings, while Annie did not. Just one more reason why we preferred to stay at her house.

So while we had these sleepovers we played all kinds of games. We started out with board games, like 'Life,' or Monopoly, but as we got a little bit older, a little more 'sophisticated' in our minds, we started to play more adult type games.

We tried 'practice' kissing (and more), and we played strip poker. We soon found out that strip poker is a pretty boring game, especially when played by three girls who had seen each other naked countless times. So to liven the game up, we added consequences for losing.

At first, the consequence was swimming a naked lap in Annie's pool. One time we played at my house, and since I didn't have a pool, we ran a lap around my backyard. That was actually more daring than the pool, since Annie's yard had a big privacy fence, and my yard was separated from neighbors' by just a chain link fence. We never did play at Jennifer's.

After a time, we began playing the games poolside, with whoever 'lost' having to swim another lap. These evenings almost always ended with all of us naked in Annie's backyard.

Now, playing cards by a pool is okay if you stay out of the water, but wet hair and wet towels inevitably lead to wet cards, and even waterproof plastic cards don't shuffle or deal well when wet, so we replaced the poker with Truth or Dare, a game which our parents had originally specifically prohibited from our sleepover night activities. Once we were eighteen though, we decided that that restriction no longer applied.

Once we started with Truth or Dare, things escalated quickly. Pretty soon we stopped even the pretense of that game, and began playing an unofficial follow the leader kind of game. Annie would say, "I'm gonna run across the street (naked of course), and touch the sycamore tree," and then Jennifer and I would have to do the same thing. The next person had to come up with something more daring.

For example, Jennifer (who seemed to like kinky stuff) said after Annie's sycamore tree dare, "I'm gonna do it with clothespins on my nipples." (We had to go out and buy clothespins for that one, 'cause who has any nowadays?)

Almost all of these things we did at night with darkness as a cover, but more and more while on a weekend alone, we began hanging around naked even during the day. One thing we did during the day was ride our bikes down to the metropark, put our clothes in our backpacks, and hike the woods naked.

So the dares were escalating, but in a fairly controlled manner until with graduation, they took a big jump. What happened to really make a difference was that Annie got a car. Her parents offered her a sports car, but she told them it had to be big enough for three so she got a small SUV instead.

Once we got that car (and I say 'we' because we treated it like we all owned it, even though only Annie was allowed to drive it) things got wild quickly. The very first thing we did was go through a fast food drive through with one of us (turned out to be me the first time) naked in the back seat. I'm pretty sure nobody saw me because the windows were tinted, but it was still fun. Then we did Jennifer and I naked in the back seat. Still nobody seemed to notice so Jennifer tried the front seat. We still weren't getting much response (maybe people do this a lot?), so we tried all three of us naked, me and Annie in front, Jennifer in back. This time the window person said, "Be careful with the fries, they're hot. Have fun."

One thing we talked about trying was a pizza delivery dare. The idea was to order a pizza, then one or all of us take the delivery naked. We talked about it, but never tried it because before we got around to it, Annie came up with another idea, one that became our biggest adventure ever.

**Part Two**

Annie's cousin had gotten married that June after graduating from college. Annie and her mom and dad had riven downstate for the wedding one weekend, leaving Jennifer and I to spend the weekend at my house. Since my older brother was still home and my mom and dad didn't go away with Annie's and Jennifer's parents, we couldn't do anything outside like we had been doing, and we pretty much spent the whole weekend in my little room.

It seemed like the weekend was gonna be pretty boring, but Jennifer did make it interesting. She asked me if I would do some more 'practice' kissing, something we hadn't done for at least a of couple years. Well, we ended up 'practicing,' ("Just to see what it's like."), a whole lot of other things and the weekend wasn't boring after all, but that's another story.

Annie's family had left on Friday night for a Saturday morning wedding and a Saturday afternoon reception, returning late Saturday night. Annie was pretty wiped out the next day, since they didn't get home till about three in the morning, so we didn't get to see her for a few more days. When we did get together at her house the next weekend, she told us her idea.

They had been driving home on the interstate and it was very late. Annie was driving when her dad told her to pull into one of those rest areas. You know, pull off, parking, toilets, picnic tables and some vending machines. They are almost always located in pairs, with one on each side of the road.

Her dad told them to stretch their legs, and that he was going to have some vending machine coffee and that he would then drive the rest of the way. Annie said that after she used the facilities, her dad was still by the vending machines, so she took a little stroll. She said she was amazed at how dark it was just a little way back from the parking area. There were still picnic tables around and widely scattered trees, like a little park.

Annie said that as soon as she saw how isolated and dark it was, she had an urge to get naked. "Ever since," she said, "I haven't stopped thinking about it." She told us that at first, her only idea was that we could drive to one of these areas and just be naked outdoors. While that sounded like fun, she said she had kept thinking about it, and had gradually developed a plan for an adventure.

"I will drive us down to the rest area and drop you two off naked," Annie started.

"Why are we the ones gonna be naked? Why not you too?" asked Jennifer.

"Because I'm the only one allowed to drive my car. Just listen to the whole thing, okay?"

"Okay."

"I will drop you off on the southbound side, then drive down to the next exit, turn around and come back up and pick you up on the northbound side. That will give you about a half hour to get across the road."

"That's it?" I said, "All we have to do is cross four lanes of Interstate traffic naked?"

"Don't worry," said Annie. "I was just there last week, there's hardly any traffic at two in the morning."

"I dunno," I said.

"You guys don't wanna do it? I thought it would be fun."

"I'll do it," said Jennifer, "But what are you gonna do?"

"Huh? I'll be driving!"

"No, I mean what are you gonna do for a dare?"

"I dunno, whatever you guys think up, within reason."

"None of this is within reason, but I'll do it," Jennifer said, so I had no choice but to agree.

"So when?" asked Jennifer, "Now?"

"I didn't think you guys would wanna do it now," said Annie, "But I guess we could."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I wanna know what we do if there's some kinda emergency. Maybe we should plan this out."

So we decided to do it the very next night. I wanted to scout the rest area first, but Annie said she had just been there. We would drive down the interstate to the southbound rest area, where Annie would leave Jennifer and I, taking all our clothes with her. We decided that we should wear shoes to protects us against broken glass or metal scraps as well as bugs and even sharp stones, but that was it. We'd be naked except for shoes and socks.

While Annie drove down to the next exit, about fourteen miles further south, Jennifer and I would make our way across the highway to the northbound rest area, where Annie would pick us back up. The speed limit in that area was 60, so it would take just about one half hour for Annie to make the trip.

Jennifer seemed quite excited about it, and Annie said, "This is gonna be great!" I wasn't so sure.

The map we looked up showed the rest area to be about 45 miles from the interstate exit closest to us so we anticipated the whole thing to take about two hours, maybe a little more. About 1am Sunday morning we got into Annie's car. Jennifer rode in front, leaving me in back all alone with my worries.

We wore minimal clothing to make undressing and dressing easier. Socks and shoes of course, with mine being knee socks and Jennifer's just anklets, shorts and a T-shirt. On the way down there Annie and Jennifer were excited and chattering away about how great this was all gonna be. In the back seat, my part of the conversation was limited to "Yeah," "No" and "Uh-huh."

Before you knew it, we were there, pulling off the highway, up the ramp and into the parking area. An unexpected thing was that there was a semi-truck parked in the truck part of the parking, but he was down at the far end, and Annie said the driver was probably asleep. She pulled into a spot right by the toilets and we all got out and went pee.

When we were done, Annie led us back away from the road and the brightly lit parking area. She was right about one thing, back among the trees and picnic tables it was really dark. Next thing I knew Annie was saying, "Okay, give me your clothes."

Well, this was my chance to do the sane thing and say no, but we were a trio. After so many years of doing everything together I couldn't back out. I found myself stepping out of my shorts, then pulling off my T-shirt. I handed them to Annie, who stuffed them into a backpack she was carrying, and there I was, along with Jennifer, naked in the rest area.

For the time being, there was less chance of anyone seeing us than there had been during a lot of the things we had already done. I mean, we had run across the street naked several times, with houses full of people on both sides who could have seen us. We had been through drive-thrus naked and HAD been seen. Now the only person in shouting distance was the truck driver, presumably asleep in his truck which was parked facing away from us and about 300 feet away.

But that was just for the time being. Soon Annie would leave and we would be looking across the rest area, the parking area, the berm, two southbound interstate lanes, the wide grass median strip, two northbound lanes, berm, parking, and rest area on the other side, all of which was well lighted and all of which we would have to cross to get to our clothes and our ride home.

"See you two in about a half hour," said Annie, then I was watching her walk away from us. What I was mostly watching though was her backpack containing my clothes as it got smaller and smaller, disappearing into the distance and darkness.

"Oh.. My.. God!" said Jennifer, "I can't believe we're really doing this!" as if just now realizing what we had gotten ourselves into.

**Part Three**

Without discussing it we both walked forward, stopping while still in the shadow of the trees. From further back we hadn't been able to see the road past the far edge of the parking area, now we could. Annie's taillights were just pulling back onto the highway far down to our right. That 'Hardly any traffic at two in the morning' had turned into a steady stream in both directions with only occasional gaps. We both just stood there, staring kind of dumbfounded.

Finally Jennifer said, "Why don't we try this way?" pointing to our left where the ramp came up from the highway.

Most rest areas I had seen were right across the road from each other, this one was offset, with the southbound rest area being south of the northbound one. The two exit ramps from the highway were roughly right across from each other, so going to the left made sense. By going down the ramp coming up from the highway we'd be able to see any cars pulling into the rest area, hopefully before they saw us.

Once past the rest area's parking and onto the ramp, there were no more trees. There was still high grass, shrubs and bushes that we could use for cover. We kept in the shadows as long as possible, but had to step into the light once we started down the ramp. Keeping in the bushes turned out to be a joke on us.

The tall grass was difficult to walk through, and the blades of grass had sharp edges that cut at our legs. It was just like getting paper cuts. At least I had my knee socks for some protection. Worse than the grass, there were thistles and a lot of the bushes turned out to be blackberries or something with wicked long thorns. I got a really bad scratch on my thigh. So we had to keep on the actual berm.

The ramp itself was maybe, I dunno, twelve feet wide? There was maybe ten feet of berm on each side of the lane, then the terrain sloped down on each side of the ramp, on the right side down toward the forest, and on the left side down toward the road. Jennifer started making helpful comments like, "I wonder if there are security cameras on the light poles."

I looked up, but the poles were too high and the lights themselves too bright for me to be able to tell if there were any cameras. At least if there were, they got a good shot of my upturned face that way.

About half way down to the highway, we saw our fist car turning onto the ramp to the rest area. We had kept to the right, on the forest side of the ramp. On this side the slope down from the berm was pretty steep, but on the other side the gentler slope gave no cover at all and the grass was about the height of a lawn. We literally slid down the slope, crouched down and got as far back into the weeds as we could. I guess because of the steep slope, the highway workers couldn't mow very close here.

"I wonder if there's any poison ivy," Jennifer said, "Or snakes." Why couldn't she just shut up?

The car drove past us and up to the parking. I didn't see anyone in the passenger seat. Before we could get going again another car pulled off the highway. This one too drove past and this time I did see a woman in the passenger side of the car. Her face was turned our direction, but she didn't seem to have seen us.

Both cars drove to about the middle of the parking area. As soon as they were past us we started out again. This time we made it all the way down to the bottom of the ramp, level with the main roadway. I guess we arrived down there just as there was a gap in the traffic, because Jennifer said, "C'mon, hurry!" and took off running across the ramp.

There was still that slope down the very short grass, which was only about eight or ten feet wide at this point, then sloping up to the actual road. There was one of those guardrails (that only went about another fifty feet, then ended) between us and the road. I would've run around the end, but Jennifer had other ideas.

I assumed she would stop at the guardrail and use it for cover while she waited for a gap in traffic. The whole move had surprised me because we had kinda used stealth to sneak down from the parking area so far, and I thought that was our plan. The surprise made me hesitate a bit too long and I just started my dash for the guardrail when I saw Jennifer leap right over it and continue right across the road way. Shit!

I knew I could jump it, 'cause they made us do low hurdles in gym class last year, so I was gonna give it a go. Just before I reached the other side of the ramp I took a look to my left for traffic. Two cars were heading my way. The gap that Jennifer had made it through was closing rapidly. I almost just kept running but those cars were coming fast and I chickened out, diving onto the grass right next to the guardrail.

At the last minute before the cars reached the ramp I realized that while the guardrail gave me some cover if the cars stayed on the road, if they came up the exit ramp, it didn't. There was room enough under the guardrail that I could just roll under it to the other side, but if one pulled off while the other kept going straight the rail could only hide me from one.

My heart was pounding and my chest ached and I could hardly breathe. I couldn't do anything but wait. I squeezed my eyes shut, but realized that wouldn't do any good, they could still see me fine. I didn't have to wait long though because the cars sped past me, staying on the road.

I couldn't see very well laying down like I was so as soon as they passed I got up on my knees and looked to my left again. Another car and a tractor-trailer were just a little ways away. I started to duck back down but I was starting to get used to being naked and it felt good. I stayed on my knees, crouched down with my head just over the top of the guardrail enough to see.

I tried to see if I could see Jennifer but the crown of the roadway was too high for me to see the median. The truck was passing the car just about the time they went by me. Again both vehicles stayed on the road. There was no one behind them so as soon as they were past I climbed over the guardrail.

There was a big gap now on this side of the road but there was plenty of traffic across the median. I was down the little slope off the roadway and took one more look to my left, then dashed across the two southbound lanes and into the median.

It took me a moment to see Jennifer. The median was shaped like a shallow V, sloping down from each side of the road toward the middle. Jennifer was lying face down near that middle.

Crouching as low as I could because I was closer to the northbound traffic now, I ran down the slope and threw myself down next to Jennifer. "What took you so long?" Jennifer asked.

I answered that question with one of my own, "Why didn't you tell me you were gonna do that?"

"I thought you were following me."

The grass (weeds more like) was higher here and by laying completely flat we probably weren't too visible. It had been a dry summer up to that point too, so the grass was really dry and scratchy on my boobs and... Well, on the rest of me too.

We were very near the center of the median and I noticed something I hadn't seen before. Running right along the center the median had a low sort of fence. Metal poles with three kinda thick metal cables running between. It wasn't very high and I guessed it was to prevent cars crossing through the median.

There was a lot of traffic now, in both directions. As we lay there in the median unable to move I noticed something I hadn't had the time to pay attention to before. In addition to traffic, there were also A LOT of bugs. I could feel myself being bitten almost constantly by mosquitoes. "Shit!" I said, "Why didn't we use bug repellent?"

"Yeah, I know," said Jennifer, "My back is one big welt. If we lay out here too much longer we won't have any blood left. Why don't we at least try and get closer to the other side? That way if we see a chance, we'll be ready to make a run for it."

So we crawled through the center of the median. Fortunately there was enough room under the little fence to crawl through so we didn't have to stand up to climb over it because traffic was pretty heavy the whole time. I mean, what ever happened to the 'almost none?'

So we were now at last on the northbound side of the highway, even if we were still in the median. There was actually some taller grass here, even if it was still very dry and scratchy. We lay there, hunkered down in the grass, sweaty from exertion, itchy from the grass, weeds and mosquitoes, watching the traffic, which was beginning to show gaps again.

Right before one of those gaps though, we saw a charter type bus, followed by about five cars all driving up the ramp to the rest area where we were going to meet Annie.

"Okay," I said, "Now what?"