**Anything ... For My Boss?**

by rsw

**Chapter 1**

Mia wiped sweat from her forehead with a towel she kept at her hostess stand. The early September day was about the hottest it had been all summer, and she’d just walked over two miles from her house to the restaurant.  
  
At least she was dressed for the heat. Though she didn’t normally show so much skin, accommodations had to be made for the weather, so she wore only a tank top over her sports bra and her briefest denim shorts. She was sure to get stares from both her coworkers and the customers.  
  
She sighed. It wasn’t like she wasn’t used to stares, anyway. Most guys seemed to consider her attractive, and, though athletic, her body had curves in all the right places. Combining those qualities with the fact that her darker Italian ancestry was somewhat exotic for the area meant she’d become accustomed to a certain amount of looks.   
  
It was just something she had live with.  
  
Actually, that was one of the nice things about working at Carl’s Catfish Citchen; not many people had the opportunity to stare at her at work because there simply weren’t that many customers. The place had fallen on hard times. Its outdated décor, leaking roof, and sagging front porch all pointed out the need for a major renovation, not exactly the ambience most people were looking for. A lot of the expensive specialty kitchen equipment was in dire need of repair as well, and Carl didn’t have the money to do anything about it. Because he was having to make do with what he had, food quality suffered, making the situation just that much worse.  
  
That all added up to the fact that, with the lunch “rush” approaching, the crowd was likely to be under ten people, and that was if it was a busy day.  
  
Not for the first time, she wondered exactly how long this job was going to last. Any employment at all was hard to come by out here in the sticks, and she needed all three of her part-time gigs to save enough money for her to go to college next year.  
  
As Mia worked prepping the menus, the front door burst open. A guy, medium height with dark black hair and round glasses that had slid down his nose, marched in, his eyes darting about.  
  
“Is the owner here?” the man said as he pushed his glasses back up.  
  
“Uh …” Mia said. “Yeah.”  
  
“Where?”  
  
Startled by both his abrupt appearance and manner, Mia could only point back to Carl’s office.  
  
“Thanks,” the man said.  
  
Mia knew whatever the man wanted was none of her business, but, once she’d finished with her prep work, her curiosity got the better of her. She meandered over to stand outside the closed door leading to Carl’s office.  
  
“That much?” the man’s voice yelled. “You have to be kidding me! This place doesn’t bring in that much in an entire month.”  
  
“You’d be surprised,” Carl said.  
  
“I very much doubt that.”  
  
“Be that as it may, that’s the price,” Carl said. “Take it or leave it.”  
  
“Fine. I’ll leave it.”  
  
Mia was wholly unprepared as the guy stormed out of the office, catching her eavesdropping in the process. She stood with her mouth wide open.  
  
The guy stopped at the sight of her. His face took on a resigned expression, and he turned slowly back around to face Carl. “You know what? I’ll take it.”  
  
Carl smiled.  
  
“On one condition – that she be our hostess that night.” The man pointed at Mia. “You can take that or leave it.” He spun and called out as he walked toward the door, “You have my contact information. Let me know by tomorrow.”  
  
Mia was confused. The man’s demand that she had to serve as the hostess came out sounding ominous, but why would that be? Being a hostess was, after all, her job.  
  
Carl looked at her, his face full of worry. “Please come in and shut the door.”  
  
That didn’t sound good.  
  
As soon as she’d stepped inside and taken a seat in front of his desk, he said, “You know that we’ve been having some … financial difficulties, right?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“If things don’t change,” he said, “I’ll have to close the restaurant soon.”  
  
“I understand. You have to lay me off, huh?” That sucked, but it wasn’t like she hadn’t been expecting it.  
  
“Actually …” Carl said.  
  
“What?”  
  
“That guy who just left? He’s willing to pay me a great deal to rent the place out for a single night, enough to get all our equipment repaired, pay off all my past due amounts to my suppliers, and even spruce the place up a bit.” Carl grinned. “I’ve been watching this show where this famous chef comes in and does a renovation that improves business a bunch. I’ve got some great ideas.”  
  
“That sounds wonderful!”  
  
Carl’s face fell. “There is one little catch.” He bit his lip.  
  
“I’m not going to like this, am I?”  
  
“No. Not at all.”  
  
“So what’s the deal?”  
  
“Well, this guy, Mike, wants to have a special night for his girlfriend, and they’re into something that’s a little … weird. He, uh, wants her to attend naked.”  
  
“That doesn’t sound so bad,” Mia said. “I don’t know any naturalists, but I know they exist.”  
  
“Here’s the thing, though – all the girls who are going to be here have to be naked, including the wait staff … and the hostess.”

**Chapter 2**

Mia felt her jaw drop. “He … he wants me to be naked?”  
  
“I’m afraid so,” Carl said.  
  
“Here at work?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Where people can see me?”  
  
Carl nodded.  
  
“I-I can’t do that. I just can’t.”  
  
“I understand completely,” Carl said.  
  
Mia hesitated before speaking again. “If I don’t do it, you’re going to have to shut down the restaurant? Lay all of us off? Jose? Darla? Everyone?”  
  
“Look, just forget it,” he said. “This isn’t on you. It’s on me. I’ll just have to figure something else out.”  
  
If he had another solution, he’d have done it by now. The cook was a single mom who’d just bought a new house. If the restaurant went under, she’d lose everything.  
  
Mia hung her head. Everyone was going to be out of a job, and it was all her fault. She couldn’t let that happen. Better to bare the humiliation of being seen naked for a few hours, right?  
  
She shuddered. God, she couldn’t. She just couldn’t. “I’m sorry. So, so sorry. I … no. Just no.”  
  
“I understand. Really, I do. I cannot and did not ask you to do this. I mean, Darla? Sure. But you? I would never dream of even suggesting …”  
  
Mia winced. Darla would do it in a heartbeat. Half the guys in town had been skinny dipping with her.  
  
“Maybe the guy would let Darla take my place?”  
  
Carl frowned. “That’s a good suggestion.”  
  
“But?”  
  
“But I don’t think so. I pushed him really hard in the negotiations, as in I got him to agree to tens of thousands of dollars more than was reasonable. Frankly, I ticked him off. I’m positive that he meant what he said about that being his final condition.”  
  
“Great,” Mia said. “So it really is all on me. If I don’t grin and bare it, this place closes.”  
  
“No, it’s all on me. If I’d have done a better job as an owner and manager, we wouldn’t be in this mess. It’s not your responsibility.”  
  
She sat back in her chair. What was the big deal, anyway? So what if some of her coworkers and some strangers saw her naked? It wasn’t like her body was anything to be ashamed of.  
  
But she’d never done anything like that. No one had ever seen her naked since she was a young child. It would be weird and awkward and embarrassing.  
  
God! She couldn’t believe she had to make this decision.  
  
“How long do I have to decide?” she asked.  
  
“I’m going to call him now and let him know the deal’s off.” Carl picked up the phone on his desk and, staring at a business card, started punching in numbers.  
  
“Wait!”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Just … can I take the night to think about it? I’ll give you a final decision in the morning.”  
  
“You really don’t …” Carl sighed. “Truthfully, it’s your call. I cannot and will not ask you to do this thing, but, if you’re willing, I’m not going to stand in your way, either. Take the day off – with pay, of course, no matter which way you decide – and think carefully about it.”  
  
“You’re sure?” she asked. “The entire day off? With pay?”  
  
“It’s the least I can do. Really.”  
  
Feeling awkward as crap, she got up and left the restaurant. She had a lot of considering to do.

**Chapter 3**

Mia walked alongside the road deep in thought. She didn’t hear the car approach from behind or notice the gray, black, and blue BMW i8 pull up beside her. Thus, she just about jumped into the air when a voice said, “You’re not working today?”  
  
Her eyes darted to the speaker. “Grant! You scared the hell out of me.”  
  
He looked sheepish. “Sorry. I forget how quiet this car is.”  
  
“It’s okay. I wasn’t exactly paying attention to my surroundings.”  
  
“So, why aren’t you at work?” he asked.  
  
“Carl needs my help with something, so he gave me the day off.”  
  
“Awesome. Need a ride?”  
  
Mia had never even sat in a BMW, much less ridden in one. “You sure? I wouldn’t want to be any trouble.”  
  
“Absolutely! It’s not any trouble at all. Get in.”  
  
She weighed her options. Grant was the richest guy in town, and she hated to inconvenience him. On the other hand, it was freaking hot outside, and she was going to be miserable by the time she walked the two miles to her house.  
  
Why not?  
  
“Sure,” she said.  
  
The doors opened upward like one of those fancy supercars she’d seen pictures of, and the seats were the most exquisitely comfortable leather she’d ever felt.  
  
“This car is amazing,” she said, buckling her belt.  
  
“It gets me from point A to point B.” Grant shrugged. “And it’s better for the environment than some vehicles.”  
  
“I guess it does. And is,” she said. “So where are you headed?”  
  
“I was going to go have an early lunch at Carl’s, but then I spotted you.”  
  
“Well, it should only take you a few minutes to drop me off. Then you can go back and have your usual.”  
  
He grimaced.  
  
“What?” she asked.  
  
“Uh … maybe I’ll head over to the DQ today instead.”  
  
“Why? You come in literally every day. And what changed your mind?”  
  
“I guess you caught me.” Grant laughed. “The scenery at Carl’s is better than any place I’ve ever been, and, well, I just found out that that scenery isn’t going to be quite as pretty today.”  
  
Mia’s face reddened. “You eat there every day just because you like looking at me?” She didn’t know quite how to take that.  
  
“Coming back here and taking care of Mom … it’s been tough.” He shrugged. “Your smile brightens my day, gives me something to look forward to.”  
  
It literally felt like her face was going to burst into flame. She wasn’t used to guys being quite so forthright. “Really? I never even thought … I mean, you never asked me out or anything.”  
  
He chewed the inside of his cheek, looking really awkward for a second. It was kind of adorable. “Well … I know seven years isn’t all that much of an age difference in the grand scheme of things, but it makes me feel a little creepy.”  
  
“It’s not like twenty five is ancient. I have friends who have dated older guys.”  
  
“Let me guess … Darla?” He grinned.  
  
She couldn’t help but smile back, not that least of the reason why being that he was absolutely correct.  
  
“Truthfully,” he said, “I was also afraid you’d refuse. You kind of have a reputation for turning everyone down. I mean, my ego could take it and all, but I didn’t want to annoy you or make you uncomfortable.”  
  
“There haven’t been that many guys chasing me. Most of them seem to prefer the blond, blue-eyed cheerleader types. I look more … exotic.”  
  
“You look amazing,” he said. “You definitely work that dark, exotic look. I swear I’ve had honey that was the exact color of your skin, and those emerald eyes … man!”  
  
Goosebumps formed on her arms. It was so weird for anyone to praise her looks so openly.  
  
“You can’t tell me that all the rednecks around here weren’t fighting over you,” he said.  
  
“Okay, maybe a few guys have asked me out and maybe I did turn a lot of them down.” The last time she’d agreed to a date was early in her sophomore year. “I think, though, that I would have said … would say? … yes to you.”  
  
“Really? Me? Why?”  
  
Mia looked away.  
  
“Oh,” he said. “It’s the car, isn’t it?”  
  
“No! It’s not like that! I’m not a … a golddigger or something.”  
  
“Then what?”  
  
God! She couldn’t believe she was having this conversation with him. “I … look up to you. I mean, you started with nothing, just like everyone else around here. Less than most, even. But you went to school, got a good degree, moved to the Bay area. You made something of yourself instead of going to work down at the mill and spending every weekend in the woods or at the lake.”  
  
“Hey,” he said, “there’s nothing wrong with not making a lot of money. My friends here are very content in their lives.”  
  
“There’s nothing wrong with it for them, but I want more. I want to do what you did. That’s why I admire you so much. From what I heard, you worked your butt off holding down two jobs and going to school full time.”  
  
“That’s true,” he said, nodding. “In fact, if I stood up and turned around, you’d see that I, in fact, no longer have a butt because I worked it off.”  
  
“I’m serious. Mrs. Walford talked about you constantly, how well you did and were doing. I got through a lot of late nights studying and doing papers and projects by focusing on how much I want to do what you did.”  
  
Grant frowned. “I can’t help but notice that, uh, classes have started and you’re still here?”  
  
She sighed. “My sister got pregnant just before I graduated, and, of course, the guy didn’t stick around. He doesn’t even have a job! I promised her I’d help her with the baby for one year. That also gives me time to save up a little bit of money. I figure a year of community college, and, with a lot of hard work, I can finish a computer science degree in three years at the university.”  
  
“That’s … ambitious.”  
  
“Could you have done it?” she asked.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Then I can too.” She let out a huff. “Of course, keeping my hostess job would help with that, but I just don’t know if I can do what Carl wants.”  
  
Grant narrowed his eyes. “What, exactly, is he asking?”  
  
“Nothing bad!” She paused. “Well, it is bad, but it’s not his fault. I swear.”  
  
“Maybe you should tell me from the beginning.”  
  
Mia scowled. The last thing she wanted to do was to tell this guy who she looked up to about her embarrassing situation, but, on the other hand, who else was she going to talk to? All her good friends were already on their way to being married or pregnant or both, and she definitely wasn’t going to tell her mom. Her sister was out because things got awkward fast whenever any conversation even touched on going away to college.  
  
She needed someone’s advice, but talking about it was going to suck beyond all measure. “Well, it began this morning …”

**Chapter 4**

“So,” Mia said, “that brings us to here.”  
  
“Wow!” Grant said. “So much to unpack there, starting with … I’m not sure that, in the days of #metoo, it’s ever okay for a boss to ask one of his female employees to take off her clothes.”  
  
“But-”  
  
“I know. I know. Carl is a great guy. He was probably more uncomfortable about this than you were. It’s just … the optics.”  
  
“Yeah,” she said. “More than the request, though, is the thought of actually going through with it. What do you think?”  
  
He closed his eyes and held them that way for several moments as a crooked smile crept across his face. “I think you would look amazing. Visualizing you at your hostess stand like that … just wow.”  
  
“Grant!”  
  
He laughed.  
  
From the burning sensation enflaming her entire head, she knew her face must be scarlet. “Carl is a great boss to work for, and his wife is super sweet. They have two young kids.” She frowned. “If he had to close the restaurant, it’s not like they’d find a buyer for the place, right?”  
  
“Yeah. Probably a total financial loss. Depending on how they financed it, they could be looking at bankruptcy. Not to mention that the housing market here isn’t exactly booming. They’d have a hard time selling, and there aren’t many jobs close by to support a family on.”  
  
Mia sighed. “I want so badly to help them.”  
  
“So what’s the problem?”  
  
She glared at him. “I’d have to get naked. In front of people. In front of coworkers and strangers. At work.”  
  
“And? It’s not like no one has ever seen you naked. I’m sure you’ve had boyfriends.”  
  
Mia bit her lip.  
  
“No boyfriends? How is that possible?” he asked.  
  
“I’ve dated. It’s just been a while.”  
  
“You didn’t let any of them see you naked?” he asked.  
  
She turned from him and looked out the window. “Just because a guy dates me does not mean I’m obligated to do anything at all with him or even show him anything.”  
  
“You’re right,” he said. “Completely. It’s just … an unusual position for a popular, secular girl to take.”  
  
She met his eyes. “My mom got pregnant at sixteen. My sister got pregnant at seventeen. Both are still living in this stupid hick town. I refuse to let the same thing happen to me.”  
  
“That … makes a lot of sense, but getting naked doesn’t mean you have to have sex. Carl certainly isn’t asking you to do anything at all sexual.”  
  
“You’re saying I should do this?” she asked.  
  
“I honestly don’t see the problem.”  
  
“You wouldn’t be completely wigged out if your boss asked you to do something like this?”  
  
Grant shrugged. “I’d definitely have to put some thought into it, weigh the weirdness and embarrassment versus the good it would do, but I don’t think I’d be traumatized at the thought or anything.” He paused. “I’m not nearly as handsome as you are pretty, and my body isn’t nearly as attractive as, from what I can see, yours is. I just don’t see what you have to be ashamed of.”  
  
“Great. Now I’m a mental case because I don’t want to strip naked at work.”  
  
“No! Not at all.” He sighed. “Look, I get it. Everyone’s different. Things that I would be comfortable doing, you might not be and vice versa. It’s just …”  
  
“What?” she asked.  
  
“I just think there’s a difference between what you might be uncomfortable with but still want to do and what you might feel really strongly about no doing.”  
  
“I don’t understand.”  
  
“Well, I certainly wasn’t comfortable at all during my first real experience with a girl, but, man, did I want to do it.” He smiled wistfully. “When Tina practically dragged me back to her room freshman year of college, I was a nervous wreck, scared that I’d do something wrong or not be able to figure out what to do in the first place.”  
  
Mia nodded. She knew exactly what he meant.  
  
“Well,” he said, “I’m eternally grateful to her for taking me out of my comfort zone.”  
  
“You make it sound so easy!”  
  
“If so, I didn’t mean to.” Grant frowned. “Look, you should absolutely never give in to any pressure to do anything even remotely sexual if you really don’t want to do it,” he said. “Consent is a big deal.”  
  
“Yes. I’m a girl. I know.”  
  
“I guess what I’m asking is – are you just uncomfortable with this or do you really feel strongly that it’s something that’s not for you?”  
  
“God!” she said. “That’s a tough question. I want to help Carl, and my only real hard line in the sand is to not do anything that has any chance of getting me pregnant.”  
  
“Okay. So, not to sound like a shoe advertisement, but just do it.”  
  
“I can’t!”  
  
He sighed. “We’re probably both going to regret this, but maybe I can help.”  
  
She chewed the inside of her cheek. “What did you have in mind?”

**Chapter 5**

Mia tensed, waiting to hear what Grant would suggest.  
  
“Obviously,” he said, “you’re going to need to get used to being naked in front of people.”  
  
“Obviously,” she said sarcastically.  
  
“If I told you to get naked right now, you’d simply refuse, so, if we’re going to do this, I’m going to have to offer you an incentive you can’t resist, which also means I’ll have to commit to giving you that incentive only if you do everything I say.” He shook his head. “This is a really bad idea.”  
  
“Sounds horrible for you, having a naked girl do whatever you want.”  
  
“It is.” He met her eyes, his visage completely lacking the humor she expected. “For one thing, it wouldn’t be right for me to … do anything with you, even if both you and me really want me to. That’s going to be … difficult for me.”  
  
She wanted to say something like, “Poor you,” but he looked so serious.  
  
“That’s not the really bad part, though,” he said. “I really like you, Mia. You’re smart. Funny. Driven. And you’ve got a good heart, staying home to help your sister and being willing to put yourself out there like this for Carl. This incentive I have for you? I’d rather just give you it.”  
  
She felt herself blush again.  
  
“If I’m going to help you through this, though, I can’t just give it to you, and, once you find out what it is, you might hate me for that. Hell, you might hate me for the things I make you do. The truth is that helping you like this might just make it impossible for there to ever be anything between us, and that is horrible.”  
  
Her voice was small when she responded. “You don’t have to do this.”  
  
“You want to help Carl, right?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“Can you do it on your own? Is there anyone else who can get you through this?”  
  
“No.”  
  
“Then,” he said, “I kind of do have to do this.”

**Chapter 6**

Mia winced every time the expensive BMW hit a bump or bottomed out in a rut as they traveled down a long, rough dirt road. A few minutes later, they pulled into a clearing roughly forty yards in diameter. She glimpsed water at the end of a trail at the opposite end, and he pulled as far toward it as possible, turning to back the car up to the entrance of the narrow path.  
  
“Where are we?” Mia asked.  
  
“The perfect place for you to begin your journey as an exhibitionist,” Grant said.  
  
Her eyes widened.  
  
“You’re completely safe here,” he said. “I own all this land. There’s no one around but you and me, and, for this first part, I’m not even going to look.”  
  
Her heart raced, and she took a couple of breaths to try to steady herself. She couldn’t really be about to do this, could she?  
  
Grant rolled both his window and hers down, pulling on his side view mirror so that it was pressed against the side of the car and directed her to do the same before putting the windows back up. He then moved the rearview mirror so that it pointed straight up at the roof of the car and popped his trunk. “I can’t see a thing behind me. Agreed?”  
  
“Y-yes.”  
  
“At the end of that path is a pier that extends out into a private cove of the lake. Even standing on the very end of it, you’ll be completely protected from view. No one will be able to see you. Understood?”  
  
“Y-yes.” Her heart thumped even louder in her ears.  
  
“Your first task is to get out of the car, walk around to the back, strip complete – shoes, socks, underwear, everything – and put those clothes in the trunk.”  
  
Mia didn’t move. There was no way she was going to do any of that. Just no freaking way.  
  
But she needed to help Carl. She looked at Grant, her eyes pleading.  
  
“It’s time for me to tell you about what you’ll get in return for following my instructions,” he said. “Once the words leave my mouth, though, there’s no turning back. Until you make your final decision to either attend the event or to back out, either you do everything I say or you don’t get the prize. Understand?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“I’m going to play Monty Hall first, though,” he said. “Here’s the deal. Door number one is what I just told you. Follow my orders and win. Door number two is that we forget this whole thing. I drive you home. I’ll ask you out on a real date, and, whether you say yes or no, you still get the prize. No nudity. Just go back to your normal life.”  
  
“Door number two sounds really good, but where does that leave Carl?”  
  
“In the mess of his own making that isn’t your responsibility to fix.”  
  
Mia frowned. “If it’s in my power to do something good and I choose not to because it’s difficult, can I still think of myself as a good person?”  
  
“In my eyes, you’re a good person for even considering doing something so far out of your comfort zone simply to help out a friend.”  
  
“That’s the thing, though,” she said, “your opinion doesn’t really count in this. Only mine does. And I think I kind of have to at least try, no matter how much I don’t want to.”  
  
“Is that your final answer?”  
  
She grinned ruefully. “You’re mixing your game show metaphors.”  
  
“I’m pretty sure that, by the end of the day, you’re not going to think that’s my biggest sin.”  
  
Mia sighed. “Phrasing it in the form of a question - what is door number one? And that is my final answer.”  
  
He smiled at her. “I hope you don’t hold any of this against me, but I won’t blame you if you do.”  
  
“Why would I? You’re just trying to do what you think is best for me.”  
  
“Yeah, but I’m also going to enjoy this a lot. And when you hear what I’m about to hold over your head as an enticement …”  
  
“Just tell me already,” she said.  
  
“Keep in mind that, before you got in my car today, I had no idea that you had any interest in majoring in software development.”  
  
“Okay. Sure.”  
  
He kind of grimaced. “There’s this industry group I’m a part of, and they’re really big on getting women involved in STEM fields.”  
  
Made sense.  
  
“They’re not a really big group, though, and they’re PR and even SEO skills leave a bit to be desired. Let’s just say that their outreach in that regard hasn’t drawn a lot of applicants.”  
  
“You’re telling me that you can get me a scholarship,” she said. “How big?”  
  
“I don’t feel comfortable making a guarantee without talking to the committee first but … probably a full ride. Definitely several thousand dollars a semester.”  
  
“That’s … amazing! I can’t even …” Her face fell. “But, instead of you just giving this to me like you offered a minute ago, I only get it if I take off my clothes. God! I’m such an idiot.”  
  
“No, you’re a good person. I just wish I didn’t feel like such a bad one.”

**Chapter 7**

Sitting there in Grant’s car with him looking at her expectantly, Mia felt like she was about to have a panic attack.  
  
“You’re serious,” she said, not really asking. “If I don’t do whatever you say, I don’t get the scholarship. My future is on the line.”  
  
“I’m not going to ask you to do anything sexual. All you have to do is display your body.”  
  
“Yeah … that’s all. Right.”  
  
This guy she barely knew had more power over her than anyone else ever, but she really had no one to blame except herself. He’d given her plenty of chances to back out.  
  
“Fine.” She opened the door.  
  
“There’s no cell reception right here, so I’m going to drive a short distance away to make some calls. I usually get a bar or two right at the end of the pier, though, so keep your phone with you. If you have any problems, call me, okay?”  
  
“Uh … how?”  
  
“Right, you probably need my number, huh?” He grinned.  
  
After exchanging information, they saved each other as contacts.  
  
Mia pulled down the car door behind her and walked around to stand before the open trunk. She paused as she fingered the bottom of her shirt. This was really happening. She was really about to strip naked outside, and this was just her first task. Who knew what else he’d have her do?  
  
She tugged her shirt up and over her body.  
  
God! Even with her sports bra still on and no one around to see her, she still felt incredibly awkward.  
  
The shirt went into the open trunk, and she slipped off her shoes and socks, causing the rocky dirt of the road to sting her feet. Both sets joined the tank top.  
  
She unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts. Her thumbs hooked the waistband and she pushed. All too soon, she was stepping out of the garment and placing it, too, in the trunk, leaving her in just her underwear. Which he’d instructed her to take off as well.  
  
How could she do that? She already felt ridiculously exposed. To get totally naked …  
  
“I don’t suppose you’ve changed your mind and will let me just take off just my outer clothes, huh?” she called.  
  
“Sorry,” he said, his voice pained.  
  
“I didn’t think so,” she muttered.  
  
She let out a long, slow breath. There was no other reason to delay the inevitable. It was time for the real exposure.  
  
Mia grasped the bottom of her sports bra and eased it up before hesitating. No one had seen her chest uncovered since she filled out. She always undressed in her room or in the bathroom. She always got dressed in her room or in the bathroom. She never even changed for PE.  
  
Today, though, that would change. Once she took this final step, she’d be topless outside. Her bare breasts would be visible to anyone who cared to look.  
  
As much as she wanted to help Carl, there was no way she could do this just from him, and, even with how much she ached to get a degree, the scholarship was simply insufficient motivation for revealing her body. The two together, though …  
  
She had to do just suck it up and do it.  
  
She tugged the bra up and over her head. Her C-cups sprang free, her nipples hardening despite the heat of the day. A tingling feeling overtook parts of her that were well south of her stomach.  
  
Being so exposed was really weird. Her hands flew down to cover her breasts, and, for several seconds, she just stood there with her hands clasped over herself. God! She was outside wearing only her tiny white panties outdoors. Worse, she’d be wearing even less very soon.  
  
“You done yet?” Grant called.  
  
Crap!  
  
“Almost,” she said.  
  
She put the bra in the trunk and hooked her thumbs in her panties.  
  
God! Was she really going to do this?  
  
No, she wasn’t. She couldn’t.  
  
“Grant, please, let me leave my … my bottoms on. Please?”  
  
It took him a moment to respond, raising her hopes that he’d acquiesce.  
  
“I’m sorry. No,” he said finally.  
  
She weighed Carl and the scholarship versus her panties. The scale tipped back and forth in her mind many times.  
  
“Just do it, Mia,” she told herself.  
  
She pushed. The tiny, nearly weightless piece of clothing stretched easily over her thighs. It slid almost frictionlessly past her knees and down her calves. All too easily, it dropped to rest on her bare feet.  
  
Her shaved slit was now visible to anyone who cared to look.  
  
“Close the trunk when you’re done,” Grant called.  
  
She jerked, almost having forgotten his existence. The reminder made her feel that much more awkward and vulnerable. A guy was sitting not ten feet from her completely naked body. If he got out, he’d see everything.  
  
Quickly, she stepped out of the panties and threw them atop the pile of her other clothes. For once, she didn’t care about how nice and expensive the car was; her hands slammed the trunk down.  
  
She was now completely separated from everything except her phone. She had no way to cover herself, no way to hide her nudity other than her inadequate hands. A guy she barely knew held the only access to them.  
  
What had she done?

**Chapter 8**

Mia’s hands flew up to cover herself. She was absolutely butt naked outside, her clothes locked in the trunk of Grant’s BMW. He could get out of the car at any time, and, if he did, he’d see her. All of her.  
  
She had to get away. Far away.  
  
Starting to run even before fully completing her spin, she fled down the path toward the pier. Her legs carried her as fast as her athletic body could run. Despite the support offered by one of her arms, each step made her unfettered breasts bounce. She didn’t let that distract her, though. Her desire to get away was too strong.  
  
Her nether regions were already at high alert due to the stripping, and the rubbing of her tight grip there made things that much worse. Up and down her body went. Up and down went her sensitive folds of flesh, pressing against her hand. A hand rapidly becoming slick from her own juices.  
  
God! She had to concentrate on something else, like how much her feet hurt. Slamming against the tough dirt embedded with rocks wasn’t easy on her soles. It was a relief when packed earth gave way to smooth wood.  
  
What wasn’t nearly as welcome was the relative concealment offered by trees and bushes giving way to the openness of the pier, openness that would allow anyone to see her.  
  
Mia stumbled to a halt. What would be a real relief would be to have her fingers continue what the running had started. A few strokes outside followed by sinking those digits inside herself …  
  
She moaned.  
  
No! She was outside, practically in public. She would not, could not, do that.  
  
Then the worst of all possible things happened – the unmistakable sound of tires driving on the dirt and gravel road reached her ears. Tires driving away from her. Tires that supported the vehicle that held all her clothes.  
  
She was naked and had absolutely no access to her clothes! Sure, Grant had said he was just going to make some calls, but how did she know that was true? He could be planning never to return for all she knew. How was she going to get home?  
  
Stilling her rising panic, she forced herself to think. There had to be something she could do, but what? She had her phone. She could call someone.  
  
She could call Grant and beg him to return her clothes. Surely, he wasn’t completely heartless, right?  
  
Her hand trembled as she unclutched it from her breast enough to pull up Grant’s number and hit the green phone icon. Calling … Calling … Calling … Then nothing. It didn’t go through.  
  
Shit! No bars. She tried again. And again. Still nothing. No matter how many times she hit that little green phone icon, nothing happened.  
  
Finally, she remembered what he had told her about coverage at the end of the pier. At the very end of the pier. The end that was more than a hundred feet from her and completely out in the open where anyone could see her.  
  
She considered crawling to keep as low a profile as she could but shuddered at the thought of the view that would give to anyone hiding in the woods behind her.  
  
God! Her paranoid thoughts were making her feel insane, but, in her defense, she was in the most stressful situation of her life.  
  
Paranoid about non-existent watchers or not, she couldn’t bear the thought of anyone seeing that particular sight of her. Instead, she kept her arms and hands providing maximum coverage to her important bits as she quickly walked to the end of the pier, grimacing the whole way about the fact that she had no way to conceal her backside.  
  
Being at the end was even worse than she’d feared. She was in the middle of a huge open space. Sure, she didn’t see anyone, but, with all the trees that were just dandy for hiding in, that meant nothing. A thousand pairs of binoculars could be trained on her at that very instant for all she knew.  
  
She did the only thing she could think of to minimize her exposure – she crouched, her bare butt sitting against the smooth wood and her knees, tightly pressed together, pulled up to conceal her chest.  
  
She hit the green button, and … it connected. Finally. But Grant didn’t pick up.  
  
She waited a moment and tried again. He still didn’t pick up.  
  
And again.  
  
With each failure, she grew more sure that he’d left her there. She’d have to somehow make her own way home, though it was miles away. Maybe she could someone find her way through the forest. Sure, she might get hopelessly lost and die of starvation and thirst, but that was better than being seen, right?  
  
She certainly wasn’t going to call a friend. There was literally no one she wanted to see her like this, not even Darla. Mia couldn’t even imagine the ribbing she’d take for letting a guy talk her out of her clothes. And her sister!  
  
No way. Just no way.  
  
Then, her phone rang. Grant.  
  
“Where are you? You left me! And didn’t answer!” she yelled.  
  
“I told you I had some calls to make.”  
  
Yeah, he did tell her that, but still!  
  
“I was on one of them while you were trying to call,” he said.  
  
Oh.  
  
“How do I know you haven’t just deserted me?” she asked.  
  
“Put down the phone for a second and listen.”  
  
She did, and, an instant later, a horn sounded in the distance.  
  
“See?” he said once she’d returned the phone to her ear. “That was my car. I’m not far.”  
  
“O-okay.”  
  
“Just breath, Mia. Try to relax.”  
  
Easy for him to say. He wasn’t naked in front of God and everyone.  
  
“I’m assuming you’re at the end of the pier,” he said.  
  
“Y-yeah.”  
  
“Are you letting it all hang out?” he asked.  
  
“Huh?”  
  
“Are you standing tall, facing the water, with your arms at your side?”  
  
“N-no.”  
  
“Do it,” he said.  
  
She swallowed. She couldn’t. She just couldn’t.  
  
“Do it, Mia.”  
  
“Fine,” she said, letting out a huff.  
  
She slowly stood up, keeping her phone at her ear. It took everything she had to keep her other hand from covering her exposed sex.  
  
“I’m doing it,” she said.  
  
“How do you feel?”  
  
“Terrified. There could be people watching me!”  
  
“And? So what if they are,” he said.  
  
“They’d see me naked!”  
  
“This is bad, why?”  
  
He was right, she guessed. It wasn’t like she was in any danger. Someone just looking at her wouldn’t cause her any actual harm.  
  
She shuddered. “It feels so freaking weird to be out here like this.”  
  
“I understand, and I’m so proud of you.”  
  
Unreasonably, his words made her feel good. Really good.   
  
“Hurry back?” she said.  
  
What the crap was she thinking? She was naked. When he came back, he surely was going to want to see her.  
  
“I have just one or two more calls to make,” he said. “I’ll get there as soon as I can. I promise.”

**Chapter 9**

Those few calls both took an excruciating amount of time and were over way too quickly. Mia felt so vulnerable being out there on that pier all alone just standing there waiting, naked as the day she was born. In her mind, having him there with her would have made things much better.  
  
At the same time, him being there would mean him seeing her. All of her. She dreaded that to the core of her soul.  
  
What would happen when he did? Would he like what he saw? Would he decide he had to have her?  
  
Ultimately, the choice was out of her hands. He called back when he finished whatever business he had and directed her to return to where he’d parked the car. What he didn’t tell her was that she had to stand in the open, so she took advantage of his oversight to hide behind a bush.  
  
She watched with growing trepidation as he returned and backed his BMW up into the same spot. His trunk remained closed as he exited the car.  
  
“Mia,” he called. “Are you here?”  
  
“Yeah.”  
  
“Just checking. You can stay hidden as I tell you what my calls were about.”  
  
Her ears perked up. Staying hidden sounded really, really good.  
  
“It’s bad news, I’m afraid,” he said. “I think this whole naked night thing is on the up and up.”  
  
“Why is that bad?”  
  
“The reason I took great pains not to look at you earlier was that, if this thing turned out to be sketchy, I would do everything in my power to convince you not to do it.”  
  
“Oh.”  
  
That was actually really nice. He was looking out for her. It also kind of sucked, though. If he’d found out something different, she would have been getting dressed instead of crouching naked behind a bush.  
  
“Why didn’t you tell me what you were doing?” she asked.  
  
“I didn’t want you to get your hopes up.”  
  
Made sense.  
  
“I called Carl,” Grant said. “You know a guy named Quinn?”  
  
“I think so. He owns that cabin right outside of town and has that really pretty girlfriend.”  
  
“Yeah. Haley. She’s his wife, now, but … yeah.”  
  
It sounded like he really appreciated Haley’s looks, a fact which Mia pondered. She and Grant weren’t exactly anything to each other, yet, but they might be. Soon. She didn’t know how she felt about him thinking about another girl.  
  
“Anyway,” he said, “Quinn is the one who suggested the Catfish Citchen as a possibility, so I called him. This guy, Mike, is really into showing off his girlfriend and wanted to host a big party where all the girls are naked. Quinn is bringing Haley, and, unbelievably, this other girl I know, Britney, is coming, too.”  
  
“You sound way too happy about all this.”  
  
“I’m sorry,” he said. “I’m trying hard to think about all this from your perspective, but the thought of Britney and Haley and you all in one place and all naked … Man!”  
  
“Wait! If you know Quinn and he knows this guy, maybe you can get me out of doing it?”  
  
“I wish I could, but Quinn doesn’t think it will work. Mike was pretty ticked off, and he has another option. If something else comes up, like his girlfriend finding out that he’s forcing you to do something you don’t want to do, he’ll just move the party.”  
  
Crap.  
  
“Which puts Carl right back where he started.” I sighed. “I’m really going to have to go through with this, aren’t I?”  
  
Mia took a deep breath. Without Grant telling her to, she stood and, hands clenched at her sides, moved out from behind the bush.  
  
His eyes widened. “Wow! You … You’re amazing. I mean, I knew you’d be … but just wow!”  
  
Okay, so maybe showing a guy your body wasn’t such a bad thing after all. God, though, this felt so incredibly awkward standing there and letting him just look at her.  
  
“So … uh … what now?” she asked.  
  
Maybe that was a bad question. Judging from the bulge at the front of his shorts, there was no denying exactly what he’d like to do next. Strangely, though, that didn’t worry her nearly as much as it should have.  
  
“Let’s take a walk,” he said.  
  
“Wh-where?”  
  
“To the end of the pier.”  
  
Okay, she could do that. She’d just done that, in fact. No big deal, right?  
  
As she followed him, though – thankful for him not making her go first – she grew more and more uncomfortable with the thought of being so out in the open again.  
  
“Hold up a second,” she said as she reached the start of the wood planks.  
  
He turned. “Yeah?”  
  
“It’s just that I … I mean, I was wondering if you could … uh … ”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Never mind. It’s stupid.”  
  
“Mia, whatever is bothering you is not stupid. You’re taking a big step out of your comfort zone, and, if I can do something to help you, I’d like to know what it is.”  
  
She chewed her lip. “Could you … hold my hand?”  
  
God! She like a complete idiot, like she was too weak to stand on her on. What the crap had she been thinking?  
  
“Never mind!” she said quickly. “That was just stupid.”  
  
He took a few steps toward her to stand right in front of her. “Asking a friend for help is not being stupid or weak or anything else. In fact, it’s a good thing. There were tons of times back in school when I would have been completely lost if I didn’t have people I could depend on around me.”  
  
She swallowed the lump forming in her throat.  
  
“And I would absolutely love to hold your hand,” he said, taking it in his.  
  
It was funny how just that little act, feeling his warm palm envelope hers, made her feel so much better.  
  
“Ready?” he asked.  
  
She nodded and, standing straight and tall, walked next to him all the way to the end of the pier.

**Chapter 10**

Mia and Grant stood for several minutes silently just looking out over the water. Clouds drifted by overhead. Birds sang in the surrounding woods. A fish splashed as it grabbed at a floating insect. Bright sunlight warmed her body.  
  
Her entire body.  
  
“How are you feeling?” he asked finally.  
  
“Not too bad, actually.”  
  
Overall, being with him and holding his hand was a much more pleasant experience than she would have expected, considering that she wore not a stitch. Sure, he looked at her occasionally, and she could tell that he appreciated what he saw. But he wasn’t creepy about it. She didn’t fear that he’d do anything she didn’t want him to do. He didn’t make a big deal out of anything.  
  
Still, she couldn’t shake the weird, uncomfortable awkwardness of being naked. The fact kept intruding on her thoughts.  
  
“What’s next?” she asked.  
  
“I was thinking we could … sit and talk? Not right here, though. Unfortunately, I didn’t bring sunscreen.”  
  
She blushed, imagining rubbing lotion all over her body with him watching. She blushed even more at the thought of him rubbing it all over her body instead. “I don’t burn all that easily.”  
  
He smirked. “With that skin tone, maybe not, but there are definitely parts of you showing that don’t normally see sunshine.”  
  
She normally wore pretty conservative two-piece swimsuits, but, considering that she worked three jobs and helped her sister with the baby, she didn’t exactly have a lot of time for leisure activities. The parts of her that the tank top and shorts had covered were definitely lighter.  
  
“Believe me from experience,” he said, “you really don’t want those parts of you burning.”  
  
He led her to the base of the pier, where an overhead canopy of leaves provided ample shade, and bade her to sit beside him. She did, being careful not to be as ladylike as her lack of clothing allowed.  
  
And then they … talked. He told her about college, which professors were his favorites and which to avoid and promising to email her a list later. He talked about working in San Francisco and his job with a tech giant and about his mom getting sick and having to move back, how his employer was so understanding and let him work remotely with only the occasional required trip into the office. She told him about her life, much more boring than his, and about the books she liked and television shows and movies.  
  
The conversation went on for hours.  
  
“How do you feel?” he asked eventually.  
  
Mia shrugged. “Fine.”  
  
“No ‘actually’ this time?”  
  
Oh. She was still naked. It had truly slipped her mind.  
  
“I guess, maybe, this isn’t as bad as I feared,” she said.  
  
“Good. I’m glad you now understand that, just because you’re with a guy – even naked with a guy – doesn’t mean anything sexual has to happen. Most of us completely respect boundaries.”  
  
“You kind of sound like you’re making a pitch for me to start going out with you.”  
  
“You caught me.” His eyes scanned her body. “The more time I spend with you, the more amazing I think you are.”  
  
“I suspect that it’s not exactly your brain telling you that at the moment.”  
  
He met her eyes, his stare intense. “Every part of me is saying that. Admittedly, parts south are screaming their opinion, but I’m getting the same thing from my mind. And from my heart.”  
  
Mia hadn’t expected the light and flirty moment to turn serious so fast. Butterflies churned her stomach.  
  
“It’s okay,” he said. “We’ll take our time with this, and I definitely won’t be making any moves on you today.”  
  
“What … what if I want you to?”  
  
That tingling feeling she’d experienced earlier returned. And multiplied. For the first time, she thought she might actually understand how her mom and sister could have both given into temptation.  
  
Though she’d never really spent any time with Grant, she known him and of him for a long time. He had a good reputation. He was trustworthy. And all his actions and words today had only enforced that impression.  
  
Normally, when guys looked at her with lust in their eyes, she shied away from them. Intimidated. Scared. With Grant, she felt safe, and she liked that he clearly wanted her.  
  
Mia leaned back, resting on her elbows and arching her back subtly. Her breasts were right there, eager for his touch. Without conscious thought, her legs parted, exposing all of her to him for the first time. “What if … what if I want a kiss?”  
  
He smiled at her, and she melted under his gaze.  
  
“I think I can give you that,” he said, grinning.  
  
His hand reached for her thigh, and he traced his finger over her bare hip, across her stomach, between her breasts, and all the way up her neck. “I love that so much.” He brought his mouth so close, oh so close, to hers.  
  
Everywhere his finger had been felt hot. Stimulated. With him so near her, she could barely think. “Love what?”  
  
“Running my finger all the way up your body and not encountering a single stitch of clothes. Man, if I was suddenly appointed dictator of the world, I’d pass a law forbidding you from ever wearing anything. Covering up such beauty is a crime.”  
  
God! That sounded like such a line, but, if it was, it worked. She thought that she’d never wanted anything so badly in her life as much as she wanted him.  
  
Then his lips met hers and she stopped thinking about anything at all.

**Chapter 11**

Mia gasped for air. The kiss had been intense. And long. As had the second one. And the third. And the tenth.  
  
“If we keep doing that, my respect for your boundaries just isn’t going to hold up,” he said.  
  
Despite a small voice screaming inside her head, that sounded pretty darn good to her. Instead of pursuing that line of thought, though, he stood and held out his hand to help her up.  
  
“If I must,” she said, accepting his offer.  
  
Once she was up, she laughed.  
  
“What?” he asked.  
  
“I was just thinking of how far I’ve come in a day. I mean, look at me.”  
  
“Gladly,” he said. “Anytime.”  
  
He followed his glib comments with an intense stare, taking in every part of her, and, strangely, she didn’t shy from it. If anything, she preened for him.  
  
“I think we might have broken you from your shyness,” he said.  
  
“So mission accomplished? Does that mean it’s over?”  
  
“Well … you’ve only had one person see you naked, and I think a larger sample size is required before we can completely say you’re good to go for the event.”  
  
Mia frowned. “How many people? Who?”  
  
“Three besides me, all guys. Some friends of mine.”  
  
“You want three other men to see me like this? Three of your friends? Really?”  
  
He grimaced. “Time for complete honesty?”  
  
“Please.”  
  
“On one hand, I do think what I set up with a few earlier calls will help you decide if you can truly go through with the thing at Carl’s place. On the other, though, the thought of having my really hot potential girlfriend go completely naked in front of those guys … it really does something for me.” He sighed. “Now, I’m questioning my motivation. I think I’m right in that this will help you. I think I’m right in that you’ll end up enjoying it. But I can’t help come to the conclusion that maybe I’m thinking those things because I want to have this experience.”  
  
He didn’t have to admit that to her. She’d already committed to do whatever he asked.  
  
“So what are you saying?” she asked.  
  
“I’m saying that you can end this now. You’ve been naked in front of me for hours. That’s probably enough.” He shrugged. “I guess I’m saying that you win. I’ll make sure you get that scholarship.”  
  
“And us going out on a date?”  
  
“Whenever you want,” he said. “We can catch dinner and a movie or something tonight instead of what I had planned.”  
  
Not a trace of disappointment showed on his face or sounded in his voice. She was sure he’d be fine if she just called the whole thing off. Would she be fine, though? What did she want?  
  
“I kind of feel that that’s a cop out,” she said. “I agreed to do whatever you said until I made my final decision, and I haven’t made my final decision. And you never claimed that everything you told me to do would be one hundred percent for my benefit. It’s on me that I didn’t stipulate that you couldn’t force me to fulfill whatever sexual fantasies you wanted, right?”  
  
He grinned. “Do you really mean that?”  
  
She was pretty sure that, as she’d accused him earlier, a different part of her anatomy other than her brain was now making the decisions for her. “I do.”  
  
“Okay, then. Let’s get going.”  
  
Mia didn’t know if she felt better or worse about things knowing that whatever was about to happen was totally her decision.  
  
“Do I … do I get my clothes back for the ride?” she asked, when they got back to the car.  
  
“If I told you that you had to stay naked, how would you feel about that?”  
  
“Nervous … but maybe a little excited.”  
  
“What if I told you that we’d be picking up a passenger for half the drive?”  
  
“Really nervous … Wait,” she said. “In your car?”  
  
“Yeah.”  
  
“It’s a two seater!”  
  
“Guess we’re all going to be getting really close, huh,” he said, grinning.  
  
What had she gotten herself into?

**Chapter 12**

Mia trembled as she waited in the car for Grant and his friend to come outside. At least she’d been allowed clothes. Not enough clothes but better than nothing.  
  
She glanced down at her thin tank top. Having not been allowed her bra, her nipples protruded visibly from the material, and dark shadows appeared in the exact size, shape, and location of her areolas. Below the waist, she wore only her brief, bikini-cut panties. Grant hadn’t even allowed her to put on her shoes.  
  
Still, that was better than being naked when Grant’s friend came out. Barely, but definitely better.  
  
The door to the house opened, and Grant walked out, followed by a guy roughly his age. Brown hair. Glasses. Not horrible looking but no Adonis, either. Grant was definitely cuter.  
  
Mia’s breath caught. This guy, this stranger, was about to see way more of her than most people ever saw. As they walked closer and closer to the car, she grew more and more nervous.  
  
The passenger slid up, and she drew as far away toward the center of the cabin as she could.  
  
“Mia,” Grant said, “I’d like you to meet Charles. Charles, Mia.”  
  
The guy, Charles, held out his hand. Numbly, she shook it. The motion made her boobs flounce around under her shirt, and it felt like her face was going to burst into flame.  
  
“I’m very pleased to make your acquaintance.” His hungry eyes scanned her body.  
  
Grant cleared his throat. “Charles and I have been friends for a long time, and I get along really well with his fiancé, too.”  
  
He’d emphasized that relationship status, causing Charles to grimace.  
  
“I’m sorry,” he said. “Am I being a jerk already?”  
  
Mia couldn’t really blame him for looking. After all, she’d willingly agreed to the plan. “It’s okay.”  
  
“I really am happy to meet you,” he said. “Grant’s never introduced any of his lady friends to the group before. Our significant others have been texting speculation back and forth ever since he called.”  
  
As Grant glared at his friend, she lapsed into thoughtful silence for a moment. He’d never introduced a girlfriend to the people he hung out with, but he did with her. Did that mean anything or was it just the circumstances?  
  
“They’re okay with how I’ll be … dressed?” she asked.  
  
Or undressed, as the case may be.  
  
“They know that none of us would ever do anything truly inappropriate or cheat or anything else,” Charles said. “You really are safe, and I really am sorry for making you feel uncomfortable.”  
  
She almost wished that he’d continued being a complete jerk. At least then she’d have an excuse to back out. Instead, he had to go and make her feel all safe.  
  
“So how are we going to work this?” he said. “There’s not exactly room for two passengers.”  
  
“Sure there is,” Grant said, “if one of the passengers rides in the middle.”  
  
Mia’s mouth gaped. She had a sneaking suspicion that she knew exactly which passenger he intended to ride there.  
  
And she was right.  
  
She’d never before maneuvered her legs over the center console in a BMW i8. She’d especially never done such while trying to maintain a modicum of modesty while wearing only a thin t-shirt and brief panties.  
  
Every time she moved, her boobs jiggled and bounced, and stretching her legs over the storage compartment pushed her panties even further up her legs. And she’d pretty much had to put her ass in Charles’ face. She didn’t even want to know what kind of view he’d gotten as the thin fabric covering her down there tightened across her private parts. The thin, wet fabric.  
  
“Are you sure this is okay?” she asked once they’d gotten settled.  
  
Mia sat way higher than either of the guys with each of her bare legs pressing against theirs. There was, of course, no seatbelt, either. She felt exposed in more ways than one.  
  
“BMWs are one of the safest cars on the planet,” Grant said, taking the liberty to rest his arm on her thigh. “It has all kinds of collision avoidance features. I truthfully don’t know if I could make it crash into something even if I wanted it to, and I’ll make sure to drive extra carefully with you up there.”  
  
“I guess,” she said.  
  
Truthfully, being stuck up there wasn’t that bad. She’d expected it to be much more uncomfortable than it actually was. The biggest problem she encountered once they got underway in the neighborhood around Charles house was that every bump the car encountered was transmitted fully to her breasts.  
  
She feared that her face would be stained permanently red by the time they reached their destination.  
  
Once they hit the open highway, however, having her boobs moving about a little didn’t seem like that big of a deal compared to a much larger problem.  
  
Mia’s breath caught. When she’d first noticed the constant vibrating transmitted from the tires traveling at highway speeds by the molded plastic and metal she sat on, it hadn’t been that big of a deal.  
  
Yeah, the vibrations had been striking a very particular part of her anatomy that happened to be sensitive to that type of movement, but she figured she could just move so that it wasn’t hitting her there. Unfortunately, there didn’t seem to be any place for her to move that didn’t have the same effect.  
  
As a last resort, she used her legs to push herself up, raising the parts in question above her seat.  
  
“Are you okay?” Grant asked.  
  
“Y-yeah. Fine,” she said a little breathlessly. “Just trying to get comfortable.”  
  
Keeping her legs extended was anything but comfortable, though, and she soon had to return to resting on the console. Once she did, it didn’t take long for it to become very apparent that her body was definitely reacting to the stimulation. She decided to tough it out, figuring that was better than the embarrassment of trying to explain the situation. She clenched her teeth and tried to think about something – anything – else.  
  
A moan escaped her lips, and both boys looked at her. She ignored them. It had, after all, been just a small sound. They’d have no idea why she’d have made it. Maybe she was just stretching. And, if she was a bit flushed and her nipples were sticking way out and her panties were growing noticeably wetter and a smell was starting to emanate from down there, well, that was none of their concern.  
  
She would not be ruled by her body.  
  
The vibrations, though, were relentless, and there was seemingly no end to the highway. When things got too intense, she stretched out her legs, raising her off her seat. Each time she returned to sitting, though, a shorter and shorter time passed before she had to do it again.  
  
She wasn’t that experienced with the pleasurable sensations building in her, but she wasn’t completely innocent, either. It became apparent that pressure was going to be released whether she liked it or not.  
  
“Gr-Grant? I think I have a problem,” she said finally.  
  
“What’s wrong?”  
  
“C-could you slow down?” she asked.  
  
“Why?”  
  
“I think I’m going to …” She shuddered. “Oh!”  
  
“Mia?” His voice was alarmed now. “Are you okay?”  
  
“I’m about to … about to …”  
  
She’d waited too long to speak up. The sensations were too intense. Instead of pushing her legs up and away from the vibrations, she ground her crotch into them. One of her hands went to Grant, clutching at his arm. The other went to her breast.  
  
She moaned as she twisted her nipple. “Oh God!” Her back arched and her breathing quickened. “Oh. Oh! OH!”  
  
Her entire body spasmed. She bucked up and down, losing all awareness of her surrounding as she gave in completely to the pleasure shooting through her.  
  
By the time the last of the waves passed, she realized that the car was slowing down, pulling into the parking lot of a gas station. She had pretty much fallen off the console and was leaning fully on Grant. And her hand was inside her shirt.  
  
Then what had just happened hit her. She’d exploded in a massive orgasm with two boys watching. She’d never been more humiliated in her life.

**Chapter 13**

Mia buried her face in Grant’s shirt, trying to keep tears from coming. His arm was wrapped around her back, squeezing her tight to him.  
  
“Charles,” he said once the car fully stopped, “if you wouldn’t mind, please run inside and grab us sodas.”  
  
There was no verbal response, but the door opened and closed a short time later.  
  
“Okay,” Grant said. “It’s just us, now. What’s wrong?”  
  
“What’s wrong?” she yelled, her voice muffled by his shirt. “I just … I just … Oh God! I can’t believe that really just happened.”  
  
“I’m glad it happened.”  
  
“What? Why?”  
  
Tears reformed. Did he like seeing her humiliated that much?  
  
“Because I think you’re beautiful and smart and incredibly sexy,” he said. “And because that looked like a really good, really intense orgasm and I think that you deserve all the pleasure that life can possibly give you.”  
  
“You don’t think I’m some kind of … some kind of … sexual deviant or something?”  
  
He laughed loudly. “Mia, you’ve barely begun to explore what you like and what your body can do. I don’t think I know anyone who is less of a deviant than you are.”  
  
“But …”  
  
“No matter what you like or don’t like or try or aren’t willing to try, you’ll get no judgment from me or from my friends, okay?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“There’s only one thing I want you to worry about,” he said.  
  
“What’s that?” Her voice was muffled with her mouth still being pressed tightly against his shirt.  
  
“The goal of today was to expand your boundaries a little, not to break down all your walls. Understand?”  
  
She nodded again.  
  
“I honestly didn’t know riding on the console would have that effect on you, or I wouldn’t have suggested it. If that was too far for you, we can back things off. You can get dressed. You and Charles can share his seat. We can turn back.”  
  
Mia considered what he said, seriously considered any and all of what he said. Before she could come to a decision, though, he asked her, “Was it good?”  
  
She couldn’t believe he would ask her something so personal. “I guess.”  
  
“That intensity is pretty normal for you?” he asked.  
  
“N-no.” Not that she’d experienced anything like that many times at all anyway, but none had been anything like that.  
  
“Did you like it?”  
  
That wasn’t something she could admit out loud, so she nodded again.  
  
“And how do you feel right now?” he asked.  
  
“Em-embarrassed.” As uncomfortable as the experience had made her, it also felt really good to be in his arms, pressed up against him. “But also tingly. Warm. Cared for?”  
  
He pulled her tighter against him. “Definitely cared for.”  
  
“If I … If I decide to have you take me home now, what does that mean for u-us?”  
  
“As far as I’m concerned, it doesn’t. Either way, I’d like very much to see you again, and I won’t think badly of you at all for backing out. And I certainly won’t think badly of you for going ahead with what we have planned.”  
  
As she was deliberating on what to say next, the passenger door opened, and Charles got in.  
  
Grant gave her another squeeze. “So want to try to ride in the seat next to Charles? Or on his lap?”  
  
“I-I think I’ll stay on the console.”  
  
“And our destination?” Grant asked.  
  
“To your friend’s house,” she said with less equivocation as she righted herself on the console.  
  
“You know,” Grant said to Charles, “I think Mia has been a naughty girl, don’t you?”  
  
“I agree.”  
  
“I think she should be punished.”  
  
Mia’s heart rate sped. Punished?  
  
“You read my mind,” Charles said. “One? Or Two?”  
  
“I believe one is sufficient,” Grant said.  
  
One what?  
  
“It’s your car she’s getting her juices all over,” Charles said, “so I’ll leave the judgment to you.”  
  
She could have died of mortification. Or of arousal.  
  
“Okay, Mia, your choice – shirt or panties?”  
  
Her eyes widened. He was just telling her she could back out, and, now he was asking her to take off even more of her clothes? That was just … exciting? Embarrassing and scary, too, but definitely exciting. Did she dare?  
  
She really didn’t want to. At the same time, she really did want to.  
  
Argh!  
  
Grant took her hand and squeezed. It was such a simple gesture that conveyed so much. Warmth. Caring. Encouragement. Acceptance.  
  
She really wanted to please him, to make him proud of her. God! She hoped she wasn’t being an idiot.  
  
Regardless, she was going to do it. The only question was which piece was she going to take off. All the windows on the BMW except the front were tinted, but that exception was a big one. The late afternoon sun was plenty bright, and, if she took off her top, people passing the opposite direction or even looking in a rearview mirror would see her bare breasts. If she took off her bottom, though, two boys would get an up close and personal view of her most private parts. Considering that she was still riding on the console, that meant they’d see those parts of her while she orgasmed.  
  
She didn’t think she could handle that degree of intimacy yet. Her hands went to the bottom of her shirt.  
  
“Are you sure this is okay?” she asked.  
  
“Definitely!” both guys said at once.  
  
Mia laughed. “Okay.”  
  
She whipped off her top. Her breasts sprang free, hard nipples pointing out. She felt … good. Hot. Sexy. Both guys were literally drooling, but she also knew that neither one of them would lay a finger on her, meaning that she was safe. That also meant that she could be more daring if she wanted to really explore her boundaries.  
  
She swallowed hard. “Grant, I th-think I was r-really n-naughty.”  
  
His expression was shocked for a moment before transitioning to pure joy. “You’re right. More punishment is clearly in order. Did you have something in mind?”  
  
“T-two?”  
  
God! Did she really just suggest stripping naked right there in the car? Why had she opened her big mouth?  
  
Grant cleared his throat. “That sounds fair and appropriate.”  
  
Charles looked like he was going to cum in his pants. Mia understood how he felt as she tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties.  
  
Was she really going to do this?  
  
She raised her butt off the console and slipped the panties down her thighs.  
  
Apparently, she was.  
  
It was a little tricky getting them completely off. Her legs were splayed by the shifter, and she had to twist and bend in the tight confines of the cab to get her last remaining cover off her. In the process, she was pretty sure she displayed just about everything she had to both of the guys.  
  
Her face was enflamed as she handed the soaking wet panties to Grant.  
  
“All right then,” he said. “I guess we’ll get a move on.”

**Chapter 14**

Mia had just thought her braless breasts had jiggled underneath her shirt. That motion was nothing compared to how much they moved around with absolutely no restraint. She also had thought that she’d been exposed before wearing only the tight, thin tank top and slight panties.  
  
Yeah, that was nothing compared to riding completely nude, especially considering that her seat didn’t allow her to tighten her legs together.  
  
Grant, whether trying to be a gentleman or just a safe driver, barely glanced at her in favor of keeping his eyes on the road. Charles, though, apparently felt like he was going to be tested on the subject of her most intimate anatomy, and she was sure that he’d ace the exam, having committed even the slightest detail to memory.  
  
Her arousal from her orgasm had not completely diminished, and her embarrassment and exposure only heightened those feelings. It wasn’t long after the car got up to highway speeds that the vibration returned, and she soon felt another climax building.  
  
Mia didn’t bother to fight it this time. With a grip like iron on Grant’s shoulder, her other hand found her nipple again.  
  
She moaned. And kept right on moaning until another orgasm hit her.  
  
When she came down from it, she felt Grant’s hand move to the inside of her thigh, tickling and stroking just south of where she really wanted those fingers to go.  
  
She moaned again. “Grant! That feels soooo good.”  
  
He kept tickling and teasing, his fingers nowhere near close enough to give her release. As the vibrations continued assaulting her, she wanted more. She wanted contact down there. Inside her.  
  
“Grant! Please.”  
  
“I can’t. Sorry.”  
  
“Please!”  
  
“I can’t,” he said, “but you can.”  
  
Oh God! Was he really suggesting that she full on masturbate right there in the car with both of them watching? She couldn’t do that. No way!  
  
They’d already seen her orgasm, though. Twice. What difference was there between what the car was doing to her and what a vibrator would do? That was kind of like masturbation, right? So, what difference would it make to do it again? And it would feel so, so good.  
  
Her hand slipped from her breast and traveled down her stomach.  
  
She looked at Grant. He glanced over at her and nodded his head.  
  
Fine. If that was what he wanted, she’d do it. It was his fault, not hers.  
  
Her fingers found her clit.  
  
“Oh!” She moaned. “Oh! God, that feels so good!”  
  
Then, her fingers went lower. Entered her. It didn’t take many times going in and out before she arched her back and squealed.  
  
Mia pumped her fingers furiously as waves of pleasure coursed through her. And kept pumping and moaning until she could take it no longer. She collapsed, spent, against Grant. He embraced her again, his arm pulling her tight against his chest.  
  
Soon after, the car turned off onto a residential street, and the vibrations lessened greatly. As she slowly came down from the sexual haze she’d been thrust into, she realized what she that she had just did the most private thing she could think of in front of two boys, one of whom she’d just met.  
  
What must they think of her, sitting naked in the car with them? Pleasuring herself?  
  
She buried her face in his shoulder.  
  
Mia felt tears well up. She was mad at herself, both for doing what she’d done and for getting upset about it. She should have either not done it in the first place or, now that she had, own it.  
  
The car turned into a driveway and stopped. The passenger door opened, and Charles got out, leaving her alone with Grant again.  
  
“You must think I’m a complete idiot,” she said. “A weak idiot.”  
  
“Not at all.” He paused. “Look at me.”  
  
She did, her glistening eyes meeting his.  
  
“Why are you upset?” he asked. “I’m talking about the root cause, not that you’re embarrassed or stressed or any of that. I want you to look deep down inside yourself and tell me what is really bothering you.”  
  
She looked away from his intense gaze for a while, thinking it through, before finally answering. “I’m afraid that you think badly of me because of what you just saw me do.”  
  
“What I saw you do was let loose and enjoy an intense sexual experience. What, exactly, is wrong with that?”  
  
“I … I don’t know, but something!”  
  
“Are you saying that it’s not okay for women to enjoy sex?” he asked.  
  
“Of course not!”  
  
“Mia, there is absolutely nothing wrong with what you just did. You enjoyed it. I enjoyed watching it. Charles enjoyed watching it. It was amazing and sexy and brave and … just amazing.”  
  
“You already said that.”  
  
“Because it’s true!”  
  
“You really don’t think … badly of me?” she asked.  
  
“Not at all.  
  
“And all this isn’t just some ploy to get me to …”  
  
“Mia, I like your body. I like looking at you. The feeling of you against me is incredible. I cannot claim any sort of altruism here, but the only reason we’re doing this is to help you.” He paused. “I hope, hope, hope I haven’t ruined anything between us because I truly do want for you and me to have a chance to develop into something.”  
  
“I’d … I’d like that, too.”  
  
“Good,” he said, letting out a long breath. “Just one thing before we go inside … if you still want to do that, that is?”  
  
Did she? She’d started crying after losing control in front of two guys. What would happen when the number doubled?  
  
No. She hadn’t chickened out to this point and wasn’t going start now.  
  
Mia nodded.  
  
“Your call,” he said. “The one thing is … just never be ashamed of having emotions, okay? Whatever you’re feeling for whatever reason is valid. If you’re ashamed of it, that means you aren’t going to want to talk about it, and, if we have any chance of things working between us, communication is really the important thing. Right?”  
  
She nodded again.  
  
“You can talk to me about anything at any time, especially about sex,” he said. “People have so many hang-ups, me included. So many emotions and beliefs and … it’s just really complicated. Try to trust me enough to talk.”  
  
“I will.”  
  
“Ready to go inside?” he asked.  
  
“Can I get dressed first?”  
  
“Of course.” He sounded a bit disappointed though.  
  
“You’d prefer that I didn’t?” She looked up at him, wanting to observe his reaction.  
  
“Well, you would make quite the entrance, and, truthfully, the thought of you walking completely naked into a stranger’s house?” His eyes twinkled. “It’s more than a little bit of a turn on for me.”  
  
“Really? I don’t get it.”  
  
“Like I said, sex is really complicated. I don’t know exactly why I like what I like, but I know I like it.”  
  
She chewed her lip. What he was requesting was weird and awkward and, frankly, scary, but she was pretty sure she could trust him. And, honestly, she was planning on ending up naked at some point in front of all of them, anyway. What difference did it make if she started out that way?  
  
“Fine,” she said.

**Chapter 15**

Mia’s stomach fluttered as she opened the BMW’s passenger door, and not in a good way. What, exactly, had she been thinking when she agreed to walk into a complete stranger’s house naked? That was wrong on so many levels.  
  
First of all, it was still light outside. Really light. And they were in the middle of a neighborhood that was packed with houses. Sure, the distance from the car to the front door wasn’t more than fifty feet, but, still, anyone looking out a window or passing by would be able to see her.  
  
Second, while neighbors only had the possibility of seeing her, the people in the house definitely were going to see her. All of her. Bare breasts. Shaved slit. Naked ass. Everything.  
  
She didn’t know these guys at all, and she only had Grant’s word that there were only three other men inside. For all she knew, there could be a party with hundreds of people, all ready to devour her with their eyes. And even if there was only the two besides Grant and Charles, that was still two more people that were going to see her naked. Before today, that number had been zero.  
  
Even more of an issue than them just seeing her was that she didn’t know what their expectations for her were. Was she to entertain them or something? What exactly would that entail? Dancing?  
  
She shuddered. The thought of performing naked for a group of guys was … interesting?  
  
That brought up another concern. What if she lost control again? Even more guys seeing her do what she’d done in the car …  
  
Grant, who’d walked around the car, reached for her hand. “Ready?”  
  
“No, but let’s do it, anyway.”  
  
She stepped out of the car, her bare feet touching the rough, hot concrete of the driveway. A dry breeze hit parts of her that didn’t normally feel any wind. Warm sunlight washed over her. All of her.  
  
Her eyes darted about, looking for signs of anyone witnessing her body on full display. She didn’t see anyone, but that could change at any second.  
  
She felt more exposed and vulnerable than she ever had in her life, but she also felt more … alive. Wired. Excited. Every nerve cell in her body was actively feeding sensations to her brain.  
  
He set a slow pace as they walked to the house. Just out for a nice afternoon stroll. No hurry. It wasn’t as if she was completely, totally, butt ass naked!  
  
She didn’t say a word, though. Instead, simply going along with him, clutching his hand in hers and drawing what comfort she could under the circumstances.  
  
It would have been disconcerting going to the house of one of a guy’s friends when they’d just started … dating? Could she even consider what she and Grant were doing dating at this point? Bad enough if they were truly in a relationship when meeting people important to her boyfriend for the first time. She’d have been so concerned about making a good impression, whether his friends liked her, whether she fit into the group …  
  
Mia still had all those concerns, and there was the small fact that she was … oh yeah … naked! And she didn’t even know how to define what she and Grant were to each other.  
  
Overall, this was about as bad an idea for an activity as she could imagine, so, as much as she wanted to get out of the view of potential voyeurs, she was just as nervous about what waited for her inside.  
  
As they reached the door, he turned to her. “You’re trembling.” He frowned. “I wish there was something I could say to make you feel better, but the only thing I can think of is probably a bad idea.”  
  
“Tell me.”  
  
He seemed as almost as nervous as she was. “This is way too soon, but … I think I might be falling for you. Hard. You are so brave and sexy and … I don’t even have words to describe …”  
  
Her stomach fluttered again, this time for a much more positive reason. A part of her worried that he was just like any other guy, someone who’d say anything to get her into bed. He seemed so genuine, though. Either he was the real deal or her bullshit meter was well and truly broken.  
  
She took a deep breath. “Okay. I’m ready.”  
  
Stepping through the open front door of that house was one of the hardest things Mia had ever done. Once inside, she found herself in a long entryway. Sounds came from an opening ahead to the right, probably the living room.  
  
She still had a ways to go before the other guys saw her. Great. More anticipation.  
  
“I’m naked,” she muttered. “Completely naked. I’m not wearing a stitch of clothes. Anyone can see simply everything I have.”  
  
“Yes,” Grant said. “And it’s the most wonderful sight I’ve ever seen.”  
  
She jumped, not realizing she’d spoken so loud.  
  
“First of all,” he said, “your face is beautiful. Bright eyes, cute as a button nose, sensuous lips … and your skin color. God! I could eat you up. Your hair, too! Just perfect. And these …”  
  
She jumped as he let go of her hand and cupped her breasts.  
  
“These are so incredible,” he said, massaging and teasing her. “Full. Nicely rounded. I love your nipples. I don’t think I’ve ever seen any that stuck out so far.”  
  
She blushed, embarrassed by the very direct comments about her body, but also … pleased at the same time.  
  
His hands traveled down her stomach. “So soft. So smooth.” And continued back around her hips to rest on her behind. “I have to say that I really, really like your ass. It’s neither too curvy or too flat. It’s simply perfect like the rest of you.”  
  
She swallowed as his fingers lazily traced their way back to her front, circling her belly button and then going lower. And lower. She tensed as they stopped just above her clit.  
  
“You have literally the most amazing body I have ever had the pleasure of touching,” he said. “God! I want so much to …”  
  
If he said “have sex with you,” she was pretty sure she’d let him take her right then and there.  
  
“… kiss you right now.”  
  
She nodded, mildly disappointed that that was all he wanted to do. Then his lips met hers, and all displeasure melted away. Until he pulled away from her.  
  
“I think we’ve probably put this off as long as we should,” he said.  
  
Right. She still had three other guys to entertain. While stark naked.

**Chapter 16**

Mia waited in the hallway as Grant went ahead to prepare the guys for her entrance. She listened intently as he began talking.  
  
“Charles has already met my girlfriend.”  
  
Girlfriend? He’d called her his girlfriend? That was, in some ways, as scary as being naked right now.  
  
“Yeah, and she’s smoking hot,” Charles said.  
  
Laughter followed.  
  
“Her name is Mia, and she needs our help,” Grant said. “She’s been asked to be a hostess at a party where all the men will be clothed and all the women will be naked.”  
  
“Wow! How do I get an invite?” an unfamiliar voice called.  
  
“As long as Kaitlynn’s willing to go with you, Jeff, I can put in a good word for you …” Grant sounded like he knew this girl would agree to go.  
  
Did everyone do this kind of thing all the time? Mia couldn’t help but wondering if she was the odd one for being so conservative.  
  
“God! If so, get me an invite,” another voice said. “Please. I’m begging you.”  
  
“I’ll ask her about it,” Jeff said, “but we’re really busy right now planning for the wedding. We’ll probably sit this one out.”  
  
“As I was telling you before I was so rudely interrupted,” Grant said. “Mia needs our help getting acclimated to such a situation.”  
  
“You’re really not just shitting us?” the voice that had begged asked. “Your girlfriend is going to get naked for us?”  
  
“I’ve already seen her in the car!” Charles said.  
  
“Naked?”  
  
“Naked!”  
  
Great. That reputation she’d always had as a good girl? Gone.  
  
“And she’s hot?” the beggar asked.  
  
“Very!” Charles said.  
  
He cleared his throat. “She’s an attractive, sweet, and smart young lady whose acquaintance I was pleased to make.”  
  
Mia grinned. Grant must have threatened him somehow.  
  
“The point is,” Grant said, “that she is not here for your sexual gratification. She’s not here for anything sexual at all.”  
  
“But, in the car, she …” Charles said, then, after a pause, continued, “Fine. Nothing sexual at all.”  
  
“You are my friends, and I called in favors from each of you to be here,” Grant said. “We are here for her, not her for us. Understand?”  
  
They must have all agreed because he said, “Good. Now, please be on your best behavior and know that, if you’re not, your respective girlfriends or fiancé will hear about it from me.”  
  
There were a few moments of silence before he called out for her to enter the room.  
  
Mia hesitated. Four guys waited just around the corner from her, waited to see her naked body. This was her last chance to back out.  
  
Was she really going to do this? Appear like this in front of strangers?  
  
She sighed. Yeah, she was.  
  
Her steps were short and tentative. Mincing. And she didn’t know what to do with her hands. She couldn’t cover herself like she wanted, and clenching them at her sides seemed awkward. Finally, she decided to clasp them behind her back, pretending they were cuffed there.  
  
That sent a shiver through her, imagining being exposed to people without any ability to cover herself. God!  
  
Her body entered a state of hypersensitivity as she padded around the corner. She felt each individual carpet fiber making contact with her feet. The breeze from the house’s chilled air impacted every tiny part of her exposed skin, especially her burning hot, wet nether regions. Every tiny perturbation of her breasts magnified itself, reverberating throughout the whole of her chest.  
  
As the four guys came into her sight – and she into theirs – sensations overwhelmed her mind. Each eye was focused solely on her, exploring all her nude flesh. She shuddered, making her unfettered breasts jiggle that much more.  
  
Everyone just stared in stunned silence for several minutes as she stood there, letting them look at her. All of her.  
  
Eventually, her eyes met Grant’s. Girlfriend. He’d called her his girlfriend. Did that make him her boyfriend?  
  
That thought, so scary moments ago, somehow wasn’t any more, or, if it was, it was drowned out by the hunger in his stare. Intense hunger. An erection strained at his shorts. He wanted more than just to feast on her visually. And she wanted it, too.  
  
She willed a plea to him. A plea to take her. Fully. In any way that he wanted.  
  
He cleared his throat. “Perhaps, uh, Mia and I should … uh … regroup. We’ll be in the guest bed … uh, in another room.”  
  
A bedroom. He was taking her to a bedroom. A room that contained, by definition, a bed.  
  
Motioning for her to follow, he moved toward a hallway at the other end of the living room, past all the guys. Meaning she’d have to pass all the guys. Meaning they’d see even more of her. Closer. And see her walking away as well. Exposing even more of herself to them.  
  
God! She wanted so badly to get to that bed.  
  
Her hands still clasped behind her back, she hurried after him, suddenly not caring how much movement was imparted to her breasts. As she passed them, she found that she no longer cared about their stares. About their presence at all, really.  
  
All that mattered was him. And that bed.  
  
He waited for her inside a room on the other side of an open door. She shut it behind her.  
  
“How do you want me?” she asked.  
  
“Mia …”  
  
She couldn’t wait for him to direct her, moving hurriedly past him to lay on her back on the bed, her legs spread. Waiting.  
  
He climbed onto the mattress beside her, stretching out, and kissed her again. Hungrily. She didn’t know who wanted it more, him or her.  
  
Grant withdrew his lips. Instead of caressing her with his hands or moving his mouth lower on her body or undressing, he simply looked at her, passion in his eyes.  
  
She wanted passion from other parts of him. “Take me.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Take me now!”  
  
“I can’t.”  
  
She looked down at his tented shorts. What was the problem?  
  
“I didn’t mean I can’t. I meant that I won’t.”  
  
“But … But … Don’t you want me?”  
  
This couldn’t be happening. She’d feared this moment for so long, feared that a guy would pressure her into doing something she really didn’t want to do, and now that her body wanted it more than anything else in the world, he …  
  
She couldn’t even comprehend what was going on.  
  
“I cannot even begin to express how much I want to make love to you right here and now,” he said. “In fact, there is only one thing that I want more than that.”  
  
What could that one thing be? What did he find so much more important than her?  
  
Mia raised her eyelids in question.  
  
“I want for us to have a chance,” he said. “And, if we do this thing today under these circumstances, I don’t think you’re ever truly going to be able to trust me. I’ll be the guy who got you so aroused that you risked sacrificing your dreams, the guy who didn’t care enough about you to take his time and wait until it was right for both of us.”  
  
He was … right. They had no protection. She wasn’t thinking about her future at all, only her basest need.  
  
“I-I’m sorry,” she said.  
  
“For what? Being beautiful and sexy and human? Nothing that you did today requires any remorse. None.” He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him. “I hope that things go really well for us, that we go on dates and discover that we really do like each other as much as we think we do. I hope that we fall in love. If we do that, doing what both you and I so want to do right now will be right, you know?”  
  
“But it’s not right today. I see that now.”  
  
They laid like that for a long time. She felt … loved. Whether that feeling was true or just the beginning infatuation of a new relationship, she didn’t know, but she was looking forward to finding out. The thing she knew for certain was that she could trust him. If he’d simply wanted to have fun with her, she’d been ready to give him anything he’d asked for. Instead, he’d chosen the chance for something more.  
  
“I’m going to do it,” she said.  
  
“Do what?”  
  
“The party at the restaurant. If I can handle everything we did today, I’m pretty sure that I can handle whatever else is thrown at me.” She paused. “Would you … would you do me a favor, though?”  
  
“Anything.”  
  
“Go with me.”