**Back to Her Roots**By JW  
  
Marly had mixed feelings about spending the summer with her gramma Barbara. It wasn’t because she didn’t know her, she received birthday and Christmas cards every year usually with a gift card or cash enclosed and she talked to her gramma during her monthly phone calls to mom. It’s just that Marly hadn’t seen her gramma since she was 9 when her and her mom and little brother moved away after dad died. She’s 14 now and a West Coast girl, not the country bumpkin that left Mississippi five years ago. If there is a saving grace, it’s that the town Marly is from is only a couple of hours away from her gramma’s town; maybe she can hook up with some old friends and catch up.  
  
“Marly, let’s go. We have to be at the airport by 9:30!” Marly’s mom bellowed. Something she does often with Marly. Marly is never punctual but is always up on time and has her routine down to be done in plenty of time. Marly’s hold up is usually making sure her outfits are perfectly matched right down to hair and makeup. She gave a last look at herself in the full length. At 14, Marly was 5’6 with a slender build, green eyes and auburn hair that ended in the middle of her back. Her best assets however were her killer butt and 34B chest that should belong to a more developed 16 or 17 year old. Getting the final approval from herself, she grabbed her tote and headed downstairs.  
  
“Ok mom, let’s go” declared Marly. “Are you sure you want to wear heels honey? You’ve got such a long trip ahead of you and your feet are going to be killing you by the end.” Marly’s mom was the sensible voice for Marly which almost always lost out to the teenager’s eye rolls and huffs. “Suit yourself” her mom mumbled under her breath. At the airport Marly kissed her mom and brat brother goodbye and headed to the curbside check in. “Well hello there young lady” the skycap greeted Marly with a broad smile and steeling glance at her body. The sundress she wore didn’t do much to cover up her legs or cleavage, two things every 14 year old girl required to exist in today’s society. Marly rolled her eyes and handed the skycap her reservation slip and ID. After a few moments, the skycap handed her her boarding passes and took her luggage. “Ok, you’re all set Ms Marly Reed going to Jackson, MS. Have a nice flight young lady!” Marly gave another roll of the eyes and proceeded inside. The skycap followed her with his eyes “Tsk, tsk, tsk gonna be a ball buster that one is. Good Morning, Sir!”  
  
Marly had decided before she even got to the airport to get the full body scan instead of the pat down search. She didn't want some greasy stranger touching her and they say the scan isn't as revealing as feared. “Next; step in and place your arms outstretched above your head and hold it until your told otherwise.” The old TSA officer gave directions to the passengers in a monotone voice, leaning on a stool looking like he was extremely happy to be there. Marly stood at the entrance waiting for the guy in front of her to go through. She almost burst out laughing as the puff of air inside the scanner forced the man's very bad toupee to flip up from the back of his bald head. The bald headed man stepped out and the TSA officer looked toward the line and started to direct Marly in. Before he said anything, he perked right up and walked over to his partner at the scanner. The officer at the scanner took one look at Marly and a smirk started across his face.  
  
The TSA officer returned to the scanner and directed Marly to enter the machine. “Step in and place your arms outstretched above your head until told otherwise.” Marly stepped in the machine and did as the officer directed. The officer winked at his partner who activated the scanner. The puff of air tickled Marly's legs and she didnt realize that it was enough of a puff to lift the bottom of her sun dress high enough to reveal the pink french cut panties she was wearing underneath. The machine opened and Marly was sent on her way. The officers shut the scanner down and directed passengers to the next scanner over. “That was some piece of ass Bill. Did you see those panties?” The officer called Bill smiled. “Got it, the picture is coming up now.” “Holy shit this thing is better than I expected.” When Marly was preparing for the scan, Bill turned the gain all the way up which increased the definition of the person being scanned. Basically, the machine looks for variances in color and texture on the subject and can either depict the differences in colors, shading, or outlines. The outline option basically made a sketch of the person being scanned. The higher the gain, the more detailed the scan. In Marly's case the gain was turned all the way up and the scan returned a very detailed sketch. The officer's now had a very good depiction of Marly's body sans clothes. Marly's breasts were outlined perfectly right down to her aureola and even a hint of nipple on each. But the coup de gratis was the detail in her crotch. It easily depicted that she was clean shaven by indicating a single line from the top of her pubic mound to her thighs. This line depicted the crack of her pussy. Because Marly's legs were parted just enough, the officers could even tell that Marly's labia were of the puffy variety. It was already determined that this scan would be printed and circulated amongst the chosen few of the TSA.

**Back to Her Roots Part 2**

In Jackson some 8 hours later, Marly had one of her bags and was watching an endless procession of luggage go by without seeing her 2nd piece. “Finally” she professed while grabbing the last piece she had been waiting for. No sooner did she get outside than a rusty old pick up truck pulled up honking its horn. “Marly, Marly” the old woman called her name. “Oh man, she can't be serious” Marly put on her best smile “Gramma Barbara, hey I missed you” she hugged her gramma and told her she missed her very much. They took Marly's luggage and through it in the back of the pickup and got on there way. “What a darling girl you've become Marly” Gramma Barbara was beaming.  
  
The hour or so drive from Jackson to Anderson where gramma Barbara lived was filled with catching up on Marly's life and what's been going on here since Marly left. Finally they pulled into the long dirt driveway that led to gramma's modest single story farmhouse. The barnyard smells brought Marly back to her childhood with her parents and gramma. Marly suddenly forgot all about being a California girl and remembered what it was like to be around the horses, chickens, goats, and pigs.  
  
“Well let's get you inside and settled” Gramma offered. The brought Marly's luggage in to the room that was her mother's when she was a little girl. “Gramma, I'd like to take a shower before dinner if that's ok?” “Of course, dear. Everything you need is in your bathroom. Leave your clothes on the floor and I'll get them in the wash immediately.” “Yes ma'am” was Marly's reply. Marly wanted nothing more than to get a hot shower. She pulled her sundress off over her head and shed her matching pink panties and bra and let everything drop to the floor. True to the scanner at the airport, Marly's breasts were well formed with aureolas the size of quarters and nipples the size of pencil erasers. Her pubic mound was clean and bare as a baby's butt and her labia was puffy and inviting and accented her perky clit perfectly. The shower was overwhelmingly relaxing for Marly. She thought she would wear her comfy sweat shorts and Arie tank top. She opened the first suitcase and it was filled with her shoes, makeup, and more shoes. The second suitcase had her clothes. When she opened the suitcase her heart sank to the floor and a blank stare came over her. “Gramma! Gramma! My clothes, someone switched my clothes with these!” Gramma looked over the suitcase. There were some pretty large men's underwear, t-shirts, and dress clothes where a teenager's sundresses, shorts, tank tops, and bikini used to be. “I'm sorry dear, but it looks like you grabbed the wrong suitcase of the turnstyle” gramma read the tag and it belonged to a man from San Francisico. “We'll have to return this to the airline tomorrow.and hope they have yours waiting for us.” “What am I supposed to do for clothes in the meantime” Marly asked still in a panic. “Well, your clothes that you wore today should be dry. You'll just have to wear those again until your suitcase arrives” Gramma went to the laundry room. Marly waited on the edge of the bed wrapped in the towel she wore from the bathroom. Gramma Barbara returned to the room with a not so happy look on her face. “What's wrong Gramma? Where are my clothes?” Marly didn't feel good about this. Gramma explained that sometimes that old drier of hers catches a piece of clothing just right around the spindle and it gets trapped there. It pretty much “eats” clothes and Marly's were no exeception. Gramma Barbara brought Marly's clothes out from behind her back. What used to be a sundress, bra and panties was nothing more than a shredded greasy ball of mess that was destined for the trash can.  
  
The 14 year old in Marly finally came out as she through herself on the bed and started crying at the top of her lungs. “You collect yourself dear then come out for dinner.” Gramma Barbara closed the door behind her. Marly couldn't believe what was happening, now not only did she not have the suitcase with her clothes, but now she had no clothes. What was she supposed to do in this podunk town where she didn't even see a Walmart. Marly adjusted the towel and went to the dining room for dinner. Gramma Barbara had a shirt draped over the back of a chair. “Honey, that was an old basketball jersey of your mother's. It's not much, but it's all I could find in a pinch. It's long enough and should provide some sort of cover until your suitcase shows up.”  
  
Marly put the shirt over her head and arms in the arm holes; then slipped out of the towel. She couldn't believe she was stark naked under an old Jersey. “Gramma, these arm holes are huge. You can see my whole boob if I raise my arm.” “Well then don't raise your arm dear.” The bottom hem of the shirt at least came down to mid thigh and offered some sort of cover for her ass and pubic area. “Gramma, may I be excused.” “Yes dear. Clear the table and do the dishes, will you please?” Marly brought the dishes to the oversized farmhouse sink and filled it with water. She set about scrubbing and washing the dishes and placed them in the drying rack. Marly couldn't tell, but as she washed, anyone who may be fortunate enough to be looking at the arm holes on Marly's shirt would see quite the show of boob jiggling back and forth.  
  
After the dishes were done, Marly became less and less concerned with the possibility of showing off her goods and actually thought the jersey was rather comfortable. Gramma Barbara was sitting in her easy chair knitting a piece for her quilting club and Marly was lying on her stomach on the floor flipping through a 'Better Homes and Gardens' magazine she found on the coffee table. Marly was oblivious to the fact that the jersey and ridden up and was barely covering her ass. Should someone be looking in the front window, they would get a great view of all she had to offer between her legs.  
  
“Marly, will you be a dear and run out to the woodshed and get two more pieces of firewood? It's getting a little chilly in here for my old bones. Take the flashlight on the table by the door.” Marly simply replied with a respecful “Yes ma'am” and was out the door with the flashlight. The night breeze quickly reminded her that she had nothing on beneath the basketball jersey. Her nipples grew hard in an instant and the breeze blowing across her clit and labia sent feelings through her that she hadn't felt before. All said she couldn't wait to have her clothes back. Gramma Barbara lived on a fairly modest property of 10 acres. Her nearest neighbor was half a mile down the road and the house, while visible from the road, was probably 50 yards off the road. This provided Marly with a little bit of a buffer zone should someone come down the driveway while she was outside in her state of undress. Her first venture outside for wood, however, was uneventful and she returned to the house. “Here ya go gramma. Is there anything else you need before I go to bed?” She asked as she stacked the wood by the fireplace. “I don't think so honey. Have good sleeps, don't let the bed bugs bite” “Gnite gramma, love you” “Oh Marly, why dont you leave the jersey with me. I dont want it getting ruined being used as pajams” “Wha....” Marly was about to protest, but something told her that it wouldn't of mattered. She slipped off the jersey and handed it to gramma. She went to her bedroom covering her breasts with one arm and her crotch with the other. Once again she couldn't wait to have her clothes back.

**Back To Her Roots Part 3**

Marly woke up around 8am, rolled out of bed and gave a big stretch while looking out the window at a passing farmer on a combine. “That old bed is actually pretty comfortable” She thought to herself. “Eeeeeep!” she dropped to the floor after she got a glimpse in the dresser mirror of her naked body standing in front of an open window. Gramma Barbara calmly opened the door to her Marly’s bedroom holding the basketball jersey. “I thought you might need this honey” as she tossed the jersey to a bodiless Marly. Marly grabbed the jersey and put it on before she removed herself from behind the bed. “Thanks, gramma. Will we be going to the airport today?” Gramma Barbara gave a smile and told her that she would remain here. “After all you don’t want to prance around in an airport like that do you?” she had a point, Marly thought. “Come downstairs and have some breakfast.” Marly, straightened out her hair and went downstairs following the aroma of eggs and bacon. “Gramma, I wonder…” Marly stopped dead in her tracks. Gramma Barbara was at the dining room table with a cup of coffee sitting directly opposite of a woman in her 40’s. “Marly, this is my good friend Nadine.” Marly couldn’t believe her gramma didn’t tell her there was company downstairs. “Hi Marly, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” “Same here” was all Marly could say while instinctively trying to cover up. “Ha ha, Marly you’re already wearing a shirt come and sit and have breakfast” Gramma Barbara said lightheartedly. If there is a positive to this it’s that Nadine is a woman, Marly sighed and sat down at the table crossing her arms.  
  
“So, Barbara tells me you’re here all summer.” I have a son your age, I can’t wait for you to meet him” Nadine said with a smile. “That would be great” Marly said trying to be polite. “Great, he’ll be in just as soon as he gathers some eggs from your gramma’s hen house.” “Excuse me? He’s here now?” Marly waved her arms in protest “No way, I’m not meeting him like this, uh uh” Marly said and proceeded to get up from the table. “You sit down and finish your breakfast young lady” gramma Barbara said with a stern voice. “There are people starving in Timbuktu and we don’t waste food around here.” The smile returned to gramma’s face “besides honey, you’re covered and even if not, you should be proud of what the good lord gave you.” Nadine snickered as she took a sip of coffee. “Ma, I got the eggs” the boy said as he flew through the door. “Walk young man” Nadine snapped. Marly pushed herself as close to the table as she could trying to make it look like she had more on than a jersey. “Sorry” Billy saw Marly “Who’s this?” “This is Marly, Ms Barbara’s granddaughter” Nadine introduced them. Billy walked over to Marly’s side of the table and put his hand out “Pleased to meet you , Marly.” For Marly to return his gesture, it meant that she would have to move her hand from her lap which was covering the arm hole in the jersey. She couldn’t be rude because that wouldn’t meet with a happy ending. Marly shook the boy’s hand and hoped he didn’t see anything; “Pleased to meet you too, Billy”. Unfortunately, young boys Billy’s age don’t miss much and have no filter between their brains and mouths. “Wow, are you nekkid under there? I could almost see your boob!” “Billy!” Nadine yelled “That’s rude, you apologize right this instance. Yes she’s naked but it’s not her fault and stop staring!” “I’m sorry” Billy proclaimed. “Now you git on out of here before I take a twitch to ya!” Billy scrambled out of the house. Nadine apologized “I’m sorry Marly, boys just have a mind of their own and my boy is no exception. If you like I can go down to the church and see if there might be anything better than that old jersey in the lost and found box.” Nadine offered. “Thanks but I’ll probably have my clothes later today after my gramma gets back from the airport.” Marly stated with confidence.  
  
Marly said goodbye to Nadine and returned to her room after breakfast to get cleaned up. She noted that her gramma drew the curtains over her window in a kind of good will gesture. Marly wasn’t really mad with her gramma; as a matter of fact this whole thing wasn’t her fault at all. If Marly had taken a second to check the tag on the suitcase she grabbed, she wouldn’t be in this mess. Nope, this was all on her and she vowed to not complain about her state of dress from this day forward. She looked back at the curtains and smiled “Figures, they’re sheer” she chuckled.  
  
Marly decided it didn’t do any good to follow her usual morning routine as far as doing her hair and makeup so she put her hair in a ponytail and added a little cover-up, eye liner and lip gloss and called it a day. She looked in the mirror and saw that she actually looked better with less make-up and hair product “Not bad, might have to do this more often” She smiled and returned to the living room. Gramma Barbara was on her way out the door with the suitcase to return to Jackson. “I’ll be back by dinner honey. Feel free to make whatever you like for lunch. I made a short to do list for you if you don’t mind and try not to watch too much tv.” She said on the way out. “Gramma, wait” Marly followed her out. “I’m sorry for bein such a brat about all this. It’s my own stupid fault I’m in this mess. I won’t complain anymore and will help you with whatever you need while I’m here.” She gave her gramma a big hug and waved to her as she drove away.  
  
Billy pedaled up the dirt driveway to Ms Barbara’s house with his best friend Tommy in tow. As the boys got closer, Billy noticed that the pickup truck wasn’t there. He hung his head feeling dejected. “There’s no nekkid girl her, I knew you was bs’in me.” Tommy accused. “Come on let’s go catch toads at the pond or something.” “I swear she was here” Billy protested but there was nothing he could do about it now to prove himself right. The boys turned their bikes around and began to pedal away when they heard a noise in the barn. They dropped their bikes and carefully walked up to the barn doors without making a sound.  
  
“These bales are heavier than they look” Marly thought. The first thing on the list her gramma left her was to stack the 10 bales of hay in the barn next to the pulley elevator so that it could be stored in the loft later. It took everything Marly had to pick the bales up and place them on top of each other. She created 3 stacks of 3 and 1 stack of 4.   
  
Billy and Tommy couldn’t believe their eyes and good fortune. They watched as Marly lifted bales of hay and moved them to the pulley elevator. As she placed them on top of each other they could see plain as day her boob from the arm hole. It was mostly white for a darker part where her nipple was and it jiggled a little bit as she dropped the bale of hay down. They must have watched, not Marly, but her boob for a good 5 minutes before they decided to get out of there before they were caught. They made their way back to their bikes as quickly and quietly as possible. “Wow, my first boob!” Tommy exclaimed. To boys Billy and Tommy’s age, seeing a girls boob was nothing more than a novelty that they could use for bragging rights when the need arose. The boys rode off to catch toads at the pond.

**Back To Her Roots Part 4**

The next thing on the list was to clean the goat shed in front of the house. Marly brought the mucking bucket and pitchfork into the shed and began mucking the shed. As she did, the goats started trying to chew on the jersey. Marly tried shooing them away but to no avail. She peeked out of the shed, up and down the road and took the jersey off. Better to not let it get ruined in any way. She was now mucking the goat shed completely naked. “The guys back home would love to see me now” she said with a smirk. When she finished mucking she only needed to take the bucket and dump it in the muck patch behind the house. She totally forgot about not wearing a stitch of clothes and made the walk to the muck patch. She headed back to the goat shed and was stopped by two men in shirts and ties. “Excuse me.” The older man said. Marly stopped and smiled “Hi what can I do for you” “We’re from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and we see this isn’t a good time. We’ll come back again.” Marly noticed they were looking at her up and down. She looked down and immediately covered herself up; she felt her face heat up and she was sure it was beet red. All she could say was “Sorry” meekishly. The men turned around and headed to the main road. Marly scooted back to the goat shed trying to keep her private parts covered. She put the jersey on and thought “Those men will have some repenting to do."  
  
Marly decided this was a good time to go in for lunch. She cleaned up and thought she might as well go ahead and take off the jersey. Being naked in the privacy of your own home might not be so bad. She was starting to feel kind of free from this experience. She dared herself to make and eat lunch completely naked. She wondered what Billy would do if he walked in now. “Oh well”; she thought “In another 2 or 3 years I’m sure Billy will get to see his first boob.” She sat down in front of the tv and ate her lunch. Marly forgot that there is usually nothing on tv during the week except for adult stuff and news. She watched the farm and tractor report for a few minutes and turned the tv off. She finished her sandwich, drank her milk and put the dishes in the sink. Marly checked the next thing on the list. ‘Hang area rugs on outside line in front yard and beat them’ the list read. Marly grabbed the jersey and began to put it on. “It’s only in the front yard” she tried to reason with herself. She folded the jersey neatly and left it on the sofa. Marly was going to go through the whole day doing chores naked. Besides, she didn’t want to take a chance on ruining something from her mom’s kid years after the goat experience.  
  
“Did too!” Screamed Billy  
  
“Did not!” Joey replied.  
  
The boys were in a heated argument in their secret tree house in Billy’s backyard. Of course it was over whether or not Billy and Tommy really saw a girl’s boob or not. “We really did. It was white with a dark spot around her nipple, so awesome.” Tommy chimed in smiling. Joey, Mark, and Bobby joined the boys later on and missed the first experience. “Billy” Nadine called for him. “Yea mamma” “Can you run over to Ms Barbara’s and see if her and Marly would like to join us for dinner tonight?” There were devious smiles all the way around. “Sure mamma. Now you’ll see.” Billy said. “Better take the short cut through the woods so she don’t see us comin’” Tommy added. It was agreed, the boys got on their bikes and headed for the woods.  
  
Marly was working up a little bit of a sweat beating all those rugs. She was just about done with her last one, then she was going to take a break. She couldn’t believe she was completely naked, outside with cars going by. As noted previously, the main road was about 50 yards from the house, so she figured no one could really see her especially in a passing car. Although the first couple of times she darted behind a rug for cover.  
  
The boys ditched their bikes at the edge of the woods and crawled on hands and knees the last 100 feet to the back of the barn; being as quiet as they could. The plan was to creep up to the house and knock on the door then run away and watch her open it. Hopefully they’ll get lucky and see something. If not, at least Billy and Tommy will feel vindicated that there is a girl there and she’s wearing next to nothing. They headed for the corner of the barn that was in front of the house. It would give them a clear shot of the front door. They got to the corner, got as low as they could on their bellies and prepared to peer around the corner. Billy was picked to be the one to ring the doorbell. Now is the moment of truth. They looked around the corner to get their bearings on the door before Billy took off and…  
  
There she was in all her glory. The boys couldn’t grasp what they were seeing. Marly was completely naked beating a rug not 20 feet in front of them. No one said a word and each was trying to figure out what they wanted to look at first, her pale white boobs that looked just as Billy and Tommy described them earlier or the slit and puffy lips between her legs. Marly’s boobs jiggled everytime she beat the rug just like Billy said they did earlier. No one wanted to move but Billy figured he had to deliver his mamma’s message. They rolled behind the barn and Billy said he was going to get his bike and ride up the proper way and ask about dinner. “While I’ve got her occupied, you guys take off into the woods” he explained. Billy crept back to the woods while the rest reassumed their positions watching Marly. She put the rug beater down and went inside. The boys frowned but it short lived, she came back out with a glass and sat down on the porch step.   
  
Marly sat on the porch lazily opening and closing her legs as she drank her iced tea. Little did she know that just 20 feet away, she was giving 4 boys a perfect shot between her legs clit, labia, and all. She was in the middle of a sip of tea when she noticed Billy rounding the corner from the main road to the dirt road heading her way. There was no way she was going to let him see her like this. She got up and ducked behind the largest rug for max coverage.  
  
The 4 boys now had a perfect shot of Marly’s ass as she tried to hide from Billy. They all took Billy’s appearance as their cue and jumped up and ran for the woods; throwing victory fists in the air and being giddy the whole way back.  
  
“Sure Billy, tell your mom I’ll let my gramma know. Maybe we’ll see you tonight.” Marly waved to Billy and watched him ride off. Once he was gone, Marly went inside and put her jersey back on. She had completed everything on the list and considered the “Naked Dare” to be over.

**Back To Her Roots Part 5**

It was about 5pm when Marly was woken up by the sound of a car coming up the dirt road. She had fallen asleep on the couch and apparently quite restless because her jersey was all the way up around her waist leaving her completely bottomless. She straightened herself out and looked out the window. It was gramma Barbara! She could hardly contain her excitement; finally, clothes to wear. Marly’s gramma came through the door with the same dejected face she had last night after the dryer incident. Marly’s eyes immediately weld up because she knew the outcome. “Don’t cry honey. The airline sent your suitcase on a flight back home when no one was there to claim it. Look on the bright side, they’re not lost” She gave Marly a hug and stroked her hair as Marly sobbed on her gramma’s shoulder. “It’ll be alright, we’ll go down to the drug store tomorrow and order you some new clothes; will that make you happy?” Marly perked right up and started telling her gramma about this cute shirt she found on the Arie website and how it was only 10 dollars on sale. “Oh honey, it’s not that kind of ordering. We use the Sears Catalog here. I’m sure they have some nice things there too. Just got it, it’s the summer catalog; it usually only takes 2 to 3 weeks to come in.” Marly fought back the urge to scream and throw a temper tantrum because she promised her gramma she wouldn’t. “Ok gramma, that’ll be great” Marly forced a smile. She plopped down on the sofa and resigned herself to her current situation for the time being. “Gramma, Billy came by and said that his mamma invited us to dinner tonight” Marly almost forgot, but she really didn’t’ feel like going anywhere. “I think we’ll just stay in tonite. I’ll call Nadine and thank her for the invitation.” Gramma Barbara said from the kitchen. Marly breathed a sigh of relief; she didn’t have it in her to try and cover herself from Billy tonight. “Nice job on the chores honey; maybe we’ll stop and get an ice cream while we’re out tomorrow” her gramma offered as a treat for a good job. After an evening of tv and popcorn, Marly kissed her gramma, went to her room and crawled in to bed.  
  
It was just before dawn when Marley woke up. She lay in the bed for a minute but had no desire to roll over and go back to sleep. Things were strangely peaceful this time of the morning. She got out of bed, stretched but made no attempt to put her jersey on. She tipped toed down the hall and on to the front porch. She had never been up this early and wanted to experience a sunrise. This time she was completely aware that she was naked when the breeze again awoke her nipples and that tingling returned to the spot between her legs. She didn’t care, this was her life for at least 2 more weeks. Marly froze much like a possum when the headlights lit her up bright as daylight. The dairy truck drove right up to her and an older balding fat man stepped out. “Well hello young lady. You must be the Marly Barbara’s been talkin so much about.” He asked her with a matter of fact tone in his voice. “Ye yes Sir” was all she could stammer. “Can I ask you why you’re out here naked as a jaybird?” Marly caught her composure but decided it was too late to try and hide anything, he’d seen everything. “Got the wrong luggage; we’re gonna be ordering me some clothes today”. “I see; that’s quite a pickle you’re in. Won’t be 2 weeks before they come in. Planning on being like that the whole time?” “I suppose” Marly replied. “Well, to each his own, ahem or in this case her own I suppose. Best get in before you catch a chill” The milkman left 2 bottles with Marly and returned to his truck. But not before turning and catching another glimpse of the naked girl in front of him.  
  
Marly put the milk in the fridge then returned to the front porch. In the time between the milkman's visit and sunrise she waved to the paperboy and 2 dog walkers passing by. She wasn't concerned because they were far enough off not to be able to tell she was naked. “Marly” her gramma was up and calling. “Good morning gramma”, Marly greeted her with a hug. “Heaven's child what's got into you?” gramma asked. “Nothing really, just did some thinking this morning while I was watching the sun come up. When can we go to the post office?” Marly was actually looking forward to getting out, even if it meant she would spend most her time trying to stay covered. “Gramma, will you braid my hair?” Marly asked after breakfast. “Sure child, sit down here.” Gramma said. Marly sat down at the dining room table while her gramma went and got a comb. “Now keep the braids tight, if you don't the whole thing will fall out” Gramma said taking both marly's hands and showing her wher to keep them. Having her hands on top of her head, Marly's breasts jutted out straight and firm. Every now and then, she would examine them and wished her nipples were a little more pronounced. By her tan lines, the type of bikini Marly wore was evident; she wished she was wearing it now. “Ok honey, almost done. Hold your hair really tight while I go get a couple of rubber bands.” Knock, knock, knock. “Come in” gramma yelled from the bathroom. Marly felt that familiar heat spreading across her face. The door opened “Howdy all...whoa who's this lovely young creature”. “GRAMMA!!!” Marly screamed. Gramma Barbara returned to the room “Hi guys come on in” Marly was still in the chair, hands on her head on complete display for the 2 old men and 1 old lady that came in. “Marly, this is my Wednesday morning bridge group. Meet Norman, Henry, and Betty.” Norman stepped up first “Not everyday I get to see such a lovely creature” “Charmed dear” Betty smiled. And then Henry who was a crotchety old black man but the best Bridge partner Barbara could ask for. “What's the matta with kids these days. Don't they know what clothes is. Look at ya with your titties all hanging out. Go put some clothes on.” Gramma saw Marly's uneasiness “Oh don't mind him Marly, he's more ornery than a bull with a toothache, but he means well. Go get your shirt on child.” They all laughed as they watched Marly head to her room.

**Back To Her Roots Part 6**

Marly returned to the living room and turned the tv on. Her gramma looked at her “Marly, honey we're gonna be a while, we'll go order you some clothes this afternoon. In the meantime why don't you go exploring? The trail behind the barn will take you to the woods and there's a small pond up there. It'll be fun.” Marly thought that exploring was a great idea and went to get some shoes. “Thank god for these” Marly thought looking at her tennis shoes. She was happy she had her 'shoecase' as she called it. Marly looked kinda funny with tennis shoes, no socks and a basketball jersey, but it'll have to do. She headed off for the trail.  
  
Marly was actually enjoying the walk; she saw deer, rabbits, squirrels, and one very fat woodchuck. What she wasn't expecting was 3 junior survivor scouts to come out of a tree. “Hi. We're survivor scouts. Who are you?” The boys looked to be between 8 and 10. “I'm Marly, I'm staying with my gramma down the path a ways. “Cool do you wanna see our camp?” “Oh I don't know maybe some other time” Marly replied. “Pleeeeeease the boys begged in unison” Marly found it funny that the boys didn't try and sneak a peek at her nakedness; but then they were probably too young to even be interested in that sort of thing. It was for that reason alone that Marly agreed to go to the boys camp. “Yay” the boys cheered and 2 took a hold of Marly's hands while the 3rd led the way. The 2 holding her hands gave each other an evil glare behind Marly's back while they took an up close look at Marly's breasts.  
  
After about a mile and a half walk they finally arrived at the Junior Survivor Scout Camp, complete with flag. Marly got nervous all over again when she saw the camp had a dozen more boys and one older, very cute guy who looked about 18. “Whoa, what's this fellas?” The survivor master asked. “We found her in the woods sir” the boys replied. “Umm, I'm sorry about this Ms...” “Marly, I'm staying with my gramma down the trail a ways.” “Well, I'm Steve Marly and these rugrats are the Junior Survivor Scouts of Anderson Company 395” The was a Woot, Woot, Woot in unison. “Umm Marly I don't mean to sound like a perv but are you naked under that jersey?” “Yes, long story don't ask” Marly scowled. “Whoa ok, touch subject. Hi I'm Steve, pleased to meet you” She shook Steve's hand and everyone else watched the jiggle of her breasts as she did. “So what brings you up here like that?” Steve asked. “My gramma's Wednesday morning bridge club” Marly said with a whirl of her finger. “Ahhh lesser of 2 evils, I see.” Steve smiled. “Well we were just about to badge test for Survivor First Aid. I'd invite you to watch but our test suspect ate one too many smor's last night and headed home a little while ago.” “Master Steve, why can't she be our test subject?” One of the boys that brought her asked. “Oh no no no, we can't ask her to do that little man.” Steve knew that Marly's dress would not be conducive to keeping order among the boys. “Yea why can't I help” Marly volunteered. Steve tried again to diffuse what could become a very uncomfortable situation for Marly. “No you don't want to, trust me. We'll do the testing next time when Larry is feeling better” Steve made the decision. “We want Marly, We want Marly” the boys began to chant. Marly just smiled thinking how cute they were. “Really, I don't mind helping them get their badges” “Are you sure? It will involve each kid splinting your leg, applying a tourniquet to your arm and performing mock chest compressions.” Steve again tried to dissuade her. Marly reasserted that these kids were way to young to think of her as anything but someone to get there first patch through. “Yea, I'll do it”. “Ok, she'll do it gang” Steve announced “Yay Woot Woot Woot” the boys exclaimed mixed in with some evil laughter. Marly smiled and was happy to help. Steve led Marly to a blanket on the ground and asked her to lie down. “Ok, whose first?” A fat red haired kid walked up first all smiles. “Ok Austin what do you do first?” “Cut off her shirt to check for injuries.” “Correct but we're not going to do that this time” Steve said. “Then how am I going to check for injuries?” The boy asked. “We'll just pretend.” Marly offered “I can take it off if you like.” Again Steve strenuously advised against it and again the boys thought otherwise. “Let's leave it up to her” the fat kid suggested. “Fair enough” Steve consented and looked at Marly. Marly lifted her shirt over her head and handed it to Steve. She adjusted her head and pulled her ponytail out from under her neck and got comfortable. Lying down she couldn't see that all eyes were on her body; including Steve's.  
  
“Ok Austin, what do you do?” Steve tried to keep it professional and non sexual but it was going to be tough for these kids.  
  
Austin:  
  
“First check for injuries without moving the victim” Austin thoroughly examined every inch of Marly's body.  
  
“Next listen for a heartbeat” Austin lay his head on Marly's chest in between her boobs with his neck resting on her right boob. Marly tensed up but then relaxed knowing it was for the greater good of the Survivor Scouts.  
  
Steve interjected “What if you don't have a heartbeat?”  
  
“Then start 5 chest compressions and check again.” “There is no heartbeat” Steve said.  
  
Austin placed his right palm on Marlys stomach and left hand over that. “You're way to low bud” Steve said. “Remember to feel for the breast plate.” Austin ran his fingers up the center of Marly's chest until he felt a breast plate. Marly felt tingles but played the unconscious victim. Austin again placed his right palm over Marly's breast plate and his left hand over his right. Marly felt his little hands resting on her right breast. He began light chest compressions and gave a little squeeze of Marly's breast with each compression. Marly thought nothing of it. Over the next hour, Marly was examined, splinted and had her life saved 14 times; but in the end each boy received his Survivor First Aid Badge. Marly put her jersey back on and on the way out of camp she got a Woot Woot Woot and thank you from the boys and Steve. That night the only tent talk was of who touched what and watching the video of Austin's chest compressions someone managed to take on a tablet without Marly knowing. Steve never breathed a word of this to anyone.

**Back To Her Roots Part 7**

Marly continued on the trail getting goose bumps thinking about what just transpired. She couldn't believe she got completely naked in front of all those boys and Steve. She hoped that she’d been gone long enough for gramma’s bridge game to be done. She really wanted to order some clothes; although, she was growing accustom to her “new skin” and didn’t feel the urgency as much as before.  
  
The breeze from the passenger window offered little relief from the heat; it did however provide a completely different sensation as it caressed Marly’s breasts making her nipples very hard and very rigid. The feeling didn’t escape Marly and so she put up with the heat and did not request that gramma to put the A/C on in the truck.  
  
The pickup truck pulled in to a parking spot at the center of town. “The general store is right down the street on your left honey. Go on down and start looking through the catalog and I’ll join you after I drop some bills at the post office.” Gramma Barbara directed.  
  
“Yes, ma’am” said Marly as he hopped out of the truck and headed in the direction of the general store. Along the way, she passed people who sneered, stared, and glared at her. Some who snickered and she even heard a wolf whistle or two. She was pretty sure no one could see anything as she was keeping her arms by her side, but she checked none the less. “Yep, everything hidden”, she was relieved. It was one thing to strip in the woods for a good cause, but it was another to show your goods to an entire town for no good reason. Marly wasn’t one of those kinds of girls.  
  
The little bell clanged over the door as Marly entered the general store. The store was on the small side with just a few aisles containing household items, greeting cards and the like. A pharmacy counter was at the rear of the store and a row of coolers against the left wall. There weren't many customers in the store; a lady with a little girl, an older man looking at underarm deodorant and another guy talking to the pharmacist in the back. “Can I help you young lady?” asked a man behind the counter next to the entrance.  
  
Marly turned around; the man was balding and looked to be the age of Marly's gramma. He was wearing an apron and nametag that said 'Fred'. Fred asked again “Can I help you?”  
  
“I'd like to see your catalog please” Marly stated with a nervous stammer. She suddenly became aware that this was not her gramma's farm nor was it the woods and it was broad daylight. Butterflies returned to Marly's stomach and she wasn't sure how comfortable she was with her state of undress.  
  
“What exactly is it you're looking for?” asked the storekeeper.  
  
“Clothes” was all Marly could get out. She seriously considered running back to her gramma's truck.   
  
“Well now, that stands to reason” the storekeeper said while glancing over the counter at her body seeming to make a point. All she could do is smile and look away.  
  
Marly was given a very thick catalog and she sat on a stool at the counter and began leafing through the clothing section of the catalog. The storekeeper followed it up with a note pad and pen; “Just right down the item and catalog number and I'll take care of the rest”  
  
“Thank you” Marly said and went back to shopping.  
  
Over the next half hour or so Marly built a list of jeans, tops, panties, bras, and of course shoes. She was so busy concentrating on clothes and shoes that she didn't notice that she was exposing her entire breast from the large armhole in the jersey. With every customer that checked out, she gave them an unabated view of her creamy white breast and firm, rigid nipple. At one point a kid turned one of the demo video cameras on Marly's boob, zoomed in and displayed it prominently on the monitor it was plugged in to at the electronics counter. Suddenly the electronics counter became a very popular spot for males young and old.  
  
Gramma Barbara walked in and saw the small gathering at electronics but paid it no nevermind. She saw Marly at the catalog counter and went to her.   
  
Let's see what you've got here child. Marly handed her gramma the list and in doing so, effectively ended the video peep show going on at the electronics counter. The crowd slowly dispersed and returned to their shopping. “You have too much here; cut the list in half so we can get it ordered.” Gramma directed.  
  
Marly went to work on crossing things off. When she finished she handed the list back to her gramma who approved and gave it to Fred. “Here Fred, please put this on my account and give me a call when everything is in.” Gramma stated.  
  
“Ready for some ice cream?” Gramma asked Marly  
“Absolutely!” Marly forgot about the ice cream treat and was excited. As the two turned and left the store, Fred couldn't help but to watch and burn the image of Marly's firm bouncy breast into his mind's eye.

**Back To Her Roots Part 8**

The Butter Pecan tasted really good, though Marly couldn't figure why so much more this time than any other of the zillion times she's had it. It wasn't extremely hot or humid out, oh well she enjoyed the cone as her thoughts turned to the last couple of days. She couldn't believe that this old jersey was the only barrier between the outside world and her naked body. Although she exposed herself to a select few either on purpose or total accident, she was still very uncomfortable with not wearing at least a pair of panties or a bra. Well, at least panties; there were times she went braless back home on a hot day or simply because she didn't feel like it. Guys just don't understand how uncomfortable a bra can be and it felt good every once in a while to go braless. And what was it about boobs to begin with, she thought. After all they were nothing more than pieces of fat hanging off her chest with nipples attached. Guys have nipples and that seemed to be the goal of every guy to see a girl's nipples. It was all funny to her. She remembered before she reached puberty how much she wanted boobs, how much she would bug her mother asking when her boobs would arrive. She remembered her mother laughing and telling her to be careful what she wished for, that boobs would be more of a pain than she knew. As it turned out, her mother was right; though she would never openly admit that. She often wondered why she even bothered with makeup when the boys at school checked out her chest more than her face. And really? Do the people around here really think that she is so naïve as to think that she doesn't know she's naked and her boobs are readily exposed through the arm holes of her jersey? She does the best she can at covering up, but it doesn't always work. Like in the general store earlier. She knew she was exposing a boob to god and country but there was nothing she could do about it. She didn't like it, but what was the alternative? Go sit in the truck and not order any clothes? And what's the deal with the video camera? She actually chuckled at that. Did they honestly think that she didn't know her boob was being displayed on a monitor? Who's more stupid; her for not covering up when she saw the reflection of the electronics counter in the mirror behind the check-out counter or them for not realizing there was a mirror behind the check-out counter? Anyway, in two weeks she will have clothes, and in six weeks she will be back at home where no one will know about her running around half naked. And then her thoughts turned towards Steve and a tingling crept down from her stomach to her thighs....  
  
“Marly, did you hear a word I said?” Gramma looked at the blank stare in her granddaughter's face.  
  
“I'm sorry gramma, I..I was just thinking how great it's going to be to have clothes finally.” “What was it you were saying?” Marly would have to wait until later to revisit her thoughts of Steve.  
  
“I ran in to Billy's mom at the post office and we will be having dinner with them tonight.” Her gramma said with a bit of hesitance knowing full well that Marly didn't like Billy.  
  
“Gramma, do we have to? I hate that boy, he's always trying to look in my shirt and talking about me being naked” Marly said with a pleading look on her face.  
  
“Yes, we have to. I've put off going to dinner twice and can't put it off again.” gramma continued “You'll just have to put up with Billy for tonight.”  
  
“But gramma.....”  
  
“Not another word. Now clean up the ice cream running down your arm and let's go” gramma directed.  
  
Marly licked the trickle of ice cream and tossed the mostly eaten cone away. She was dreading the walk back to the truck and did her best to protect her arm holes.   
  
The ride home was mostly quiet except for the whistle of the wind. Marly stretched her arm outside the window of the truck in an attempt to get more air flowing over her breasts. She enjoyed the feeling and was beginning to have feelings she knew she shouldn't have. On one hand she knew it was wrong for a girl her age to be exposed in ways that the jersey exposed her breasts, especially to grown ups. On the other, the physical feelings of the breeze on her breasts or when she thinks about certain people seeing her body are becoming more intense each time it happens. Her confusion is in her reaction to it all. It feels good to her, but she knows that doesn't necessarily make it right. She knows girls in her school her age that have gone farther than this, and with real boys; and they are called easy or sluts. One girl even left school because she was pregnant. Oh Marly would never go all the way with a boy, she was certain of that but what was acceptable for what a girl should let a boy do. It was all too overwhelming to think about and on top of it all, she had to deal with Billy tonight.

**Back To Her Roots Part 9**

Dinner went as Marly expected with Billy trying to take every opportunity to get a look at her boobs. Marly did a decent enough job keeping them covered, although on occasion, she purposefully let her arms fall away from her sides. It gave her a strange feeling knowingly providing an opportunity for her breasts to be seen. She honestly didn’t know if Billy or anyone else saw them, but the feeling was there none the less.  
  
“So, what kind of clothes did you get Marly?” Nadine asked  
  
“Mainly shorts and spaghetti strap tops.” Sears didn’t have much of a selection so Marly was limited on what she ordered. Marly continued “A couple of pairs of bikini panties”.  
  
“No bras?” Nadine wondered.  
  
“No, it’s supposed to be getting hot, so I didn’t really want to have to wear any.” Marly replied.  
  
Wow, Marly couldn’t believe she just advertised that she wouldn’t be wearing a bra while she was here. And Marly knew full well what that meant too. Her nipples weren’t extremely large but they had no problem poking through her shirt on the occasions when she didn’t wear one at home. Oddly, she was looking forward to it. Her feelings regarding her body continued to betray those of her own morality and sense of right. But then what’s to say that this wasn’t right? We were born naked, so really, what’s the big deal? And no one around here seemed to mind Marly’s state of undress. Who’s to say what’s right and what’s not? She heard that in other countries being topless was perfectly acceptable; even for girls her age. Why should it be different here? She thought maybe she would talk to her gramma about it when they got home.  
  
The rest of the evening at Billy’s was filled with small talk about school and Marly’s interests outside of school; and, of course, Billy trying to get as many looks at Marly’s breasts as possible.   
  
“Wonderful meal and thank you for having us” Gramma Barbara gave Nadine a hug as her and Marly walked out.  
  
“Marly, come over anytime you like; you’re always welcome” Nadine waved.  
  
Marly smiled and waved “Thank you, I will”  
  
On the walk home (they only lived a quarter mile away), Gramma asked “That wasn’t so bad now was it?”  
  
“Epic fail” Marly proclaimed with an eye roll and sigh. “I couldn’t get Billy to stop trying to get a look at my boobs all night.”  
  
“Well, that’s to be expected honey” Gramma stated. “Boys have a natural curiosity about a girl’s body, especially their charms. It’s the way of nature, I suppose”  
  
This seemed like the perfect time for Marly to talk about her recent feelings. “Gramma, can I ask you something?”  
  
“Sure child, what is it?” Gramma replied while taking in the night air.   
  
“Gramma, why is it that girls have to wear so many more pieces of clothes than boys? Why can’t girls walk around like I am now or even topless like they do in other countries?” Marly bit her lip waiting to see how gramma responded.  
  
“Well, that’s a difficult question to answer” Gramma continued “I suppose it’s all about how folks feel moraly. Here, we think it improper for women, and girls, to go around showin’ off their charms.”  
  
“But why? There just boobs; it’s not like I’m goin around showin’ what’s between my legs or, or letting people just stare at me naked” Marly was becoming animated now “Why should it matter as long as I’m ok with my body? What if I wanted to go to the beach topless or work around the farm topless? It’s my body, I should be able to do what I want!” Marly sounded like she was trying to convince herself that her feelings were perfectly ok.  
  
“Well, where you’re concerned, people don’t think you’re mature enough to make those kinds of decisions on your own” Gramma tried to apply some simple logic so that Marly might understand easier. “For my part, I think it would be a wonderful lesson in self-esteem if young people were made to get comfortable with themselves. I think it would lead to less promiscuity if the female body was looked on as just another fact of life and not something that elicits sexual urges.”  
  
“Gramma, what is promiskity?” Marly asked  
  
Gramma gave a chuckle “Promiscuity, dear. It means to give your body to just anybody and everybody who wants it.”  
  
“Oh, I see” Marly definitely knew she wasn’t that; although she knew girls that might fit the definition.  
  
“Gramma, so is it ok if I feel good walking around like this?” Again Marly bit her lip waiting for the answer.  
  
“Of course dear; you should never hide feelings; especially good ones. As long as you are not walking around that way to tease boys or get favors out of them, I say do what feels good.” “But only when you’re visiting me.” She added. “I don’t want you walking around like this at home; your mother would think I turned you into a hussy!”  
  
Marly knew what that was and quickly decided she wasn’t a hussy either.  
  
The rest of the walk was taken up by gramma pointing out fireflys as it got darker and the field where Marly used to like running around on her visits here as a little girl. And, strangely enough, she was usually naked.

**Back To Her Roots Part 10**

It had been a little more than a week since Marly had her talk with gramma and decided to experiment with her feelings and nakedness. She mainly went around the farm sometimes topless with her jersey wrapped around her waist hiding the most intimate place of her womanhood or completely naked inside, but only when gramma wasn’t around. There were occasions where she accidentally exposed herself, usually when an unexpected visitor came to the house; those were the times when she felt the most sensation from her exposure. Which led to her decision for this morning’s experiment.  
  
Marly waited nervously until the milkman’s tail lights were out of view. The minute she stepped outside the door her nipples and labia let her know that she was completely separated from her familiar safety jersey. Today was going to be different from the day she did her chores naked; today she was going to see what it was like to be completely exposed to the world on purpose and without hiding when a visitor came around. Just the thought started a tingle between her legs; one which she hoped didn’t go away too soon. She went about her chores, first gathering eggs from the hen house and then feeding Old Blue and Flash, her gramma’s horses. Before she knew it the sun was up and she was being called to breakfast by her gramma. She waltzed into the house, still naked and to the kitchen table.   
  
“Good morning dear.” Gramma Barbara grinned “Going completely naked today I see”  
  
“Yes ma’am; I want to see what it’s like and if I can really do it” Marly replied.  
  
“Well try not to run in to a tree this time. I’m sure the UPS guy still has a pretty good image of you sprawled out on the ground topless when he drove up.” They both chuckled over that one.  
  
It was Marly’s first day out being topless and no sooner did she step outside to collect eggs did a UPS van turn into the driveway. Marly was so panic stricken that she dropped the basket of eggs, took two steps and WHAM, right into a tree. Well she hit the ground dazed and came to splayed out with the UPS guy looking down at her, or more to the point, her breasts.  
  
“Are you alright?” the driver asked while extending a hand  
  
“Yea fine thanks” Marly said while rubbing the knot on her forehead. She took his hand and he helped her up.  
  
“Ummm you do know that you’re not wearing a top.” He stated while checking her breasts out openly.  
  
“Yea, wanted to get rid of my tan lines” she came back matter-of-factly.  
  
“Oh, well I have a package here for Mrs Barbara Wison, that you?” He asked  
  
“No, my grandmother.” She replied not even trying to cover up  
  
“Ok, sign here then and print your name please.” He directed.  
  
Marly signed and printed her name and handed the pad back to the driver.  
  
“Ok, thank you Ms Marly Matthews, have a good day and watch out for those trees.” He smiled and turned towards his truck. “Oh, and wear sunscreen, you don’t want to burn those puppies.” He added with a wink.   
  
Marly waved and blushed. “Did he actually call my breasts puppies?” she didn’t know what to think of that.  
  
Back to the present, Marly and her gramma had pleasant conversation over breakfast and nothing more was said about Marly’s nakedness. Marly cleared the dishes and was putting them in the dishwasher when a knock came at the door. Gramma’s Wednesday morning bridge club came in and Marly did nothing to hide her body from them. In fact Marly clasped her hands behind her back to ensure nothing was covered and walked over to greet gramma’s guests.  
  
Norman took her hand and kissed it “Looking lovely today young lady.” He said with a smile. Next was Betty “Charmed dear.” And then came Henry. Marly accentuated her nakedness knowing how he felt.   
  
“Good Morning Mr. Henry” she smiled and bounced on her tiptoes, hands still clasped behind her back. “I’m goin to muck the paddock now Gramma.” She announced without waiting for a reply from Henry; although one came as she was stepping out.  
  
“Ahhh, kids; never understand ‘em” he scowled. “Goin outside to do chores with her titties hangin out. If it were my child, she’d get a good tannin of her hide. That’s what she’d get alright.” He grumped for 5 more minutes talking about Marly’s “titties hangin out”. Everyone had a good laugh and took their usual places at the bridge table. No one had a bigger laugh than Marly however, as she listened to Henry’s rant at the window. She headed to the barnyard to muck.  
  
Marly sure was a site with wearing nothing but her mucking boots and Ipod strapped to her arm. She danced to the music in her ears and pretended to sing into the handle of the pitchfork while attempting to dance the latest craze. The dance caused her breasts to bounce in a firm sort of way and her ass to jiggle up and down as if she was bouncing on something. At any rate, she was so engrossed in her performance that she didn’t see or hear Nadine and Billy walk up. Billy had finally won his prize, and then some.  
  
Billy just stood there taking all of the girl’s body in. He had been so hell bent on seeing her breasts that he gave no thought to her complete lower half. He studied her butt as she moved and how round and tight it looked. He couldn’t believe he could even see her lips and how big they were. He wondered what it looked like down there with her legs spread. Suddenly her butt stopped shaking and she turned around. He saw no pubic hair and her slit was clean shaven. He could see her meaty lips even more from this side.  
  
“Hey, my eyes are up here freak.” Marly snapped at him.  
  
Nadine popped Billy in the back of the head “Stop staring Billy, it’s rude. Hi honey is your gramma in?” she asked.  
  
“Yes ma’am, inside with her bridge club.” Marly made no attempt to cover up and, in fact, smiled as Nadine went up the porch stairs.  
  
Billy just stood there dumbfounded. He finally saw Marly in all her glory and all he could do is stand there and drool all over himself.  
  
“Hey, freak…you want me to bend over so you can get a better look” Marly said sarcastically.  
  
“Coul…could you?” Billy answered honestly  
  
“NO you perv! And you better not go bragging to those other freaks you hang with about what you saw or I’ll give you a black eye so help me Billy!” she threatened.  
  
The smile returned to Marly’s face as Nadine came out of the house. “Thanks Barbara, I’ll return it just as soon as I’m done with it.”  
  
“Let’s go Billy. Bye Marly” Nadine waved and Billy turned to follow.  
  
He still couldn’t believe his luck and he couldn’t even brag to his friends on threat of death. But then, really, his friends already saw Marly’s charms. She would surely kill him if she ever found out.  
  
Marly went back to her music and chores with a smile on her face. She wasn’t sure if it was because she finally put that freak Billy in his place or because she completely exposed herself to him which not only brought that tingle back to her lady place but also a curious wetness she never felt before.