**Barbarian Girl**

by Anonymous

I’m a Live Action Role Player and my character is a barbarian.

Last summer, during an event, because of the heat, I decided for a light clothing; being barbarian could not simply wear light cloth, but fur and leather, so I decided for a bra made by leather and fur, and a short skirt of the same material.

My boots were too hot, so I opted for the flip-flops, but covered by fur greaves, which covered from the knee to the top of the foot, leaving the sole and toes discoveries (in any case I was wearing flip-flops).

I wore shorts under her skirt anyway, but since I am petite, my breast is not exactly huge, I was wearing the bra fur only.

The first day my group was sent on a mission of exploration to hunt down a group of bandits in an area of ​​dense forest.

I had not considered the functionality of my clothing, and the first thing that broke was the flip-flops, leaving me barefoot in the middle of the woods; I have a certain habit of walking barefoot around, but the forest was full of things that sting, sharp rocks and thorns.

In any case, however, I decided to continue, walking in a careful manner so as not to step on sharp things, and trying not to think that I would have to play for at least another six days in bare feet, because I had not brought other suitable footwear.

But the tragedy came later, when the rear end of my bra got caught in a branch, tearing the bra into pieces (I had done it by hand and I’m a poor tailor).

As soon as the poor remains of the bra fell to the ground, I dropped my weapons (I have a cuple of foam axes) to cover her breasts with my hands, but not fast enough to prevent the rest of my group (a dozen boys) to observe my naked breast.

Was not the first time that I was topless in front of people, usually at the beach or when I tan, or in other situations it happened to me (sometimes as penance for losing a bet), but it always depends on the situation, then I became as red as a tomato.

The leader of the group then stopped the others and told everyone to wait until I had shed her bra, and give me a little privacy, so everyone turned the head away.

I picked up the bra, always, however, keeping an arm across his chest to cover me, and I realized that I could never wear that thing without first re-do a lot of repairs.

“I can not wear it, I should sew it but I do not have the tools.” I said.

“This is a problem – said the leader – if you want a couple of us will accompany you to the camp to find something to wear”

I was really embarrassed, because a part of me wanted to find something to cover my bare breasts, while another part of me wanted to continue the mission.

So I made a decision, winning my embarrassment, I took my arms from my chest, showing my bare breasts at all, I picked up my ax and said, “I am a barbarian, I’m not ashamed of being naked”

The boys in my group were all good guys, applauded my statement, more for the demonstration of courage for the fact that they had a girl topless with them all day.

However many of them were happy to have the opportunity to look at my Teats until sunset.

I would be happy to say that after a while ‘I got used instead the embarrassment haunted me all day.

When we met the NPC brigands, due to the fact that I could feel their eyes on my naked breast, and the fact that I was, however, barefoot on a painful ground, during a fight, I was knocked down (of curse simulated, one put an hand on my shoulder, and rested the pommel of the sword back of my head, saying “stun”) and I was captured.

They fake tied my harms on my back, fake tied mean the crossed my hand at my back and gave me a rope to hold whit them, I was not actually tied, but I have to pretend, this prevented me from covering my breasts.

It was really embarrassing, because they began to interrogate me, also simulating the torture.

Of course they were all great guys, none of them dared to touch me or be really rude, just acting as brigants, but I could feel their curiosity about the fact that my breasts were naked and exposed.

Obviously I was saved by my companions, who wiped out the bandits and we could return to camp.

The return to camp was also extremely embarrassing.

The boys in my group, however, are my friends, but to camp there were about 600 people, 600 strangers, they would see me bare breasts.

My bare feet ached from having walked all day without any protection on rough terrain, so I could not run in my tent, but I had to walk across the field, also if I had covered my breasts with my arms, it would have been worse, because I would have lured more attention.

Then I walked boldly, almost flaunting my bare breasts, as if I had decided to do it myself, but the embarrassment was killing me inside, and in any case I believe that the vision of a young (I turned 18yo like a couple of week before) and petite girl, with a cascade of red curls, naked except for a fur kilt walking boldly through the camp, almost proud of his nakedness, it is easy to notice and remember.

When I was in my tent I began to try to repair the bra, but it was damaged beyond all hope.

I asked for help even the head of the group, which was a great tailor (as well as being a good approximation of lookalike Jason Momoa)

He came to my tent and looked, and said that he did not think there was much to do.

Unfortunately, as naive as I am, I had not brought anything to change me, except modern clothes, so I had to wear a t-shirt in my barbaric dress.

The boss obviously did not object, but I said to myself, I did not want to ruin the atmosphere of the whole group (all barbarians) with a t-shirt (I had only brought old and very white t-shirts, the ones I use to work at home).

So I decided that I would spend the rest of the 6 days of playing with my ​​bare breasts, the head group called one of the organizers, explained the affair and asked if it was ok.

As in Italy is allowed topless under certain conditions, and we were in a private area, the organizer did not object.

Then the boss asked me if it was ok for bare feet, and if I had other shoes to wear.

I only had old sneakers bright pink color, which would destroy the costume, so I told him that I could stand barefoot 6 days (it was not true, it was an atrocious torture), and then he told me that if I did not want to be too naked, I could wear the war paint, and gave me some water pigments suitable for the skin.

So I asked him to help me to apply the war paints (ok ok… it was a very sexy man and I did not mind that he touched my skin with his hands, even the breasts.)

Then spent the remaining 6 days of playing practically naked, with only a kilt of fur and fur shin guards.

Among other things while the embarrassment and shame they killed me inside, outside, I had to appear proud (because in fact I have a lean and toned body, I could be proud to show it).

however survived the embarrassment, and wonder, I decided that this would be my outfit in warm periods.

There are already three years in the event of spring (five days between the end of May, early June) if the weather permits (if not very cold, because even if it rains it is ok), in the event of August (7 days) and in the autumn (late September, even if is not too cold), my young and petite barbaric girl travels the world barefoot and showing her breasts, protected only by war paint.

And I’m not the only one, since you have joined the group my two girls younger than me who have decided to adopt a suit like mine.

Often, however, while the game come again attacked embarrassment, but the nudity characterizes my character, so I do not care.