**Boxie and the Car Salesman**by American Cowboy  
  
  
My friend Pattie had been teaching me to drive. While I wasn't an expert, I had gotten to the point where I was at least comfortable behind the wheel. I'm sixteen years old, so I don't have my license yet. And besides, my parents were not getting me a car until my grades improved. But I wanted to be ready for when that day finally arrived.  
  
In the meantime, after I had shown some improvement in my driving lessons with Pattie, I came upon an idea for a little fun. You see, there was this guy who worked part time at the local dealership not too far from my home. I did some research and discovered that he had just graduated from my high school, like last year!   
  
His name was Bradley, he was tall with sandy brown hair. On Saturday, I decided I was going to introduce myself. It couldn't hurt to get to know him better, for when I was ready to actually purchase a car.  
  
Pattie dropped me off in front of the dealership that morning, but first had to give me a warning, or something.  
  
"This isn't one of you crazy games, Boxie, is it?" she looked sternly at me.  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked, acting all innocent.  
  
My friend huffed a sigh and said, "You're going to get in trouble one of these days. I don't want to find out you lost all your clothes!"  
  
"No," I giggled and blushed. "I'm not going to get, you know, all the way naked…"  
  
With that, I hopped out of the car and bounced toward the building of the dealership, before Pattie could talk me out of my plan. At the doors, I looked over my shoulder and waited to see my friend finally drive off. Now I was ready to start car browsing, and browsing for a certain young man!  
  
I had worn a little plaid skirt today, and a black top that was tight enough to reveal my busty chest. Also, I had on black shoes, open-toed, with a heel. They weren't that comfortable for walking, but then, I didn't plan on doing too much walking. Checking my reflection in the glass, I touched up my long black hair that cascaded down my shoulders. I had done the ends in cute ringlets this morning.  
  
When I entered the dealership, I felt a little chilly, as if they had the air-conditioning turned up. I rubbed my arms, although it was my legs that were mostly bare and exposed. Then, turning my head, I caught sight of Bradley working behind a desk. At first, I was going to walk right over to him, but instead I decided to play it cool.  
  
My heels clicked over the smooth polished floor. All around the showroom were a variety of vehicle models. None really captured my interest. But I pretended to evaluate them as I casually strolled around the cars. Finally, I spotted an adorable blue convertible, which seemed suitable for what I had planned.   
  
"Oooh!" I let out a passionate squeal of delight, loud enough for Bradley to hear me.  
  
He looked up from his computer, and watched me run my hand along the undulating curve of the car. I heard his chair scrape across the floor, and soon he was up and walking toward me.  
  
"That's a nice one," the young man said as he moved in close. "Can I help you, Miss?"  
  
I did not immediately answer. My heart was suddenly beating faster under my shirt. This eighteen or nineteen-year-old guy was hot!   
  
He started again, this time with an introduction. "My name is…"  
  
"Bradley," I finished for him.  
  
The young man seemed surprised I knew him, but then I pointed to he name tag on the left breast of his shirt. I put my finger to the plastic card and pressed it with a playful giggle.   
  
"I'm Rebecca," I told him. "But you can call me Boxie."  
  
Bradley smiled, "Nice to meet you. Now I see you were checking out our brand new model…"  
  
That wasn't all I was checking out! My eyes were drawn to the crotch of his khaki pants, as he rambled on about features and details about the car.  
  
"Would you like to take her for a test drive?" the young man asked.  
  
"Would I?" I gasped excitedly.  
  
Bradley looked me up and down and asked, "Is this your first? Your first car, I mean."  
  
I lowered my head and blushed, wondering if he knew that I was still a virgin. Bending one knee forward a little, I fidgeted with the hem of my plaid skirt. It surprised me that he would let me get behind the wheel.  
  
"Yes," I finally said, "this will be my first car."  
  
He nodded his head and told me he just had to go get the keys. I turned, and started to walk around the car while running my hand along the back of the convertible. Just as I was about to climb into the driver side, Bradley stopped and called out to me.  
  
"Boxie, no!" his voice carried across the showroom. "That car is only for display. We have the same model out in the lot. Meet me outside."  
  
Looking around, I saw there were a couple of other people who had entered the dealership, and I noticed some of the other salesmen. They were older than Bradley. My face blushed, embarrassed that I was making a scene already. I didn't know how these things worked!  
  
As I shuffled over the polished floor, I thought I heard some remarks.   
  
"Is she old enough to drive?"  
  
"Where are her parents?"  
  
I kept my head down and found the exit. The fresh air felt good once I stood outdoors again. Folding my arms, I waited on the curb, where Pattie had dropped me off just a little while ago.  
  
After a few minutes passed, a cherry red convertible came pulling around the corner. I saw Bradley behind the wheel, with his sandy brown hair and he was wearing sunglasses. He rolled up to where I was standing, inches next to me. The car was very quiet; I almost thought he had turned off the ignition.  
  
"We didn't have a blue one in the lot," the young man explained. "But if you decide to purchase, we can have the one in the showroom ordered for you."  
  
My eyes followed the sleek contours of the automobile. It was so shiny and new! I found that I suddenly thought the cherry red was appropriate, and I couldn't decide which I liked better. Bradley opened the driver side door and stepped out, leaving the door open. He walked around to stand in front of me.  
  
"Ready to give it a spin?" he asked.  
  
Once more, I found myself staring at his crotch, and answered, "Sure!"  
  
My heart was racing. Excited, I giggled, and then hurried around the back of the car. I slipped inside and shut the door. The leather upholstery was light brown and felt nice on my bare legs. Immediately my hand went to adjust the rearview mirror, and I checked out my reflection. Then I self-consciously dropped my hands to my chest, almost squeezing my boobies beneath the shirt. Across from me, Bradley slid into the passenger seat.  
  
His gaze swept over my profile, making me realize that my skirt was very short when sitting. My thighs, knees, and lower legs were fully exposed. Again I lifted my hands, teasing my hair and checking myself in the mirror at the same time.  
  
"You look fine," Bradley assured me.  
  
Oh my God! I thought to myself, but answered, "Um… OK, I'm like, just a little nervous."  
  
Another giggle followed, along with the young man saying that he understood. He told me to take my time. I tried to collect my thoughts, remembering everything my friend Pattie had taught me. My hand dropped to the gearshift between Bradley and me.   
  
I tossed my head back to look over my shoulder. It was all clear behind me. My foot found the break and slowly depressed the pedal. Then I shifted the gear into reverse. Easing up my foot, I slowly rolled the car backward. This was fun! And then I had an idea.  
  
Applying the break again, I shifted into drive, and then switched my foot to the gas pedal. Slowly I moved forward, easing our way past the front of the dealership. I now had to turn the wheel so I could maneuver toward the exit from the lot. The steering handled very smoothly. This was much nicer than Pattie's car.  
  
Fully concentrating, I approached the side of the road. Looked both ways, waiting for a few cars to pass. When it was clear, I turned the car onto the pavement and started to drive down the street. I almost didn't feel a thing, as if I was floating on air. Like, what a sweet ride!  
  
After a moment, I checked for other cars around me, before finding the right turn signal. Slowly, I eased the car onto the shoulder off the side of the road. We were maybe two blocks from the dealership.  
  
"Bradley," I turned to the young man. "These shoes are not comfortable to drive in. Can I, you know…"  
  
He looked at me a little confused. "You want to take off your shoes?"  
  
"Thanks!" I giggled.  
  
Putting the car in park, I left the engine running. I then leaned forward and reached down with my arms so that I could unbuckle the straps on my shoes. This was easy to do, since I had not put on my seatbelt. Once I had them slipped off, I wiggled my toes on the floor mats. Picking up the shoes, I handed them to Bradley.  
  
"Could you place these in the back seat, please?" I asked shyly.  
  
The young man took my shiny black shoes, a little unsure. But then he stretched his arm over the seat, and plopped them in the back. I had just taken off something I was wearing, and right in front of him! It's kind of hard to explain, but I found the idea thrilling. In a way, as innocent as this was, I had just stripped. My legs were bare all the way down to my toes.  
  
So now I put my hand on the shifter and faced forward again. Bringing my toes to the brake pedal, I put the car back in drive, and rolled onto the main road. Suddenly, I looked across at Bradley and blushed.  
  
"Ooops!" I giggled. "Forgot to use my signal."

**Boxie and the Car Salesman - Part 2**

"It's OK," he said calmly.  
  
I wish he could be my driving instructor! Grinning, I said, "I'm a bad girl…"  
  
The young man only pointed, and told me to keep my eyes on the road. It seemed my playful teasing was not getting a reaction. Well, not yet anyway.  
  
"Hey, um, is there a more private road I could try?" I asked after another minute. "One with, like, less cars. These cars are making me nervous."  
  
"I don't know," Bradley replied. "We shouldn't get too far from the dealership. What are you thinking, a drive through a residential neighborhood?"  
  
I continued to drive barefoot and said, "Mmmm, maybe. How about a quiet side street?"  
  
The young salesman thought for a moment. "Back the other way, before you get to the dealership, there is a stretch of road going north. Mostly trees on either side, and an equestrian park I think."  
  
"Sounds good!" I giggled and bounced in the drivers seat.  
  
Spotting a gas station up ahead, I prepared to make the turn so I could start heading back the other way.   
  
"Do you think we need to fill up?" I asked casually.  
  
"Look at the gauge, Boxie" he pointed to the LCD. "You're fine. And we are not going to be driving that far, are we?"  
  
Excitedly, I shook my head, although I had other ideas. And for some reason, I found the thought of a nozzle going into the hole of the gas tank, very arousing. But it seemed we would not be making any stops. Just as well. We pulled into the station where I turned around, driving back onto the street toward the car dealership.   
  
Going down the road, the wind whipped back my long black hair. I wasn't speeding at all, so it was a nice breeze. Oooh, and he said my name! That made me feel warm and fuzzy all over.  
  
We passed the sales lot on the other side of the road, and I can tell Bradley was unsure about being away for so long. But he was with a potential customer, I told myself. Seeing the sign for another street up ahead, I pointed.  
  
"Turn here?"  
  
Bradley looked behind us, then forward again. "Uh, yeah…"  
  
This time, I remembered to flip the right blinker signal and slowed to a near stop. I checked that the way was clear and then turned onto this road. Just as the young man said, there were trees towering on either side. No houses or shops. It was a two-lane street, allowing for cars to come in the opposite direction. Right now, no one was behind us or in front of us.  
  
"This is much better," I sighed. "Now I can relax."  
  
The salesman decided now would be a good time to review some of the features of the convertible, as I continued to drive.  
  
"And the handling is very, very stable," he explained.  
  
Lifting my fingers slightly off the wheel, the car did not even swerve an inch. "Hey, you're right!"  
  
"Now, Boxie," the young man admonished me. "Just because you can cruise without effort, does not mean you should take your hands off the wheel. What if something jumped out in front of the car? Or, I don't know, if there was some obstacle suddenly in the road…"  
  
This was giving me an idea. We were only doing about thirty miles per hour. Surely not fast enough to get into trouble. The road looked to run straight for a while, no bends or turns. I lowered my hands to my lap. Nervously, my heart beating faster, I began to lift up my shirt.  
  
Shifting my eyes, I glanced at Bradley to see that he was staring straight ahead, watching the road for me. Good. Then, quick as a flash, I pulled the shirt up my busty body… while I was still driving! Once over my head, I let go, letting the wind take the material from my fingers.  
  
"Oh my God!" I squealed, quickly dropping my hands to the steering wheel.  
  
"Boxie… what happened?" Bradley turned his head in shock, one arm reaching out to grip the dashboard tightly.  
  
"The wind, like, just whipped my shirt off," I answered with innocent wide eyes. "I guess I'm not used to driving with the top… down"  
  
I looked down at my bare tummy, and felt my heart flutter. I was sitting here in my bra! Oh God, I was getting excited. Bradley and I both turned our heads, to see the distant speck of my black shirt tumbling across the road.  
  
"Do you want to turn around and go get it?" he asked.  
  
"No!" I answered quickly, continuing to drive further. "I mean, by the time we reach where we think it is… we'll never find it."  
  
Bradley let his gaze linger on my shapely leg and said, "Boxie, slow down."  
  
I looked down myself, and saw that my bare toes had depressed the accelerator considerably, bringing us up to fifty miles per hour.  
  
With a giggle, I replied, "Sorry, I just had a rush of adrenaline. I mean… wow!"  
  
"Seems this car turns you on," the young salesman remarked.  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm!"  
  
My whole body was tingling over the possibilities. With one hand on the wheel, I lowered my other hand to trace a finger around my bellybutton. After another minute of driving, I noticed we still had quite a bit of road before us. Even though there was no traffic behind us, I signaled my right blinker as I pulled off to the side of the road.  
  
Reaching for the gearshift, I put the car in park, and then turned off the ignition. Sliding over on my side, I faced Bradley. He was so cute! I wondered if he liked my bra. Or if he wanted to see my boobies.   
  
"Um, I think now would be a good time to check out the trunk," I said. "How do you… open it up?"  
  
The young man leaned forward and inadvertently placed a hand on my bare thigh. I think I gasped at his touch. A thrill sent a shiver through my body.  
  
"Over down there," he pointed across my lap. "There is a latch, it will pop open the trunk."  
  
"OK, thanks," I said a little breathlessly.   
  
As I reached down, my tits almost spilled out of my bra. But I pulled the release mechanism and heard the trunk of the sporty convertible open. I sat back and unlocked the doors, pushing open the driver's side.  
  
"Boxie…" the young man started to say.  
  
I twisted around and swung my leg out the door. Bare feet found the ground. Adjusting my bra, I flipped my long black hair back and got out of the car. Very carefully, I straightened my skirt. So that when I shut the door behind me… I made certain some of the plaid material was caught inside!  
  
As I took a step toward the rear of the vehicle, at the same time I unfastened the button on my skirt. I didn't think Bradley could notice because he was still inside the car. Stumbling forward a bit, I let the skirt fall off…  
  
I stood in the middle of the road, in just my bra and panties!  
  
"Oh my God!" I gasped, truly embarrassed now that I had done it, bringing my hands to my mouth.  
  
I looked at Bradley, and he looked at me. Instinctively, my arms moved to cover up, shielding my exposed skin. I wasn't even wearing shoes and socks! It was just me in my underwear, on the side of the road, in front of this hot nineteen-year-old guy. Blushing, I lowered my eyes to see the skirt hanging from the door.  
  
Hesitantly, I took another step to move behind the convertible. Oh God, another car could come driving by at any moment!  
  
"Uh, Boxie?" Bradley seemed a little stunned himself.   
  
He crawled across the driver seat and pushed open the door, grabbing my little plaid skirt. This, he then held out, almost as if he wanted me to come forward and get it.  
  
Suddenly, I felt outrageously horny seeing the young man holding my clothes like that. I reached my hands behind my back and secretly unclasped my bra. Then, standing on my tiptoes, I walked backward until I could sidestep behind the car and out of view.  
  
Pulling my arms forward again, I lifted the hatch of the trunk all the way up and called out, "Oh… this is nice! Very spacious. Lots of room for shoes and stuff."  
  
I giggled at the thought of going clothes shopping, even as I stood here wearing so little. Bending over, I was able to lean into the trunk so I could wipe my hand over the neat and clean interior. As my bottom stuck out behind me, I lifted one leg and wiggled my toes.  
  
The hatch of the trunk began to slowly lower of its own accord. It did not appear that it would shut completely. But just ease down enough to come to rest on my back. I looked and started to move out of the way. In the effort of standing straight, the unclasped hook of my bra snagged on the metal latch inside the trunk lid. Maybe there was a magnet or something.   
  
When I stepped back away from the car, the straps of my bra slid off my shoulders. And then off my arms, the clasp remained stuck on the metal latch. My boobies bounced free causing me to lift my hands to hide my pink nipples and areolas. In frustration, I reached out and slammed the trunk shut. With my bra inside!  
  
"Oh no!" I squealed.  
  
"What's the matter?" Bradley called out, from the front seat of the car.  
  
I slung one arm across my now very bare breasts. Lowering my other arm, I tugged the front of my panties up, making sure I wasn't showing any pubic hair. In this way, I shuffled around the side of the convertible, approaching the passenger door.  
  
"I think you had better take over driving now," I said bashfully. "I'm topless, you see…"

**Boxie and the Car Salesman - Part 3**

Bradley had to laugh in spite of himself. "I've never given a test drive like this, Miss. The way things are going…"  
  
My eyes looked down at my panties, the last article of clothing I was wearing. "I know!"  
  
I giggled nervously, and asked if he was going to let me in. The young man opened the door and I had to move out of the way as he got out of the car. He passed close to me, and my nearly naked body. I held my breath as he walked around the front of the car, making his way to the driver's side. Quickly, I climbed into the passenger seat and rubbed my bare feet on the floor mats.  
  
By the time Bradley got behind the wheel, I was cupping my boobies, one in each hand. Looking over my shoulder, I saw my skirt in the back seat along with my shoes. I wondered if he was going to ask me to get dressed.  
  
Instead he said, "I think we should go back to the dealership."  
  
"Can't we go… just a little further?" I asked, though not sure what I was implying.  
  
Bradley glanced at his wristwatch. "We've had the car out for quite a while, Miss…"  
  
"Boxie," I reminded him, squeezing my breasts self-consciously.  
  
The young salesman shook his head, but when he started the engine, he pulled out onto the road and kept driving straight. I giggled and bounced around in the seat. So excited, I wanted to clap my hands, but I kept myself covered.  
  
"You're adorable," Bradley remarked.  
  
"Oh my God," I murmured.   
  
We continued to drive, and I noticed the car was accelerating faster, watching the speedometer go higher. It seemed I was getting more and more turned on, the faster we drove. I had to suppress a whimper and a moan as I wiggled in the seat, my long black hair streaming behind. With one arm across my chest now, I put a fist in my mouth to keep from yelling out in ecstasy. The purr of the high performance motor was causing a throb between my legs.  
  
Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. "Bradley, pull over!"  
  
"What is it now?" he asked, while easing his foot off the gas pedal.  
  
We coasted to a crawl, and then he drove off the main road, onto the shoulder. The young man applied the brakes, shifted the gear into park, and then killed the ignition.   
  
"I think I'm overheating," I told him. "I mean, the car! I think the car is overheating!"  
  
Bradley looked at me, then at the display gauges on the dashboard. "No, I don't think so."  
  
"Really, Bradley," I whined, "I think you should, like, check the water level or something. Anyway, this would be a good time to show me how to… pop the hood."  
  
The young man sighed. I don't know if he was getting annoyed, or was just as frustrated as I was. I'm pretty sure there was sexual tension between us, at least on my end. But Bradley was a professional, and would not mess around with a customer. And I was still innocent and afraid to make the first move. He reached down, finding another lever near where the trunk release was.  
  
"Here," he said, and I heard the front hood click open.  
  
Getting out of the car, I watched with interest as he walked around directly in front. His hand slipped under the slightly raised panel, and then he lifted the hood all the way up. I heard him adjusting something, probably securing the prop rod in place.  
  
"Check the radiator!" I called out, recalling mechanical things my father might say.  
  
Since the hood was raised, essentially blocking me from view, I had lifted my hands to either side of my mouth in order to amplify my voice. My boobs bounced up and down, topped by very erect nipples.  
  
There was a moment of silence, and then I heard Bradley swear, "Damn it! The radiator cap is too hot! You really need a rag or something, and we don't have any such supplies in a new car…"  
  
"Hang on a second," I called back, while he was still under the hood.  
  
This was it. The moment I had been waiting for. I bit my lip, a little unsure. I mean, I hadn't originally intended to go all the way. But now my hands dropped to my panties, my fingers pulled the elastic waistband away from my body. I teased the sides as I considered if I could actually go through with this. And then I lifted my butt, lowering my underwear down my legs. Leaning forward, I picked the panties off my bare feet.  
  
Wow! I was, like, sitting in the car… totally naked!  
  
Before I could lose my nerve, I reached out an arm and opened up the passenger side door. I slid my bare bottom off the leather interior and stepped outside! Arching up on my toes, I inched my way toward the front of the car. Of course, I was self-conscious enough to keep the panties held over my pussy, and had my other arm across my boobies. I also looked around carefully to make sure no one else was driving down the road.  
  
"Um, here…" I said as I approached Bradley and offered him my underwear.  
  
He was bent over with his head down, fixated on the radiator cap that was too hot to touch. I wondered if he would think the same about my nude sixteen-year-old body! The young man held out his hand, allowing me to shyly give him the flimsy scrap of material. It was the last piece of clothing I had been wearing! My face blushed as I quickly snatched my hand back and cupped it in front of my pubic hair.  
  
Bradley took the panties without even realizing what they were. Using them to keep his hand safe, he pressed down on the radiator cap and twisted it open. He then used my underwear to lift up the cap, all the while getting the white cotton smudged and certainly unable for me to wear again. The young man peered closer at the coolant tank, and saw that the water level was just fine.  
  
"See, I told you that the car wasn't overheating…" He said as he turned to face me. "Um, Boxie? What are you doing?"  
  
"What?" I asked innocently, even as I stood blushing, one hundred percent bare assed nude on the side of the road.  
  
Desperately, I sought to keep myself covered with my arms and hands. As the shame washed over me about what I had just done, I thought I would die of embarrassment. It was like I was totally humiliated, but so turned on! The feeling of being helpless was delicious.  
  
The college-aged guy loosely held my pair of panties, still staring in disbelief. "You… you're not wearing any clothes!"  
  
"Um, like, I know!" I responded, my nipples growing harder by the second behind my arm. "This is sooo embarrassing!"  
  
"Well, you didn't have to take off… everything," Bradley said, his eyes roaming up and down.  
  
I continued to stand there, letting that last remark really sink in. So I had stripped completely naked now, in front of a guy I hardly knew. Arching up on my bare toes, my bottom lip pouted a little.  
  
"I guess… I guess I should get back in the car," my words coming out more like a moan.  
  
"Wait, don't you want this back?" Bradley started to reach out his arm.  
  
But before I could answer, I had already turned around, revealing my full bare bottom! I didn't even look over my shoulder. Throwing both hands between my legs, I scurried back along the passenger side of the car, and slipped inside.  
  
Just as quickly, the young salesman had slammed down the hood, and returned to move behind the steering wheel. He started up the automobile while dropping the panties in my lap. I fussed with them like a brat who didn't want to eat her vegetables.  
  
"I think you had better put those back on," Bradley suggested.  
  
We were driving down the road again, heading straight and my hair whipping behind me. I rolled the panties up in my hands, turning to face the young man. I was incredibly horny, and he could see it in my eyes.  
  
"Mmmm… no!" I told him playfully, defiantly.  
  
Then I tossed my underwear out of the car, letting the wind carry them into the woods or far off down the road behind us. Giddy, I ran my hands over my nude body.  
  
The poor boy tried to keep his calm. "Well, Boxie, you can still cover up with your skirt."  
  
"Oh, yeah?" I teased.  
  
Promptly, I turned around, and began leaning over the seat. At first I was in a kneeling position. But as I reached back even further, my ass lifted higher, my bare breasts hanging beneath me. I spread my legs wide apart in order to keep my balance. Bradley, being a good driver, I'm sure kept his eyes on the road. So I imagine he did not see how exposed my pink pussy was, or the other intimate area between my round cheeks. The wind, however, tickled my bottom and I felt an orgasm building inside my tummy.  
  
Once I had gathered up the plaid skirt and picked up my shoes, I slid back down and turned around in the front passenger seat. Bradley tried to keep his hands steady on the wheel, but I could tell he was fascinated by my actions. I lifted a shoe, and questioned the young man with my eyes. Bradley silently shook his head. I mischievously grinned and nodded. Then I threw the show out of the moving convertible.  
  
They were a cute pair, and I was really torn about doing this. But I had, like, tons of shoes at home in my closet. I shrugged my bare shoulders, and then tossed my other shoe out the car.  
  
The fact that Bradley did not stop the car, made me think I should keep going. He looked at me shocked, as I raised the plaid fabric and held it with both hands before my face, like a veil. Only my grey eyes peeked over the hem. Honestly, I didn't think I could do it, that I would let things go this far. But he kept driving. I was still naked, and he just continued to drive.  
  
I lifted my arm straight up to the sky, and let the rushing wind take my skirt. The last article of clothing I had, now blown away, tumbling far behind us. I glanced back, just to confirm, then looked at Bradley with a wide mouthed grin.  
  
"Well, what are you going to do now?" he asked, as if I was a silly girl.  
  
Running my hands over my body, I lifted my sixteen-year-old boobies and let them bounce down again. Then using my fingers, I pinched my nipples, stretching them out between thumbs and forefingers. When I dropped my arms to my sides again, I enjoyed sitting there with the pink erections sticking out. Ohmygod, I had never felt sexier!

**Boxie and the Car Salesman - Part 4**

The young man put his foot down on the gas pedal, accelerating, and we drove faster down the road. That made me lower my hand to touch my upside-down triangle patch of pubic hair. Raising my other pinky finger to my mouth… Oh God!… I started to spread apart my pussy lips. I was going to do it, I was going to masturbate in a moving car right next to Bradley!  
  
Just as I inserted a finger, with my thumb pressing my clitoris, I felt the motion of the convertible slowing down. Opening my eyes, I swiveled my head left and right. I still had one hand on my pussy, and a boob clutched in my other hand. My vision swam with the sight of a traffic light up ahead. And cars, there were more cars in front of us! We had left the isolation of the wooded side road, rolling toward an intersection! A major intersection, like with two turning lanes, and two more lanes next to us!  
  
And I was head to toe nude, without any clothes around at all!  
  
"Looks like we ran out of road," Bradley laughed, teasing me for my foolish behavior.  
  
I crossed my legs and folded my arms across my tits. "Can you show me how the roof goes up?"  
  
"I thought you liked driving with the top down," the college boy said, keeping me exposed.  
  
We were stopped at a red light. Surrounded by other vehicles, two in front of us and one on each side, as an SUV type truck rolled behind us! I felt trapped, naked and trapped, my heart beating faster. Better not move my arms, and display my bare breasts. Slowly, I turned my head to look over the passenger door. Next to us there was an older couple, a man and a woman. They could see my bare shoulders, but did they know I was nude?  
  
The light turned, and Bradley lifted his foot off the break. I squeezed my thighs together as my toes curled in anticipation. Just then, I noticed he had his signal on, and we were making a left turn. We followed the car in front of us on to a main street with traffic! No longer on an open road, we had to drive at the speed limit. There were stores that lined either side, and people walking out and about, and of course the cars that were around us. Oh, and it was, like, broad daylight!  
  
"How… how far are you going to drive with me like this?" I asked.  
  
Bradley grinned and replied, "Like what?"  
  
"You know," I said, biting my lip, still covering with arms and hands. "Me, a sixteen-year-old girl without any clothes on!"  
  
He laughed, and then the young man answered, "Actually, I just needed to turn at the next light, so we can head back toward the dealership."  
  
I was humiliated, but still turned on. Daring to lift a hand to tease the curls of my long black hair, I asked, "What are we going to do there?"  
  
We switched lanes, and eased across to make another left. Since I was not even wearing a seatbelt, I jiggled around quite a bit when Bradley cut the steering wheel to make a U-turn. I think some people on the sidewalk were able to look inside the convertible and saw that I was fully naked! Continuing in the right lane, the car headed for the intersection again where we could turn onto the private road in order to return the way we came.  
  
"When we get to the dealership," the young salesman finally answered, "you will have to get out of the car Boxie, so I can bring it back to the lot. Wait on the curb, or you can walk back through the showroom, if you like."  
  
My eyes were wide, and I squeezed my boobies and gasped, "The showroom? You're going to make me walk around… NAKED?"  
  
"I figured you wouldn't mind," the boy said slyly. "That is what you want, isn't it?"  
  
Glancing down, ashamed, I brushed my toes against my other leg. I looked down at my cute bellybutton totally exposed, like the top strands of pubic hair peeking above my crotch. What I really wanted… was my round bottom played with.  
  
"Um, I don't know," I confessed to the young man. "I would, like, die if my parents found out!"  
  
As we headed down the secluded road, a single car passed us. It was the first one we had seen today, I think, going in this direction. I wondered if they noticed the black-haired busty teenager with her tits bouncing around!  
  
"Well, we had better think of something fast," Bradley turned to me, softly placing his fingers on my bare thigh.   
  
Maybe he was going for the gear shifter and missed. I trembled slightly, and then swung my other leg to the side. This left myself completely open and revealed down there. My body shuddered with the first wave of a small orgasm.  
  
"Um, like, wow!" I said breathlessly.   
  
Looking over at Bradley, I'm not sure he realized what his fingers on my skin had triggered. If he would only move his hand closer and actually touch my pussy, I know he would make me cum! I waited, biting my lip. Then, after the sexual frustration had built up, exasperated I asked him if he had a cell phone.   
  
"Yes, Boxie, in my pocket," he told me.  
  
Leaning on my side, I reached a hand into his pants and pulled out the phone. I also used this opportunity to put my other hand on the crotch of his pants. The car swerved, and I discovered that he was hard! That made me giggle, and made me even more horny.  
  
Sitting back in the passenger seat, fully naked, I did not cover up. Instead, I lifted my leg to the dashboard, allowing the college boy to see its bare shapely length. I wiggled my toes as the wind rushed over my body. Spread out in this position, my pussy lips were totally exposed. Squeezing one breast, I opened the phone with my other hand.  
  
"Hello, Pattie?" I said after dialing her number. "Are you home? Good. Is anybody there with you?"  
  
My friend answered that she was at her house alone. She then asked if I was naked.  
  
"Yeah," I giggled, and shut the cell phone.  
  
Handing it back to Bradley, I gave him the direction to Pattie's home, since I was in no condition to go back to the car dealership. Of course, despite his teasing, Bradley was a gentleman and made no objection. We followed some side streets and drove through my friend's neighborhood, which was pretty wild. I was openly playing with myself the whole time.  
  
When we arrived in front of her house, the young salesman gently shook my shoulder. I opened my eyes, still kind of in a daze. Twisting on my side, I almost crawled onto his lap so I could give him a kiss and thank him for a wonderful test drive. Then I spun around, unknowingly presenting him my ass, and stumbled out the passenger side door.  
  
My legs were a little weak, yet I wiggled my hips as I walked up Pattie's driveway. Halfway up the path, I turned around, my full frontal nudity on display. With a schoolgirl giggle, I waved goodbye to Bradley. Then I turned around again and jogged the rest of the way to Pattie's front door.  
  
She immediately greeted me asking, "Boxie, where are your clothes!"  
  
I hurriedly entered the house and made it into the living room. There, I spun around and told her that I had lost them. All the clothes I had been wearing, every stitch. Standing naked from head to toe before Pattie, I ran my fingers through my pubic hair. I looked around the room nervously.  
  
Sensing my unease, my friend asked, "Have you... well, you know, done it yet?"  
  
Silently I shook my head.  
  
"I see," Pattie rubbed her chin in thought, and then adjusted her glasses. "Wait right here."  
  
Standing up on my toes, I clutched my boobies, but watched as the fully clothed girl disappeared through another room. A minute later, she returned with a pillow from her bedroom. She tossed this on the living room floor.  
  
"Go ahead, Boxie," my friend offered. "It's all right. I can always put the pillow case in the wash."  
  
So I sank to my knees and crawled on top of the pillow. I pushed its soft but pliable firmness between my thighs. The bottoms of my feet wrinkled and my toes curled   
  
It was embarrassing that Pattie knew I liked to masturbate by humping a pillow, and even more so to have her watch me doing it nude. I must have told her this dirty little secret of mine a while ago. Still, it felt so good!   
  
"Oooooh!" I moaned out loud as I rubbed the pillow between my ass and pussy.  
  
I saw that Pattie was standing in front of me, and my friend said, "Pretend it's that car salesman."  
  
Like, that did it for me! I closed my eyes and imagined Bradley was naked with me and I was bouncing up and down on his penis. My hands reached up to squeeze both boobies while I squeezed my legs around the pillow. It didn't take long for me to have an orgasm, right there in Pattie's living room on the floor.  
  
A couple more spasms, my body was flush from sexual release, and then I rolled over on my back. I hugged the pillow for a moment, before letting it fall to the side. My stomach was rising up and down with my breathing, and my nipples were sticking straight up toward the ceiling! Spread-eagle, I absently ran a finger over my patch of pubic hair. Slowly, I turned my head to regard Pattie with a sly smile.  
  
"So when can you give me my next driving lesson?"  
  
THE END