**Boxie Carter’s Thanksgiving**by American Cowboy  
  
I was on my way upstate to spend Thanksgiving with my relatives. Not that I wanted to, but my parents were making me come along since I hadn’t seen my aunts and uncles and cousins for a few years. I had thought I would be able to stay home, and have the whole house to myself. Then I could have some wild fun! There was even a cute guy who moved into the neighborhood.  
  
So, like, I was in a pretty pouty mood as I sat in the back seat of my dad’s SUV. I had the earphones to my iPod plugged in, and had tuned out my parents. It was a long, frosty drive up to my grandmother’s place.  
  
For the trip, I was wearing a black turtleneck sweater, which was comfy enough. I actually liked the way it covered my neck, and framed my sixteen-year-old face. My long black hair fell down my back, and my stormy grey eyes flashed whenever my mother tried to check how I was doing. The sweater itself was snug, especially around my developing chest, but not too tight. I had squeezed into a pair of jeans that hugged my bottom, and put on some soft brown boots with fur lining.  
  
Of course, we were arriving the day before the holiday. My mother offered to help out with the big dinner. And that meant I would be spending a lot of time with my three cousins. They were so boring, nothing at all like me! From what I understood, they were all straight-A students, played the violin in the school orchestra, and never got into trouble. I don’t think we had any interests in common. Seeing them again was not something I was looking forward to.  
  
After the drive of, like, four hours, we arrived at my grandmother’s house. It was nice enough, kind of old looking but big and spacious. There was a pool in the backyard, although it was too cold to go swimming. I hadn’t brought a bathing suit, anyway. We walked up the long driveway, my dad lugging most of the bags, and climbed up the white steps that led to the front door.  
  
There were hugs and kisses as my relatives greeted us, and it was all horribly embarrassing. The usual stuff about how long it had been since we last saw each other, and how big I had grown. My mother took my iPod away because she said I was being rude. So I had to suffer my aunt asking like a thousand questions before they would leave me alone.  
  
Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw my Uncle Jake in the next room. He wasn’t really my uncle, but another cousin older than the ones who were my age. Jake was twenty-two or twenty-three, I think. So we called him Uncle Jake. He was also good-looking, with sandy-blonde hair that came down a little past his shoulders. I giggled, and bounced through the doorway.  
  
“Uncle Jake!” I cried, lunging to wrap my arms around the young man.  
  
A little startled, he caught me and said, “Becky… is that you?”  
  
My head just came up to his chest, so I leaned my cheek against his shirt and replied, “Mm-hmm. Aren’t you happy to see me? And by the way, you can call me Boxie.”   
  
“OK, Boxie,” Jake laughed and spun me around.  
  
I then saw another man in the room, my real Uncle, Bill. He was my dad’s brother. Balding and with a thin moustache, he sat in a large armchair, smoking a pipe.  
  
“Rebecca,” the man said, greeting me.  
  
“Call her Boxie,” Uncle Jake teased.  
  
My Uncle Bill only made a rough noise in his throat, but no other comment. He went on to mention that he expected I would behave while staying at the house. I don’t know how I had gotten a reputation as a trouble-maker! It was probably just my younger cousins were such darling little angels, that he didn’t want me to be a bad influence.  
  
As a matter fact, I was hoping I could avoid them as much as possible. I would rather hang out with Jake. But as I was about to take his hand and see where I could pull him off to, my mother was suddenly calling for me. With a sigh and a huff, I waved good bye, turning to go back out into the entrance hall.  
  
“Boxie,” my mother was telling me, “All the children are upstairs. Go and say hello to your cousins.”  
  
“Do I have to?” I whined.  
  
At that moment, my dad pulled the last of the luggage inside and said, “We are going to be busy in the kitchen, preparing tomorrow’s meal, and getting everything ready. Just go upstairs and play some games, Boxie.”  
  
“Like, whatever!” I rolled my eyes and started to head down the hallway.  
  
Around the corner, I came to a grand staircase. Placing my hand on the ornament at the end of the bannister, I began to climb up slowly. It had been five years since I last saw my cousins, when we were ten and eleven years old. The boys were actually a year younger than me, so they would be fifteen now. My girl cousin was the same age as me.  
  
Perry and Hamilton were twins, and they were complete dorks. Both had red hair, and the only way I could tell them apart was because Hamilton wore glasses. Abigail had long blonde hair. She was always a perfectionist, even when we were kids. All three of them were studious types and very much into scholastic and fancy cultural stuff. There weren’t even cute nicknames I could give them. I dreaded each step that took me closer to second floor of the house.  
  
I wandered around for a bit, and then found the boys in the recreational game room. It had polished, hardwood floors. There was a billiards table as well as a table with a green felt top for playing cards. And there was a stereo system with speakers along one wall, a wide television screen on the other wall. With all this, I saw the boys sitting down and reading.  
  
“Perry… Hamilton?” I called out as I hesitantly entered the room.  
  
The last time I saw these two, they were scrawny little kids. But they had gotten bigger, now they were teenagers. Certainly, they appeared taller than me. By no means were they built or anything, but the boys were lean and looked pretty good. I of course recognized them because of their red hair. Perry was actually kind of cute. But Hamilton still had glasses, and freckles, too! His face was funny, but fun to look at.  
  
I moved fully into the room, in my black turtleneck sweater and tight jeans. The twins looked up and noticed me for the first time. Shyly, I gave them a little wave.  
  
“Becky?” Hamilton asked, and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.  
  
I couldn’t help but giggle. “You can call me Boxie. That’s what everyone, back home, in high school calls me.”  
  
The boys glanced at each other, and then back at me. It seemed one of them was about to speak. Maybe the other would finish his sentence the way twins do. But then I heard footsteps, and a girl’s voice behind me.  
  
“Rebecca,” it was my cousin, Abigail.  
  
I turned around, and my face went serious. Sure enough, she had on a pretty dress, and her blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail. She looked like a little lady. Come to think of it, the boys were wearing trousers and nice button-down shirts. I appeared much more casual.  
  
While the two of us stared at each other, almost locked in a contest of wills, finally one of the brothers said something. “She wants us to call her Boxie.”  
  
Abigail snorted, but did not make a further reply. Like, what a little snob! I placed my hands on my curvy hips. In contrast, the blonde sixteen-year-old, while not unattractive, was flat chested and had almost no curves at all.   
  
“So, like, what do you guys do for fun around here?” I asked at last.  
  
Abigail folded her arms in front of her and only answered, “We have to stay up here, while the grown- ups are busy in the kitchen. Those are the rules. They will call us when it is time to come down for dinner.”  
  
I paused and stroked my chin with a finger, then slowly said, “All right… so we have the whole floor to ourselves? What kind of game can we play?”  
  
Abigail lifted her nose. “Don’t know, and don’t care. I have my own stuff to do. A proper young lady can always keep herself intelligently occupied.”  
  
With a roll of my eyes, I turned to look over my shoulder. Perry and Hamilton were already returning to their books. They would be no help. Whatever, I thought to myself. An idea hit me, but then just as quickly, my hopes were dashed.  
  
“My iPod… crap!” I ran my hands through my long dark hair, frustrated. “It was left downstairs, when Mom took it from me.”  
  
I started to take a step forward, when Abigail stood in the doorway, blocking me.  
  
“We have to stay up here, until Grandma says it’s time for dinner,” the girl insisted. “Those are the rules.”  
  
I couldn’t believe this. Like, without my iPod, I would be completely bored! “Come on… just let me run down and get it.”  
  
“No, Rebecca, those are the rules.” She repeated in an annoying little voice. “This is not your home, so you have to behave and follow directions, just like us.”  
  
Abigail was acting real bossy. I had forgotten that about her. Another reason I had not been looking forward to this family reunion. I mean, who put her in charge!  
  
“Fine,” I said in a huff, crossing my own arms against my breasts.  
  
Satisfied, the girl turned around, and proceeded to walk back down the hallway. Presumably she had a bedroom up here. If we had gotten along, I might have been tempted to follow and hang out with her. Certainly, I was curious about what she was up to. But I decided to take my chances with the twins, instead. I figured I was going to be bored out of my mind.  
  
After a minute, I lazily walked around the recreation room. It appeared there was truly nothing to do! I remembered the television screen, but making my way over, I couldn’t find the remote. How inconvenient was that! I felt like I was in prison. Or I was being punished, and I hadn’t even done anything wrong.   
As I circled the room, I thought I caught a glance of the two teenage boys peeking at me. But every time I turned to see, Hamilton and Perry had their noses buried in books. The room was certainly spacious enough that I could walk all the way to one side, and they would not even know I was there. It’s not like we were cramped together. For some reason, I found that added to my frustration.  
  
“Bored, bored, bored!” I moaned, but no one paid any attention to me.   
  
Eventually, I worked my way into the center of the room, and sat down on the floor. Really, like, I needed to get my iPod. Biting my lip, I started to form another idea in my head. It was crazy, and I quickly dismissed it. But as the minutes dragged by, my idle thoughts became more and more enticed. I wanted, needed attention. What was a girl to do?  
  
Reaching over, my fingers ran down my leg and started to pull off the fur-lined boot. I removed it completely, and tossed the boot forward. Perry and Hamilton did not even turn their heads. With a sigh, I proceeded to take off my other boot. Again, I let it bounce across the floor. But still, the two boys did not even look up.   
  
Now, sitting cross-legged, I moved my fingers to my feet. One at a time, I took off my wooly socks. These of course made no noise as I balled them up and tossed them aside. But I delighted in being barefoot, and wiggled my toes.  
Still there was no reaction from the fifteen-year-old boys. So I stood up again.  
  
And I unbuttoned my jeans.  
  
Very determined, I wiggled the tight denim over my bottom. I had to do a little shimmy to get them down to my ankles, and then I kicked the jeans of my legs. The black sweater I was wearing fell past my hips, and just covered my panties. I glanced around the room before taking a deep breath.  
  
“There, that feels better!” I said aloud.  
  
It occured to me, these were the first words I had spoken in several long minutes, breaking what had otherwise been the silence of the room. Hamilton and Perry looked up from their books, turning their heads. They looked at me.  
  
I couldn’t help but giggle, even as I self-consciously tugged at the hem of my turtleneck sweater. Standing up on my toes, I took a step forward. The boys were watching me, now very interested. Since I was barefoot and not wearing any pants, I must have seemed like I was all legs. Even though I’m not that tall.  
  
As I slowly walked across the room, my hands reached under my covering and pinched at the fabric of my underwear. Trying to be sly, but innocent at the same time, I pulled my panties low enough to let gravity take its course. The delicate material fell down my thighs and past my knees, all the way to my feet. And then I simply walked out of them.  
  
“Oops!” I giggled at the teenagers.  
  
I was sure to keep my front concealed, which it was by the bottom of the sweater, but just barely. The round curve of my cheeks playfully peeked out behind me. I was bottomless, and the feeling sent a thrill through my body!  
  
So I moved all the way up to where the red-headed twins were sitting. Really, I was standing like only one or two feet in front of them. They stared at my legs and feet. And then the boys raised their eyes to my face, seeing up close my grey eyes and cascade of long black hair.  
  
“Excuse me,” I said, and turned my back to them for a second.

**Boxie Carter's Thanksgiving - Part 2**

I realized I was flashing a little of my ass, which was more than I wanted, but I had to do something first and it was better than the alternative. I needed to slip my arms under the sweater, which of course exposed my front for a moment, but at least I wasn’t facing the boys. Then finding my bra, I was able to unclasp it and pull it down my body. Once my arms were free again, I held out the bra in one hand, while straightening the front of my sweater in place.  
  
Turning around, I looked at the two teenagers. I had to have their undivided attention. With a soft rustle, I dropped my bra to the floor. My other hand was resting on my hip, and I sort of had one knee bent forward.  
  
“Perry… Hamilton,” I started to explain, “I just want you to know. This sweater is now the only thing I am wearing.”  
  
Even as I made the confession, I could feel my face blushing. The twins continued to stare at me, perhaps amazed at me appearing before them like this. I did have a plan, sort of a method for my madness, and the crazy idea of stripping down to almost nothing. But now I was starting to get embarrassed, which only made me more excited.  
  
“Um, Boxie…” Hamilton said, eyes studying me behind his glasses.  
  
I put a finger to my lips. “Shhh… don’t say anything. I need you two to help me. My iPod is somewhere downstairs.”  
  
“We’re not allowed to go downstairs,” Perry reminded me. “Not until Grandmother calls us for dinner.”  
  
Shifting my eyes toward the door, I then looked at the boys again. “I know. But, like, I’m going anyway. And I want you guys to come with me.”  
  
At this point, I was improvising. I guess I thought by wearing just my sweater, the fifteen-year-old boys would me more inclined to follow along. Suddenly, I wasn’t so sure. I was beginning to feel foolish, and this would only be the start of my humiliation.  
  
Then Hamilton said, “All right, we will go with you.”  
  
Perry nodded in agreement, and then the twins stood up. I was forced to take a step back. Yet it struck me as my eyes lingered on them, that they were fully clothed and nicely dressed, but I only had on one item of clothing!  
  
“Thanks,” I giggled, and turned around.  
  
As I made my way toward the door, I was conscious of my bare feet on the wood floors. The boys were quickly behind me. I crept out into the upstairs hallway, tugging on the hem of my turtleneck sweater with one hand.  
  
“We have to be careful to not get caught by Abigail,” one of the twins whispered in my ear.  
  
“Right,” I answered a little breathlessly.  
  
The element of danger and possibly getting into trouble added to the thrill of what I was doing. It also sounded like Abigail was not someone the boys wanted to mess with. It made me wonder what she would do if she did catch me like this.  
  
We looked around and quietly made our way to the head of the staircase. I went first, my toes arching up on the carpet, one hand sliding along the bannister. Perry and Hamilton followed a couple of steps behind. From their view, they would get occasional peeks of my ass. The back of the sweater rode up slightly as I descended, causing my bottom to bounce. Like two smooth basketballs next to each other, that’s how someone once described my butt, each cheek moving up and down.   
  
Already, I could smell the aroma of food being prepared in the kitchen. For some reason, this reminded me of when I was a little girl, and I used to eat a lot. Especially around the holidays. I was always kind of chubby growing up. But once I hit puberty, my body started to change. I became very curvy, with a shapely round bottom and developing boobies. At sixteen-years-old, I was exercising to keep my tummy flat and waist narrow. Secretly, I lowered the fingers of one hand to touch my bare thigh.  
  
“Are you sure we should keep going?” Perry asked, standing right behind me.  
  
I was momentarily fixed on the polished wooden banister stained dark, which ended in a decorative circular ornament. My thoughts drifted to wonder what it would be like to straddle the bannister, my bare legs and toes hanging down on either side. What would I look like, and how would it feel? My hand wandered and I rubbed the staircase ornament.  
  
“Mm-hmmm,” I answered, glancing back to look at the boys.  
  
Very carefully, I stepped down to the first floor of the house. There were muffled voices in the distance. Part of me started to wonder, what if I ran into Jake like this. I was very excited wearing only my black turtleneck sweater, and moved a few inches forward. Since I was not familiar with the layout, there was a good chance I might make a wrong turn and stumble into a crowded room.  
  
“Boxie, wait up!” Hamilton whispered, and grabbed the back of my sweater.  
  
I froze, feeling the knitted threads rise off my body. In front, my nipples were tickled by the fabric. After I let out a small gasp, Hamilton released his hold, and I took a step back.  
  
Perry explained, “Not that way. We should go down the hallway and approach the kitchen from the other direction.”  
  
I turned around so that the boys could see my face, while I attempted to adjust the one article of clothing I had on.  
  
“Um, like, OK…” I told him.  
  
His brother pushed his glasses up his nose again, and then put a finger to his lips, reminding me to be quiet. Hamilton gestured with his arm to where the hallway branched off, and indicated the way I should walk.  
  
I had forgotten that this house had a huge country kitchen with multiple entrances. One was by the cooking area, near the counter tops and stove and refrigerator. Then another archway opened up on a space with a table and chairs, so they could eat in the kitchen. This was in addition to the formal dining room.  
  
Slowly, the three of us crept around like three naughty children. Of course, we were teenagers in high school, and I was the only one being naughty. But it’s a good thing I had the boys along and followed their directions. Once we reached the open doorway close to the table, I peeked inside and saw everyone working around the counter. There was my mother and her sister, as well as my grandmother taking out cooking trays, mixing ingredients, whatever. I watched my father pop in to see how things were going and ask if he could have a taste, before they shooed him away. The men must have been hanging out in another room.  
  
I pulled my head back, and then leaned against the wall. Closing my eyes, I slid down until I was in a squatting position, balancing on my toes. I was mindful to keep my sweater tucked low so that I was covered. But my knees sticking out, and legs, were totally exposed. I listened to the boys crouch down near me. The adults were right in the next room!  
  
“Boxie?” Hamilton dared to whisper.  
  
The truth is, I wasn’t even thinking about my iPod any longer. This was more fun. But scary at the same time. I don’t know why, but I loved it!  
  
I opened my grey eyes and put my hand up to the ear of the twin closest to me. “Sneak into the kitchen, and grab a napkin, or dishtowel, or something for me.”  
  
“Um…” Hamilton faltered, worried about getting into trouble.  
  
I pouted my lips, and teased the hem of my sweater.  
  
“I’ll do it!” Perry suddenly said, feeling perhaps a bit more adventurous.  
  
He poked his head in, keeping low to the floor, so that none of the ladies looking this way would see him. A long counter divided the room, and then there was the table surrounded by wooden chairs. I watched him crawl forward, into the kitchen. We had been forbidden to come downstairs until dinner was ready. I can’t imagine how risky it was to actually enter the kitchen! My grandmother, aunt, and mother continued to gab away and continue with their preparations. They had no idea what we were up to.  
  
The suspense was killing me, and I was almost twisting the bottom of my sweater in a knot. Finally, I moved over and got into a crawling position myself so I could look into the room. I watched Perry kneel in back of a chair, then reach a hand up to snatch something off the tabletop. Suddenly feeling a draft between my legs, I realized that if Hamilton was behind me, I would be showing off my bare butt. Quickly, I rolled back so that I was leaning against the wall on the side of the doorway.  
  
At the same time, Perry came scampering back quietly over the kitchen tiles. He shuffled toward us on his knees, clutching his prize. The fifteen-year-old probably scuffed up his nice pants, but, whatever.  
  
“What did you bring me?” I nearly squealed.  
  
The boy unfolded and dropped in my lap a table placemat. It was square shaped, and displayed autumn colors, brown and orange. There was a cartoon print of a turkey in the middle, which made me giggle. Holding it up, I saw that the placemat was smaller in size. Not one used to put underneath dining plates, but rather a bowl of soup or hot creamy mashed potatoes. It was perfect.  
  
“Now what?” Hamilton asked.  
  
A bit stiffly, I climbed to my feet so I was standing again. The twins also stood up, crowding around on either side of me. I looked at each of them, and then pointed with my chin down the hallway.  
  
“What’s that way?” I asked quietly.  
  
Perry replied, “It winds around and eventually leads to the den and living room. But first you would pass a laundry room with a back door.”  
  
“Come on!” I giggled, and started to jog down the hall.  
  
The further we moved away from the kitchen, the more the voices diminished. It seemed we were safe for the moment. With the boys not even two steps behind me, I reached the area that Perry had said was used for laundry. There were closets along one wall, and I saw the double washing machine and the dryer along the other. Further back, there was a screen door that I figured led outside.  
I found the switch and turned on the light.   
  
“I’m feeling warm in this sweater,” I told the boys.  
  
My eyes shifted, glancing toward the back door. I looked back at them, teasing without saying a word. The red-headed twins were speechless. I was a little breathless, myself. Clutching the table placemat, I spun around and started to pull the black sweater off my body.  
  
I had it over my hips, then all the way up to my chin. My one free hand reached behind my head and desperately tugged on the material. I was able to squeeze my face through the turtle neck, as my fingers grasped at the wooly fabric. For a second, it was so delightful being stretched across my bare skin. Then, before I could think about what I had done, I pulled off the sweater completely and let it drop to the floor.  
  
I had convinced myself that it was alright for me to go nude, as long as I had something to cover my pussy. That was the reason I made Perry fetch me the placemat. Right now, it was enough to hide my patch of pubic hair that grew in like an upside-down triangle. A narrow strip started above my lower lips, before it fanned out in the area well below my bellybutton. Throwing an arm across my boobies, I turned around to face the boys.  
  
They were looking at me totally naked!   
  
Lowering my eyes, I shyly glanced at my bare shoulder. I took a step back, keeping the Thanksgiving turkey placemat tight against the front of my body. Suddenly I was feeling very embarrassed. What a rollercoaster ride of emotions! I took another step backward.  
  
“Ohmygosh!” I gasped, and then turned around.  
  
Perry and Hamilton saw my full round ass. No flashing, peeks, or teases. Just totally bare, without me wearing any clothes at all! I reached my hand for the door.  
  
“Boxie!” one of the twins called after me, “You can’t go outside!”  
  
I heard him, but I didn’t listen. Instead, I pulled open the screen door, and then the solid exterior door. I walked out of the house, into the backyard, naked.   
  
The cool air at first felt great on my overheated body. But this was November. It was chilly! I watched amazed as the cold had its effect on me. My erect nipples grew very long and hard. Well, I didn’t want to catch pneumonia, so I immediately turned around and went back inside.  
  
I nearly tripped over Hamilton and Perry. The fifteen-year-old boys retreated a few steps, enough to let me into the house, as the door closed behind me. I still had the placemat covering my pussy. But my other arm hung at my side, leaving my boobies to bounce up and down. The twins were staring at my hard pink nipples now sticking straight out.  
  
“Yeah, like, it’s cold out there,” I bashfully tried to explain.  
  
I also noticed that Hamilton had picked up my turtleneck sweater. The teenager holding the only piece of clothing I had worn down here was a stark reminder of my nudity. My grey eyes met his behind circle-rimmed glasses.  
  
Politely, he held out the sweater like a little gentleman. “You probably want this back, Boxie.”  
  
It would be a good idea, since I didn’t know what else might happen. I was pushing my luck, and sooner or later, I was going to get caught. Really, I couldn’t continue running around my grandmother’s house in the nude.  
  
Unfortunately, before I could take the sweater, Abigail walked into the laundry room with us.  
  
“What are you three doing downstairs!” she demanded. “And why the hell is Rebecca naked?”

**Boxie Carter's Thanksgiving - Part 3**

Her language surprised me, and I tried to stammer an excuse. Something about my sweater, and feeling warm. Perry corrected her about my nickname. I continued to fidget and squirm in front of them all, wrapping an arm around my boobies.  
  
Then the blonde young lady twisted her mouth in an evil grin. “The thing is, I found your jeans and underwear, your boots and socks in the game room upstairs. Did you guys start to play strip poker?”  
  
“No!” I squeaked, feeling humiliated and vulnerable. “Please don’t tell, Abigail.”  
  
As usual, she did not answer, but merely took the sweater away from Hamilton. She proceeded to walk right up to me. The sixteen-year-old girl looked me up and down. While not as curvy as I am, she still had a very pretty face. I trembled slightly.  
  
In a flash, Abigail swiftly reached down and grabbed the table placemat out of my hands, saying, “Give me that!”   
  
“Eek!” I cried out, as my pussy was exposed.  
  
I don’t think the boys saw, because Abigail was still standing in front of me. But now I was really naked, without anything to cover myself. Quickly, I dropped a hand between my legs, hiding my patch of pubic hair.  
  
Just in time, too, as the blonde girl stepped out of the way, allowing Perry and Hamilton to look at me. She then turned to address the fifteen-year-old twins.  
  
“Take Rebecca upstairs,” Abigail told them. “And don’t let her get dressed. I’ll be up in a few minutes.”  
  
“But…” I started to protest, but then worried she was going to tell on me. So I kept my mouth shut.  
  
Instead, I shuffled forward barefoot and using my arms and hands to hide my girl parts. This was unbelievable! But I could tell the boys were going to do whatever Abigail said. They were used to her bossing them around.  
  
Perry reached over and closed his fingers around my wrist. “Come on, Boxie.”  
  
“Hey!” I gasped in shock as he pulled my arm away from my body.  
  
Hamilton was on the other side, and at the same moment, he grasped my other arm. They let their hands simultaneously slip into mine so they could lead me out of the room. I was in the middle of two fully and nicely dressed teenagers. My tits bounced up and down as we walked. All I could do was glance over my shoulder to see Abigail grinning devilishly at my bare bottom.  
  
“Do you… do you think it’s safe?” I whispered, being pulled totally naked through the house.  
  
The boys looked over at me and only nodded in reply. My heart was beating wildly as I heard the voices of my relatives coming from other rooms. I was aware of my nipples growing erect, but unable to cover them. Somehow, the three of us made it back to the staircase.  
  
Perry and Hamilton started climbing up first, and I was dragged behind them. They would just not let go! My arms and legs ached, and there were butterflies in my tummy as well as a warm, yummy feeling below. I was horrified… I think my clitoris was poking out!   
  
We reached the game room, and I saw my clothes lying on the floor exactly where I had left them. I should have been more relaxed, since I was less likely to get caught up here. But staying nude in front of two fifteen-year-old boys kept me on edge. I made a half-hearted attempt to pull away, but only succeeded in shaking my boobies around.  
  
Finally, Perry and Hamilton told me to sit down in one of the chairs. I hurriedly scampered over to the seat and lowered myself, crossing my legs modestly. Now that my hands were free, I placed my palms in front of my nipples. I looked at the boys with stormy grey eyes, my long black hair falling down my back, and not a stitch of clothing on!  
  
Wiggling my toes, I asked, “Like, can I at least put my socks back on?”  
  
“No,” Hamilton said, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose again. “Abigail said that you weren’t allowed to get dressed.”  
  
Great, they were obviously going to keep me completely bare from head to toe. I was back to being a prisoner again, trapped, only this time they were watching me. The twins seemed confident that the bossy blonde girl was going to return, and they were not going to disobey her orders.  
  
The three of us stared at each other in silence, as I started to bob my foot up and down. I honestly had no idea what was going to happen, and I don’t think the boys did either. My arms crossed over my breasts, and I clutched my elbows in opposite hands.  
  
I nearly jumped out of the seat when suddenly Abigail popped back into the room. She had a large platter tucked under one arm, and it looked like she had brought my sweater with her as well. I breathed a sigh of relief.  
  
“I spoke to Mother,” the girl who was my age ignored me and said to the twins, “and explained that I needed to borrow a few items from the kitchen. We are going to have our own make-believe Thanksgiving dinner.”  
  
“Can I be an Indian?” I giggled.  
  
But Abigail continued to ignore me, and walked across the room to the billiards table. It was very nice, with rich mahogany wood and had red felt. She placed the large serving platter in the middle. Then she looked over at me, sitting naked in the chair.  
  
“No, Rebecca, you are going to be our turkey,” the young lady said coldly.  
  
“What?!” I gasped.  
  
Abigail smiled and said, “Since you already have had your feathers plucked off…”  
  
I looked down at all my bare skin and blushed, embarrassed. My mind started racing. What if she meant to shave me? In front of Perry and Hamilton! She wouldn’t, would she? Instead, Abigail told me to stand up.  
  
I quickly jumped to my feet. The fully clothed sixteen-year-old girl approached, and instinctively I dropped my arms to my sides. My tits bounced out in front of me, my round bottom, behind. Because she was wearing shoes, Abigail was taller than me.  
  
“Look at this plump turkey!” she teased, while slapping my boobies playfully, and reaching around to squeeze my bare ass.  
  
“Hey… quit it!” I squealed, finding myself becoming VERY aroused.  
  
Then Abigail told me to walk over to the pool table. I did so, and placed my fingers lightly on the wooden side. Standing up on my toes, I glanced back to see everyone looking at my butt.   
  
“Well, go on, get up there and kneel down on the serving tray!” the girl motioned with her hands.  
  
It was certainly an oversized platter, and I wondered how she was able to convince my grandmother to let her borrow it. I guess Abigail could be just as bossy to adults. Or maybe she was so precious and spoiled that they let her have whatever she wanted. Examining the decorative tray, I guessed it wasn’t needed until tomorrow, anyway. Like, you sure could fit a large bird on it.  
  
Or even me.  
  
I lifted a knee up to the side of the billiards table, feeling my pussy lips hang down between my legs. Still, I managed to climb all the way onto the red felt, and crawled on the bare platter. Lowering my head, I rested my face on one cheek. My arms were bent at the elbows, but lying hands down on either side of me. With the bottoms of my bare feet facing up, this left my ass sticking up in the air.  
  
Closing my eyes, I had a flashback, remembering that in this same position I would often masturbate. Kneeling face down, naked, with my butt higher than my head. It was in this position that I had recently discovered a new part of my body to play with. One night, when my hand had slipped under my pussy, I found something tight and sensitive. My little asshole. In fact, I had become so curious, that I once stood with my back toward the full-length mirror and spread my cheeks apart so I could see.  
  
Now that I was kneeling on the turkey platter on the pool table in the game room of my grandmother’s house, I was suddenly self-conscious about the view I would be giving. Reflexively, my butt cheeks clenched. I could feel my puckered anus wink in contraction. As I opened my eyes, I confirmed that the boys had walked behind me! And Abigail was moving near with a burlap bag that I had not noticed before.  
  
I was about to ask just what she had in mind, but when I opened my mouth, the girl took out a juicy red apple and stuffed it between my teeth. Biting down, I held it in place. But without using my hands, I was unable to take a full bite. Leaving it there, she had effectively gagged me.  
  
“Mmmmph,” I gave out a little noise.  
  
“There you go,” Abigail said, as she brushed my long black hair out of the way, “Doesn’t Rebecca make a wonderful turkey?”  
  
“Boxie,” one of the twins, either Perry or Hamilton, corrected on my behalf.  
  
“Whatever,” the blonde teenager finally acknowledged, although dismissively.  
  
I remained in this position on the serving tray, completely humiliated and completely horny. With the apple in my mouth, I tried to communicate with my eyes, but only watched as Abigail pulled something else out of her bag.  
  
“Time to baste the turkey!” she laughed, and waved a plastic turkey baster with a rubber bulb on top.  
  
My eyes went wide, but all I could do was give a muffled, “Mmmmph!”  
  
Abigail placed her hand on my back gently, and started to walk around the side of the pool table until she was behind me. I was absolutely presenting my rear to her, and there was nothing I could do about it. Maybe if the grown-ups called us downstairs for dinner, she would have to stop. But I didn’t want her to.  
  
“Looks like our turkey is already quite juicy,” the sixteen-year-old girl observed.  
  
My pussy was soaking wet, and my juices running down my thighs, collected in the platter beneath me. This was so embarrassing! Yet I was so totally turned on right now. I felt Abigail touch the tip of the baster to my bare crack. Where did she intend to put it?  
  
“Mmmph!” I moaned.  
  
The plastic tube moved down, then up again, getting itself lubricated. I closed my eyes. I felt it sliding between my legs. And then she slowly pushed it into my pussy. With an apple in my mouth to keep me from crying out, and with Perry and Hamilton watching, Abigail masturbated me with the turkey baster!  
  
“Mmmmmmm,” I moaned, LOUDLY, with pleasure.  
  
It only took a minute for me to reach orgasm. As my fingers and toes curled, I started to cum. More fluids dripping into the turkey platter. My nude body quivered, and it felt amazing!  
  
Just as she had eased it inside me, Abigail slowly drew out the turkey baster. She only allowed me a few moments to recover before telling me to roll over and climb off the billiards table. On trembling legs, I lowered myself to the floor, but finally I was able to reach up and take the apple out of my mouth. Juices ran down my lips and chin. Abigail coldly handed me some napkins to clean up. I wiped my face, and then moved down between my legs.  
  
At that moment, my mother called up from the foot of the staircase. Dinner was ready, and we were told we could come down to the kitchen. Perry and Hamilton watched me standing stark naked in the room.  
  
To my surprise, Abigail actually produced my black turtleneck sweater. She told me to put in on, and pull on my boots as well. And that’s it.  
  
“That is how you will be joining us for dinner, Boxie,” the girl smirked, but at least used my nickname.  
  
I thought to myself, I had no idea Abigail was this kinky. Never would I have guessed she would do these kinds of things. It made me wonder what else she would do to me for the remainder of my visit.  
  
THE END  
  
PS  
  
On the following night, hours after our Thanksgiving meal, and while my father and uncles were watching the recap from the football games, Abigail made me streak through the neighborhood. I was completely nude, and my nipples rock hard from the chilly weather. But more on that another time.  
  
Love,  
  
Boxie

**Boxie Carter's Thanksgiving - Part 4**

Just a split second after Abigail had informed Boxie that she would be joining the family for dinner wearing only her sweater and soft fur lined boots there was crack in her cold demeanor. Boxie knew instantly that Abigail was putting on a big act. If she said no firmly the whole thing would be dropped. Boxie was sure there was much more going on here and Abigail’s fleeting expression seemed to carry more of a plea than a demand. She would go down to dinner naked if Abigail told her to. Not that she was going to make it that easy a girl has to have her fun.   
  
“Perry, go tell Aunt Carol we will be down in just a few minutes. I’m taking our juicy turkey to the bathroom and clean her up a bit first.” Abigail said with her nose high in the air.   
  
The twins watched with their mouths agape as Abigail lead Boxie by the hand out of the game room a mass of giggling bobbies and bare ass with her erect nipples leading the way. Perry finally came to his senses quickly making his way down the hallway to the top of the stairs. He stopped short of the stairs to adjust his throbbing erection lest his aunt see his tented pants.   
  
“Aunt Carol, we will be down in just a few minutes the girls are in the bathroom.”  
  
“Hurry, there will be a family meeting in the kitchen in ten minutes.” Perry didn’t like the sound of that at all.   
  
Boxie loved the feel of the wooly shag bath mat between her bare toes and arched up to make her breasts bounce while Abigail’s back was turned getting a washcloth and hand towel. She could barely contain a giggle of pure joy as she took in her soft flushed glow in the mirror from her recent orgasm. Boxie couldn’t stop thinking about what the turkey baster would feel like slowly working itself in and out of her puckered rosebud. She quickly lowered her head staring down at her feet and biting her lower lip as Abigail turned on the warm water tap and grinned at her.   
  
“Abigail, please let me get dressed. I, I can’t go down there in just my sweater we aren’t eleven years old anymore.”   
  
Abigail didn’t say a word as she gently began to wash Boxie’s lips and chin and down her neck. She rinsed out the washcloth and began again at Boxie’s breasts. She worked her way from the top of each breast to the underside and back up lightly pinching each nipple. Boxie emitted a low throated moan at each pinch.  
  
“Raise your arms Rebecca.”  
  
Abigail clasped Boxie’s arms together at her wrists forcing her to arch her back as she washed under each arm. A huge grin lit up Abigail’s face and at first Boxie couldn’t understand why until she realized that in her slightly arched position her right breast and nipple were even with Abigail’s mouth. Oh GOD!!! Surely she wouldn’t go that far? The family had called them to dinner. As Abigail’s lips, tongue and teeth lightly nibbled and flicked her right nipple all thoughts of dinner left Boxie’s thoughts.   
  
“Ohhh!! GOD!! Abi--G-A-I-L, STOP!!”  
  
With a loud sucking plop Abigail released Boxie’s right nipple but still held her arms clasped.   
  
“As you wish Rebecca.”  
  
“No! No! don’t stop. PLEASE DON’T STOPP! Feels sooo GOOD!” Boxie panted.  
  
“You are going to have to do better than that. Tell me what you want Rebecca?”  
  
Boxie was amazed at the strong grip Abigail had on her writs. She was so turned on and could not believe she was about to have a second orgasm for having her nipples sucked. As Boxie tried to suck air into her lungs Abigail pulled upwards on her clasped writs causing her back to arch more. As the silent seconds ticked by Abigail began to twist Boxie’s body side to side. This caused her beautiful breasts to wobble up and down at first but then they began to twist in opposite directions lead by their ever erect nipples. Boxie dropped her head fascinated by the sway of her own breasts. She watched in wonderment as saliva from her coated right breast slowly slid down the underside and onto the flat plain of her belly. Boxie cooed like a baby when it disappeared into her belly button.   
  
“Oh GOD!!! Abi PLEASE suck my left titty. PLEAZZZZ!!  
  
“Tell me your name and what you are?”  
  
“Abi, Please, Please suck my titties!”  
  
“Tell me NOW!”  
  
“Oh GAWD, Somebody help me PLEASE!!”  
  
“I’m trying to help you. TELL ME!”  
  
Boxie had no idea that sweat, tears and snot were running down her face as she watched her breasts dance. She slowly looked up at the smiling face and into the deep blue pools of the blonde’s eyes. She wanted to talk but her tongue was sealed to the roof of her mouth. Worse if she said what Abigail wanted her to there would be no going back. She would belong to her cousin.   
  
“Tell ME!”  
  
She was so close and needed to CUM SO BADLY! Another moan escaped her lips.   
  
Suddenly, a loud knock on the bathroom door shook both girls and the moment was lost.   
  
“Abigail, Boxie hurry there is a family meeting in the kitchen in 5 minutes.” Perry shouted.   
  
Abigail looked like she had seen a ghost and dropped Boxie’s arms and quickly got another clean washcloth from the cabinet handing it to her.   
  
“Wash up and there is some deodorant and scented lotion in the drawer for you. I will get your clothes.”   
  
Boxie could see real worry in Abigail’s eyes and it made her heart ache. She grabbed Abigail’s arm before she could open the bathroom door.   
  
“Just my sweater and boots.” Boxie smiled.  
  
“You don’t have to, it was just a game.” Abigail said looking down at the floor.  
  
Boxie lifted Abi’s chin and wiped a tear from her left cheek but Abigail would not open her eyes and look at her as she cupped her face in both hands.   
  
“Abi, LOOK AT ME!”   
  
Abi opened her blue eyes and they sparkled back at Boxie’s gray ones.  
  
“Just my sweater and boots. I, I need to do this for you. A juicy turkey can’t let her chef down.” Boxie giggled.   
  
Real friendship and love was born between the two in that moment.   
  
“I will be right back!”   
  
Boxie cleaned up and applied the lotion and deodorant to her body as well as brushing her long black hair to a shiny gloss. Her mind was a jumble of thoughts and desires as she waited on Abigail. She had no idea what was going on but she was more happy than she had ever been. Boxie didn’t like to be controlled by anyone ever but she loved the control Abi exerted over her. The mystery was why all the shame and worry she could feel from Abi. Boxie Carter never met a challenge she didn’t like and this would be no different.   
  
“Mmm! Don’t you look pretty and you smell so good too.” Abigail gushed at Boxie her black sweater draped over one arm and her boots in the other hand.  
  
“Well thanks I try.”  
  
“Ok, lets put your boots on first.”  
  
Boxie let out a sigh as her bare feet made contact with the soft thick fux-fur inside her boots. She had never worn them without socks but she was going to correct that over site in the future.  
  
“Now that I see you in just the boots I think that is all you need.” Abi burst out laughing.  
  
“No WAY no HOW! The deal was boots AND sweater!” Boxie laughed, grabbing the sweater from Abi.  
  
“Fine, Fine but I remember an eleven year old girl who spent about two weeks running around nude after she left her swim suit at home.   
  
“I didn’t leave my suit at home. Mom let me pack my own clothes for the first time that summer and I was so excited about spending two weeks with you and the boys. I think Mom pinched it as a joke and with your Mom and Grandma egging her on saying I was so cute in my birthday suit and it would save on laundry I was doomed. Mom even kept me naked for a week when we got home.”   
  
“Oh My God! Abigail do you remember those tiny pink panties of yours that Mom put me in to go to the mall and grocery store? You kept teasing me about how cute my chubby butt was and whacked me one every time the coast was clear.   
  
“I do remember everyone calling you The Naked Porpoise.”  
  
“We have to hurry they are going to come looking for us from down stairs and trust me that won’t be a good thing.” Abigail sighed.   
  
“Raise your arms Porpoise Girl.”  
  
Boxie felt the black sweater slide down over her head and arms. When the soft material made contact with her bare breasts she could feel an electrical current surge through her whole body. As her breasts moved freely it felt like the sweater was hanging off her long erect nipples. When it finally settled on her body it was just covering her girl parts in front and the edge of her butt was exposed in back. It fit exactly like it did before when she made her way downstairs with the boys but it was like a different garment covered her now. A deep sigh escaped Boxie’s lips and she had to grab the sink counter to keep herself steady on her feet.   
  
“Rebecca, if you are sure you want to do this you need to decide which you want to keep covered more; your front side or back side? From my perspective it would be your front since your sweet cheeks are already peaking in back..”  
  
“OH! The front for sure Abigail.”  
  
“Well unless you hold the hem of your sweater down the only way the front is going to stay in place is to tuck it up past your waist in back. The boys or I can stand behind you and you will be sitting down most of the time.”  
  
“Well, Um, I hadn’t thought of that but like that is going to leave me super exposed.” Boxie twisted side to side thinking about it.  
  
“If you act confident and like it is normal no one will think a thing of it and I doubt anyone will even notice. Let me tuck it up in back and see how you feel.”  
  
“Um, O-K, um I think.”  
  
“You just said you needed to do this for me. Right?”  
  
“Do it Abi!”  
  
Abigail felt a little guilty about what she was doing since she knew that tucking the sweater up in back would actually cause the front edge to rise higher and would expose her totally with each step Boxie took. As she tucked the sweater up and folded it under in back Abi could not resist running both hands over each beautiful cheek and giving each a soft squeeze. Rebecca was going to be the center of attention and then some.   
  
“Ok, Sweet Cheeks take a look and see what you think?”  
  
“Oh, GOD!! Abigail I’m like TOTALLY exposed!” Boxie wailed as she took in her bare backside in the mirror.   
  
“Yes you are but look how much lower the sweater is in front and I doubt very much you are going to be doing much backward walking.” Boxie twisted around in front and the sweater was lower but she was standing still.