**Boxie’s Thanksgiving Part 2**

After our Thanksgiving dinner was finished, I went upstairs to the room I would be staying in, and took a nap. When I awoke a few hours later, like, my head was still a little fuzzy. Climbing out of bed, I made my way to the bathroom where I brushed out my long black hair. Then I decided to get changed so I could see what the others were up to downstairs.

I put on a new pair of panties and squeezed into some jeans, pulling some comfortable wooly socks over my feet. Instead of my black turtleneck, I picked out a light brown sweater with an autumn print on the front. That would be festive. Of course, I had a simple T-shirt and my bra on underneath. It felt a bit odd to be so fully and decently dressed, after the craziness of yesterday! Finally, I tugged on my fur-lined boots and bounced out into the hallway.

As I headed down the staircase, again I amused myself with thoughts of sliding down the bannister. But I promised myself I would be well behaved. So I walked through the house of my grandmother until I discovered everyone gathered in the large den or living room. I always forget which one it was called. Anyway, it looked like they had the football game on the television. Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was almost 9:00 in the evening, and they were watching highlights from the afternoon’s earlier games. I saw my mother and father, as well as my uncle and older cousin, Jake.

However, I did not see any sign of the twins, Perry and Hamilton. I found myself wondering where the teenage boys had gone off to. And for that matter, where was c?

No sooner did I turn around, then the blonde young lady had a hand on my shoulder.

“Like, you nearly startled me, Abigail,” I told her.

I noticed that she was wearing jeans like me, and a sweater as well. Much more casual than when she was dressed formally for the big meal, and yesterday. She also looked me over, equally evaluating my appearance. In my tight jeans and sweater, it was obvious that I was the curvier girl. I wondered if that made her jealous.

Her lips parted in a smile and she said, “Really, Rebecca, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you. Let’s go outside for a while.”

The sound of Abigail’s voice was sweet, but I couldn’t tell if she was being sarcastic. On the other hand, it almost seemed like she was being… friendly? I was really confused.

“Um, OK,” I agreed softly.

The sixteen-year-old girl took my hand and started to lead me through the house. We passed by the kitchen, where the aroma of good food still hung in the air. Further down the hallway was the door that opened out into the backyard.

The two of us walked into the cool night air. I suppose the weather was seasonal, although it did not seem as cold as yesterday. A clear, starry sky was overhead, which actually looked quite beautiful. The backyard of my grandmother’s house was spacious, with a deck and patio and an in-ground pool. Of course, the pool was all covered up for this time of year. Also out in the yard was an old swing set. This is where Abigail now took me.

 We sat on the seats next to each other, kind of rocking back and forth gently, not really swinging high. Abigail chatted with me and it actually seemed like everything was normal. She asked me about high school and back home. Then the girl asked me if I had a boyfriend!

“Um, no,” I replied, my face blushing. “I mean, like, there are some guys that I think are cute and stuff, but, I’m not really going out with anyone. How about you?”

Instead of answering, Abigail asked, “What do you think of it out here, Rebecca?”

“Oh, it’s nice,” I told her. “A little chilly for my tastes, since I like the warmer weather better. My family usually goes someplace hot and sunny for vacation.”

Abigail laughed, “You think this is cold? It is over fifty degrees! Usually by this time of year, we are getting lots of snow.”

I pushed forward a little on the swing and conceded, “I guess it’s not too bad.”

There was a minute of silence that passed between us. It was night, and dark out, but there were lights on in the house as well as exterior lights by the patio. Suddenly, the blonde sixteen-year-old girl looked over at me with her piercing blue eyes.

“Take off all your clothes,” she told me.

“What?” I gasped, not sure that I heard her correctly. My fingers tightened around the chain links that supported the swing.

“Get undressed,” Abigail repeated more firmly. “Do it, Boxie, or I will tell your mother and father that you were naked yesterday.”

Well! I sure didn’t want to get in trouble with my parents. My own stormy grey eyes locked on her pale blue eyes, the proper young lady who remained sitting on the swing. Immediately, I hopped off and moved around to stand in front of Abigail. Glancing at the house, I wondered if anyone inside could see me. Especially anyone looking out from an upstairs window, like the Twins.

I would have to remove my boots in order to take off my jeans. So I reached down with both hands and pulled off the fur-lined footwear. At least the socks I had on would keep my feet warm. Straightening myself, my fingers undid the button on the front of my tight jeans. I had to wiggle and shimmy to get them over my very round bottom and down my legs. Hopefully the mashed potatoes I had eaten didn’t go straight to my ass.

Without hesitating, I kicked off my pants while at the same time lifting the sweater up my body. In no time, I had it bunched around my head, and then off completely as my long black hair was pulled free. I also took off my T-shirt, which I dropped to the ground outside. Looking at Abigail, I shivered slightly and rubbed my bare arms.

I was standing in front of her now, in my socks and underwear. “Is this far enough?”

“Why suddenly so shy, Rebecca?” the blonde teenager mocked me. “No, I want you to take off the rest.”

Lifting one foot, I slipped the wooly sock off with a finger and dropped my toes back to the cool grass. I pinched and tugged at my other sock until this was off as well. My hands then reached behind my back and unclasped my bra. At this point, I could no longer look Abigail in the eye. I loosened the shoulder straps and let the bra fall to the ground. My boobies spilled out, bouncing in front of me.

Thumbs hooked in the sides of my panties, I lowered them all the way to my ankles, and kicked them off.

Standing in front of the swing set, completely bare, my arms cradled beneath my breasts. Slowly, I moved my hands downward so I could bashfully cover my patch of black pubic hair, which grew in like a triangle with the pointy end pointing at my pussy.

“Don’t worry, Boxie, you will start to warm up,” Abigail grinned.

I looked down, and gasped, noticing my nipples were growing erect in the night-time air. All my clothes were scattered on the ground around me. This was something else I noticed. Fretfully, I turned my head glancing back at the house and the bright lights that were turned on inside.

“Just leave them there,” the sixteen-year-old girl suggested.

No, it was more of a command, as I kept my feet together and hands cupped over my pussy. “So, like, now what?”

I thought she was going to have me do something silly such as go back on the swing naked. What she said next had my heart beating faster. I hadn’t expected this.

“You are going to see more of my neighborhood, Rebecca,” she told me. “Because you are going to streak THROUGH TOWN!”

My grey eyes went wide and I opened my mouth, but I couldn’t say anything. Now I know my grandmother’s house was in a small, quaint community. Still, there were other homes on the street. And the way Abigail mentioned town, I figured she was talking about shops as well. My thoughts raced. It was getting later on in the evening on the night of Thanksgiving. How bad could it be?

The bossy teenager swung forward and jumped off the seat. I had a swift recollection of how we used to go on the rides at the playground when we were younger. Five years later, I would have never imagined she could get me in this position.

“Come on, Boxie, this way,” she said, walking past me and tugging on her long braided ponytail.

The way Abigail switched between my nickname and my formal name confused me. It kept me off guard, and on my toes. Bare toes, I thought to myself, as I looked down at my feet. My emotions were also confused. I should be scared. I was nude, outside my grandmother’s house, in an unfamiliar neighborhood. But I was also excited.

With one arm across my boobies, I kept them from bouncing too much as I started to walk. My other hand stayed between my legs. I shuffled forward making my way around the side of the house. All my clothes were in the backyard. Part of me wondered what would happen if someone, someone like either Perry or Hamilton, came down and discovered them. This was, like, unreal! Nervously, I shifted my eyes toward a second floor window.

“Come on, Rebecca,” the other girl continued to call after me, urging me further away.

Slowly, my steps led me out front, out in the open. I saw my parents’ SUV in the wide circular driveway, in addition to other cars. Up ahead, a quiet street passed into the night. There wasn’t a sidewalk. It was just the edge of the property and a curb, then the road.

“Are we allowed to leave the house?” I asked, trembling slightly.

Abigail pointed back at the front door. “Yesterday, you didn’t care about following rules. Here’s what I want you to do. Run down to the end of the block. I’m going to tell my mother that we went for a walk. I’ll meet up with you at the corner.”

Then I watched as she turned and headed to presumably slip indoors. I was left barefoot at the bottom of the driveway. Inching away from the house, I found myself walking into the road. There were more homes on the opposite side of the street and I saw lights on in the distance. I started off in that direction.

My hair and pubic patch were as black as the night. But the rest of my body, every inch, was completely bare and the lighter skin seemed so visible in contrast! My nipples were pink and hard. I know, because I lifted both hands to hold my tits and began to jog along the street my grandmother’s house was on. Behind me, I could feel my ass bouncing. The road was nicely paved here, which made me gasp as I glided across the cool surface.

Soon, my grandmother’s house was behind me as well, as I was running naked through the neighborhood!

I actually was feeling warm between my legs. And my tummy had butterfly sensations, while the night air made my skin tingle. This was, like, totally outrageous! I looked back over my shoulder, then straight ahead, to make sure no cars were around. In front of me, I saw a house coming up that looked like the front door was opening. Feeling adventurous, I crossed the street to the side this property was on.

Now I slowed down my pace, so I could catch my breath and figure out what to do. Still walking with one arm across my boobies, my other arm swung gently at my side. I was almost ready to pass this new home, when a man and a woman stepped into view. They were saying goodbye to whoever was still inside. Abigail told me that I had to run all the way to the corner, and that meant I had to get by this house. Making a break for it, I pumped my arms and jogged past the mailbox and driveway. I streaked past the front lawn.

Then, over my shoulder, I heard the man ask, “Hey, honey… did you just see a naked girl run by here?”

“Oh, sweetheart, now I think you had too much to drink!” the woman replied.

Oh my gosh, he totally saw me! I didn’t look back, but continued to run, my boobies bouncing up and down in front of me. Further ahead, I spotted the dim outline of a hedge bush, which I quickly ducked behind. At this point, my nipples were fully erect.

“I should turn around and go back,” I said to myself.

But something urged me to keep going forward. Again, I remembered Abigail had told me to run to the corner. It couldn’t be much further. I poked my head over the small green leaves, making sure no one was watching. Then I touched my bare shoulders, and rubbed my arms. Standing up, the prickly hedge tickled my pussy. I nearly jumped! Still, I managed to spin around and decided to jog nude into the middle of the road.

This was better than trying to sneak from hiding spot to hiding spot. That would, like, take forever. And I kind of felt wild as I pumped my arms at my sides and left everything out on the open. If it was broad daylight, I didn’t think I could do this. But under the cover of night, I had less to worry about. Up ahead there was a streetlamp and looked to be the intersection.

I dashed toward the end of the block, feeling my round bottom bounce behind me. At the corner, I looked up and ran my hands through my long black hair. The spot I was standing in was actually well lit, and for the moment, I could totally be seen. My eyes searched for a place where I could hide.

In the next instant, headlights flooded the street. Coming from the direction I had run, I could hear the vehicle on the road. I faced forward and blinked into the approaching brightness. Mesmerized, it was like I couldn’t make myself move. My arms just dangled, fingers touching the sides of my legs. This was it… I was going to get caught! At least I didn’t live around here.

I watched as the small SUV rolled forward, wishing nothing so much as to be back at my grandmother’s house, safe under the covers. My grey eyes were wide, heart beating faster. Conscious of the ground beneath my toes, I was deliciously reminded of my total nudity.

But then the car slowed down, pulling to the side of the road. The passenger window lowered, and I cautiously stepped closer. Peering in, I saw a girl with long blonde hair and blue eyes. It was Abigail! I giggled, while breathing a sigh of relief. My juicy bottom wiggled and my boobies shook indecently. But I was glad to see it was her driving.

“I made it to the end of the block, just like you said,” I told her breathlessly.

My cousin looked over at me, standing outside, seeing me naked from the waist up. “You might want to turn down the high-beams, Boxie.”

I lowered my eyes and gasped. My nipples were sticking out totally erect. Like, you could hang pictures on them!

“Yeah, it’s still a little chilly,” I tried to laugh. “So, are you, like, going to let me in?”

Now I was practically purring. My hands reached up to lift my breasts, letting them bounce down again. At the same time, I stood up on my toes and rubbed my tummy. Then I moved my hands behind me to feel my bare bottom. I looked over my shoulder, then back at Abigail.

“Well, Rebecca, you appear to be pretty warm out there,” she told me.