**Introducing Boxie Carter**

by American Cowboy

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?” Patricia, my friend, asked nervously.

My name is Rebecca Carter, Becky for short, among my family. My friends, however, had somehow mangled the nickname either accidentally or for fun, and started calling me Boxie. Now at school, that is how I am known as … Boxie Carter.

I guess I should describe a little bit about myself before going into detail about the situation I found myself in. You see, just after I turned sixteen, I heard about this girl who went to our high school. Her name was Erica, and I think she graduated a couple of years ago. Well, I heard that she would do all kinds of crazy stunts, like taking off her clothes in class or streaking a football game. But the rumors didn’t stop. One of my friends told me that this Erica girl actually stripped off her gown at graduation and stood up in front of the audience, stark naked!

That’s just unbelievable. I mean, this was beyond pulling the fire alarm or stupid pranks like that. To me, there was something deliciously risky and exciting about running around nude, at school! I started collecting all kinds of bits of information, and the more I learned about this Erica, the more struck I became with this idea.

Yeah, so my name is Boxie. I’m about five foot four or five, not too short but not too tall either. I have long black hair that curls up at the ends, and I have grey eyes. I guess the main thing that really started me thinking about this former student was that just around my sixteenth birthday, I began to start… developing. Now I’ve got these curvy hips, and I’m quite busty in the chest. I’ve noticed more and more of the guys looking at me, and I like that a lot!

I watched Patty shuffle from one foot to the other, waiting for my reply. In her arms, she hugged an empty book-bag close to her chest. Occasionally, she would swing her head around, listening for the footsteps of anyone approaching. I knew she would be the perfect accomplice.

“Yeah, I’m ready…” I answered, trying to sound cool.

In truth, I was getting pretty nervous, and I felt like butterflies were tickling my tummy. It was not an unpleasant feeling, and I would remember this moment of anticipation as one of the reasons I decided to go through with the plan.

My arms twisted in front of me, as I grabbed the bottom of my shirt in opposite hands, pulling the top up my body. The first sensation I recall was my bellybutton coming into view, feeling the bare skin of my smooth stomach exposed. But I didn’t stop there. I hurriedly pulled the shirt the rest of the way, over my head, even clawing at it from the back, to get it off my arms and shoulders. Then, hastily, I handed it to Patricia who stuffed the article of clothing in her bag.

Standing here in the black bra I was wearing, I rubbed my elbows and forearms, looking around myself to make sure we were alone. For the first time, I realized that stripping required one to make important decisions! Do I go for the bra and get topless right away? That didn’t seem right, but somehow, the thought of pulling down my pants right here seemed really naughty. Well, it wouldn’t matter in the end. So closing my eyes, I reached behind my back in order to unhook the bra clasp.

When I quickly pulled this off, I glanced at my friend to see her slightly blushing. Looking down, I watched my own boobies bouncing around uncovered. This was kind of fun! I giggled, and tossed the bra to Patty. Maybe she felt a little uncomfortable, but I knew she was OK doing this and I could trust her.

Now I found the buttons along the front fly of my jeans with my fingers, and wasted no time popping them open. I felt my heart begin to race, and even noticed that my fingers trembled just a little. I had to shake my hips, to slide the jeans lower, ‘cause they were kind of tight and I have a nice round butt. Once they were down my legs, I had to hop on one leg, just to pull the pants off one foot at a time, since I was still wearing shoes. This was kind of awkward. And I had to reach an arm out to maintain some balance, all the while my breasts flopping up and down. Somehow I thought this would be more… graceful?

Finally, I wrestled my jeans off my legs and crumpled them up to give to Patty. Then I did a little turn, my fists curled up beneath my chin so that my elbows blocked my naked boobs. It was almost as if I had to catch my breath. I couldn’t believe I was standing here in just a pair of sneakers and…

“That’s a cute thong, Boxie!” I heard my friend chuckle behind me.

I looked over my shoulder to see her grinning, and then lowered my own eyes to see what little I was wearing. Was I blushing? I don’t know if I felt embarrassed, but there was definitely something happening, causing my whole body to tingle. Slowly, my hands fell to my waist, thumbs hooking into the sides of my thong-styled underwear. Well, this was it! I took a deep breath… and began to peel down my panties.

Actually, I bent at the knees shyly, rolling the delicate black fabric over my thighs. I didn’t want Patty to get an obscene view up my butt-hole, or anything peeking between my legs! The light underwear slid past my calves and ankles easily, and I lifted each heel to remove them completely.

Still in a squatting position, I rubbed a hand up and down my shoulder and arm. I was naked! Reaching backward, my fingers found the discarded panties on the floor. These in hand, I demurely stood up again. But before I turned around to give Patty my last piece of clothing to hold, I automatically covered my hand over my crotch. Maybe self-consciously, or maybe it was just reflex. It seemed kind of funny that I had gone all the way to strip naked, but needed to hide my private parts.

Patricia stuffed my underwear into the book-bag along with the rest of my clothes, and then said, “Maybe you should keep your shoes and socks on… in case you have to make a quick run for it.”

I hadn’t thought of that. In fact, I hadn’t any plans on getting caught. Strangely, the idea sent a chill up my otherwise bare body. I guess her suggestion did make sense, and it wouldn’t hurt to be cautious. So dressed in only a pair of white sneakers, I turned around and started to walk across the room.

We were in the high school gym’s locker room. It was the middle of the day, and the place was completely empty. I had done a lot of research in planning this little episode. It seemed that both gym instructors were occupied for this period, with one being a hall monitor and the other stationed in the cafeteria. Thus, I reasoned, no teachers, no gym classes. It was perfect.

I suppose being in the locker room naked wasn’t that big of a deal. I was even heading over to the empty shower stalls. This was all perfectly normal.

Except we were in the boys’ locker room!

Oh, man… just the thought had been so exciting. And now that I was actually doing it, this was unreal! I jogged the last few feet of distance to the shower heads sticking out of the wall, letting my boobs bounce up and down and feeling my completely bare bottom jiggle. When I reached the end of the room, I placed my palms flat against the tiles and threw my head back. This was great! It was wild, and outrageous, and I loved every moment.

I heard Patty creeping up behind me. Again, I looked over my shoulder to see her clutch the bag tightly. She looked uncertain. I mean, I was the one naked, but I guess she would still be in trouble if we got caught. Better get this over with, I figured.

“Wait a minute,” I said, pausing with a hand on one of the faucets.

Behind me, but off to the side, Patricia asked, “What is it, Boxie?”

I looked up at the stainless steel nozzle looming above my head. Nothing fancy here. My eyes wandered over the tiled wall in front, down to the floor where I was standing, finding the drain not too far away. I thought about the water that would be spouting out, washing over my body.

“I don’t want to get my shoes wet,” I confessed, pouting a little.

Patty’s eyes roamed up and down the side of my nude body and then she remarked, “But that means you’ll be…”

I didn’t let her finish the sentence. Once more, I squatted down so that my fingers could rapidly untie the laces. First one shoe came off, and then the other. I was able to take the toe of each slouch sock I had been wearing, and slip them off my feet. Just as I was about to gather these items and give them to my friend, I found her staring at me with wide eyes.

It was as if the whole situation was finally dawning on her. “Ohmygosh, Boxie… you are, like, totally naked right now… in the boys’ locker room!”

“I know!” I gasped, feeling a little breathless.

Suddenly, I looked down at my chest and notice that my nipples had grown erect. This was new… and a little embarrassing. I mean, I didn’t want Patty to think I was getting turned on.

We both kind of giggled, and then I handed my sneakers to her with the socks balled up and stuffed inside. Damn! And I forgot to cover my pussy this time! I’m sure she caught a glimpse of my little patch of black pubic hair, but as soon as she had the last of my things, I spun around and scurried on my toes back under the showerhead.

After a moment of rearranging the book-bag, Patrica asked, “So are you ready to begin this show?”

Facing the wall, I folded my arms across my chest, hugging my boobies tightly. I wished my nipples hadn’t become suddenly so hard. The front of one foot, I rubbed behind that back of my other leg’s calf. I think my butt cheeks clenched. Maintaining this nude profile, I turned my head to answer my friend.

I saw that the backpack with all my clothes was resting at her feet. In her hand, Patty held a palm-sized digital video camera. It was just as we had planned, only now seeing the small red light that indicated she was recording, I was beginning to have second thoughts.

Shuffling halfway around on the bare heels of my feet, I kept an arm wrapped around my breasts, while slipping the other hand down to hide my pussy.

“Um, Patty… you are sure that you can create those black censor boxes to block out everything?” I asked.

It now seemed a broad smile of excitement spread across her otherwise plain face and she said, “Oh, yeah, totally! You know we can’t upload anything with real nudity to that site.”

Well, she had a point. That did ease my fears a little, and I tried to relax. My toes wiggled on the tiles of the floor.

“Come on, Boxie!” my friend reminded me. “You had better stop wasting any more time…”

All right, this was really it. I nodded my chin, and then gradually moved my arms to my sides. Revealing everything, I stood in all my naked glory. No sense in making it look like I was trying to cover up. Especially since in the edited version, my boobs and crotch would be blocked out. So I took another deep breath, and then turned to face the faucets once more. This time I was determined, and I forcefully twisted the knob to the left.

“Eeeeee!” I squealed as a stream of water hit my tits and bare stomach. “That’s cold!”

I danced up on my toes, letting the water hit my face. Instinctively, my hands reached up, squeezing my breasts. I was shocked at how erect my nipples were, sticking out like darts. Flustered, I reached an arm to my side, searching for the other faucet that would adjust the temperature.

“Don’t turn it too high,” Patty advised. “If you make too much steam, it will be hard to see you…”

“Right,” I sputtered.

So I turned the knob just a little, enough to make the water only lukewarm, but not so uncomfortable. I spun around and raised my head, letting the stream fall on my face, and then slicked back my long dark hair. Again, I stood up on my toes, arms spread out to either side of me like airplane wings. I felt the spray of water hit my back and bare buttocks, little streams running down my ass crack. Once more I shivered, but not because of the cold temperature.

Now that I had gotten comfortable, well, somewhat more comfortable, I stepped around so that my back was facing Patty. I wanted her to get a good shot of my curvy bottom. Looking over my shoulder coyly, I wrapped my arms across the front of my body. Then I slowly turned myself until I was showing my front. I ran my hands up my neck and face, and then locked my fingers behind my head. Playing it up for the video, I shook my tits at the camera.

The shower continued to cascade over me, dripping wet and nude. I lowered my eyes to note the glistening drops on my stomach and legs, a small puddle around my bare feet. Next I shimmied down a little and squeezed my boobies.

"Wow… this is going to be some hot video," my friend commented.

"Uh-huh," was all I could answer, concentrating on my sexy dance.

With one hand teasing my hair above my head, I let my other hand slide between my cleavage and down my stomach. I separated the fingers like a fan, just in front of my pussy. Figuring that this part would be blocked out anyway, I slid a finger inside me, just to see what it was like. It was AMAZING!

I quickly did another spin around, so that Patty wouldn't see me shudder. Was I about to have an orgasm? I hadn't planned on that, and I definitely did not want to masturbate in front of Patty. So I figured I had better not do any more touching. Instead, I glanced over my shoulder and wiggled my butt.

"Can you imagine when the boys find this video online!" I giggled.

Somehow, it didn't seem so bad with Patty watching me from behind the camera lens, as she focused on her filming. "Yeah, but with all the good parts blocked out. You're such a tease, Boxie!"

I continued to do my shower dance, sometimes pausing to stretch and let my hands slide up and down my legs. Sometimes I would slap my butt, or reach up to squeeze one of my breasts. Oh God, I was thankful these titties would have the black box edited over them, 'cause my nipples were positively pointing toward the ceiling! If anyone ever saw me like this, it would be so embarrassing!

“Time to wrap this up,” I announced, turning to face the showerhead.

I stuck my chest out and enjoyed the play of water falling down the front of my body. Then I leaned forward, placing one hand each on the faucets. Simultaneously I twisted the chrome knobs to the right, feeling the spray diminish to a trickle and eventually stop. Still in this pose, with my butt sticking out a little, I winked at Patty and giggled.

Suddenly there was a jarring, scraping noise… followed by a loud bang! I watched my friend jerk her head reflexively to look behind her. I don’t know, out of instinct I guess, I lifted one foot off the floor and raised my hands to cup my boobies.

The next sound that caused my heart to leap in my throat and beat wildly was the chorus of voices. Young male voices!

I should have probably described the layout of the gym and locker room at our school. There is a wide hall that runs down this wing of the building, which ends in the double doors that lead outside to the running track and athletic fields. Along the wall, spaced wide apart, are the doors to the boys and girls locker rooms. When you first walk in, you have to turn around a little corner, and then there are all these benches I guess where the jocks sit and tie on their cleats. The red metal lockers are stacked along the wall, but only students who play on a sports team get their own personal locker.

As you walk through the changing room, you turn around another corner and that’s where the tiles to the shower section starts. No individual stalls, but there is a privacy wall after the last shower head, and just around this is the coach’s office. A small waiting room is set up outside his door with a couple of chairs, and there is another door that opens out into the actual gym itself.

So by the sounds that were drawing closer, it seemed a group of students had entered from the outside hallway and were filing into the changing area. Had the next gym class began already? It couldn’t have, I was sure I had checked the schedule! The voices became clear, and I could just make out words and sentences. This wasn’t a class… these were guys on the football team!

And I was standing stark naked, in the middle of the locker room showers!

Patty, just out of view from beyond the corner, looked around frantically and crept within a couple of inches from me.

“What do we do?” she whispered, clutching the camera.

I covered my boobies and pussy and glanced past my friend. Stupid! She had left the backpack with my clothes sitting on the floor. All the while, the talking and chatting among the football players continued right on the other side of the wall! Instead of springing into action, we kind of froze in panic.

That is, until, one of the boys stepped casually onto the tiles in front of us.

“Hey, there’s someone in here!”

“What? Who?” came the rapid replies, and I could hear bodies shuffling around.

I turned my back, exposing my bare ass, but at least Patty was between the player and me. With a hand still between my legs and an arm slung across my tits, I started to run to the other side of the showers.

“There are two chicks in here…” I heard the guy call out behind me.

“Are they naked?” someone asked.

Well, I didn’t wait to hear the answer. I was already rounding the corner, moving closer to the gym. Oh God, I hoped the coach wasn’t in his office! No, wait, he couldn’t be… I know that he was in a different part of the school this period. This thought must have been in the back of my mind, ‘cause without checking, I just ran into the little side room. Patty soon came stumbling after me.

I was dripping wet and totally nude, plus my nipples were still pretty erect. Embarrassed, I tried to hide this fact by crossing my arms and shoving my hands under my armpits. Of course, this left me exposed below, and looking down I saw beads of water glisten on my tummy and in between my pubic hairs.

My only option now was to run into the gym! I thought about heading back through the locker room, but that would mean squeezing between a mass of these football players. I could picture them pinching me and tickling my bottom, rubbing their hands all over my body… God this was also making me hot! But I couldn’t do that either, so I turned and pressed myself against the door, the way Patty and I had entered earlier.

Thankfully, since there were no classes this period, the expanse of the hardwood floor was empty. Not waiting to see if Patty was with me, I streaked out into the middle of the basketball court. Looking back, I saw that the only problem was I was leaving a trail of water behind me, and vague slippery prints left my bare feet. This was too much! To be naked in the locker room was one thing, but now I was standing in the center of my high school gymnasium without any clothes on!!

When the door to the boys' locker room opened again, I dropped down in a crouch, wrapping my arms around my shoulders. Strings of wet hair fail in my face, down my back. But I saw with relief it was only Patty come scampering in my direction to stand over me. This all happened pretty quickly, but I felt like I was moving in slow motion. My friend reached down to grab me by an arm, and lifted me to my feet.

"Come on!" she said urgently.

I just let her pull me along across the gym, my bare breasts flopping around. The moisture that collected on my body flew off as we ran, and of course my hair was still dripping. Then I realized that we were headed for the bleachers looming out from the wall decorated with pennants and other signs of our school spirit. It was here that we ran around, and Patty showed me that we could fit just beneath the bleachers.

My heart racing with the rush of adrenaline, yet also a thrill of excitement, I dropped to the floor. I was able to peer through the space between the seating planks. Just then, the locker room door opened again, and a handful of guys poured into the gym!

"Be absolutely quiet," Patty whispered.

But she didn't have to tell me twice. I don't think I even breathed!

Five of the football players started scoping out the gym. They found my trail of water and puddle easy enough. But I guess flailing about as I ran the rest of the way, must have sprayed droplets in all different directions. Still, I self-consciously twisted the wet strands of my hair over my shoulder. I hoped the boys wouldn't investigate much further, and track me down hiding under the bleachers.

After a few minutes, another guy emerged from the locker room. This was the captain of the team, maybe, as he barked at his players to get back inside. Finally I was able to relax, seeing the male students give up their search and return through the door.

I had been kneeling and leaning forward anxiously as I watched the boys roam around the court, waiting to see if I would be discovered. Once they all left the gym, I slumped down, landing on my ass, legs spread apart. I looked up to regard Patricia with a small chuckle.

"That was close!" I said with an exhalation of relief.

Then I lowered my eyes and saw that in all the excitement and running around, my pussy lips had unexpectedly opened up. Quickly, I stretched an arm down, palm covering my crotch. Patty fidgeted and looked away awkwardly, trying not to stare at my naked body. It was then I noticed that she had her camera in her other hand.

"Are you… still recording this?" I asked seeing the red light above the lens.

My friend held her arm out to examine the video camera, which was more or less pointed at me. "Oh, right… sorry, Boxie. In the rush to get out of there, I forgot to turn it off."

I curled my knees up, hugging them in front of my chest. "So you can turn the camera off now, right, Patty?"

"Oh, sure… of course!" she stammered, apparently mesmerized by the fact that I was sitting beneath the bleachers of our gym, fully naked! "Don't worry, we can edit out all that extra stuff."

Satisfied when the power was shut off, I inclined my head thoughtfully. "I don't know. This went a lot farther than I had expected. Maybe I should just get dressed and forget about the whole thing."

"Get dressed?" my friend asked, bewildered all of a sudden, as she scanned the area.

Nervously, I started to get to my feet. "What's the matter, Patricia? Didn't you bring the bag with you?"

My friend continued to swivel her head, looking everywhere on the floor but not directly at me. “Oh gosh, Boxie, I am so sorry! I was just holding onto the camera for dear life… I totally forgot about the backpack!”

“You forgot?” I squealed, hugging my body tighter. “Well, you’re going to have to go back in there and get my clothes!”

Patty glanced over her shoulder and asked, “In the boys’ locker room? By myself? I don’t think I could do that…”

“Why not, at least you’re dressed!” I replied shifting from one foot to the other, one hand still cupping my pussy, ashamed by my own words.

She nodded her head and answered, “OK, don’t worry… I’ll get your clothes back. Just stay here… don’t go anywhere.”

Great, where was I supposed to go? I guess I should be thankful that she at least brought me to this hiding place. I can’t imagine if I had to run through the school bare-assed naked. Patty started to back away, and then she headed out onto the gymnasium court. Turning to look through the spaces between the tiered seating, I watched her run toward the locker room door. She paused, and then switched gears to run toward the opposite side of the gym. Damn, what was she doing!

Well, it seemed my friend decided to take a different approach. Biting my fingernails in anticipation, I was just able to view her move to the larger doors that opened out into the hall. I guess she was going to wait until the football players came out of the locker room. What a chicken. It’s not like she was the one who had taken off all her clothes. Still, I suppose she would have some explaining to do, and that might be a little embarrassing.

I casually raised my arm to glance at my watch… except I wasn’t wearing a watch! Not even a bracelet or piece of jewelry. It was just me, absolutely bare from head to toe. And I was worried… what if the players weren’t going outside, but instead came back into the gym? And here I was all alone. I also struggled to remember what the rest of the afternoon schedule looked like, when the next Phys Ed class was going to arrive.

At that moment, the thought struck me that my hair must be a mess. I hadn’t had a chance to comb it out properly. Although it was drying, it was probably stringy and leaving split-ends. Damn, if you’re going to get caught naked, you want to at least look good naked. Self-consciously, I pulled my long hair over my shoulder and tried to smooth the tresses out with my hands. I had returned to a kneeling position, and the curve of my butt cheeks rested on my bare heels. Also, I was aware of the hardwood floor beneath my toes.

It was amazing the sensations you felt, not wearing any clothes. I had to secretly admit, my whole body felt alive. And of course, my nipples remained very erect. I just hoped, Patty would return soon with my stuff, before I did anything inappropriate. I mean, I had never masturbated in school before, and I certainly did not want to start now!

Then I realized, that I had an incredible opportunity here. Obviously, I had never been naked in school like this, and never in the school’s gymnasium. But I was alone… it seemed the boys were not going to be heading back out here, they probably needed to run some drills outside on the field. Slowly, I lowered myself all the way to the floor. I was able to stretch out fully, lying on my back, staring up at the underside of the bleachers above me. My bottom felt nice on the smooth polished hardwood floor.

So nice, in fact, that I wondered devilishly how my front would feel! I closed my eyes and slowly turned over on my side. Then, pushing off my hip, I gently rolled onto my stomach. At first the floor was cool, but delightful, and a small coo escaped my lips. My toes arched initially, almost like I was going to do push-ups, but then I slid them down so that the soles of my bare feet faced up. I stretched my arms all the way out in front of me, fingers spread apart like a fan. My palms were flat on the ground, as I lay my cheek against the wood. Of course, my boobs were squished a bit and also sensitive to the touch, as was my most girly part unused to making contact with this strange surface. My ass began to wiggle.

"Boxie, you're dirty…"

With my butt still sticking up, I opened my eyes to see Patty standing behind me. Oh God this was so embarrassing! All I could think was to shove both my arms beneath my body, reaching between my legs so that my hands could partially obscure the view.

"I wasn't doing anything!" I cried.

Patty, kind of averting her eyes, then said, "No, I mean your feet… the water from the shower, and then walking across the floor… the bottoms of your feet are dirty. Plus, hiding here on the floor, you probably got grime and other stuff all over you."

I almost giggled, thinking how close I had been to really doing something dirty. "Well, if you don't mind, I'm going to wait until I get home before I take another shower!"

Rolling over again, I sat up on my bottom and pulled my knees up to my chest. I saw that Patty had the backpack open, and like a good friend, was already picking out my clothes to hand to me. The first thing I did was slip my bra back on, so I could finally get these boobies and nipples covered up!

After I had put on the rest of my underwear, I stood up and asked Patty, "So did the guys give you a hard time?"

"Well, they let me have the bag back," she started and I saw she was wringing her hands uncomfortably. "But they made me give them the camera…"

I hopped up and down on my toes so I could squeeze the tight jeans over my hips. "So, um, you let them have your digital video camera, so you could return my clothes to me? That was sweet of you."

Buttoning up the front of my jeans, I bent down to pull on my socks. After being naked for as long as I was, it felt weird to have fabric on my skin again. I noticed that my friend had not commented or said anything. And then I had sudden thought.

"You took out the tape, first, didn't you!" I gasped.

Patty flailed her arms about in protest. "No! How could I have known? I didn't know what to expect… I just waited outside their locker room and approached them when they came out. The guys were asking me a lot of questions… I didn't know what to tell them!"

My mouth hung open for a moment, I could picture the boys watching the playback of my nudie dance. "Patty, you didn't…"

"Look, Boxie, they said the bag with your clothes was in their possession, and they would only return it to me in exchange for the camera. I figured you didn't want to spend the rest of the day naked and hiding!"

I shivered a little, still standing in my bra, and then lowered my eyes. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"Besides," Patty gave me a small smile, "They said they would get in touch with us about giving the camera back, too. I'm sure they just want to have a good laugh, jerk off a little. No harm done…"

I had to giggle, the way my friend phrased it like that. The idea of guys stroking themselves while watching me had become a secret fantasy of mine. Finally, I pulled on my top and stepped into my sneakers. With a sigh, I realized there was not much I could do about it. Like Patty said, I'm sure nothing would come of it.

Little did I know, high school was just about to get very interesting.

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I should have mentioned that I recently started a part-time job at the Wendy's fast food place in my neighborhood. Usually I worked weekend hours. But once a month I would be scheduled for the Friday late night shift. Well, I guess technically that was the weekend, too. Since we were open late, like 'till one or two in the morning, that was practically Saturday!

When this happened, I would get home from school in the afternoon, grab something to eat and then take a nap. Someone in my family would drop me off around 8:00 pm. One of my co-workers would give me a drive home.

So on the Friday following the shower incident, I found myself looking at my watch, to see that it was already half past midnight. I had to drink a couple of cups of coffee to keep me awake, but now I was buzzing with caffeine energy. My co-workers had noted this, and sent me to mop the floors around the eating area. This was pretty easy, because there was absolutely nobody here, no customers to get in my way.

"All done!" I announced, pulling the bucket on wheels and the mop back behind the counter.

Three co-workers were on duty with me tonight. Courtney was a cute blonde, sweet personality, and a little shorter than me. Then there was Joshua, a tall lanky boy with glasses. I guess his friends probably called him Josh, but he always seemed so serious, so I called him Joshua. The other girl was Jessica, with long curly red hair, tied back in a ponytail like Courtney and me. She was kind of skinny and taller than me, and she also wore glasses. Jessica had been working at this Wendy's the longest, so she tended to be pretty bossy.

She wasn't the real boss of course. That would be George, the night manager, a guy in his twenties, working his way through college. He was friendly, but overweight, probably from eating too many bacon cheeseburgers. George was mild-mannered and tended to keep to himself, letting us come to him if we had a problem.

Jessica watched me drag the mop and bucket to the supply closet, then said, "All right, Rebecca, you can cover the drive through window."

"Her name is Boxie," Courtney spoke up on my behalf. "Why don't you call her by her real name?"

The older red-headed girl wrinkled her nose. "What kind of name is Boxie? And that's not her real name, it's not what is says on her name tag!"

"Maybe I could get that changed," I giggled.

Jessica faced me with her hands on her hips. "Just put on the headset and get over by the window."

"What's the rush?" I teased, sauntering behind the counter with a wiggle in my hips. "No one is going to pull up at this hour."

"You never know," Courtney laughed. "Someone might get the late-night munchies, right Josh?"

The boy had been quietly minding his own business, reading a magazine by the far end of the counter. I guess it was tough being the only guy working with three females. Especially when two of them were really cute! Well, there was George, but he was always hiding out in his office. I wondered what he did in there.

Joshua pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and answered, "Yeah, maybe…"

Courtney and I shared a secret giggle. Meanwhile, Jessica had folded her arms and was tapping her foot impatiently.

"Oh all right!" I said in a huff, and then went to take the headphone and microphone set.

Fitting these onto my head, I adjusted the equipment to a comfortable position. Then I climbed into the box-like compartment that had a window facing outside, next to where the electronic menu board and speaker were placed. On the side of the station was a basic computer interface where I could enter in the orders. I had done drive-through before, but never during one of the few late shifts I had covered.

As expected, it was dead quiet. I could even hear the crickets chirping outside. Apparently, there was not a single automobile in the area. So Courtney and I continued to gab and gossip, even though we were separated by like fifteen feet and Jessica was in between us.

Finally, after about twenty minutes, a car rolled up toward the window. I was actually startled at the sound of tires rolling up the pavement outside. There was the usual pause, giving the customers a moment to figure out what they wanted, and I listened to the engine idling. It must have been a nice car, the way it was purring in the night.

"Welcome to Wendy's," I finally said with the customary smile on my face. "How may I take your order?"

There was another pause, and then a young male's voice.

"Completely naked."

I blinked, not quite believing that I heard correctly. Placing my hand to the earpiece, I looked over my shoulder to see if the other girls heard. Of course they couldn't, the customer using the speaker outside would go directly into my headset. I squirmed a little on my counter stool and fidgeted with my uniform shirt.

"Excuse me?" I replied. "Could you repeat that?"

The voice returned, "We would rather you repeat your locker room performance. Is this Boxie Carter?"

"Um, yes…" I answered foolishly.

"Then I think you know what this is about," continued the young man. "We have something in our possession, which you would probably like very much to have back."

"The camera!" I whispered harshly into the microphone.

I tried not to make it seem like there was any problem, or stir any commotion. Again, I looked over my shoulder. Jessica had disappeared into the kitchen, and she would be waiting to receive the order. Courtney and Joshua were at their registers.

The customer outside went on saying, "So far only a few members of the team have watched the tape. It's very hot. But I don't think you want us to distribute it around the entire high school, right?"

"You brought the camera with you?" was all I could ask.

"Yes, we have the camera. And we would like to give it back to you tonight, but you just have to do one thing for us."

My heart was beating fast, my eyes were wide and I licked my lips. "What do I have to do?"

"We would like three number four combos, please, and an extra order of onion rings," the boy said placing his request. "And we would like you to bring the food out to our car in the parking lot. After you have taken off all your clothes."

I quickly punched in the order, stalling for time, giving myself time to think. At least that would keep Jessica busy at the grill. Nervously, I adjusted my visor cap and the headset again.

"Will that be all," I asked aloud, to make it sound like everything was normal.

"Did you hear our instructions clearly? I know these speakers can be pretty crappy."

I tried to look out the window, but it was hard to make out who was in the car. "Um, all right, so if… like, if I sneak into to the bathroom and take off my uniform, I can slip outside and bring you the food."

There was a noise of static, and the voice said, "You want the camera and the tape back, right?"

"Yes, of course!" I agreed in earnest. I would be so embarrassed if the whole school saw the unedited video.

"Then listen carefully, Boxie. You will go to the women's restroom now and take off your uniform… your complete uniform; and your underwear, bra and panties. And take off your shoes and socks."

"But…" I started, only to hear more static in my ear.

Then the voice returned, "All right, you can keep on the hat. That will be cute."

"Thanks," I muttered, not realizing that I had placed my fingers lightly on my crotch.

"So after you strip naked," he continued pleasantly as if this was part of his order, "You walk back into the restaurant. Take the food from your co-worker, and then bring it outside to our car. Then you will get the camera back."

"Oh my God! Wait…" I started, excited and afraid at the same time. "How do I know it's really who you say you are? How do I know you even have the camera, or if this is just some prank!"

After another pause, and some more static, the guy said that they would send one of the football players into the Wendy's. He would give me a salute to signal that everything was cool. And then it was up to me to do the rest, if I ever wanted to get Patty's camera back.

There was nothing more to negotiate, so I simply replied, "Thank you… um, please pull up to the register window."

I hopped off the stool and walked back into the counter area. Courtney was already behind the other window, waiting to take their money. Again, I fidgeted with the headset, and then finally took the damn thing off. Just then, the glass doors to the lobby opened, and in walked a guy who went to our high school.

He was about six feet tall and nicely built, wearing the school's varsity football jacket. I knew immediately who it was. Chad, the captain of the football team! I almost fainted, but I was frozen to the spot where I stood behind the counter. He casually walked over to the other end, up to Joshua's register.

As the younger guy began to take his order, Chad smoothly looked in my direction. Our eyes met. He gave me a wink and a smirk, then a snappy little salute that no one else would have seen. That was it, the sign that this was for real!

Now I had some decisions to make, and had to make them fast! My fingers trembled, and I nervously fumbled with the buttons on my uniform shirt. Of course I could refuse to go through with this. I was being blackmailed. I could tell someone, report these jokers to the principal or the police. But then, I was being blackmailed with something I shouldn't have been doing in the first place. So the question was, deep down, did I want to go through with this?

I don't think Chad took his eyes off me the whole time he was standing there. God, was he seducing me? If I did what the other football player asked, then he would see me naked, every inch. I realized that I wanted him to see me naked. I mean that would be so hot!

But that would also mean other people, like my co-workers and maybe other customers or the other football players, they would all see me totally nude. I pulled my bottom lip between my thumb and forefinger, thinking what to do.

"Excuse me," I finally said to no one in particular, as I lowered my head and walked out from behind the counter.

Keeping my eyes on the floor, I didn't even bother to look at Chad as I passed right by him. I wondered if his heart was beating as fast as mine. Over the shiny, freshly mopped tiles I moved, rounding the corner and shuffling between tables. The restrooms were down at the other side of the fast-food joint.

As soon as I ducked inside the ladies room, I quickly began unbuttoning my shirt. OK, like, so I was about to strip buck-naked at the place where I work. I tried not to think about it, as my hands unbuckled my belt and I pulled my pants down my legs. This was just something I needed to do, in order to get back Patty's video camera. How much more embarrassing would it be, if that tape was uploaded or e-mailed to everybody at school! I lifted each foot out of the black uniform shoes, stepping on the sides and kicking them off.

Then I was able to step completely out of my pants, which had crumpled around my feet. Leaning against the wall, I raised my knee so that I could reach down and pull off my socks one at a time. Without missing a beat, I reached my hands behind my back and unclasped my bra, letting it fall forward off my shoulders and then to the ground. I took a deep breath, thumbs hooked into my panties. This now seemed all too familiar. With a wiggle and a shake, I peeled the elastic down my curvy hips, bending over to take them down to my ankles.

Naked, I stepped over to the mirror and stood up on my bare toes. I was able to see in the reflection my bare breasts bouncing, and just beneath my navel. My hands reflexively reached for the visor cap that was part of the uniform, but then I remembered that I was told I could keep this on. As I prepared to walk back out into the restaurant, I dropped one hand to cover my crotch.

My pubic hair grew naturally just above my pussy. It started as a narrow strip of curly black hair and then spread out as it went higher, like an upside-down triangle. I wouldn't really call it a full bush, more like a patch. And I didn't have to do much grooming, that was just the way it came in. The only thing was, my pussy lips were left visible, especially when I was excited. This was something I only recently started to notice.

So very conscious of everything that would be on display, I pushed open the bathroom door with one hand, and then immediately lowered it in order to completely hide my frontal nudity. In this fashion, I stepped out into the eating area. Good, it was still empty! I looked around just to make sure, and skipped forward, trying to keep my tits from jiggling. There was nothing I could do about my bouncing bare ass.

When I first jogged around the corner, my eyes went to the end register. But Chad must have already taken his order and left! I found myself staring face to face with Joshua. We both froze, my arms still lowered in front of my body. I had bent a knee forward and lifted the heel of one foot off the ground. He could see that I was totally nude. Oh God, he was just looking at me, taking in the sight of my bare skin and curves!

Courtney was the next to catch notice of me and she squealed, "Boxie, what are you doing?"

Her voice drew my attention, and I saw that she had the bags of food and the cardboard tray for the drinks placed out on the counter. This was my chance to act, and hurry to get this over with. Forgetting about my male co-worker, I shuffled right up to the middle of the counter on the tips of my toes.

"Don't worry… this is something I have to do," I tried to explain, but it came out a bit breathless.

Reaching for the tray first, I was able to lift and carry it in one hand, allowing me to sling that arm across my boobies and hide my pink nipples. My other hand snatched the bag, fingers curling around the top, and pulled this close to my body. I definitely did not want Jessica to see my pussy!

However, as soon as I turned, she would get a good look at my totally bare backside.

"Rebecca, what the Hell are you up to!" I heard our bossy co-worker exclaim.

Looking shyly over my shoulder, I saw that Jessica had just returned from the grill and was behind the counter with Courtney and poor Joshua.

"Just bringing the food out to the customer," I squeaked.

Then I ran toward the entrance, pushing my shoulder into the glass door. Before my co-workers could even think to stop me or do anything else, I streaked outside of my neighborhood Wendy's… completely naked! I couldn't believe what a rush this was!

Unfortunately, as soon as I hit the cool nighttime air, my body reacted accordingly. Also, because I had those icy drinks cradled next to my chest, the effect was that my nipples grew extremely erect, even pointing to the sky. Looking up, I saw that it was a full moon out, as my own curvy bottom came bouncing down the concrete pavement. The parking lot was brightly lit, so I had absolutely no concealment. At least the bag of food kept my lower body warm.

There was a beep of a car horn that made me jump. I spun around, and saw the lone car in the parking lot. It had to be them. An arm reached out the driver side window and waved to me. Oh God, this was it! And I could feel my pussy tingling as I turned in their direction.

Quickly, I hopped over the landscaped and manicured grass. But as soon as I reached the asphalt pavement, I had to move more slowly on my bare feet. I guess that was why they made me take off my shoes and socks too, so they could get a good long look at me as I approached their car. As embarrassed as I was, I couldn't help but swing my hips, walking right up to the sporty vehicle.

I had to bend down a little to look inside the lowered window, and said sarcastically, "Here is your food, sir!"

"So, we finally get to meet the one and only Boxie Carter, in person," the young man said, making no attempt to take the food. "Boxie… is that even your real name?"

I had lowered the tray of drinks to the open window, and leaned down giving them a clear view of my naked cleavage. "It's a nickname…"

"Yeah, that's cute. My name is Todd."

"Hi, Todd…" I giggled.

"Did you remember the extra onion rings?" one of the guys in the back seat, leaned forward, sticking his face next to the driver's seat headrest.

From my waist down, I was hidden by the door panel. So I gripped the top of the bag with their food in one hand, and lifted it up so they could see. I was standing so close, I think my parts may have touched the side of the car. With a small gasp, I reached my arm through the window and watched them take the paper bag.

"Come on man, share the rings!" said one of the other players in the back seat.

The driver, Todd, then took the tray from the window, and passed the drinks back to his buddies. I was left with nothing, standing there stark naked. Shyly, I brought my hands up to cover my breasts. When I felt my nipples tickle my palms, oh God, I realized how hard they were!

"Um, so you are going to let me have the camera, right?" I asked after a minute.

Todd leaned across the passenger seat, apparently searching for something on the floor. In a moment, he sat back up, and I saw that he had the silver and black video camera in his palm. I asked him if the tape was in there, too.

"It's all there," he smiled, holding it out for me to take.

Quickly, I grabbed the camera with both hands and cradled it to my chest. Having it safely in my possession, I was able to breath a sigh of relief. Then I gave the young man a small smile. Lowering one hand, I teasingly traced a circle around my bellybutton.

"So, did you like what you saw on the tape?" I couldn't help but ask.

Todd regarded me for a moment, and then said, "The tape was all right. But it's not the same as having you right here in the flesh, so to speak. How about you turn around for us, Boxie?"

Well, I was feeling kind of grateful just to have the camera back. How could I refuse? I stood up on my toes, and closed my eyes, then slowly turned around. With my back facing the side of the car, I dropped my arms completely. I felt like I was floating on air.

"You've got a sweet ass," I heard the football player remark. "Like two perfect circles… like two basketballs next to one another."

I giggled at the boy's metaphor. Or was that a simile? Whatever it was called, the thought of these guys checking out my backside was making me hot. I licked my lips, and then opened my eyes…

And found Chad, the captain of the football team, standing in front of me!

I looked up into his face, my eyes wide in shock and embarrassment. Lowering them, I looked down the entire length of my naked body. He could see everything! My hands and arms didn't even move to cover, I just had my tits sticking out… oh, oh, and my pussy like totally on display!

"That's a nice camera," he said smoothly. "You should call us in a couple of years."

And then he calmly walked around me. I shyly glanced over my shoulder, to see him get into the car on the passenger's side. Instinctively, I took a couple of barefoot steps forward, closer to the Wendy's. The engine started behind me, and I watched then pull back and then speed out of the parking lot. I was left standing there for a moment, fully nude, and clutching Patty's camera.

For some reason, I suddenly felt very humiliated. I don't know what I expected. Part of me had hoped they would have offered me a ride home. I kind of felt like I had given them a nudie show, both on the tape and now in person, and I got nothing out of it. Call them in a couple of years… they were probably laughing at me!

Well, I realized I needed to get back inside, get dressed, and probably forget this whole thing. Of course, as I jogged forward, I was conscious of my firm bare breasts bouncing up and down, and it did feel nice as I ran barefoot through the grass. We would be closing up soon, I thought, approaching the entrance.

Once I stepped into the lobby, Jessica was waiting there and I could see she was furious.

"You slut!" she accused me with a shaking finger. "You… you… took off your clothes so you could screw those jocks!"

"What? No!" I cried, stopped dead in my tracks.

The red-haired girl continued, "Look at you, Rebecca! You're all naked!"

Hearing her remind me of this in front of my co-workers made me squeal, "It's not what it seems! They made me to it… I needed to get back…"

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" Jessica persisted. "You're showing off everything!"

That caused me to look down past my stomach and between my legs, and I saw what she was talking about. I then looked up and saw that Joshua behind the counter was staring at me with his mouth hanging open.

"Quit looking at me!" I cried.

Using both hands to cover my crotch, I turned and ran toward the eating area. My bare feet slapped across the tiles as I headed for the restroom. A few moments later, I emerged around the corner… still nude, with arm hanging over my boobies and one hand still in front of my pussy.

"Where are my clothes?" I looked directly at Jessica.

She only folded her arms and smirked. "Serves you right. Since you want to go running around bare-assed, I took them out back and tossed them in the dumpster!"

I couldn't believe I had just heard that. All my clothes… thrown away? My face must have expressed such shock and humiliation, because Courtney had walked out from behind the counter and placed an arm around me.

"Don't feel bad, Boxie," the petite blonde said. "If I had a body like yours, I wouldn't mind running around with my clothes off either."

"Thanks," I smiled weakly at the girl.

At that moment, the night manager George came shuffling out of his office, through the kitchen, and headed straight for the line of registers.

"What's going on out here!" he sounded half-annoyed, half-curious.

Fortunately, I had just enough time to grab Courtney and pull her in front of me. As I mentioned, she is a little shorter than me, so my bare shoulders were totally in view. But the rest of my frontal nudity was concealed. Although my nipples brushed the back of her uniform shirt, and I held her close enough that I was practically grinding my crotch into her ass…

"Jessica threw away my clothes!" I shouted.

"Boxie took off her clothes!" Jessica said, nearly at the same time. At least she used my nickname.

"Please don't fire me," I squeaked, gripping Courtney's shoulders tightly.

George himself seemed rather confused. He slowly moved his girth around the corner, and stepped into the lobby. He approached cautiously, I guess wanting to assure me that he wasn't going to try anything. Courtney remained between us.

"Boxie… you're not wearing any clothes?" George asked.

"No, sir," I replied. "I'm naked."

"Completely," my modesty shield, Courtney nodded her head, as if trying to be helpful.

George washed a hand over his usually jovial face. "You know, I really don't want to know what you girls were up to out here. It's a good thing no customers showed up… we could have been in a lot of trouble."

"I think you should fire her," Jessica said in a snotty tone of voice.

George only looked back and answered, "That's enough from you. And I suppose Boxie's uniform is completely ruined? You know the spare uniforms go out to the cleaners at the end of the week."

The red-haired taller girl smiled triumphantly. "Gee, that's too bad."

Shaking his head, our night manager returned behind the counter. Courtney turned her face to look at me, and with my head looking over her shoulder, our cheeks kind of pressed together. It was sort of odd, holding her so close while I was nude. I mean, I don't think of her in that kind of way, but, I was pretty horny.

Next thing I knew, George had pulled out a dark blue apron and tossed it over the counter. It landed about a foot in front of my blonde co-worker. Reflexively, she crouched down so she could pick it up.

"Courtney!" I squealed, lifting up a knee and bringing my hands to my breasts.

"Oops, sorry!" she said, standing back up and turning around to face me. "Let me get this over you, Boxie…"

"Oh my God…" was all I could say as we stood toe to toe in front of our co-workers and she draped the apron over my head.

Once the durable fabric fell down across my body, Courtney reached around to tie the apron strings behind my back. It was almost like she was giving me a hug or something! I just spread my arms out at either side, allowing her the room to knot the ends together. If she wanted too, she could have cupped my buttocks or tickled my bare butt. Although I don't know why she would want to do that.

When Courtney stepped away from me again, I looked down to confirm that the apron did cover my boobs. More importantly, it came down to my knees, so I wasn't showing my crotch. However, my back and bottom was totally exposed, but at least no one was behind me. With my bare shoulders, lower legs and feet, I figured it was easy to tell that I was nude beneath the apron. But I guess this would have to do until I got home.

And then I remembered, how was I supposed to get home! Early in the evening, I told my mom that I would catch I ride back with one of my co-workers. Well, I later learned that her older brother would be picking up Courtney, and I did not want him to see me wearing only an apron! And asking Jessica was out of the question, since we were not on the best of terms. That only left Joshua.

After George returned to the registers to count the receipts and the girls went about closing down the kitchen, I called Joshua over to the side. Finding a seat in the corner, my bare bottom stuck to the vinyl as I sat down. I crossed my legs and had the boy sit across from me.

"Listen, Josh, I'm sorry that I yelled at you before," I started.

God, this was so embarrassing! I wasn't even attracted to this guy, but still, sitting in front of him, naked except for this apron made me shiver. He couldn't take his eyes off of me. I folded my arms across my chest, just to make sure nothing peeked out.

So I continued, "Do you, um, think you can drive me home? It's not that far…"

"Sure!" the teenager answered rather quickly. "Let me just get my things!"

Well I guess Joshua was finished for the night, and I certainly did not want to hang around to meet Courtney's brother, or get into further trouble with Jessica. When he got back with his jacket and keys, I could see he was waiting politely for me to get up from the table.

"That's all right," I motioned with a hand. "You go ahead…"

Polite as he was, I was sure the boy just wanted to check out my ass from behind! As it turned out, he was a perfect gentleman during the ride home. We didn't speak much, so he left me alone with my private thoughts. So much had happened to me in these past couple of days! I no longer knew if I was ashamed, or if I secretly enjoyed being naked. My toes wiggled on the floor mats of the back seat of Joshua's car. I knew that my parents would be asleep because it was so late, and I had said that someone would drop me off. The front door would be left open for me.

I had first decided to get in the back seat, because I didn't want Joshua to try anything or get distracted. Now I realized that the interior was pretty dark. As I said, after giving him the straightforward directions, we didn't really talk for the remainder of the trip. So I quietly untied the strings of the apron behind my back. I slid down in the seat a little, and then completely took off the apron!

"We're here," Joshua said as he pulled up in front of my driveway.

I was totally nude in the back seat of his car, and he had no idea! Scooting forward so that I was practically kneeling, I pressed against the back of the driver's seat. I stuck my head on the other side of the headrest, enough to look over Joshua's shoulder.

"Would you just do me one more favor?" I asked sweetly.

Without turning to face me, or glance in the rearview mirror, he looked straight ahead and answered, "Sure… whatever you need, Boxie."

"Bring the apron back to work for me!" I giggled.

And before he could react, I opened up the driver's side back door and leaped out of the car. It was the middle of the night, and absolutely no one else around, so I ran stark naked up to my house! God, what a rush! I guess Joshua might have turned to look out the window, and he would have seen my bouncing ass. He deserved that much. Although, he still had to get out of the car and close the back door behind me. Leaving the apron on the seat for him to find, and wonder if I had done the whole ride in the nude.

I was just glad to be back home, and I gleefully sank into the comfort of my bed, safely inside my room. I had brought Patty's camera back with me of course, I wouldn't have forgotten that little item! Overall, it was a pretty amazing adventure and I would say things didn't turn out as badly as they could have. This left me feeling relieved, but also encouraged.

Now what trouble to get into next…

On a day that we had off from school, I decided to take a little walk to the local pizza parlor. I made sure that I was wearing a very pretty dress, which I had recently bought. It was light blue and had pink and orange floral prints. Low cut, there was a tie string just in the middle in front of my chest, and was otherwise held up by a pair of thin shoulder straps. I'd say it came down to just about my knee, but the breezy fabric flowed and bounced playfully, showing off a lot of leg as I walked.

When I reached the shop, it occurred to me that it might be fun to untie the string and "accidentally" let the straps fall off my shoulders, dropping the dress in front of everyone. That would be so awesome, because I wasn't even wearing a bra! But I had other plans today, so as soon as I walked through the door, I slid behind one of the table booths before anyone at the counter could see me.

Slowly, I turned my head, peeking just over the booth in front of me. It was unoccupied, although I could see there were a few people sitting further ahead, and a couple more standing by the refrigerator where they kept the bottled drinks. I heard the door open behind me, and glanced over my shoulder to see a lady with her kids enter and head toward the pick-up counter.

That was when I saw him, this guy that I was trying to get to notice me. He was like eighteen or something, and this would be his last year at my school. I recently heard that he worked part time at this pasta joint, but I needed to confirm. And there he was, in his cute little apron, taking the pie out of the oven, placing it in the cardboard box for the customer.

I ducked back down in my booth before he would see me sitting here. For some reason, my tummy fluttered, and I giggled at the thought of me spying on him. A while longer I waited, until I heard the phone ring in the back, people calling in their orders. Taking a look over the seat again, I saw the manager, a bald guy with a mustache, come out with a piece of paper.

"Sal, I need you to run a delivery for me," I watched him talk to the young man whose back was turned away from me.

Perfect! This is what I wanted to find out. That this place did do deliveries, and Sal would be the one making the run.

Now it was time to put the next part of my plan into action. Turning around quickly, my long black hair swished over my shoulder. I slid my legs across the vinyl upholstery and hurried for the door. I don't think anyone was aware of my secret surveillance. Reminding myself to remain calm, I had to keep from running, and instead walked through the parking lot of the strip mall, and onto the sidewalk. This part of the neighborhood was actually closer to my friend Patricia's house. I would be there in less than ten minutes.

When my friend greeted me at the door I exclaimed, "Patty, I am so excited!"

"You really should let me know when you want to come over," she frowned at me. "I was hoping to catch up on some reading…"

"Is anyone else home?" I asked, trying to look past her into the house.

"No," Patricia answered. "It's the middle of the day. My parents are at work."

Abruptly, I pushed my way forward practically forcing the girl to step aside. "That's perfect!"

I found their little dining room area, just off the main entrance. There was a round wooden table covered with a white cloth, and I threw my purse on one of the chairs. Then I looked around, taking measure of the room and going over my plans in my head.

"What are you doing here anyway, Boxie?" Patty seemed still flustered by my surprise visit.

"Help me move this table, will you?" I asked, grabbing one edge with both my hands.

Even as she did as I asked, she said, "You're up to something…"

"We just need to get it out of the room, so it can be seen from the front door," I explained.

It didn't take very long, as it was only a few feet out into the entry foyer. I gauged the distance from the table to the door and was satisfied. Then I scoped around for the telephone.

"Do you mind if I make a quick call?" I smiled at my friend.

Patty only shook her head, but pointed me toward the kitchen. "Sure, go ahead. Is anything wrong?"

"Nope," I giggled, "I just need to order a pizza!"

"But I'm not hungry!" Patty protested.

After I finished placing the order, I walked back out of the kitchen and said, "Neither am I."

Then I told Patty that there was this great guy who worked at the Pizza Parlor, and I wanted him to deliver the pie so I could get a chance to meet him.

"All this trouble just to talk to someone you like?" she asked, still not comprehending.

Of course, there was more to it than that. I wanted to get Sal to notice me. I wanted to try something crazy, so he would never forget me. Back on the chair, I found my purse and took out a box of playing cards. I shuffled them into my hand, and began dealing them out on the table.

"What… what exactly is going on?" Patty was soon behind me, looking over my shoulder.

I could hear in the tremble in her voice that she was starting to get excited as much as she was unsure. I was excited, too. Once again, I checked that from the open doorway, you could see the table and now the cards spread across the surface.

Stepping into the middle of the room, I held out the sides of my dress in both my hands. "Do you like it, Patty?"

My friend regarded me for a second and then said, "Actually, yes, Boxie. That's a very pretty dress. It looks good on you…"

Barely containing my nervous giggle, my fingers reached up and untied the drawstring at my chest. A quick flip of the delicate straps at my shoulders, I was then able to let go, and the dress floated to my feet. Now I was standing topless in front of my friend. I brought my hands close to cover my boobies.

"Oh," I gasped. "Too bad I lost it…"

I stepped to the side, watching Patty stare at me with her mouth hanging open, then shyly bent down so I could pick up the material. With one arm still held over my breasts, I reached my arm out and offered the dress to my friend. When she just stood there, I took another step forward.

"Patty, be a sweetie and put my dress in the middle of the table," I stuck out my bottom lip in a pout.

Finally, the girl took the article of clothing from my outstretched hand. She seemed to be momentarily mesmerized by me standing there in just my pink panties. Patty carefully folded the dress, and brought it to the table as I asked. She placed it right between where I had laid out two hands of cards.

While she was turned around, I took the opportunity to quickly peel my panties down my legs. Once I had them completely off my feet, I rolled the pink silk into a ball. At that moment, Patricia turned again to face me.

"Ohmygosh, Boxie!"

With one hand over my pussy, I lunged my other arm and tossed the panties at my friend. She caught them easily and I laughed. Of course, my spurt of laughter only caused my butt to jiggle and boobies to shake.

"You can put my underwear on top of the dress," I instructed.

Patty looked like she was about to object, but she couldn't find the words. It was cute the way she tried to avert her eyes from my nudity, as I stood with one arm over my tits, and the other hand cupped in front of my crotch. I guess she figured she should just let me go through with this, because she leaned over and placed my panties on the table. They were nice and pink, and went well with the print of my dress.

After thinking for a second, I said, "Only two items… that's not going to be enough."

At this point, Patty glanced at her watch and said, "What if someone comes home? And that pizza delivery will be here in a few minutes!"

"I hope not!" I squealed, blushing a little. "I'm not ready yet."

In fact, I realized I didn't have all that much time, so I would have to put modesty aside. I stepped briskly across the room, wearing only a pair of shoes. Finding one of the chairs near the table, I quickly sat down with Patty standing right next to me. I was conscious of the velvety cushion, which felt nice underneath my bare bottom. My boobs hung down with nipples already starting to grow erect as I lowered my arms to unclasp the straps at my ankles. Taking off both my shoes, I picked them up and dropped them on the table with the rest of my clothes.

Fully nude, I hopped off the chair and walked back into the middle of my friend's house, so that I could once more judge how everything looked. Lost in concentration, I stood with feet planted apart and hands on my hips.

"Boxie, like, you just stripped stark naked!" Patty cried in disbelief.

I had to bring my hands up to squeeze my breasts and pinch my nipples just a little "I know!"

"And you're all puckered out," Patty added, pointing accusingly at my pussy.

Looking down, I saw that my lower lips were indeed visible and parted. "I can't help it! My pubic hair doesn't grow in until further up…"

My friend just shook her head. "So just what is it that you have got planned?"

"Um, well, I was thinking we could pretend that you and I were playing strip poker… and I lost all my clothes. And as a forfeit, you said that I had to answer the door when the pizza guy gets here!"

Patty then seemed to think about that proposal for a minute. I clutched my fingers beneath my chin anxiously, hoping that she would play along. She walked around the table, and pulled herself a seat. Sitting down, she thumbed through some of the cards.

"This is so ridiculous," she said.

"Well…" I started, and walked back over to sit in the chair across from her. "If you want to make it look more realistic, perhaps you could take off a few items, as if we had a real game going."

"No way!" Patty stated firmly, folding her arms over her chest.

I crossed my naked legs and blushed. "Oh my, then it appears you really beat me, round after round, taking my shoes, my dress, and finally my panties, until I was left totally nude… how embarrassing!"

"It's also very risky," my friend added. "What if it isn't that guy Sal delivering the pizza?"

"Oh, it will be," I insisted. "Earlier today, I made sure that he was the one making the delivery runs."

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

Patty and I looked at each other, both our eyes wide. We froze, neither one of us making a move. My heart was absolutely racing. It was amazing how natural it had been, just sitting here talking to my friend without wearing any clothes. But now, the thought of somebody else seeing my naked body… this was incredible! And then the doorbell rang again.

I pushed the chair back, and jumped up on my toes. With both hands clutching my breasts, I scampered across the hardwood floor right up to the front door. Oh God, I hope it was him! At the last second, I dropped my left arm so that my hand could strategically cover my pussy. Using the other hand, I turned the knob and pulled the door open just enough so I could stick out my face.

It was Sal! I saw him standing there on the concrete stoop, the pizza box cradled in one arm. He looked like he was about to ring the doorbell for the third time. I was kind of hunched over just a little, peeking my head outside. He couldn't yet see my body.

"Um, hi…" I said shyly.

"Hey," the tall young man answered. "I got a delivery for this address."

My eyes darted past him, and I saw his van parked in the driveway. Behind the door, I nervously rubbed my toes up and down the back of my other leg's calf.

"Um, yeah…. about that," I started.

Sal shifted impatiently on his other foot, holding the box in both hands. "Oh no, this isn't some kind of prank call, is it? My boss will kill me if I have to return another pie!"

"No, no…" I shook my head as best I could. "It's not like that. It's just…"

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Maybe I should have said something first, but I wanted to surprise him. In one motion, I took a small step back and pulled the front door wide open. Quickly, I snatched my other arm to my chest to cover my boobies, although Sal might have gotten a flash of my nipples.

Then I just stood there for a moment, allowing him to look me over from head to toe. I mean, I had my pink bits covered of course, but he could see that I was totally naked! Our eyes met, and I blushed, causing me to spin around. Presenting my round naked ass to him, I lifted both my hands to my chest and looked shyly over my shoulder.

After a moment of stunned silence, the young man asked, "Did I come at a bad time?"

"No!" I squeaked, keeping my legs firmly pressed together. "I mean… yes, well, you see, my friend and I…"

"Your friend?" Sal asked suspiciously.

Cradling my bare breasts in my arms, I kind of ducked down a little, bending slightly at the knees. He could easily look over my head into the house. I turned my own head to see Patty sitting at the table. She gave us a little wave.

So I bravely cupped a hand over my pussy and turned around once more to face the pizza delivery guy. "Yeah, so we were playing a friendly game of strip poker… and I lost everything."

"I can see that," Sal chuckled, his eyes roaming up and down my body.

"And, and…" I continued, "Because I lost, she made me call in the pizza and answer the door like this!"

He shook his head, a slight smile on his face and said, "Well this was certainly unexpected. Is she going to pay for the pie?"

"Now wait a minute!" Patty cried, suddenly rising up from her seat at the table.

My friend crossed over the floor of the hallway and came to stand between Sal and me. She brushed right past me and nearly pushed the guy out the front door. I was a bit taken aback by her forceful approach.

"This was all Boxie's idea," Patty insisted. "And there's no way I'm paying for that pizza!"

"Oh, but wait…" I gasped.

I tried to maneuver myself around, which was not easy to do considering that I was stark naked in front of two fully clothed people. Including a guy, who I thought was really cute. I tried to step to the side, keeping my back and bare bottom to the wall. At that moment, Sal took a step forward, as if determined to bring his delivery inside the house. In that instant, I slipped behind the young man, whose attention was focused on my uncooperative friend. But Patty wouldn't budge, and so Sal backed off.

That caused me to retreat a couple of steps, my toes finding the concrete of Patty's front stoop.

I looked to my side, then behind me… and saw that I was standing outside her house, completely nude!

"Oh no!" I yelped.

Scampering forward, I pressed myself against Sal's back, clutching his shirt in my fists. This must have taken him by surprise, because I could feel him stiffen. Mmmm… I thought as I stood on my toes and brought my hands up to squeeze his broad shoulders.

From behind, I tried to peek my face next to his and said, "Patty… you've got to let us back in!"

"I don't think so," my friend answered with finality. "This game of yours has gone far enough."

With that, she proceeded to swing the door shut. Rather than stick his foot in the way, or try to block the door, Sal simply backed down the steps. And this caused me to backpedal even further. Now I was bare-assed naked in Patty's front yard! All I could do was bounce helplessly on my toes as I listened to the latch being locked into place.

Sal turned around, and I could see he was none too pleased.

"Well, I guess I should have asked what toppings she likes," I laughed nervously.

Then I lowered my eyes, looking down at my unclothed body. I suddenly remembered to cup my hands to my breasts, and dropped an arm so I could hide my pussy. Shyly, I stepped to the side as Sal started to make his way to the truck.

"Don't I know you," he finally asked as I shuffled along next to him, hoping none of Patty's neighbors were around.

"Yeah, we go to the same high school…" I offered.

Sal paused to regard me, and shook his head. "No, I mean from a few years ago. But I don't remember the name Boxie."

"Well that's my nickname… it used to be Becky," I explained. "Rebecca is my full name."

His face suddenly lit up with recognition, and he said, "Becky Carter? You used to play with my cousin when she was in middle school. We sometimes all went to the park together."

Ohmygosh, he remembered me! I had always had a secret crush on him, and figured it would take something crazy to get him to notice me. To think, he knew me all along. I averted my eyes, bashfully rubbing my toes again behind my other leg.

"You never paid much attention to us," I said softly.

Sal took a step toward his delivery truck, then turned to face me again. "Look, Becky, or Boxie… whatever your name is! You can't go running around without any clothes on."

I lifted up my chin a little, gazing into his brown eyes. "I can't?"

"You're not a little girl anymore," Sal replied. "You are a beautiful young woman, and it's not appropriate."

I felt my heart pounding in my chest, as I blushed all over. Here I was, standing totally naked in front of him, and he called me beautiful! It was such a wonderful feeling, and the compliment made my tummy all warm and fuzzy.

Then Sal added, "Now go inside and get dressed, Boxie."

"Oh, I don't think I can," I said glancing back at the house. "Patty seemed pretty upset, I'm sure she isn't going to let me back in…"

The truth was, I didn't want to put my clothes back on. In addition to the warm and fuzzy feeling I had, there was another sensation tickling down below, sending a shiver through my body. My erect nipples rubbed against the forearm trying to hide them from sight. I took a daring step forward.

"Well, then…" Sal scratched his head and looked around.

I could see that he was clearly baffled, and I would have to take the initiative. He still had his other hand full with the pizza box. One more step and my toes were on his shoes, my body leaning close to his. I kept my grey eyes locked on his soft brown stare and licked my lips in concentration, as I expertly reached a hand into his pocket. Fishing around for a moment, my fingers found his key chain. I pulled these out, and then ran fully naked around to the other side of his truck!

"Hey, what are you doing!" he called out.

But I didn't waste any time. I opened up the side door and climbed into the passenger seat. Then I watched Sal stalk off around the other side of the van. I could hear a back door open, and figured that was where he was placing the undelivered pizza. Next thing I knew, the young man appeared on the passenger side, holding the door open and checking out my nude profile. I kept my legs crossed and one arm held across my breasts, although I was nervously bobbing my foot up and down.

"Come on, Boxie, get out of there," he pleaded. "Come out here and give me the keys."

I had a better idea. "Why don't you take me back to the pizza parlor. Won't we make a sight to behold!"

Frustrated Sal ran his fingers through his hair. "You sure would be…"

With that, he shut the door, perhaps worried that someone might see him talking to a naked young girl in his delivery truck. The more I thought about his behavior, the more I realized he was probably just as anxious to get out of here. I could use that to my advantage. In fact, he jogged around the front of the van and pulled open the driver's side door, which was of course unlocked.

"So where are we going?" I asked when he had climbed into the seat, behind the wheel.

Sal shook his head. "I'll be in enough trouble as it is. I'm not going to let you sneak around and hide at the place where I work. I'm taking you home."

Well, I suppose that would be good enough. With a nod of my head, I reached my arm over and dropped the keys in his lap. Except, it was the arm that I had been shielding my boobies with. I let out a small gasp and blushed, but sat there with my tits exposed and very erect nipples sticking out.

After I told him that it would not be hard to get to my house, that I lived just a few blocks away, he said, "Put on your seatbelt."

I looked around to either side of me, searching for the chrome buckle on the strap. Then I saw it hanging down on the side, between the door and the seat. Bringing my knees to the cushion, I turned halfway around and leaned over, basically sticking my ass in his face if he looked to the side. Realizing that he would also be able to see my pussy from behind, I quickly grabbed the buckle and sat back down. Still, I struggled to yank the strap far enough to fasten it at my hip, plus the strap was not comfortable across my bare body. I squirmed quite a bit and made a fuss, showing off more naked pink in the process.

"Oh just leave it," Sal said in exasperation.

Sitting forward again, I let the seatbelt recoil back. My bare feet were planted on the floor mat, as I placed my hands on my thighs. I just stared ahead, listening to him start the ignition, and then we pulled out of Patty's driveway.

Instinctively, I slouched down a little, so my topless state wasn't so much in view of oncoming traffic. But this caused me to spread my legs further apart. I had to reach up and grab my breasts, to keep them from bouncing around. Only when I looked down at my body, did I notice my pink pussy lips protruding nicely parted. I didn't cover up, though, because I was suddenly feeling very horny and was afraid to touch myself.

However, I did look over at Sal with longing, watching his hand steady on the gearshift. I almost wanted to take his fingers and place them on my tender crotch. But that didn't seem right. So I continued to sit there, secretly massaging my nipples with my palms, while ever so slowly separating my legs invitingly. But Sal was very well behaved, and kept eyes on the road, the whole time. I think.

Actually, it occurred to me that he was going out of the way to take side streets and detour whenever there were cars up ahead. What should have been a five minute trip, seemed to make much longer. And it was agony for me, completely naked, and growing more and more aroused by the minute. I didn't know how much longer I could hold out, before I would start moaning or doing something more explicit. Now I was growing embarrassed as I involuntarily bucked my hips and let out a small whimper.

"This is it!" Sal announced.

I opened my eyes and looked out the window, to find that we had pulled up in front of my house. Hurriedly, I reached for the handle and kicked the van's door open. But as I began climbing out of the seat, I paused to look over my bare shoulder.

"Thank you for the ride home, Salvatore."

The young man smiled and said, "Let's just not make a habit out of this… running around in your birthday suit!"

I giggled, then hopped all the way out of the truck. My naked round bottom bounced playfully as I skipped up to the house. Thankfully it was the middle of the day, and no one was home. Beneath a fake decorative rock on the porch was a spare key, which allowed me to open the door and quickly get inside. The delivery truck did not drive off until I was safely within. And that meant Sal was watching me the whole time!

Needless to say, I scurried off to my bedroom and had a massive orgasm. I mean… it was enormous. The whole crazy scheme had been such a wonderful turn-on. And knowing that young men like Sal enjoyed looking at me, made me feel really good.

The next thing I did was call up Patty on the telephone, and thank her for locking me out of her house.

**Boxie Carter: The Science Project**

American Cowboy

**Boxie Carter: The Science Project (Part 1)**

It was nearing the end of my free period in the middle of the school day. On

the way back to my locker, I decided to stroll down a hallway that branched

off the lobby area near the auditorium. There was plenty of time left for me

to take a leisurely moment to look at the graduation pictures hanging on the

wall. Photos for the classes of the past decade ran along the length of the

corridor, low enough for me to make out the faces.

I paused at one of the recent graduating classes. Someone had shown this to me

once before, but I didn't have time to study it. Now, I recalled from previous

descriptions, and found that student named Erica. She was in the front row,

and looked to be a petite girl with delicate features. Pretty, too, even

though she was dressed like everyone in those graduation gowns. But the thing

that fascinated me was that I had heard this Erica wasn't wearing anything

beneath her gown, even when this picture was taken!

This brought back memories of other stories and rumors I had heard about her.

Apparently, one time, she went through the school day wearing only a T-Shirt.

I wondered if I could try something like that. Maybe a tight T-shirt stretched

over my boobies, and only came down to my bellybutton… Oh, but that would mean

my bottom would be exposed! I wondered if I could try to conceal such a

half-naked state with books, or perhaps a backpack held carefully in front.

I was wakened from my daydreaming by the sound of the period bell. Damn! Now I

had to run back to my locker, to pick up my books for my science class. There

were just a few minutes before the next bell would ring, signaling the start

of class. So I raced down the corridor and up the stairs, collecting my things

and making it to the classroom just before the teacher shut the door!

Once I was seated, I took a moment to catch my breath. My chest was heaving

beneath the snug long-sleeved black sweater I was wearing. I also had on a

cute plaid skirt that only came down to above my knee. Thinking back, I must

have been quite a sight running through the halls, arms loaded with books, and

unable to keep the hem from bouncing up and down. My open-toed black shoes

with ankle straps made me look sexy, but were no fun to run in!

Halfway through the period, my thoughts had drifted again to Erica and her

wild adventures, thinking about what kind of things I could do. Suddenly, I

realized that I wanted to get naked again, and in front of someone who had

never seen me before. Well, OK, I probably didn't mean something as bold as

that sounds. I mean, I was still getting comfortable with my body, and the

idea of people seeing me nude was still embarrassing. But the idea was also

becoming very exciting! Slowly, I started to piece together a plan.

Leaning forward, I looked across my desk, watching the other students in the

front of the class. Up closest to the teacher was a boy named Timothy. He was

an honor student, and a total geek. I mean like he had no fashion sense. He

always wore this stupid baseball cap backwards, like he was some kind of white

rapper, but he had glasses and no style whatsoever. On the other hand, he

seemed like a nice enough guy and he was really smart. He would be perfect.

Escalating my little designs was the fact that my mother was away on a

business conference this week. She finally convinced my dad to go along with

her, and they felt I was responsible enough to be left alone. As long as I

called them and stayed in touch, which I did. But it also meant I had the

house all to myself!

So I waited for the boring lesson to be over. Then, when the bell rang, I did

not gather my books and rush out like I normally do, but kind of lingered and

fidgeted at my desk. The other students proceeded to exit, except as I

expected, Timothy who stayed behind to discuss something with the teacher. He

was such a nerd. It looked like he was going to escort Mr. Johnson out of the

room and be his shadow. But instead, I half climbed out from behind my desk,

actually bringing my knees up to kneel on the seat of the chair.

"Oh, Timothy…" I called out and waved over to the boy.

He paused at hearing his name, and turned to see that no one else was around

but me. The young man looked up at our teacher as if asking what to do. Mr.

Johnson shrugged, and continued on his way out into the hallway.

"Timothy, come over here," I repeated, pulling strands of my long black hair

over my shoulder.

With hands in his pockets, the boy shuffled forward, down the aisle between

the desks. He reached me in the middle of the room, and I waited to make sure

we were alone.

"Um, Timothy, I need you to help me…" I started.

"You… you do?" he asked, probably never having spoken to a girl before.

I nodded my chin. "I'm having trouble with this chapter in Biology. And, and

you're so smart…"

Poor Timothy looked really flustered, and it was almost adorable seeing him

squirm. He shifted from side to side, glancing back at the open door.

"I… I have to get going," he stammered and began to turn around.

"Wait!" I cried desperately, reaching out an arm.

I also stepped out onto the floor, standing up so he could fully see me.

Timothy paused, staring at my bare legs from beneath my skirt. Good, that was

what I wanted.

Walking a little bit closer, I tried to explain. "I'd like you to help me get

through this class. Do you think you could do that?"

"Yeah, sure," he mumbled.

"Oh, you're awesome!" I squealed. "I was hoping you could even help me later

this afternoon. I'm sorry it's such short notice… but would you come over my

house after school?"

I believe I left the boy speechless. Honestly, his jaw literally dropped and

despite his impressive vocabulary, appeared to be at a total loss for words.

"Please…" I clutched my hands in front of my chest for emphasis. "It would

mean so much to me. I think you are the only one in class who can help me!"

Now he bowed his head and said, "Yeah, of course… I'd be happy to help. What

was your name again?"

I realized that I had never talked to him before, I'm sure he thought I didn't

know he existed. This whole proposal must have seemed pretty awkward, coming

out of nowhere, but he was too confused to question. I giggled and played with

the hem of my skirt.

"Rebecca… but you can call me Boxie."

That got him to smile just a little as he answered, "OK, Boxie… I'll help you

with your Biology assignments."

"Cool!" I said, and reached down for my notebook to tear out a piece of paper.

I grabbed my pen and quickly jotted down my address and some basic directions.

Timothy was harmless, so I wasn't worried about him knowing where I live.

Still, as I stuffed the paper into his hand, I gave him a meaningful look.

"Remember, you're just coming over to study!" I said firmly.

"Oh, of course, of course…" he sputtered and stammered, turning away bashfully

as if I was suggesting he might have other intentions.

I smiled smugly to myself. Satisfied that had gone well, I cradled my books to

my chest and walked out of the classroom. It was important that Timothy

consider this serious business. Besides, I didn't want him blabbing to his

buddies that he had a girlfriend!

The rest of the day could not move fast enough for me. I got home and took a

shower, wanting to look good and smell nice and fresh. Then I changed into

more casual clothes to hang around the house. I threw on a pair of gray

athletic track pants, with the double white line that runs down the side. And

I put on a halter top, leaving my bare stomach exposed. It was kind of odd

getting dressed again, considering what I had planned for my study date with

Timothy.

Looking at the clock in my kitchen, I started to wonder if the boy might even

chicken out. That would be disappointing! So I grabbed a celery stick and

munched impatiently, while taking a bottle of water out of the refrigerator.

Some more minutes passed before I finally heard a car pulling up into my

driveway.

Excitedly, I ran to the window, and looked outside. Sure enough, there was

Timothy stumbling up the path, a bundle of books and supplies in tote. I

eagerly greeted him at the door.

"Hi, Boxie," he said shyly. "My mom says I can only stay for a couple of

hours."

His mother had given him a ride to my house! Oh, this was too perfect. He was

such an innocent dweeb, I had nothing to worry about. I smiled and waved at

his mother in the car. Then I held the door open, and allowed him to come

inside.

Timothy was still a little nervous, and he shuffled around, with one hand

jammed into his pocket. With his other hand, he hoisted the strap of his

backpack over his shoulder. We walked into the kitchen, where he was able to

drop his load on the table. A moment of awkward silence passed between us,

before I jumped to the refrigerator.

"Hey, do you want something to drink?" I offered, shaking my water bottle in

his direction.

Self-consciously, it seemed, Timothy answered, "Um… no, that's all right.

Thank you"

I shrugged, and then remembered that I was the one who was in control. I would

have to take charge, and dictate the arrangements of this study session.

Walking forward, slowly, I traced a circle around my exposed bellybutton

teasingly.

"Grab some of your books," I instructed the boy. "Let's go upstairs to my

room. It will be more comfortable there…"

I continued to ease my way out of the kitchen, heading for the staircase.

Looking over my shoulder, though, I saw that Timothy hadn't moved. Either he

was in shock at my suggestion, or too frightened to follow. I hoped he

wouldn't be too difficult to work with!

"Come on," I encouraged him, pulling on the ends of my long black hair. "I

have a desk up there… and we won't be disturbed…"

Well, after another moment of hesitation, Timothy finally reached for his pack

and pulled out our biology textbook and some of his notebooks. I took the

first few steps up the stairs, turned around again and made sure he would be

joining me. I wondered if he was going to say anything, but he just kept

quiet, trudging along on my heels.

We got up to my room, and I could tell he still felt funny about this. I just

smiled and invited him in. Near a window was a small study desk, and I had

Timothy put his stuff down there. My parents would kill me if they knew I had

a boy up in my bedroom. But this was different, this was only Timothy, and

it's not like he was a real guy. After he looked around in wonder for another

few minutes, taking in the sights of my girly decorations, I addressed him

from the middle of the room.

"Timothy," I started. "There is something I have to explain… tell you about,

and I hope it isn't going to be a problem."

The boy had his hands in his pockets again, and shrugged his shoulders. "Sure,

Boxie, what is it?"

I took a deep breath and said, "I'm usually nude when I do my homework…"

The expression on his face was priceless. His eyes went wide, and I could

swear I could hear his heart beating. My own heart was beating pretty fast,

too. But I continued.

"You see… it helps me relax, and concentrate better."

"What do you mean?" Timothy asked, clearly in disbelief.

Strolling around the pieces of my furniture, I lowered my eyes almost

blushing. "You know, like, it's easier for me to concentrate if I'm… not

wearing anything. Would that bother you, if I take off my clothes?"

He didn't immediately say anything. The two of us just looked at each other,

regarding each other in silence. There was such excited tension in the room I

could feel it! After another minute, I thought about it, and realized that he

didn't say no. So I casually step on one of my sneakers, and pried it off my

foot, biting my lip and keeping my eyes on Timothy the whole time.

Once I pushed the sneaker off my other foot, I walked over to my bed in my

socks. This was amazing! I had never actually stripped in front of another boy

before! In a way, this was kind of like practice. I turned around to face

Timothy again while my fingers found the drawstring inside my track pants.

With the waist loosened, I was able to easily let the material fall to the

floor and I stepped out of them. Timothy checked out the length of my bare

shapely legs, his eyes coming to rest on my white panties.

I hooked my thumbs inside the elastic band of my underwear, but backed up so

that I could sit on the end of my bed. Crossing my legs, I reached down so

that I could peel off one sock. Then I stretched my arms lower so I could

remove the other one, and was completely barefoot. As I stood up once more, my

toes curled on the carpeting of my bedroom.

Now I reach up my hands to take hold of the bottom of my halter-top. Of

course, I wasn't wearing a bra underneath, so I modestly turned around. I

began lifting the fabric of my tiny shirt higher until my boobies popped out.

At that moment, Timothy spoke up.

"Wait, Boxie!" he called from behind me. "Are you… are you sure about this?"

**Boxie Carter: The Science Project (Part 2)**

Still clutching the bottom of my top, I looked over my shoulder at the boy.

"Oh, but… it's just… this is how I do my schoolwork at home."

"I know, but…" Timothy was clearly embarrassed, scratching his head and trying

not to look at my round bottom encased in panties.

"It's the only way I can really focus," I tried to sound convincing. "That's

probably why I'm having trouble in school, because I have to keep my clothes

on."

"Yeah, I guess…" the intelligent boy mumbled.

Then I lowered my eyes, and tried to appear disappointed. "Look, Timothy, I

understand if this makes you uncomfortable. If you want… I can get dressed

again."

"No, no!" Timothy was quick to put his hands out for emphasis. "I mean… if it

helps…"

I turned away, and broke out into a broad grin. It seemed the young man's

instincts got the better of him after all. With a wiggle of my hips, I resumed

pulling the halter-top higher and all the way over my head. I tossed it aside

and quickly brought my hands close to cover my tits. Oh God, this was so

unreal! And now that I was about to drop my underwear, I suddenly felt

embarrassed myself. I mean, he was going to see my bare ass!

Well, I took another deep breath, with butterflies still in my tummy. My hands

trembling a little, I lowered them slowly until my fingers made contact with

the low cut of my panties. Even though I wasn't watching him, I closed my eyes

as I tugged the material down my skin. Lifting a knee, I was able to bend

slightly to pull one leg out, and then let my underwear slide the rest of the

way down where I kicked it off my ankle.

Completely naked, I shielded my boobies with one arm and clasped my other hand

over my pussy, and then spun around. I saw that Timothy had slapped his hands

over his mouth in shock, speechless. Nervously, I kind of giggled, rubbing my

toes behind my other leg's calf. What would he think of me? I wondered what he

thought of my body.

And then Timothy lowered his hands and said, "Wow!"

"Listen," I then added as an afterthought. "Just don't tell anyone about this,

OK?"

"Uh, yeah… sure!" Timothy replied, though he kept staring at me from head to

toe.

I found myself a little breathless and finally answered, "I guess we should

probably get started…"

Nodding my chin in the direction of the study desk, I suggested we begin on

the biology assignment. It took a moment for Timothy to peel his eyes away

from me, but the boy did seem anxious to hit the books. He quickly moved over

to have a seat, and I followed after him, nude. Trying to keep his mind off my

lack of clothing, Timothy flipped through the pages of the textbook, searching

for the right chapter. Then he paused to look up at me standing at his side.

"Um, Timothy…" I said softly, "Do you think you could bring over the other

chair for me to have a seat?"

Boy, did he jump to his feet! In the corner, I had an alabaster wooden chair,

one that matched the pink and white décor of my bedroom. He hefted this up and

brought it back to the desk. Slipping behind me to offer me the seat, the

young man got a nice look at my naked bottom. Blushing, I sat down, and

scooted the chair forward. At least I was able to now cross my legs and use

both hands to hide my nipples.

"So what was this lesson about?" I asked when Timothy sat down again.

It was cute the way he kept his nose buried in the pages of the text,

determined not to look at me anymore. He was talking about the science class

and the recent topics we had been studying. I realized that I could probably

drop my hands leaving my bare tits hanging out, and Timothy probably wouldn't

even notice! The only thing was, my nipples were VERY erect, and I was afraid

for him to think this was turning me on.

"I think we should start with the chapter review," Timothy was saying. "This

way, we'll know what points are giving you the most trouble."

All I could answer was, "Mmm-hmmm…"

"It says we should write out the definitions of the chapter's key terms," the

boy continued.

As he reached for his notebook and opened up to a blank page, I asked, "Do you

think you could write out the definitions for me? Um, I kind of have my hands

full…"

When Timothy looked across at me, I squeezed my breasts to make sure he would

get my meaning. He squirmed and fidgeted in his chair. My own bottom, bare

against the smooth finished wood seat felt really good, and I brushed his leg

with my toes.

"Uh, sure…" he agreed, then added, "you know… writing them out by hand really

helps you memorize the definitions."

"That's why you are so smart!" I giggled.

I watched his neck flush red as he scribbled across the paper. The fact that I

was sitting so close to him and I was stark naked, caused me to lick my lips.

Beneath the desk, I separated my legs.

As he continued to work, Timothy would not only copy out the science terms,

but also talk about them trying to make me understand. This was great! Not

only was I getting a private tutor session, but the boy was writing out the

assignment for me at the same time. And all I had to do was take off my

clothes. Truth be told, I actually found some of the things he was saying

start to make sense, in spite of the distraction of my nudity.

By the time we had moved on to the review of the chapter, I was listening more

intently. Occasionally I would lower my arm to lean in close, allowing one of

my boobies to peek out. Sometimes Timothy would glance over and I would giggle

shyly, before covering up again.

"There's a lot of references to the laboratory workbook," Timothy said at one

point. "They have better diagrams and more exercises we can practice on."

I looked to either side of me, but didn't see it lying around. "Where is it?"

"I left it downstairs," the boy remembered. "Let me run and bring the workbook

back up here."

"No, wait…" I said, starting to rise up from my chair. "Let's both go down to

the kitchen. I'm kind of thirsty, and we can finish up down there."

I was mindful to keep one hand in front of my pussy as I backed away from the

desk. My knees were weak, and I felt I needed to stretch my legs a little.

Timothy looked up at me from head to toe, still amazed by the curves of my

nude body. I smiled and waited for him to stand up himself. It was then that I

saw he had quite a boner in his pants! That made me giggle, causing my boobs

and butt to bounce. The boy turned around bashfully and headed for the door.

It occurred to me that Timothy might have been looking for an excuse to leave

the room so he could relieve himself!

"Wait up!" I cried, and jogged after him.

As I bounced down the steps on my toes, I clutched my breasts with both hands.

This left my whole lower body exposed, but the poor boy didn't chance to steal

another look. I caught up with him at the foot of the stairs, and there I

returned to the more strategic positioning of my arms and hands. In this

fashion, I followed Timothy into the kitchen.

It felt weird walking through my own house completely naked. Being here with

another boy made me feel a little embarrassed. Well, embarrassed about if he

ever found out this was all a secret fantasy of mine. When I moved onto the

cool tiles, I was conscious of my bare feet slapping over the floor, sticking

and un-sticking with each step. I stopped at the refrigerator and asked if he

wanted something to drink.

"Maybe I had better let you get it yourself," I suggested when he nodded yes.

The glasses were in the top cabinet, I told him, standing somewhat off to the

side. I arched up and bounced on my toes, hugging my body and keeping all of

my private parts covered. Oh God, if anyone ever caught me like this… if my

parents walked in and found me nude with one of the boys in my class! The

thrill of what I was doing sent a shiver down my spine, and had my pussy

tingling.

Timothy turned away awkwardly, reaching up to retrieve a glass. At that

moment, the telephone rang! The unexpected sound made me jump, arms flailing

and leaving me totally exposed. On the second ring, I spun around to pick up

the receiver. If Timothy was looking at me, he had an unobstructed view of my

bare backside.

It was my mother!

"Um, hello mom," I said a little breathlessly.

Twisting around again, I cradled the phone between my ear and shoulder,

allowing my arm to rest in front of my boobies. I leaned against the wall and

crossed my legs, keeping my thighs together tightly. My other arm hung down,

hand shielding my patch of pubic hair. Looking Timothy in the eye, I silently

pleaded with him not to say anything.

Not that he had anything to say.

"Are you all right?" my mother asked on the other end. "You sound a little out

of breath, Rebecca…"

Oh my God! I was talking to my mother on the phone, while standing bare naked

in front of one of my classmates!

"Um, yeah…" I sort of mumbled. "I was… just working out. Exercising!"

She told me that she was just checking in, making sure I was all right by

myself. She also reminded me that I shouldn't forget about my schoolwork, and

that was just as important as trying to keep in physical shape. If she only

knew that a teenage boy was right now appreciating the sight of my curvaceous

body!

"OK, love you… bye!" I finally said, ending the embarrassing phone call.

I bet I was blushing all over. With a nervous giggle, I struggled to stay

facing Timothy so that he wouldn't get another free showing of my ass, while

trying to hang up the receiver without giving away any of my more intimate

parts. All I could do was cup one hand over my pussy and squat down a little

so I could drop the phone onto the set. Finally, I turned sideways so that I

could use my other hand to fix the phone into place. This was making me hotter

and hotter, and I was probably just as nervous as Timothy.

"So, um, ready to check out that workbook?" I said, placing my arm over my

breasts again.

Timothy took a long drink from his glass of water, and then set it down on the

counter. He rubbed his hands on the sides of his pants before heading over

toward the kitchen table. From the backpack he had left there, he was able to

find and pull out our soft covered science workbook. While he was doing this,

I took a moment to open up the refrigerator and grab a bottle of water for

myself. I stood with the door blocking me from view, grateful for a moment to

relax my pose a bit. Fully nude, I brought the refreshing drink to my lips.

Seated now at the table, Timothy watched me bashfully walk over to join him. I

still think he must have thought this was so unreal, unable to believe his

eyes. This was probably the luckiest day of the boy's life. My bottom jiggled

and bounced as I made my way forward and pulled out a chair across from him.

We were ready to continue our study time. As Timothy had pointed out, there

were a lot of useful diagrams that corresponded with the chapter we had been

working on upstairs in my bedroom. But truthfully, I was too excited to

concentrate much. My partner, on the other hand, needed to find anything to do

to keep his mind of my nudity. The result was that Timothy ended up completed

all the exercises in the workbook for me, and I was all too happy to let him.

I had been holding both hands in front of my boobies, and with his head down,

I was occasionally able to squeeze and rub my nipples in circles.

"Ooooh!" I let out a small moan.

"What was that?" Timothy asked, raising his head.

"Oh, um…" I had to think fast. "Oh, my pen! I dropped it on the floor."

The straight "A" student looked at me and smiled, figuring I must have been

taking notes. Of course, I hadn't been writing at all. This made me feel a

twinge of guilt. Especially since he had been such a good sport, and had done

all my homework.

"Do you think…" I started, scooting forward in my seat. "Do you think you

could pick it up for me?"

"Uh, sure, Boxie!" Timothy replied immediately.

Before I knew it, the boy had ducked under the table. I closed my eyes,

wondering how long he would be down there. Instead of crossing my legs like I

should have, I kept my knees separated and bare toes arched on the floor

tiles. If he looked the right way, he would be able to see my open pussy.

After a few moments, I heard him say, "Uh, Boxie… I don't see it."

**Boxie Carter: The Science Project (Part 3)**

"Oh… I, um, think I dropped it by my leg," I said, encouraging Timothy to stay

under the table.

And to further entice him, I pretended to be shifting around so he could look

better. This left me with my legs spread apart even further, and I could hear

him crawling near me. Oh God, he was seeing everything, and I loved it! I

placed my hands on the table, looking down to see my nipples rock hard and

extended toward the ceiling. Realizing if this continued much longer, I would

likely have an orgasm, I reached across the table and grabbed a random pen.

"Oh, Timothy!" I cried, "I found it… I found… the pen!"

It took a moment for the boy to resurface from beneath the table. When I did,

I saw that his hair was disheveled and eyeglasses crooked. His face was

flushed bright red. In fact, I bet we both were, I thought as I clutched my

arms over my breasts. The two of us didn't say anything for a while.

And then Timothy mumbled, "You have nice hair…"

"Wh- what?" I gasped, startled by the compliment and not sure what he was

talking about.

"It's nice… and shiny," he added awkwardly.

With one arm still slung across my boobs, I lifted my other arm so that I

could gingerly touch the tresses of my long black hair. "Um… thanks."

No sooner did I glance at the clock hanging on the kitchen wall, when there

came the sound of a car horn in the driveway. His mother was here to pick up

Timothy!

We both jumped up from the table at the same time. I still had my arms around

my boobies, which meant that my crotch was totally exposed. In turn, my eyes

were drawn to Timothy's crotch, and I saw he was sporting quite an erection.

"Are you going to be all right?" I giggled, pointing.

Timothy blushed furiously, and I could tell he was very embarrassed. He

quickly began stuffing his books and pens into his backpack. Then he slid the

bag off the table and pressed it against his lower body. The fact that I did

this to him made me feel a little embarrassed as well, but also aroused.

"Yeah, I gotta go," he said without looking at me.

Two steps out of the kitchen, I called out, "Wait, let me walk you to the

door!"

Completely naked, I bounced out into my living room, just in time to see

Timothy rounding the corner for the entrance hallway. It was too risky for me

to go out there with him, so I waited until he had opened the door and made

sure it was clear. I pressed my body against the wall, and watched as he

shuffled forward keeping his backpack in front of him.

As soon as he left the house and walked outside, I ran down the hall toward

the front door. I was able to keep it open just enough to peek my face out and

see him do a funny walk around his mother's car. Then I reached out my bare

arm to wave goodbye. As she slowly backed the car down the driveway, his mom

stuck her own arm out the window and waved back at me!

With that, I slammed the door shut and locked it fast! Oh God, what an

incredible rush! My heart was beating wildly, my whole body felt alive. I

didn't think I could make it back upstairs to my bedroom. So I headed off to

the bathroom where I started a shower. Under the gentle cascade of warm water,

I pleasured myself until I actually had multiple orgasms…

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day was a little awkward, and I thought about not going to science

class. I mean, I was a little ashamed of myself, as well as felt bad for

teasing poor Timothy. But I didn't want to get in trouble, so I decided that I

would just avoid the boy. When I walked into the classroom, I didn't make any

eye contact, but headed straight for my desk. I slouched down and tried to

keep my face hidden by my opened textbook, while waiting for the teacher to

begin his uninteresting lesson.

Mr. Johnson informed us that we were going to start working on our lab

projects. What's worse, this would be a group project, and each team would

have to present at the end of the week. I rolled my eyes, hearing him talk

about the need for everyone to participate. Participation, he said, would be a

big part of the grade. This was horrible! I didn't even have any of my friends

in this class.

Already, those students who knew each other started pairing up. Before long,

the whole class had shuffled around with everyone moving to different desks. I

was alone in the middle of the room. I felt stupid, and a little embarrassed.

Then the teacher noticed this, and said, "Rebecca, I would like to you work

with Timothy's group."

"Oh, do I have to?" I whined, crossing my arms and even pouting.

But Mr. Johnson insisted, "Yes, you will be working with Chester and AJ as

well. I believe they will help you do well. You really need this project to

pull up your overall grade."

Oh, great! As if Timothy wasn't bad enough… I was lumped in with these other

two geeks! Chester was a blonde headed guy with braces. And AJ was a young

Afro-American who had been bumped up a grade because he was so smart. He was

lean and lanky, like maybe he could have been a track runner. But I heard he

had asthma and he always wore these terrible sweater vests.

Resigned to my fate, with a huff, I collected my books and slowly walked

toward the back of the room. The three of them normally sat at the front of

the class, but a group of the other students kicked them out of their desks.

Now they were seated in the corner, on the side of the room with the

chalkboard.

As I approached the three boys, I said softly, "Hello, Timothy…"

The young man shifted in his seat nervously before answering, "Um… hi… Boxie."

Well this wasn't going anywhere, so I finally pulled up a chair and sat down

across from them. I told them that I wasn't very good at science, and I wasn't

sure I could be much help. Hopefully they would just leave me alone and do the

project on their own. Timothy was careful not to look directly at me, and he

didn't say anything about yesterday afternoon.

"We were thinking about doing a study on DNA structure," AJ said to me.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Sounds good to me. I'm sure you guys know what you

are doing…"

I figured if I flattered them and stroked their egos, these nerds would be all

too happy to do all the work. And if I played my cards right, I could still

get credit for the assignment. So I nodded and grinned and told them how

fascinating the subject was. Honestly, I didn't have a clue what they were

talking about.

And then Chester announced, "We are going to hit the library right after

school. You'll be able to come, won't you, Boxie?"

"Um… I, ah," my eyes went wide as I hadn't planned on any extracurricular

activity. "I'm not sure. I think I had other plans…"

Thankfully, the bell rang, sparing me from having to think up some excuse. I

did not want to waste my time hanging out with these guys at the library!

Quickly, I grabbed my books and pushed the chair back. I headed out the door

without a backward glance. Let them sort out the details.

I spent the rest of the day and the next, avoiding Timothy and the other two

guys. They might actually ask me to do some research or something. I really

didn't want to have anything to do with this stupid project. At the same time,

I did need to pull up my grade in this class. I wondered if I would push them

too far by ignoring them the whole week. Surely they wouldn't say anything if

I batted my pretty grey eyes at them.

But Timothy cornered me in class on Thursday.

"Look, Boxie…" he said, appearing flustered and annoyed at once. "We have been

working really hard on this project the past few days. You haven't done a

single thing. Chester and AJ are starting to get upset…"

I held my hands behind my back and looked down at the floor. "I know. I'm

sorry. Listen, I told you I am just not good at biology!"

The other two boys were on either side of Timothy. They frowned at me and

looked very serious. Jeez, these guys needed to lighten up!

"Mr. Johnson said we can use the classroom after school today," AJ informed

me. "He will even let us borrow some lab equipment so we can finish the

project."

Chester continued, saying, "This is the last chance for you to help us. If you

are not there this afternoon, we are going to tell Mr. Johnson that you had

nothing to do with this assignment."

"No, don't do that!" I squeaked and clutched my hands in front of my chest.

"All right… I'll be there!"

Actually, I had been hoping to go to the mall with my friend Patty straight

after school. I had even worn a cute new denim skirt I had bought, and a white

sleeveless top. But now I would have to cancel my plans. I couldn't afford to

mess up my grade for this science class; I would be in too much trouble. So

during the lunch period, I found Patty and told her that we would have to go

shopping some other time.

The remainder of the day, I was miserable. I wasn't looking forward to staying

another two or three hours at school. Especially working on some pointless

science project. But I felt I didn't have a choice. After the last period, I

threw my books in the locker and headed up to the classroom. I didn't think to

bring anything with me. I figured the boys would have whatever books and items

they needed.

I kind of sauntered lazily into the room. It was rather odd being in the

school with no other students around. Well, I suppose there were other after

school activities going on, like sports and stuff. But those students would be

in the gym or outside. Maybe the band had after school rehearsal. But up on

this floor, it felt like we were the only four people in the building.

The boys had slid desks together to form a long workstation. Various

instruments were out, like microscopes, beaker and cylinders, as well as open

books and notebook paper. They were all standing behind the combined desks

when I arrived.

Timothy looked up and said, "Oh, hi, Boxie."

I gave him a weak smile, and moved closer to the desks. Looking again across

the surface, at the assorted odds and ends they had scattered about, it dawned

on me that I really had no idea what this science project involved.

"I hope we weren't too harsh on you," Chester said almost apologetically.

"It's not like we wanted to tell on you," AJ in his sweater vest added.

Folding my arms, and shifting my weight to my other foot, I finally admitted,

"No, it's all right. You guys were right. If I'm part of the group, I should

help out at least a little."

"The thing is," Chester smiled and I caught the glint of his silver braces, "I

understand why you were reluctant to stay with us after school."

I pulled my long black hair over my shoulder and asked, "You do?"

The blonde teenager looked to his side, and then explained. "Timothy told us

how you have been struggling in class. And that normally, when you do your

school work at home, you do it in the nude…"

"Timothy!" I clenched my fists and stamped my foot. "That was supposed to be

our secret! You said you wouldn't tell…"

Shaking his head, the boy raised his hands defensively. "I was trying to stick

up for you. I figured that was the reason you had ditched us this week. Not

because you are not a nice person, but because you were too shy to do… what

you normally do…"

Outraged, I opened my mouth but found no words to speak. The problem was, I

didn't normally have that habit of doing my homework naked. It was all just a

lie. But how could I admit that now, in front of these three guys? They must

know that I had studied with Timothy like that. If I told them it was all a

set up, how would that make me look? But if I didn't come clean, what… what

were they expecting me to do?

AJ also nodded understandingly. "Timothy explained everything. It helps you

relax, helps you concentrate better."

I actually felt my self heating up, remembering my study session from earlier

in the week. Standing here in front of these three young men, their eyes fixed

on my developing figure, caused a sweet sensation starting in my tummy. The

denim skirt I was wearing was very short. It only came down to the tops of my

thighs, showing a lot of leg. If I raised my arms at all, my top would ride up

enough to expose my bellybutton. Of course, I had been planning on a trip to

the mall this afternoon, not working on a school project.

**Boxie Carter: The Science Project (Part 4)**

"It's only the four of us," Chester reached across the desk to pick up a

beaker. "You can go ahead and take off your clothes."

"I… I don't know if that's a good idea," I said blushing. "I mean… we are

still in school!"

AJ tapped his chin thoughtfully. "But if you were home right now, up in your

room, working on some school assignment, what would you be wearing?"

I gasped and looked at Timothy. Behind his glasses, I could see his eyes were

wide. My heart beating faster, I realized that I had to continue the

ridiculous story I had invented.

"I would be completely… naked," I answered softly.

"Because it helps you relax, helps you to concentrate," Chester reminded me.

My fingers fidgeted with the hem of my shirt. "Yes… that's right."

"I'm sorry, Boxie, but this project is very important to us," Timothy said

while looking away from me. "We need you to give us your full effort, and not

be distracted."

Oh God, this was so unreal. I looked over at the door to the classroom, a

little unsure. They actually wanted me to strip naked, right now, in front of

them? The thought did send a shiver through my body.

"What… what if someone comes in?" I asked.

Chester was quick to reassure me, "Our teacher trusts us to be alone in the

classroom, because we are his best students. Other than us, the custodians

won't be here until much later, after we are finished."

I pulled my lip through my thumb and forefinger, considering. "Can I shut the

door?"

"If that makes you more comfortable, of course." AJ replied and then went back

to consulting his notes.

I paused, watching the boys go about their business. Then I did a half turn,

and headed over to the door. Suddenly, I was very conscious of my clear

plastic heels clicking on the tiles. When I reached the doorway, I stuck my

head out into the corridor. It certainly did seem deserted up here.

Nevertheless, I placed one hand on the knob and the other on the back of the

door. Quietly pushing it shut. I couldn't believe I was doing this!

Scampering back to the front of the classroom, I had my hands on my hips, and

then popped open the button fly on my denim skirt. Without wasting another

moment, I let it fall to the floor. The soft rustle of material, however,

caught the attention of the boys. Each one of them, Timothy, Chester, and AJ,

looked up from what they were doing.

Oh God, they were watching me!

At first, I kind of kept my hands intertwined in front of my panties. I

bashfully stepped out of my skirt and then placed my arms at my sides. They

could see my little white panties with pink frills and flower designs. I was

so embarrassed! But now I couldn't stop… I grabbed the bottom of my shirt and

lifted it up, showing them by bare stomach. I pulled my top higher and then

completely over my head, only to drop it on the floor near the skirt.

Standing there in just my underwear and heels, I kind of covered up with my

arms and bent one knee forward.

"Maybe…" I said, voice trembling slightly, "maybe that's as far as I should

go."

The boys looked at each other, wondering what I would do next. In fact, it

appeared that both AJ and Chester regarded Timothy in the middle skeptically.

"From what we were told," Chester turned to face me, "You weren't wearing a

stitch. We really need you to be absolutely… focused."

I rubbed my bare stomach, and then absently snapped the elastic band of my

panties. "Um… would it be all right if I take off the rest behind the

teacher's desk?"

The boys nodded, and in my flimsy matching underwear, I jiggled and bounced

over to Mr. Johnson's desk. Immediately, I sat down in his chair and thought

how wild this was! If only he knew what I was doing, I would get an "A" for

sure. The first thing I did was reach down so I could undo the straps on my

heels. Once I had these off, I picked up my shoes to place them on the desk.

Timothy, AJ, and Chester saw this and knew I was now barefoot.

I noticed that like most teacher desks, the front of this one had a modesty

panel. Making use of the coverage this provided, I hooked my thumbs into the

sides of my panties and started to lower them. I had to lift my butt so I

could pull down my underwear further. Taking a deep breath, I let the material

slide down my legs to dangle off my toes. I snatched them up and waved them at

the boys to show I had removed my panties. Then I tossed them on the floor

near my skirt and top.

Oh my God, I was sitting completely bottomless in Mr. Johnson's chair! I

couldn't help it, but I slowly spread my legs wide open beneath his desk, to

savor the sensation. But before I could so anything more inappropriate, I

scooted off the seat to a crouching position. My whole body was tingling! Only

my head peeked above the surface and I saw the boys watching me with great

interest.

Keeping my eyes locked in their direction, I reached my hands behind my back

so that I could unclasp my bra. This was the last item, the only piece of

clothing I had on, until I started sliding the straps off my shoulders.

Beneath the desk and out of view, I was able to remove it from my chest,

allowing my big boobies to come bouncing free. Feeling so exposed, I let out a

gasp, and then threw the bra over by my other clothes.

"OK, I'm naked now…" I announced rather unnecessarily.

Timothy shuffled some papers and said, "Well hurry up, Boxie, we need to get

going."

I bounced nervously on the toes of my feet, bringing my hands to grip the top

of Mr. Johnson's desk. Slowly, I pulled myself up, but at the last second

raised and arm to hide my bare breasts. I also reached for the shoes I had

placed on the desk, and brought them to my body, hiding my crotch.

In this position, I stepped out from behind the desk totally naked. Keeping my

legs together as best I could, I moved over to the boys. I think I actually

felt my butt cheeks clenching in excitement.

"All right…" I said shyly. "I'm ready."

While the boys manipulated various objects on the pushed-together desks,

Chester looked at me and said, "Your shoes or going to get in the way, if we

need you to grab something."

I lowered my eyes, blushing. One hand hugged my other arm, drumming fingers on

my bare skin. My other hand clutched the back of my heels, holding them in

front of my pussy. Of course, he was right, I couldn't spend the whole

afternoon with my shoes grasped between my fingers. One by one, I let go of

them, listening to them clatter to the floor. I curled my empty fingers,

keeping my wrist over my pubic mound.

"Is that better?" I asked breathlessly.

AJ motioned with his arm, "Will you come around over here and look at this…"

It's funny, it was almost as if now that I was completely nude, they treated

me like one of their peers. They must really believe being undressed made me a

better student. Cradling my boobies in one arm, other palm still covering down

there, I walked across the room so I could join the boys behind the work

desks.

I pushed myself all the way up close, between Chester and AJ. It was so

strange feeling their shirts brush against my bare arms and shoulders. I

leaned down a little and arched up on my toes, sticking my ass in the air. I

hoped they didn't notice how aroused I was getting!

"See this diagram?" Timothy was pointing to a picture in the book. "We were

reviewing this at your house the other day. Our project involves trying to

replicate patterns of the DNA structure…"

I nodded my head, listening to them taking turns explaining the lab project.

Frankly, most of it was beyond my comprehension. But as they continued to

work, and involved me in their discussion, I started to loosen up a bit.

Slowly I grew less conscious of keeping my body covered. I would sometimes

tease the ends of my hair, forgetting that I was letting my tits hang out.

Quite a few times, I had to turn around to look something up in a book, and

allowed them a perfect view of my bare bottom. By the time an hour had passed,

I was walking around the classroom, hardly covering up at all!

When they invited me to look through the electronic microscope, I stepped up

to the desk, and placed both hands palm down on the surface. I had to stand on

the tips of my toes and squinted one eye as I looked through the lens. The

magnified objects of study were really remarkable.

Chester moved next to me, and suddenly I felt his hand on my lower back! His

touch caused my whole body to stiffen. There had been no inclination from any

of these boys that they would try something. While my immediate thought was to

turn around and slap him, I also realized that I liked his fingers pressed

just above my ass crack. I also realized that if I did turn around and his

hand remained in the same position, it would be resting on my very sensitive

area just beneath my bellybutton. Maybe I would like that, too.

His other hand then reached up to touch my hair softly, even running through

my long black tresses. Involuntarily, I arched my back and threw my head back

as well. And then the boy plucked out a strand!

"Ouch!" I yelped, and this time I did spin around.

"Sorry, Boxie," AJ said, taking the piece of hair from Chester. "But we needed

a new DNA sample to complete the project. You are the only one with hair long

enough for us to use."

Feeling embarrassed, I hugged an arm over my chest and lowered my other hand

in front of my crotch. "Is that so?"

Leaning against the desk, I watched the boys take the strand and fix it onto

one of the glass slides they prepared for the microscope. It appeared that its

length might have been giving them some trouble. Timothy frowned and looked

over at me.

"We need another comparative sample," he said. "Would you be able to give us

another piece of hair, Boxie?"

"No, it's not all right!" I said at once. "You guys are going to give me

split-ends…"

Suddenly I thought of a wicked idea. It was wild and crazy, and the more I

thought about it, the more I had to try it. I glanced across the long surface

of the desks pushed together and saw where the boys had laid out some other

experimental instruments. Fully naked, I stepped slowly around the teenagers

and walked around the other side.

"What's this?" I asked innocently, fingering a bladed utensil.

"Be careful!" Chester admonished. "That's a forensic scalpel. It's as sharp as

a…"

"As a razor?" I smiled, my grey eyes dancing playfully.

Chester looked at AJ and Timothy, and then back at me. "Why, yes, I suppose

so. That's why you shouldn't play around with it."

The scalpel in hand, I took another step toward the classroom door. "How

important is it that you get another DNA sample… some more of my hair?"

This time AJ answered, "It is the final part of the project, and we need to

illustrate our hypothesis with a control sample and a variable."

"OK, like, I don't know what you just said," I giggled, "but I have an idea

how to contribute to the project. Timothy, grab one of those glass dishes and

follow me…"

Before any of the boys could object, I hurried to open the door, and walked

out of the classroom. Completely naked! My heart was pounding, and I felt so

excited. I had never been naked like this in school before! Well, OK, I was

nude in the gym once. But standing out here just in the hallway, where

hundreds of students walked by every day… this was so amazing!

"Boxie, what are you doing?" Timothy was quickly at my side, though clearly

very nervous.

I looked him over from head to toe, pleased to see that my nudity still got a

reaction out of him. "I want you to walk with me to the girls bathroom. You

know, keep an eye out. I don't want to do this alone."

The cool tiles beneath my bare feet made me giddy. I spun around and dropped

my arms to my sides, letting my pink nipples stick straight out. Take a few

cautious steps down the hall, I saw that it was safe, and jogged forward past

empty classrooms. Turning my head to look over my shoulder, I noticed Timothy

was still standing in the same spot, one hand in his pocket.

"Quit staring at my butt!" I giggled, feeling deliciously sexy.

"S-sorry… sorry," the boy stammered.

**Boxie Carter: The Science Project (Part 5)**

As he shuffled ahead to keep up with me, I glanced along the walls of the

corridor. Finally, I found the door to the girls bathroom. I had used this one

tons of times before, but for some reason, it felt like it took forever to get

here in my bare birthday suit. Timothy was right behind me as I started to

push the door open.

"Ah, ah…" I chided him, "Ladies only!"

I turned around to face him, both hands clasped over my pussy. I stood up on

my toes and leaned my bottom into the door, pushing it further open so I could

walk backward into the restroom. Telling Timothy to wait for me, I grabbed the

glass dish from him and watched the door slowly close again in front of me.

I was now by myself and naked. But stepping up to the wall mirror and seeing

my reflection, made me blush to realize I was running around like this. Oh

God, these guys must have seen everything! Well, too late now, I guess there

was no harm in them seeing a little bit more.

The first thing I did was put the laboratory scalpel and the dish on the ledge

by the sinks. I hoped this would work. Turning on the faucets, I ran my hands

beneath the water until it was nice and hot. Then I took some of the liquid

soap and worked up a good lather. Like a lotion, I rubbed the soap just under

my tummy, lower, and lower until my patch of pubic hair was covered in suds.

Carefully, I pressed the blade of the scalpel against my body, using my other

hand to pull out a curly black hair.

I sliced it off easily and dropped it into the dish. It was a small sample to

be sure, but probably perfect for looking at beneath the microscope. But I

didn't stop there. With one hand I pressed my tummy flat, and scraped up again

with the scalpel. Wiping the blade against the side, more of my wet hairs

dropped into the dish.

This wouldn't take long, I figured. My pubic hair grew in like an upside down

triangle… starting out as a narrow strip just above my labia, and then

widening. I was able to collect a decent sample from trimming the broader

patch. But even after I had enough little hairs to take back to the boys, I

continued to pull and gently scrape away.

Now I ran the blade beneath the hot water, and went to work on what was left

of my stubble. I found that I was able to cut smoothly right down to the skin.

This really was like a razor! My butt cheeks clenched as I delicately pressed

my fingers around my sensitive pink folds. I was concentrating so hard on

being safe and thorough, that before I knew it, I had shaved myself bald.

With a gasp, I ran a hand over my soapy crotch. But there was not a stray hair

to be found! I rinsed off the scalpel once more, and then grabbed some wet

paper towels to pat down my lower body and between my legs.

Nothing! I was completely bare! Looking down, I saw my juicy pussy lips poking

out, nothing concealing them at all. The skin where I had taken off all my

pubic hair was still sensitive, and my silky lips were even more responsive to

touch.

"Ooooh!" I moaned, as I stroked and coaxed my clitoris into view.

Now I felt really naked! All right, well, I didn't want to start playing with

myself right now with Timothy waiting just outside, so I quickly grabbed the

dish and the scalpel. Placing one hand over my new bald pussy, I tiptoed over

to the door.

"Timothy… are you still out there?" I called out. "If it's still safe, I need

you to push open the door."

In a moment, the heavy door to the girls bathroom came opening toward me and I

took a few steps back. My heart was beating so fast! Timothy and I locked

eyes, and then I lowered mine blushing as I brushed past him. Out in the

hallway again, I gave him the container of my hair samples and the bladed

instrument.

The boy regarded these with amaze and said, "Boxie… these hairs are the

perfect size! How did you cut the ends of your hair so finely with just the

scalpel?"

"Um, they're not from the hair on my head," I explained shyly, rubbing a bare

foot behind my leg.

He blinked, obviously confused. So I looked past him, and then glanced over my

shoulder. We were absolutely alone, just the two of us. Very slowly, first my

clenched fingers uncurling, and then I moved my wrists apart. I looked up at

the ceiling and dropped my hands to my sides. Showing him my completely shaved

pussy.

"Oh, wow…" I heard Timothy gasp.

Realizing that he was not only seeing my outer lips, but my pink labia

protruding as well, and my cute clitoral hood if he looked close enough. I

folded my hands back over my crotch.

"We had better get back to the room," I suggested.

And the two of us hurriedly made our way down the corridor. Timothy shuffling

along as best he could, not wanting to spill the precious contents of the

laboratory dish, my pubic hair. My feet slapped over the tiles, running along

stark naked.

When we returned to the classroom, I found myself more embarrassed than

before. I quietly crept in, keeping both hands cupped over my smooth crotch.

Timothy moved ahead of me, bringing the items back to the laboratory station.

He showed the other boys the sample.

"Yes, this will do nicely," AJ remarked, twirling a curly black hair between

his thumb and forefinger. "The perfect size for the microscope, too. Where did

you get this from?"

"Boxie shaved off all her pubic hair!" Timothy blurted out.

"Oh my God!" I squealed. "I can't believe you said that!"

The boys looked over at me. I stood with knees locked together and hands

clasped tightly in front of my pussy. Chester took the dish, and slowly

swirled a finger through my shavings.

"This is all of it, then?" he asked.

"No… that was just what I thought would be enough for the science project," I

was forced to admit. "The rest, I decided to take off… and washed down the

sink."

Chester looked over at his friend Timothy, and then back at me. "So you are

totally bare right now?"

I couldn't find the words to answer. With wide eyes, I just nodded my chin.

God, my nipples were so hard, rubbing against my arms.

"Well, while you were busy grooming yourself," AJ said with finality, "The two

of us completed the last of the analysis reports. These hair samples on the

slides will make a nice DNA exhibit for our presentation."

"Does that mean I can get dressed?" I asked.

Timothy quickly stepped to my side. "You really did help us out, Boxie. I know

it must have been embarrassing to be naked in front of us."

"I'm still naked," I said, blushing.

"Oh… right!" the boy suddenly got my meaning, and moved out of the way.

My round bottom wiggling, I walked forward to the front of the classroom so I

could pick up my clothes. Passing my discarded shoes on the way, I had to bend

down modestly to retrieve them. I slipped a foot into each heel, and then

quickly buckled the straps.

Now that was completely nude except for my shoes, I felt really sexy. With my

back still facing the boys, I straightened to my full height. I even stretched

my arms like an exaggerated yawn, and then ran my hands through my hair.

Looking down at my body, I saw my pussy lips eagerly unfolded. Well, enough of

that… I snatched up my panties and pulled them up my legs. Breathing heavy

from all the excitement, I put on my top first and then my skirt. I forgot

about my bra, leaving my erect nipples to poke out the front of my shirt.

Later that afternoon, when my friend Patty swung around the school to pick me

up, she asked if I was happy to see her. I sure was! But I didn't tell her

about how I took off my clothes, or about my secret shaving.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day in science class, our group was the first called up to give our

presentation. I had worn a nice grey skirt that came down below my knee, and

had a pretty white blouse decorated with leaf patterns. My hair was tied back

in a ponytail, because I thought that would make me look smarter. If I owned

reading glasses, I would have put them on to try and fit in with Timothy, AJ,

and Chester. The only thing out of place was that I had gone to school without

wearing any panties.

That morning, I had found myself wondering how long it would take for my pubic

hair to grow back. I had never done something like this before. As it was,

there wasn't even any stubble on my delicate mound. It was still sensitive to

my touch, so I couldn't bring myself to put on underwear. Besides, who would

know?

The four of us stood up in front of the room, with a wide table set before us.

There was a projector hooked up to the electronic microscope, and the

projector screen behind us. Now that I stared out into the sea of our

classmates' faces, I felt kind of nervous. I fidgeted with the cuffs of my

shirt while Timothy started the presentation.

The teacher, Mr. Johnson, had himself a seat at the back of the room. From

this vantage point, he would observe our project. I stepped to the side,

allowing Chester to move forward, so he could explain the next part of our

science experiment. It was then that I lowered my eyes and noticed how the cardboard posters and diagrams had been strategically placed standing up on the table. A line of them stretched across one side, creating a visual display for our presentation. I realized that by positioning myself directly behind them, I was only seen by the class, from the waist up.

Nervously, I fidgeted with the tie string on my hip that fastened my skirt. I

don't think I was even consciously aware what my fingers were doing. To my

left, I could hear the boys reciting the key points of the report flawlessly,

as if they knew this stuff in their sleep. AJ made a reference to the slides

and the kind of DNA structure found on hair follicles.

Casually I twisted my head to look behind me, and saw a magnified image of a

black strand up on the projector screen. At that moment, it dawned on me that

the students in my class were looking at my pubic hair! My teacher was taking

notes and would be grading us on my pubic hair!

Heart pounding, I licked my lips, and at the same time loosened the string at

my hip. There was a soft rustle of material as the skirt floated to the floor.

I let out a small gasp, but I don't think anybody noticed. But behind the

table and screen of posters, I was standing in front of my class… bottomless!

Oooh, I could feel my bare round bottom just sticking out there!

"Boxie?" I heard AJ call my name. "Boxie, it's your turn…"

I swung my head around to face the boys. Chester was closest to me, and

noticed that I had dropped my skirt. Both our eyes were wide as we looked at

each other, and he checked out the length of my nude leg and maybe caught a

glimpse of my pussy. But he didn't move to touch the skirt, or give away my

state of undress. Then I remembered that this was the part of the presentation

I was supposed to explain.

Reaching down, I found the index cards that had the information I was supposed

to read. Hands trembling, I picked them up off the table. Clutched in my

fingers, I could not even cover my exposed pussy. Oh God, it was just out

there, puckered in front of my whole class… but no one could see!

Flustered and excited, I somehow managed to recite the information on the

card, which the boys had written for me. As we had practiced, I lifted my arm

at one point and gestured at the projector screen like a game show hostess.

This motion caused my shirt to rise, the ends tickling my tummy. To my

surprise, my clit popped out of its hood! I was so glad to have that display

shield to hide my nudity, or everyone would see how turned on I was. Pulling

my ponytail over my shoulder, when I finished speaking, I think I may have had

a small orgasm. My whole body shuddered… I hoped people just figured I was

nervous.

Timothy rounded out the presentation, explaining the group's findings and the

conclusions drawn. During the polite applause from our classmates, Chester

ducked down to grab my skirt and pulled it back up. Quick thinking by the boy,

because I was still in a daze and might very well have walked back to my seat

showing my bare ass and bald pussy! With Timothy's friend holding me steady, I

was able to tie the string tight and make myself decent again.

Afterward, the boys gathered around to thank me.

AJ regarded me with admiration. "That was really sweet of you to at least get

half-naked for the actual report."

"Yeah," Timothy added watching me blush. "I was going to ask Mr, Johnson

permission to allow you to sit this out or stand on the side… you know,

because of your… condition."

Oh God, I'm glad he didn't say anything!

"It doesn't matter," Chester said. "With Boxie's help, I know we got a perfect

score."

I just hoped I wouldn't have any more after-school assignments for a while!

THE END