**Carrie - A Disney World Adventure**

Day 1 - In the Morning - By Sara

I first met Carrie through reading some of her adventures on her web site. I really enjoyed them and realized I had found a kindred spirit. Although besides me being an exhibitionist, I am also a believer in nudism. Don’t get me wrong – I don’t go to those tacky nudist colonies where everyone either sits around in lawn chairs or plays volleyball – hehe.

I just think it’s unnatural to clothe your body unless it is called for protection against the elements. I still enjoy dressing up when the occasion calls for it, but most of the time I find clothing very constrictive and try to wear as little as possible. I don’t see what the big deal is anyway. Everyone is naked under their clothing, and everyone else knows it. In fact, I believe that we are raised to believe that our bodies in our natural states are something dirty, which should be hidden away, and yet we are constantly bombarded by the media with heavy sexuality in terms of TV programs, movies, advertisements, novels and commercials, etc. I honestly believe that these conflicting messages causes sex crimes and/or people who begin to confuse sex with violence. Sorry, enough about me, back to Carrie. After I had read all of the adventures she had up on the one site, I followed her link back to her own web page. After reading and really enjoying her writing, I wrote her and explained I thought we had something in common and sent her a link to my own web page. I received an ecstatic reply from her and our friendship was born.

I had noticed in her Original Stories Written By Others concerning Carrie’s fictional adventures that someone had sent her two chapters and then disappeared. I asked her permission to continue writing Carrie in Training and she gladly agreed.

Let me state right here that Carrie was extremely gracious to give me full credit for the tale even though it was co-written by the two of us. We continued to share emails back and forth for awhile and then it turned out that Carrie had an opportunity to visit my home state with her close friend Lisa. I suggested we all meet at Disney World and they were down with the idea.

As I drove from my home to the airport in Orlando I was very excited and yet strangely a bit apprehensive. After all knowing someone online is very different from meeting them face to face. What if Carrie decided she didn’t like me, I would be devastated. But it turned out, of course, that I had no worries, mate. Even though we have never actually met she was unmistakable as she walked off the plane. Carrie was tall at five foot ten and her shoulder length dirty blonde hair was flipping slightly around her face as she walked towards me with her rather purposefully stride. Carrie was a vision of complete loveliness. The outline of her nipples and the slight jiggle of her 34C breasts indicated she had nothing on under the light top. The top was tight hugging ever curve and only served to emphasize the complete smoothness of her figure. Her bare 22 inch waist was clearly visible below the short top. She was more spectacularly beautiful than even I had imagined. It appeared she came prepared for our subtropical climate wearing her short t-top, and extreme low cut shorts on the plane. Even though she had just pulled her shorts up as she walked off the plane, they still showed an extreme amount of Carrie’s tight abs, at least 5 inches below her navel. Carrie was quite a sight as she walked towards me. I didn’t think Lisa would have missed an opportunity to involve Carrie in a dare on the flight down, but I thought I may have been mistaken. As it turned out I wasn’t. Carrie later explained to me that Lisa had dared her to not touch her shorts no matter what during the entire journey down under penalty that she would have to remove them for the duration of the flight. Thank God that hadn’t happened or I’m sure she would have been escorted away by security upon arrival. She went on to inform me that the low riders had fallen to a very precarious position having cleared her hips and sunk to just above her mound as she and Lisa were exiting the plane. But since Lisa was walking in front of her, Carrie took the opportunity to pull them up with one good sneaky yank. Lisa, of course, realized this later (being nobody’s fool) but since she hadn’t caught Carrie, there was nothing she could do.

I also recognized Lisa by her striking dark hair and classic beauty. She was just as Carrie had described her. Lisa was several inches shorter than Carrie, and her lithesome body was strikingly attractive as she walked slightly ahead of Carrie. She was more stylishly dressed than either Carrie or myself, but was still attired in a summer outfit of walking shorts and a beautiful short sleeved blouse. Carrie recognized me immediately from my picture and strode up to me and enveloped me in a ferocious hug. Let me complete the picture by describing myself. I have long blonde hair, weigh one hundred and ten pounds and am five feet, two inches tall. My measurements are 33C, 22 and 35. I know, I know – I kinda have a bubble butt – but it’s the cutest little bubble butt you’ll ever see.

“Sara, you look great, just as I imagined, and I love your outfit.”

Carrie said with a note of excitement in her voice. I have to admit I looked pretty hot wearing short-shorts and a miniscule bikini top in the airport. For once I was actually wearing less than Carrie.

“Hi Lisa, What’s the matter, you look a little down,” I replied to Lisa as I complemented her on her outfit. “I recognized you immediately.”

“Hello, Sara,” she responded rather woodenly. I understood immediately that Lisa was less than delighted with the way I had portrayed her in “Carrie in Training”. I didn’t mean anything personal by it, there just had to be a focal point of conflict. Remember this sports fans – without conflict, there is no story. I think Lisa understood this by the end of their visit because we had warmed up to each other considerably. But she’s still a little instigator. That’s okay, I’m an instigator myself which is one of the things I liked about her and I got Lisa involved in some trouble too, but more on that later.

We proceeded down a level to the baggage claim area. It turned out that Lisa had a pretty normal sized suit case but Carrie’s was only a small carry-on bag. Now why wasn’t I surprised – hehe. The beautiful blonde just held it up and grinned ruefully at me. I understood immediately that it had something to do with a dare from Lisa. This was going to be one interesting vacation. She couldn’t have but a couple of tiny outfits in that bag that’s for sure. As we walked out of the terminal I couldn’t help but notice that Carrie was attracting a lot of attention from men and some women in the way of lustful gazes. But who could blame them. I didn’t even feel slighted.

“Sara, is this yours?” Carrie asked with wonder in her voice, as she gazed at a brand new red Pontiac Grand Am GT that I walked up to. “No, hehe,” I answered. “I just rented it and at that, it cost an arm and a leg.”

“Well It sure looks great. We’re going to look hot cruising in it,” Carrie answered back.

I popped the trunk and Carrie tossed her tiny bag into the trunk causing her breasts to move so tantalizingly unrestricted under the tiny top. I resisted the urge to stare and quickly climbed into the car. After I exited the airport, I hung a right and then turned left on I-4, which was a straight shot to where we were staying – the Disney Contemporary Resort.

I had chosen the Contemporary Resort for a couple of reasons; one, you could take the monorail from there directly to one of the park entrances, and two, and most importantly, the monorail itself ran through the hotel at various parts where it could be readily seen through glass. I had some wild exposure dares in mind for the passengers to gaze at on their journey through the hotel. I pulled up to the resort’s front doors and a quick Johnny on the spot valet stepped around the front of our car and opened my door. Another, luckier, valet opened Carrie’s door and as she stepped out I saw his eyes widen when he glanced downwards checking out her outfit and in particular her sexy little shorts. I realized instantly from my view of her tight rounded butt showing above the waist band of her shorts that the shorts had slipped considerably. Without a thong or panty showing it was obvious that there was nothing but her under the shorts. I handed the valet my keys and wondered just how much of her front she was giving away to the other valet.

Impatient with waiting in the back seat, Lisa pushed the front seat up and stepped out almost propelling Carrie into the still stunned valet. As soon as the beautiful blonde regained her balance, I could see why the young male valet was frozen in place and hadn’t moved. Carrie’s shorts had slipped to where her mound and some of her blonde pubic hairs was showing above her shorts. I couldn’t help but stare myself wondering how her shorts managed to keep from falling down completely. It must have been killing her not to tug them up knowing they were a whisper shy of exposing her cute little bottom. I didn’t know which was sexier, her cute little ass peeking out or her flat stomach that seemed to go on for ever.

By the time I reached her on the other side, Lisa was grinning at Carrie and saying, “I see your outfit is quite the hit.” “Uh…excuse me,” our valet stammered as he quickly hurried to the trunk to assist his co-worker in bringing our luggage into the resort check-in area. I couldn’t help but notice that they kept looking back at Carrie as they worked.

I could see the concern in Carrie’s face so I let Carrie walk between Lisa and I as we walked into the lobby. This of course let me keep a close eye on her tight little ass as it rhythmically wobbled from side to side almost daring everyone nearby to look. For the life of me I didn’t know what was keeping those shorts from falling off completely. With her small butt it seemed like there was nothing holding them up and only a matter of time before they fell to her ankles. She was taking small, even mincing, steps since the shorts had now slipped down to just above her slit liberating about half her ass and just about all of her beautiful pubes. Still Carrie resisted the temptation to pull them up.

“Stay behind me and Lisa,” I whispered. Carrie nodded her head in agreement with a look of concern on her face. Actually I was getting off on seeing Carrie’s cute little bottom exposed like it was, but I didn’t want us to get kicked out of Disney World before we had even had the opportunity to check-in. I was almost certain that none of the male employees would complain at seeing a tall blonde walking around all but falling out of her clothes, but wasn’t as sure about the attractive young woman behind the counter, who was giving off the aura of the complete professional in her neatly attired resort uniform.

Luckily for us, the young woman was totally distracted because for some reason she was presently having to serve double duty with checking people in and taking reservations over the phone. After Lisa had completed her transaction, I stepped up with both mine and Carrie’s ID and credit cards and checked us both in. Even though Carrie is much taller than me, she was able to hide behind Lisa and I so the clerk was unable to see much of her below the waist. When it came time for her to step forward, I reached out and handed the registration card and pen quickly back to Carrie. The female employee shot me a strange look, but made no effort to look further, which was a good thing considering Carrie’s shorts were baring more of her that they were covering at this point. At any movement she could have been exposed to everyone in the lobby.

When we had completed our checking in, I was delighted to discover we were given a room on the fifth floor. I figured that the further we were from the lobby, the more kinky stuff we could get away with. We had no sooner turned away from the counter then the Head Bellman was on us like stink on manure. Seeing three attractive young women checking in, he must have pulled rank to assist us as there were several Bellmen in the lobby area.

“Welcome to the Disney Contemporary Resort. May I assist you to your room?” he asked suavely.

I saw by the writing on his red jacket above his front pocket that his name was Eric and I responded, “Sure, Eric, my name is Sara and this is Carrie and Lisa.

He made no attempt to answer as he had immediately noticed Carrie, Between her golden pubes and ass all but hanging out of her shorts and her nipples poking at her top she certainly wasn’t leaving much of her figure to the imagination. Even If I had missed his mesmerized expression, I could have guessed his interest by the sudden bulge that formed in the front his trousers.

“Come girls,” I said leading Carrie and Lisa to the first floor bank of elevators. “Eric, bring the bags,” I ordered with an air of authority in my voice.

We hurried to the elevator and the Bellman had to scramble to place our luggage on his baggage cart and join us before the elevator doors opened. Somehow Carrie made it without having an accident right there in the lobby. I could tell by her nervous look that she was genuinely concerned but still she did not reach to adjust her shorts which were barely hanging on her. The sight of her cute little nipples which were even more prominent now gave away her excitement and sent a chill of arousal through me as well.

Once the elevator arrived I was disappointed to observe that no one was on it. I’m sure Lisa was too – hehe. After the three of us entered the elevator, Eric followed dragging our baggage behind him on the cart. The doors continued to remain open as the Bellman made no attempt to turn around and punch the appropriate button; instead he just stood and stared at us. Carrie was attempting to remain hidden from his penetrating gaze by somewhat lurking behind Lisa and I, so I suddenly stepped forward and pushed the #5 button. Lisa took my hint and stepped completely away also leaving Carrie and Eric standing literally inches from each other. Carrie gave Eric an awkward smile out of the corner of her mouth as he just stared on. He tried to maintain eye contact but I noticed him stealing a glance or two downward as we waited in awkward silence/ After the door began to close, I glanced back at Carrie and saw her shorts had now slipped even lower to the beginning of her slit. I had to admire her discipline at not reaching down as I would have surely flinched. Her beautiful face was flushed and I realized it wasn’t from embarrassment. I wondered if she might orgasm right here in the elevator, but alas, the ride to the fifth floor was much too short for that to occur. Once the elevator doors opened on the fifth floor, Carrie hurried by the stunned Eric down to our room but ended up waiting at our door. Again, unluckily, there was no one else present on the floor.

Carrie had to wait by the room with her shorts just barely hanging on her bottom for Lisa and I, who had the three keys. We naturally took our time sashaying down the long corridor with the Bellman nosily bringing up the rear with our possessions. Upon reaching the room door, I leaned forward and unlocked it. Carrie rushed in, followed by Lisa and me. By now over half her pretty little ass was hanging out leaving virtually nothing to the imagination. It was obvious from both front and back that she had no tan lines since just about everything that would be covered by even the tiniest bikini was now in view. Eric was now standing just inside the room and had deposited our luggage carefully on to the floor while never removing his gaze from Carrie who was standing with her back to him. I caught Lisa’s attention and winked at her, while reaching into my purse and pulling out money for a tip.

“Here, Carrie, why don’t you give Eric a tip for his hard work” I said, while holding out a five dollar bill for her. Carrie sighed, but took the bill realizing Lisa would never allow her to get out of it. As the beautiful blonde turned around to hand the Bellman his reward, Lisa offered him an even larger tip by stepping up behind Carrie and pulling her shorts completely down causing Carrie to let out a little yell! I thought Eric’s eyes were going to pop out as they were riveted on Carrie’s exposed pussy. I didn’t want to miss this either so I positioned myself along side Eric. Carrie’s bush, as I had already suspected, was trimmed into a classic thin landing strip probably two inches long and perhaps a little less than an inch wide. It seemed to naturally draw my attention to her swollen lips just below. There appeared to be just a hint of moisture dripping from them as I couldn’t help but stare. I broke away just long enough to shout, “There’s your tip, Eric.” And he was so befuddled by this time that I was easily able to push him out in the hall and shut the door in his face.

Lisa was laughing, while Carrie was threatening violence as she yelled at Lisa with her shorts still resting at her feet. I took the opportunity to relieve the beautiful blonde of the money she was still holding in her hand and stashed it back in my purse. “Thanks Lisa,” I offered. “You saved me five bucks.”

“My pleasure. Anytime Sara,” she said while grinning. Carrie glared at the two of us. “Oh, you two are just too funny,” she said sarcastically.

“Oh come on, Carrie, you loved it,” I accused. A sly smile crept over her very attractive features and she admitted, “Yeah, Almost too much. I can’t believe I made it that far without loosing them. I didn’t exactly need the help though.” The half naked young woman then proceeded to nonchalantly step out of her fallen shorts completely and said, “Oh god, I think I need to go freshen up after that little show.”

Carrie then retreated to the bathroom and quickly turned the shower on. Lisa then snidely pointed out, “You know, bikini tops aren’t allowed in the park.”

I responded, “Okay, if you say so.”

I then not only removed my top, but pushed my short-shorts down to the floor and stepped out of them, leaving me stark naked except for my shoes.

Lisa appeared stunned, although she managed to say dryly, “Oh god, you’re as bad as Carrie.”

After barely a minute or two the bathroom door opened and Carrie walked out still dripping from her quick shower. She had a towel in her hand and was toweling herself off as she walked. The sight of her naked body confirmed that she didn’t have a tan line anywhere on that athletic body.

Carrie saw me standing there and began to laugh. “Sara, quit picking on Lisa.”

Lisa glanced at her good friend and muttered, “She’s as bad as you are.”

Carrie crossed the room to where her shorts still lay as I pulled a new outfit from my luggage.

“Wait a minute,” Lisa said. “Don’t put those shorts back on yet.” Carrie just stood that in all her naked glory and looked on suspiciously, “Damn, you’re as hot as I had imagined.” I said as Lisa consulted her bags. She emerged with an evil grin on her face as she turned around. “Here’s your next challenge,” she explained as she handed Carrie the main part of a remote control vibrator.

“When did you get that?” Carrie asked with a concerned look on her face “Oh lets just consider it a present from me to you to spice up your vacation a little.

I just looked on in amazement as Carrie examined the not so little device. It was about an inch in diameter and at least 5 inches long. It was no small vibrator like the one that I have. I guess the receiver for the remote makes it a bit bigger than a normal vibrator, either that or it had one hell of a battery.

“You’re to wear it all afternoon and if you decide to remove it, I’ll have something worse planned.” Lisa explained. “You have to be kidding. It’s enormous. How am I going to walk all around the park with that in me,” Carrie argued. “Oh somehow I don’t think you’ll mind after you get use to it.” Lisa explained “Ok girls. We’re wasting time here. Let’s get a move on it.” I interjected.

“Okay I’ll wear it, but only under one condition. Sara has the controls and not you,” Carrie added Lisa readily agreed, which should have alerted Carrie that something was remiss in her thinking. I immediately understood that Lisa had a far better instinctive grasp of my instigator personality than her good friend did.

I kept a close eye on Carrie as she sat on the bed and carefully slid the vibrator into her open pussy. It was so sexy watching her. She let out a noticeable sigh when it first made contact but slid it in without trouble indicating that she must still have been really wet. Meanwhile I rooted around in my suitcase searching for my short wraparound skirt. It had a pretty checkered pattern and I realized it was perfect for accidentally exposing myself in a way that wouldn’t get me arrested or escorted from the park.

By the time I pulled it out of my bag, Carrie had the vibrator inserted and was busy wiggling back into her sexy little shorts. Turning to Carrie and Lisa as I wrapped the skirt around my waist and then tied the sash, I explained, “Always keep an eye out for hidden security while in the park. Anything against the rules is handled swiftly by security escorting the person to the below ground catacombs.”

Lisa laughed and pointed out, “Sounds like you’re in big trouble here, Carrie.”

“I don’t know. My naughty little friend is hidden well out of sight. I don’t think I have any problems unless you two have something else up your sleeves.”

I continued talking while I returned to my case to locate a mid-rift. “The people who wear the cartoon character costumes are never allowed to speak no matter what, because obviously they wouldn’t sound like the characters and it would destroy the illusion, particularly for little children. If they ever do say anything and are overheard by any park employees, they would be fired immediately.” I put on my red mid-rift and continued talking. “One time a girl was dressed as Eyore and some kid tied the tail to a rail and she couldn’t get free. They have to go underneath every so often and remove their outfits or they could die in the heat down here wearing those heavy suits. A lot of people saw it and thought it was funny as they walked past. They didn’t realize it wasn’t on purpose or the danger involved. The girl refused to cry out for help, being unwilling to lose her job. Man, talk about stupid – she’d rather die than get fired. Anyway, luckily another character finally saw her and ran underneath for get help for her.”

I continued, “Maybe it would be fun to flash one of them and see if they would blow their cool and speak.”

Carrie laughed and offered, “Maybe we can arrange for Lisa to do that.

That would be fun to watch.”

Lisa’s only response was to silently hand me the vibrator’s remote control, which I dropped into the purse for safe keeping. I didn’t plan on using it until we were inside Disney World and then only on low grade, until Carrie became over confident and then I was going to zap her! Hehe.

Besides it didn’t look like Carrie needed any stimulation yet her nipples were already hard poking out definitely from her chest as she scrambled around looking for her top.

“Hold up guys. I can’t go like this or I will get arrested.” Carrie cried as she scrambled around looking for her top. “You do have trouble holding onto your clothes don’t you. I thought you must be exaggerating in your stories. Oh, and by the way, what’s the story behind that bag of yours? It doesn’t look like that bag could hold more than a couple of outfits if that,” I added “Oh, Lisa dared me to let her pack for me. Am I crazy or what? I haven’t had the nerve to even look yet. God knows what I’ll be wearing this week. Oh here it is”, referring to her discarded top which she found in the bathroom.

I was already out the door as Carrie hurried after us slipping her top over her pretty little head and more than ample chest as she did. Her top momentarily hung up on her erect nipples as she carefully pull it in down. Unfortunately there was no one in the hall to witness Carrie’s quick dressing act.

“Well I hope for your sake that Lisa packed something for you because I don’t think you’re going to get those boobs in anything of mine or Lisa’s. Otherwise it could be quite an interesting week for you.” I replied as the three of us headed back to the elevators. “That’s what credit cards are for.” She added with a smile on her face as she hurried to catch up.

“How’s your little friend doing there Carr?” I asked when she caught up.

“Oh man, This is going to be an interesting day was all she said as she squirmed adjusting her shorts, and top. After she finished with them she continued to wiggle her hips a little trying to get her little hidden friend to feel a little more comfortable in her most intimate reaches.

“What’s the matter there? Got ants in your pants.” Lisa asked with a smirk on her face.

“Yeah, Something like that. It just that I feel so full inside. Maybe it will cut down on my appetite. “ Carrie answered back with a little laugh.

“I thought you said you’ve done this before, I mean wearing a vibrator under your clothes to an amusement park.” I asked as she continued moving her hips.

“Yeah, but it wasn’t a remote and it wasn’t nearly as big as this one.

“So what was that day like?” I continued to ask.

“Oh God, it was wild. I was handling it alright until a wild girl decided to take me on the roller coaster.”

“What are you talking about? That was the best part,” Lisa said laughing under her breath as she did.

“Best part? Oh God, I was a really nervous wreck about going on the ride in the first place and turned on like you couldn’t believe. I was breaking out in a sweat before the ride even started and then when we went down the first hill, I lost it completely. “ Yeah, You should have hear her scream when we went over the top. She screamed so loud I bet they heard her clear across the park,” Lisa added.

“Yeah and then I think I must have passed out because I don’t remember much until we came to the stop and had to get out.” “You should have seen her. She was pale as a ghost. The ride operator thought she was sick or something. I had to help her out of the car and down the steps,” Lisa added.

“Oh man that was something. I don’t think I’ve ever cum so hard in my life.”

“Wow, that’s amazing. I so wish I was there,” I said in amazement. It was then I realized I had the remote to Carrie’s little vibrator in my purse. I couldn’t help but reach in and goose Carrie a little as we waited.

She literally jumped as the vibration resonated through her sex.

“Oh God stop that please,” Carrie yelled as the elevator arrived. I wanted to wait till we got to the park but after hearing Carrie’s story I was pretty worked up myself and couldn’t help but play with her a little. She continued to squirm as we rode down in the lobby leaning against the side wall. If Carrie thought she was turned on now, it was nothing compared to what she was going to experience today.

After we arrived downstairs, we took the monorail to the front gates of Disney World. We paid for a special three day pass to all the parks and headed to the Magic Kingdom entrance. Since 9/11 they’ve added medal detectors and examine your bags before they allow you in to the park. I was just about to say something to Carrie when the alarm went off for her. The guard pulled her to the side to figure out what had set off the metal detector.

It wasn’t like she was wearing that much so I was worried they might pick up the vibrator. I was pretty certain that that was what it was when it went off again as the guard brought it past the front of her shorts. Only Carrie’s quick thinking saved the day. With a huge smile on her face, she looked the guard straight in the eye and pulled the waistband of her shorts out and away from her flat tummy. “See, nothing down there but me,” She said.

I saw the guard’s eyes travel down to take a look but wasn’t able to see how much he actually saw. I could only judge by his wide open eyes that he had seen quite a bit. There was a moment of hesitation before he started to smile and told her to proceed. We all made it in and started walking when I couldn’t help notice that Carrie seemed to be walking a little funny. It was so sexy to watch her cute little ass in those skimpy shorts as it swung back and forth almost independent of the motion of her upper body. “What’s the matter sweetie?” I asked with a devilish smile on my face. “I think you know perfectly well what’s the matter. I’m walking up Main Street USA” with a 5 inch stick stuck up my you know what. That’s what’s the matter” Carrie answered quickly.

“How’s it feel?”

“Big, real big. That’s how it feels.” She answered quickly. Just then I hit the button on the remote for just a second and watched her give me a dirty look as she wiggle her hips just a little bit more than before With not knowing how many of our readers are familiar with Disney World, I suppose a little description is in order. As soon as you enter the town square, you see a team of horses clopping around it. The three of us walked slowly up Main Street looking in the shops. We saw a number of great shops but decided we would have plenty of time to go shopping later in our trip.

There were a lot of people present, but not near as bad as it is in the winter months. We next encountered The Dapper Dans, a real hokey (in my opinion) barber shop quartet, who were singing on the sidewalk. As soon as they got an eyeful of Carrie in sexy outfit, they appeared quite intrigued with her and obviously began to sing personally to her. I wonder if this had anything to do with me continuing to jolt Carrie’s vibrator lowly causing her nipples to stick out even more pronounced beneath her light t-top – hehe.

Lisa finally suggested we move on, much to the Dapper Dans disappointment. We slowly walked on gawking at the Victorian style buildings and then decided to take a left once we reached the end of Main Street. This led us to Liberty Square, which isn’t very large, but does hold the Haunted Mansion and the Liberty Bell. Carrie indicated that she would like to go to the Haunted Mansion and we promised her we would go there on our way back. We walked across the bridge and then up to Frontierland.

Frontierland consists of six attractions, the Diamond Horseshoe Review, Country Bear Jamboree, Tom Sawyer Island, Frontierland Shootin’ Arcade, Big Thunder Mountain Railroad, and Splash Mountain. By mutual consent, we decided to go on Splash Mountain first. Splash Mountain is just what it sounds like, you ride a waterfall downwards. There was quite a long line of course, but it did move quickly. The three of us made small talk, which mostly involved Lisa teasing Carrie on what the affect of the water will have on her top and white shorts. Periodically I would give Carrie’s vibrator a good jolt causing her to jump. I was teasing her terrible leaving it on until I’d hear her start to sigh or moan and then turn it off. Each time Lisa and I would laugh and she’d give us both a dirty look. You could tell she was terribly distracted as she would get real quiet and start to wiggle her sexy hips in and move around. Eventually we started getting some strange looks from some of the other people in line. Small beads of sweat were starting to breakout on Carrie’s forehead and they weren’t from the heat.

“Are you ok Carrie?” I asked.

Before she could answer, Lisa said, “God is she ever ok. She’s loving it.”

Carrie just turned her head towards Lisa and sighed. Finally we reached the beginning of the line. Two people could get into one row, each of them in their own separate log car. Carrie and I were lucky and arranged ourselves in the very front of the ride. Lisa got into the line behind us.

The ride came to us and we slid in. Carried pulled her shorts back in place and carefully sat down leaving out a little sigh in the process. I guess the vibe must have been giving her a problem sitting. Being 5 inches long I guess you couldn’t help but feel that inside of you. The ride consists of going over three different falls, but of course the last one is by far the biggest. As we were slowly taken up around the mountain, we watched the antics of the characters from the story of Brer Rabbit and the briar patch. We also passed a cool looking riverboat, which is said to be the largest animatronics in all of Walt Disney World. The entire ride is only around eleven minutes long and we were soon confronted with going over the final waterfall that is purported to be fifty-two feet long.

Just as the ride plunged downward, I began to hit the vibrator control near full power. Carrie was screaming along with everyone else involved in the ride, but for a very different reason – hehe. Reaching the bottom of the falls and since we were in the first cars, Carrie and I were completely drenched in cold water. Wow! What a rush. As we rode in to disembark, I laid off the controls since I wanted my beautiful friend to be able to get off (no, not that way!) the ride without causing any more spectacle of herself than possible. Carrie was a little slow getting up but a ride assistant was quick to give her a hand. I wonder why. I couldn’t help but notice how clearly you could see Carries nipples through the light top. If it wasn’t for the pattern she would have looked like a contestant in a wet T shirt contest; and the cold water had certainly caused Carrie’s nipples to stand at attention. There was no doubt what she was packing under that top but that wasn’t the worse by far. The water had turned Carrie’s white shorts almost completely transparent. Her butt was plainly visible under the tight wet material and if you looked at her from the front (and who in their right mind wouldn’t?) you could definitely see the outline of her swollen pussy lips pushing at the tight material. Her pussy was beautiful, as I saw back in the hotel room but with all the simulation it was quite swollen and pronounced.

Just as Lisa joined us, Carrie exclaimed, “Whew, I thought I was gonna lose it there. Sara, you little devil,” she laughed. Lisa immediately noticed what Carrie hadn’t as of yet – the almost completely transparency of her shorts as she turned and grinned at me. I sidled up beside Lisa and whispered that her and I might have to protect Carrie by staying in front of her at certain times if any horny guy started to give her any trouble.

Lisa glanced incredulously at me and whispered back, “How in the world are we going to accomplish that? I mean, you can see everything.” Before I could answer, Carrie chided us by saying, “Hey, no secrets you too. It’s rude and besides when you two plot I get very nervous.” “Us plot, come on get serious.” I said with a laugh. I answered her complaint by sticking my tongue and hitting the button on the remote.

“Oh god, Yea you and Lisa are two of a kind. God please give me a break with that thing. I’m so turned on I can’t think straight.” That’s when she looked down and saw how see though her clothes had become.

“Oh my god, look at me. Shit what am I going to do?”

“I don’t know, Grin and bare it I guess.” Lisa added with a snicker. Carrie looked concerned and tried adjusting her clothes to hide what she could as we started to leave. When she realized she was being left she jumped up and hurried after us. Her lovely breasts bounced so gently as she did. Of course her shorts needed to be pulled up again by the time she caught up.

Next we decided to go on the Big Thunder Mountain Railroad, which of course is a rollercoaster. There was throngs of people around now which actually helped Carrie remain inconspicuous and gave her clothing time to dry out in the hot temperature. By the time the crowds had thinned out, she looked fairly decent again – well, as much as possible given what she was wearing to begin with. Again, I played with the remote as we waited. After all I needed something to pass the time. The more I did it, the more Carrie began to fidget and moan throatily and involuntarily. Her shifting of her lovely hips in turn was causing her shorts to begin to move very subtly downwards. This certainly drew the attention of others around us in line.

“Sara,” she gasped. “Please stop it.”

“Hehe,” I giggled at her, but in fact did cease my perverted activity because we were quickly approaching the front of the line and I didn’t want Carrie’s shorts to sink any lower right then. As it was, they showing a tiny bit of her butt crack and the beginning of her blonde pubic hair.

No one in the line paid any particular attention as we slipped in.

Either that or they were enjoying the view too much to complain. There was a young woman tour guide at the beginning of the line offering facts concerning the ride. It seems that Big Thunder Mountain is fashioned after Bryce Canyon in Utah. Legend has it the mountain will thunder if you take out any of its gold.

I immediately whispered an aside to Lisa and she quickly agreed. You see I had a plan in my devious little mind. Just before we left the line and stepped toward seating ourselves in the rollercoaster, I insisted we all throw our arms up at the point of the rollercoaster’s final plunge as I had read online that this was the way to receive the full effects from the ride and Carrie and Lisa quickly agreed – hehe. At my suggestion, Carrie and I entered one car together and Lisa got into the one behind us. The rollercoaster finally began and after its initial obligatory first long journey upwards, it plunged downward and then quickly around the mountain. Besides the thrill of the twisting speed, there was plenty to look at. The mountain is scattered with genuine antique mining equipment and also some animatronics, although I don’t think Carrie noticed as I was giving her huge jolts from the vibrator as we rode alone. Her mind clearly seemed preoccupied. I could tell that it was really getting to her from her louder and louder moans and the fact that once again her nipples threatening to burst through her top. We approached the final part of the ride and Carrie dutifully threw her arms straight up in the air stretching skyward. I was surprised she was in any state of mind to remember considering I was giving her a continuous jolts from the vibrator at its maximum setting.

Right when the train began its downward plunge, Lisa took advantage of Carrie holding her arms straight up and reached over. In one swift motion she completely removed her friend’s shirt baring Carrie’s whole upper body, breasts and all to anyone who was lucky enough to be looking! Carrie was too shocked to do anything about it as the ride began its plunge downward. Sensory and psychological overload hit my beautiful blonde friend all at the same instant sending her over the top and into an uncontrollable orgasm. Her entire body involuntarily clenched in sexual spasm. What a sight. The look on her face as all this hit at once was worth a million bucks. If only I had a camera. I swear her nipples were standing out over an inch from her breasts. The rest of the crowd on the rollercoaster were raising such a din with their screaming that Carrie’s loud screams were barely noticeable. As the ride hit the bottom of the hill she bent over at the waist, not to hide the sight of her beautiful breasts from the rest of the world, but because she was still in the throes of her sexual release.

The ride was coming to an end and I was worried that Carrie was too out of it to realize she was still topless. Just as we slowed down in preparation of ending, Lisa passed Carrie’s top up to me and I told Carrie she had to put it back on before we got back to the boarding area. She was still incoherent and too out of it to do it herself so I helped her slip it back on. I got it over her head and tried pulling it over her beautiful breasts but it hung up on those huge nipples. I got it on just as the ride ended but not before one of the attendants saw what was going on.

Carrie was still extremely flushed and wobbly when she regained her feet after exiting the car and a different attendant shot her a concerned look since it was unusual for the rollercoaster to produce such an effect on people.

I laughed and said to the attendant, “She’s okay, I’ll take care of her,” and I took Carrie by the arm and gently lead her into the crowd. By this time Lisa had also alighted from the ride and was following behind.

Carrie was still a little wobbly as we started to walk in the direction of returning to Liberty Square. After a couple of minutes had passed, Carrie was finally able to say, “Oh my God Sara, that was awesome. I was so shocked when you pulled my shirt off I lost it completely.”

“We know, We know.” Lisa added.

I laughed and said, “Glad to be of service, but don’t think you’re out of the woods yet. We’ve still got all afternoon to go.” “God, I don’t think I’m going to last that long at this rate. I think I need to sit down. I can barely walk without this thing getting me all turned on again.” Carrie said in a tired sounding voice. Since it was nearing lunch time and, Carrie looked like she needed a break, we decided to grab a bite to eat before deciding where to go next. We re-crossed the bridge and entered Liberty Square. Of course every part of the park offers various places to eat and we chose one with a fairly short line. I resisted my temptation to push the button as Carrie ordered figuring she had had enough for right now. I’d save that for a better opportunity later.

We all grabbed the mandatory cheese burger, fries and coke and looked around for a table. It was fun to watch Carrie’s shorts start to slip as she walked. Since she had both hands occupied holding the tray there really was no way for her to pull them up. I was actually temped to walk to another set of tables but opted to stop before they fell off her completely. I picked a table in the shade because I had some plans of my own.

Carrie quickly placed her tray on the table and immediately tugged her pants back up before sitting. It was so funny watching her face as she carefully sat. I guess the vibe made that a delicate operation. I quickly placed my lunch in front of me. It was a circular table and the seating consisted of two round benches, one on each half of the table. As I was sitting opposite of them, they didn’t noticed that prior to seating myself, I quickly untied the sash to my wraparound skirt and slid it open down to my thighs. It was time for me to have a little fun now. I let out a little ouch as I sat which surprised Lisa and Carrie. Let me tell you – that metal seat was hot (shade or no shade) when I plunked my ass down on it.

As we dug into our lunches I kept a steady eye out for anybody deciding to eat in the vicinity. Now it was my turn to get excited. Most of the table conversation consisted of Lisa teasing Carrie about her big O on the rollercoaster.

Lisa said, “Wouldn’t it have been funny if I dropped your shirt.” “Oh yeah, loads of fun. What would I have done then? They’d have kicked me out for sure and I’d made sure they threw you out too.” “Calm down girl. It certainly looked to me like you were enjoying it Carrie.” I added.

“Well it certainly was exciting but I don’t know how many more of them I can take.”

“I don’t know, I thing you still have a few left in that sexy little body of yours”, I said.

As we ate I was feeling a little bummed that it looked as if I wasn’t going to attract any customers when suddenly a group of young 20 something boys sat down fairly close to us to my right. Right on! I gleefully thought.

Naturally it didn’t take them very long to scope us out since at their age they think about sex every eight seconds (so do I, so don’t think I’m knocking it) and we were seated fairly close to them. Suddenly I heard one of them say, “Geez, look at the blonde. She’s half naked.” Of course the rest of them quickly hushed him up, waiting to see what would happen when I stood up. Lisa had been steadily talking and apparently didn’t overheard the exchange, but Carrie certainly had. From the expression on her face I could tell she wasn’t quite sure who they were talking about. She looked down at her own outfit to see if something was out of place but nothing was (well at least considering what she was wearing in the first place). Suddenly as if a lightbulb had appeared above her head, I saw in her eye that she had put it together. She ducked her head under the table for an instant. I’ll say this for my beautiful friend, she’s very quick on the uptake and didn’t betray a sign that anything was out of the ordinary but instead she offered me one quick sly wink when she sat back up. Carrie and I had already finished eating and we sat waiting for Lisa. I was really nervous, but sexually excited as usual at the thought of exposing myself to those young males. I of course realized that I had to act as if it were an embarrassing accident when I stood up and my skirt plummeted to my feet. I was growing more and more excited as Lisa was finally acting as if she was ready to leave. I could feel my wetness leaking out as I contemplated what I was about to do. Carrie smiled at me and then said, “Well, shall we go, you all?” “Sure,” Lisa agreed, “but should we decide where we’re going to go next?”

I was way too keyed up by this time to answer, but Carrie stepped in and answered, “Let’s go to the Haunted House next.” Carrie and Lisa stood up and were just starting to gather their trash when I stood up. I knew that I had the complete attention of every young man at that table as I was watching them with my peripheral vision. My skirt immediately dropped to my feet and I stood completely still as if I hadn’t noticed it yet. None of the males made a sound as they must have made a contract before hand that the first one who gave the game away would be severely beaten. Even though I was flushed with embarrassment, I was sexually getting off like a racehorse and I was actually beginning to think I might orgasm right there when Lisa suddenly turned and saw me.

“Oh my God Sara!” she shouted out.

This was just what I wanted as everybody within miles turned and stared first at her and then finally at me as I stood there with my shaved pussy completely visible. That almost took me over the top right then and I made myself stand there for a beat of a few more seconds before reacting. The young men were by now hooting in delight and shouting things at me such as, “Hey girl, you forgot your skirt!” I continued to stand there as if I were in shock at the entire situation (hehe); but as I realized that all good things must come to an end and, I knew if I didn’t move soon the entire episode might no longer appear so innocent and accidental so I shrieked, “Oh my goodness! My skirt!”

I then placed one hand over my pussy and made a half-hearted attempt to pull up my skirt with my other hand. Of course I made certain my hand only half covered my shame and the lower half of my now swollen pussy lips could still be readily seen. Lisa was still rooted in her tracks in shock and who knows how long I might have milked the moment, but finally Carrie came over to me and said solicitously, “Having a little trouble keeping you clothes on there my dear?” Carrie bet down carefully, knelt on one knee and very slowly pulled up my wraparound skirt up over my hips. In the process she seemed to purposely run her hand across my slit and brush my obviously distended clit. It sent a tremendous jolt of sensual pleasure through me and I fought not to moan. This, on top of everything else, toppled me into experiencing my orgasm right there. A shudder of utter delight passed through me as my entire body began to spasm and I was forced to lean down hard with my hands on my good friend’s shoulders to keep from falling over completely. The view I had down Carrie’s top did little to ebb my feelings.

I did at least manage to keep my voice low enough as only Carrie could hear me as I moaned throatily, “Oh God.” I remained in that position until the entire orgasm passed through me and I was finally unable to regain my feet, albeit very shakily. Carrie tied my skirt sash and then stood up beside me.

“Are you okay there Sara?” she asked while smiling at me.

“Better than ever,” I grinned at her.

Lisa suddenly spoke baffled, “Sara, what are you doing? At least when Carrie loses her clothes in public, it’s on a dare. It’s not on purpose.”

“It wasn’t on purpose, it was an accident,” I insisted. “And anyway, how would you know if it was for a dare or not?” “Yeah, whatever,” Lisa murmured defeatedly.

“I definitely think we should get going,” Carrie suggested. As I glanced around, I immediately saw her point. Every individual within a half mile radius was standing staring at us as if they were no more than statues. Of course the young men standing now at the nearby table were loudly complaining that I was completely covered. “Yeah, you’re right,” I said and then giggled. “I’ve made enough of an impression, I think. Let’s go on over to the Haunted Castle and see what trouble Carrie can get herself into there.” With that, the three of us grabbed our purses and headed out. I couldn’t help but look back and give my fans a little wink as we left.

As we walked I couldn’t believe how turned on I still was. I was really getting off watching Carrie’s sexy little ass swaying under her loose fitting shorts. That and knowing the power I had over what was hidden inside her keeping me nicely aroused as we walked. At one point I wanted to stop to look at something and instead of shouting out, I simply reached into my purse and pushed the little button down on the remote. Carrie quickly stopped and turned around putting her hands on her hips momentarily giving me a, ‘What do you want’ look on her face’. I just smiled as I continued to hold it down. As I did she started to wiggle a little and rolled her head back just a bit and let out a little sigh. It dawned on me that if we ever got separated I could just signal her with the remote and wait for her screams of passion.

End of Part 1