**Carrie in Training**

**Day 1**

My name is Becca, and this is a story about some fascinating people that I met while on a recent vacation. Of those people, one in particular stands out in my memory. It was one of the wildest experiences of my life.

To relieve the built-up stress of my office career, I find enjoyment in being an amateur ornithologist (bird watcher) and photographer. A co-worker that shares my love of bird watching told me of an older, lower New England seaside resort situated near a densely-wooded area well known for being a haven for a variety of birds, especially in the late spring. The resort physically had long since fallen from it’s prime, and the regular tourists that frequented this spot in the 1950s had for years stopped going there in favor of newer and more exciting East Coast vacation destinations such as Myrtle Beach.

Each cottage was a separate building from the main house that served as the resort offices with the usual amenities, and the small, independent buildings arranged in an uneven row along a road were comprised of a sturdy wood frame, rusty brick-faced exterior, and complimented with old-style plaster interior walls. The plumbing and electrical services were just as old, and since the popularity of the resort had declined, the resort management had trouble keeping everything in working order all of the time.

When I discovered that running water was not available in my cottage because of an unrepairable hot water heater, I reluctantly accepted the manager’s offer of a significantly discounted weekly rate, and unlimited access to the water supply in the main house.

Early on the first day of my stay, I was walking along the seaside road, and since I was unfamiliar with the area, I was trying to find the path leading through the overgrown dunes to the beach, as was indicated on a faded wall map of the area in the main house. But I simply could not find it! Thinking that I had somehow missed the break in the clusters of sea oats and scrub bushes, I turned back the way I had come. It was then I saw two women I had barely noticed earlier walking in my direction.

Like most beachfront access roads, the one running by the resort had many turns as it followed the shoreline, and the pair of women had just appeared from around one of the many slight curves. They were no more than about 50 yards from me when I noticed them this second time. The brunette was dressed normally in shorts and t-shirt and carrying a duffel bag, but the blonde was topless, wearing only tiny bikini bottoms.

“She must have been coming from the beach,” I thought, and it was my only plausible explanation as to what she must have been thinking. I was pretty sure there had been no one else headed down to the water this early in the morning, and maybe she thought nobody would be around to see her on the way back, and she had not bothered to put her suit top back on. But now she was caught.

I tried to think what to do to avoid an embarrassing situation. I could escape by jumping into the brush, or turn back so I would not have to meet them, but either of those reactions would have been just plain odd. And the next time, should I meet them again, would be even more embarrassing for all of us. So I just continued in earnest to look for the path as I walked towards them, pretending that I had not noticed anything out of the ordinary. Of

course I had to look where I was walking, so I had to glance at them every now and then.

“Hello! Can we help you? Looking for something?” the brunette asked and stopped walking as they were just a few steps away.

“Hi! I was told there is a path somewhere. It was supposed to be easy to find, but I can't seem to find it.” I decided to play it cool, like nothing was wrong.

“It is a bit further in that direction,” said the blonde and pointed in the direction behind me, where I had just been. When she raised her hand, the movement made her

breasts sway a little. I quickly turned my eyes away. I hope she did not notice me looking at her bare chest, as I did not want to embarrass her. “I’ll show you where it is… it is a little hard to find the first time.”

All I could do was to say “thank you” and walk with them. We were walking side by side, the topless blonde in the middle. As we walked, the brunette noticed my camera bag and asked, “Are you a photographer? Looks like you have plenty of equipment.”

“No, it’s just a hobby. I came to this resort because I heard this place has lots of birds.”

When I glanced down at my camera bag, I noticed that the blonde wasn’t wearing any shoes or sandals either. I wondered how she could manage that with the road being so rough, but instead of asking, I continued averting my focus by looking down at the road.

“Well, I don’t know much about birds, but there sure seems to be lots of them. So, how do you like it here so far?” asked the blonde, totally at ease with her exposure.

“All is fine, I guess, except for one thing: the hot water heater in my cottage is broken, and I have to go to the main house each time I want to use the bathroom.”

The blond had true sympathy in her voice, “Aw… that’s terrible! Which cottage are you in? We are in Number 2.”

“You could use our bathroom, if you think it would be closer than using the one in the main house,” offered the brunette.

“I’m in Number 1, so we are neighbors. Are you sure it is okay with you?” I cautiously asked.

“Yes, of course. Just knock on the door. We will be out practicing a lot, though.”

When people talk with each other, they usually look at each other’s face. When I talked with the brunette I had to look past the blonde to see the her face. Of course the blonde’s breasts were bouncing almost in my line of sight which was very distracting.

“When I checked in, Mrs. Walker said you are practicing for some big competition.” It looked like the blonde’s nipples were getting harder in the cool air. It’s quite a natural thing -- there is nothing you can do to stop that from happening.

“That’s correct. It’s a qualification race to the triathlon championships.”

“Triathlon? The superman sport? Swimming, bicycling and running? Wow, that sounds tough! You have to be in really great shape for that. I guess you already did the swimming part,” I said.

The brunette said, “I’m just the trainer. And Carrie here is the athlete. And yes -- we just came from the beach. Next we will go bicycling. By the way, I’m Lisa,” she said introducing herself, “and this is Carrie.”

I told them my name and we all shook hands formally, as if we were in a business meeting or something. It was so awkwardly funny that I had to laugh a little. They looked at me and smiled.

“I’m sorry, it’s just so funny. I’m dressed from head toe, and here I am shaking hands with a woman that is practically naked,” I laughed.

“Really?” Carrie said. Lisa nodded affirmatively. Then in one movement, Lisa reached over and pulled the strings holding the two tiny pieces of Carrie’s bikini bottom on. Carrie yelped and drew back but being caught off guard, she was not fast enough to save her bikini from Lisa’s grasp.

“If you thought shaking hands with a practically naked woman was funny, how about this?” said Lisa. I jokingly shook Carrie’s hand again, and we all laughed.

“Nice to meet you, ma’am,” I said in a mock voice. “Well, this is really the first time I have shaken hands with a totally naked woman.”

I was expecting a different conclusion to the humorous situation, but without a word, Lisa put the bikini bottom in the bag she was carrying.

“Oh come on, give it back!” pleaded Carrie. “I didn’t have much to wear in the first place, and now you took that too!”.

Lisa explained that most of Carrie’s clothes were locked in her car’s trunk, and the key was missing so they could not open it.

“Hey, lets take a photo of you two shaking hands. It will be really funny!” said Lisa. Carrie looked shocked, she didn’t seem to like the idea. I felt sorry for her so I told them that I had only my telephoto lenses with me, so

I could not take pictures of nearby objects.

“Okay, we will see you later then. Maybe you can take pictures of us practicing,” said Lisa. “Especially of Carrie riding her bike.”

We said our good-byes and I stepped into the path, wondering to myself what Carrie was going to wear when she got back to the main part of the resort. I walked along the path admiring the scenery. Every now and then I would stop and listen to the birds sing and watch them fly around. I also tried to find some good hideouts for taking pictures. It felt like I was hundreds of miles away from all other humans. I could hear only the wind in the trees and insects buzzing. Only now and then there was the distant sound heavy machinery, but it was hard to hear. I guess it isn’t that unusual to hear construction going on pretty much anywhere these days.

At one point I left the path and walked into wooded area to the south of the resort. There were some small lakes with sandy beaches in this undeveloped area, and I decided to come back later for some swimming and tanning. Not today, because it had started to rain a bit and the clouds covered the whole sky. Oh, I did see some ducks swimming and flying, but I only saw two of those in the sky.

After a few hours of hiking, I decided to go back to my cabin. I was thirsty and hungry. I don’t like to carry lots of stuff when I’m just walking around. When I have a good hiding spot and I am going to spend some time there, I will take all kinds of snacks with me, however. My hiking clothes kept me warm and mostly dry from the unexpected shower, and only a trickle of water ran down my neck under my clothes. That did not bother me much, I have been in the rain before. I made sure the camera bag was tightly closed so the camera was safe.

When I got back to the road the rain stopped, and the sun started to shine again. I started to walk to my cabin. Suddenly I heard sounds ahead and looked up. It was Carrie and Lisa returning from their bicycling exercise. Lisa was wearing a wind breaker and biking shorts. They must have been riding in some secluded area with no traffic, because Carrie was wearing only a t-shirt.

My eyes locked on her shirt as they rode closer. The rain had soaked it completely, and it clung tightly against her body. Her dark areola and nipples stood out from the white fabric, and even contour of her stomach and navel could be seen. The hem was stuck to her thighs, covering most of her pubic area. It was obvious she did not have anything else under it.

Again Lisa was the first to greet me, and she stopped along side of me and stepped down from her bike. Both bikes were the expensive kind of racing bikes with turned down handle bars and narrow seats. I noticed Carrie was riding a men’s bike with a high bar. I shuttered at what it must feel like for Carrie riding with nothing between the slim seat and her bare bottom.

Lisa came to a slow stop near me, but then we were blocking Carrie’s path, so she was forced to stop quickly. She almost lost her balance, because the bike she was on was high and her feet did not easily reach the ground. Carrie tilted the bike to one side to raise her leg over the bar. She stepped down between me and the bike, lifting the leg further away from me. I saw wisps of steam rise from her shirt, drying in the sunshine.

“Hi, Becca. How was your hike? Did you see any rare birds?” asked Lisa.

“Hi, nothing really rare, but I did see two birds I haven’t seen before. How was your ride?”

“It was okay, but stupid me forgot to fill my bottle before we started. Can you believe that? Well, Carrie shared her bottle with me, and when that was empty, we had to stop to refill them twice.” said Lisa. She looked at Carrie who seemed to blush a little. Luckily there were plenty of creeks with fresh water here. It would have been very embarrassing for her to stop somewhere where someone might have seen her.

I looked at Carrie too. When she climbed down from her bike, the shirt had slid up her thighs. As it was wet, it stuck to her skin and did not fall back down. She had not noticed it was bunched around her waist. The hem was not quite low enough to cover her slit, I could see her some of her lower lips peeking out under the hem.

“Today’s route was longer than what we have done before, and the day was warm, so we had to drink a lot. Of course we can’t just drink water, we really should be guzzling sport drinks instead. Luckily, we found some at a store in the town,” said Lisa. Carrie blushed even more and shifted her legs.

What? Had they been into town, with her dressed in just a t-shirt -- and a wet one at that? “Oh God, how awful that must have been!” I thought to myself. It was clear to me that Carrie wanted to change subject, so to save her from

another embarrassing moment I said I had to get going. I needed something to eat before I went back to set up a hiding place for tomorrow.

“We must go too. We are already behind on our scheduled exercise routine, and we still have our running exercises left. Come on, Carrie, lets go!” said Lisa and jumped on her bike and peddled off.

I nodded good-byes at Carrie as I passed her. I had taken just a few steps when I heard Lisa shouting my name.

“Becca!”

I turned to see what she had forgotten just as Carrie was getting on her bike, with her leg high in the air. She had leaned slightly forward, with her bottom towards me. That meant I got a good look at her spread pussy, just a few steps away. Poor Carrie was totally caught by surprise. After a second or so, she recovered and got her leg over the bar. Now she was standing there, with her left foot on the pedal, her right on the ground. She flinched when her still parted vaginal lips touched the cold metal of the bar.

“We’ll be in our cottage for about 30 minutes, if you want to use our bathroom,” called Lisa when I finally managed to look at her. “Thanks,” I replied and turned away. I did not want see another embarrassing moment for Carrie.

In my cottage I took off my hiking clothes and put them on a hanger so they would dry. My underwear was dry enough, so I just put on a t-shirt and shorts. Standing in the kitchen nook, I remembered that I didn’t have any water, so I couldn’t cook anything. I picked up two buckets from the bathroom and walked over to cottage Number Two.

Lisa yelled that the door was open when I knocked. I walked in. Lisa was in the bedroom; Carrie in her t-shirt was examining some small boxes and bags in the kitchen corner.

“Hi… I need some water for cooking,” I said to Carrie. Lisa came from the bedroom with a towel in her hand. She was in the middle of explaining to Carrie about the nutritional content of various health bars and sports beverages she had provided. They were piled in plastic grocery bags near the kitchen. Lisa announced that these items were special energy food for triathletes, to be eaten to get an edge during competitions. Their plan was to test out various foods before the big day, so Carrie could be at her best.

“By the way, Carrie, I think you should take that wet shirt off. We can’t let you catch a cold now. That would be a disaster, wouldn’t it?” Lisa said. Carrie glanced at me, then turned to Lisa and said: “No, I’m not getting cold. Besides this shirt is drying already.”

“But it is your body heat that is making it dry. You just don’t realize you are cold. Just take it off. Besides, it’s my shirt!” claimed Lisa. I could sense a battle of wills when they looked at each other.

“You can still have it, but you just can’t wear it now when it’s wet. It’s a t-shirt - it will dry quickly. And don’t tell me that you are not cold. Just look at your nipples. They get hard when you are cold, and now they are hard. Aren’t they, Becca?” We all stared at Carrie’s nipples, poking through her shirt. Lisa was right, they were hard. I was so shocked from Lisa’s behavior that I could not speak, I just nodded.

“Look, even Becca thinks you are cold. Now take it off, and finish the cooking while I take a shower,” said Lisa and closed the bathroom door after her.

Carrie and I stood there in uncomfortable silence, avoiding each other’s gaze. Then, Carrie said, “What the hell, I AM getting cold in this shirt,” grabbed the hem from the bottom and pulled the shirt off. Then she started to look for a place on which to hang it.

“There’s a clothes line in the backyard. Carrie, I think you should hang the shirt there.” Lisa yelled through the bathroom door. Without saying a word, Carrie started to

walk to the front door.

I realized that I had seen this behavior before. Lisa told Carrie to strip, and she did. And now it had happened again. Carrie seemed to be afraid of what Lisa would do if she didn’t follow orders. I was beginning to suspect that there was blackmail involved somehow in their relationship.

When Carrie came back, I asked her if she was okay. She said she was, and looked at me questioningly. I lowered my voice and told her that I thought that she was in some kind of trouble, with Lisa blackmailing her to do things she did

not want to do. I was very concerned for her, and told her that if there was anything I could do to help her, she just had to ask me.

My words shocked her. She just stood there, naked, closing and opening her mouth, trying to form words but only making slight sounds. I had been right! Lisa was somehow blackmailing her. Now the poor girl had finally found someone to help her.

Then, to my surprise, Carrie started to laugh.

“Thanks, but I’m not in trouble... er, in *real* trouble. I can handle this. Lisa is not blackmailing me. But thanks for caring,” she said and hugged me.

“Are you sure? But how can Lisa boss you around like that? In the morning, she said something, and you got naked. A moment ago she told you to take that shirt off and go outside naked. Looks like she does have something over you.” I was confused and I still did not understand what was going on.

“It’s just a dare. Remember, my clothes are locked in the car? Lisa dared me to spend the whole time here with just the few items of clothing I had with me,” Carrie explained with a smile.

“Oh! That sounds like one hell of a dare to me. What happens if you can’t do it anymore, and want to quit?”

“If I wanted my clothes back, I could call a locksmith, or force the lock with a crowbar. Lisa is not a monster. If I said I wanted to quit, she would help me out.”

“But why did she steal your bikini bottoms? Was that part of the dare?”

“That’s just her little game. She is always stealing my clothes. In the morning, Lisa promised to let me borrow the t-shirt for today if I took bottoms off. Well, I wanted that shirt, so I accepted her offer. I should have guessed

that she was going to steal the bottoms. She has already stolen most of my clothes during our stay here.”

“I can loan you some clothes if you would like,” I offered.

“Thanks, I’ll remember that. But that would be against the rules of the dare, so I don’t want to do that yet.”

“Okay -- your choice. When you do, just ask me. What clothes do you have left?”

“Just another set of bikinis, and we are still staying here for three more days. So I suspect I’ll have to walk around here naked for a while.”

“That’s outrageous! Lisa can’t expect you to walk naked in public just because of a stupid dare!”

“Well, this is not exactly my first time with no clothes. I went to the Caribbean with Lisa and some other friends, and the airline lost my bags.” Carrie continued by telling me about her adventures during her Caribbean vacation, all the while mixing an energy shake with ingredients from the bags and boxes. I was curious, and I asked her all kinds of questions about her vacation.

When Lisa came from the bathroom, I was relieved. I was sure Carrie could handle her situation. She was a good athlete and if she was strong enough to win dares by going outside naked, she would do well in all kinds of competitions. It was clear that she had a kind of hunger for winning.

After I had filled the buckets in the bathroom, I came out as they were eating their quick-energy meal. It looked like peanut butter mixed with some red and white lumps. That

is, it sort of looked like vomit. I guess it tasted bad too, as they ate it in small spoonfuls. I quickly left before they asked me to taste it.

I went back to my cottage and used some of the water I brought back to boil two eggs. I made an egg salad sandwich using some condiments I had brought with me, and washed it down with a can of diet soda from my cooler. I suppose I was more weary than I let myself believe, and stripped off my t-shirt and shorts and got comfortable. For a moment while I stood alone in the quiet of my cottage wearing only my bra and knickers, I imagined what experiences Carrie must have had in her exciting life, always taking dares and refusing to be humiliated, even while appearing in various states of undress in public. I asked myself what I would do in such a situation. The thought was somewhat exciting, but too scary for me to think about for too long. I laid down on the couch and closed my eyes for a moment. I unexpectedly fell fast asleep.

**Day 2 The Afternoon**

I woke with a start, instantly feeling thirsty. The sun was shining through the window directly on the couch and its warmth had put me in a deeper sleep than I had anticipated. I was afraid that I had slept for hours, but it was only about half an hour. I drank some bottled water, put my hiking clothes back on, picked up my pocket knife and a few other things I thought I would need, and left.

When I got outside, I saw that the sky had cleared and the sun was again shining brightly. I went out to the road, and found Lisa sitting in a chair near the path. Her ankle was wrapped with an ace bandage and she held a track stop watch in her hand.

Again she was eager to greet me. I asked about her wrapped ankle, and she explained that she had twisted it so she was playing it safe and chose not to run with Carrie for a while. She did not want to take any risk of further injury before the big race, even if she was only the trainer.

Just when I was about to leave, I heard footsteps. Someone was running along the path. Suddenly, Carrie leaped from the bushes, and took a last sprinting dash down the road. As Carrie crossed a crude finish line drawn in the dirt, Lisa pushed a button on her watch with an exaggerated motion. Carrie slowed down and leaned her hands on her knees and tried to get her breath back.

Her position gave both Lisa and I a side view of her running outfit. She was wearing the t-shirt from before, a black bikini top underneath, and running shoes and socks. The bikini top was very visible through the white shirt but I saw no panty lines across her butt through the shirt, so I uncomfortably assumed she was bottomless again.

My mental inventory of her clothes made me wonder: How had she gotten her top back, after she had told me Lisa would not give her any clothes? And she had told me she had another set of bikinis, why was she not wearing them? Had Lisa already stolen them? And the t-shirt troubled me the most. Lisa had made sure that Carrie took off the shirt, but now it was clearly back on.

“Good work, Carrie! You did not run too fast this time. This run was nearest to the ideal time so far. Now drink a little - which one did you drink last time? Red? OK, this time drink from that green bottle.” Lisa coached Carrie and wrote the time down on a piece of paper. I saw that there were some numbers on it already. It looked to me like Carrie had already run two or three laps.

As Carrie stood there gulping from the green bottle, Lisa took a long look at Carrie’s sweat-stained shirt. After the rain earlier the air humidity was high, and the sun was shining brightly. It was no surprise that Carrie’s shirt was wet with perspiration.

“Carrie, we can’t get accurate results from this test because that shirt covers more of your skin than the outfit you are going to wear in the competition. You are perspiring more because it is keeping you warmer, and sweating more means that you have to drink more than you will in the race. If you drink that amount in the race, you going to be full of liquid, because you won’t be sweating as much.”

Before Lisa even had finished her speech, Carrie again peeled off the evil t-shirt, and tossed it to Lisa. I was mentally prepared to see her pubes once again, but I was surprised to see that she actually was wearing white bikini bottoms under her shirt.

Lisa noticed me looking at Carrie’s bikini bottoms and top, and assured me that Carrie was not color blind. She explained that it’s just that because the way it was cut, it was hard for Carrie to keep her breasts in the white top while running. Carrie had agreed to trade the black top for today’s important running exercise.

Well, the white bikini bottoms were really tiny, even compared to the black bikini I had seen earlier. The bikini bottom was shorter and narrower than anything I’ve ever seen anyone wear in public. It was held together with a string going around the hips. The strings was not tightened properly and the bottoms hung a little low on her hips. The front managed to cover her slit, but wisps of her pubic hair were showing just above the edges. I had seen her pubic area only for a moment but I had noticed that she had trimmed almost all of her hair down there. But this bikini was just too tiny to cover it all -- that should give you an idea of how small the suit was. If the top was just as tiny, I could understand why Carrie had traded the black one for the white one. It certainly wouldn’t have given any support at all to her breasts.

Lisa told me that they were trying to find an optimal pace for the competition. If you run too fast, you get tired and will never be able to finish. If you run too slow, you will finish the race in good shape, but you will be among the last ones to finish. The secret is in the pacing.

"Okay, your two minutes are almost up. Carrie, get ready for another lap. If you get the time close enough to your goal, we’ll quit for today. Otherwise, you will have to try again," said Lisa. Carrie got in starting position behind

the finish line, waiting for Lisa’s signal to start. She was leaning slightly forward in her starting stance. The muscles in her legs quivered, trying to hold her balance, ready for another lap.

Just making conversation, I asked Lisa how long the lap was, and she said it was about 2 kilometers. Then she thought of something.

“Now wait a minute! If we don’t know exactly how long the lap is, we can’t be sure that you are running it in the ideal time!” exclaimed Lisa. Carrie groaned and complained “What? All this running for nothing?”. We discussed the problem for a moment. I offered that because the lap was so long, a slight error in its length would not make too much of a difference to disrupt the calculation. Lisa agreed, and said that there were kilometer signs at the race course anyway, so they could easily maintain a steady speed at the race. For now, it was important that Carrie learn how to run at the proper pace.

Again, Lisa commanded Carrie to assume a starting position. When she barked "GO!", Carrie started to jog along the road. From behind, she looked like she was naked. The black top was just a narrow strap across her back, and the white bikini bottoms were just one string around her waist, and another that all but disappeared between her ass cheeks. With each step she took, her muscles flexed visibly under her firm skin. I had never seen someone run with her butt so naked, and I must say she was something to watch -- like some nature documentary depicting wild horses in a gallop. She had a body like none I have ever seen before. It just caught and held your eye and the vision hypnotized you to look some more.

I snapped back to reality after a moment and left Lisa and Carrie to their training. Walking down to the path, I went to the place I had found earlier to build my hiding place. I fashioned a tiny clearing between two small bushes, and I cut some branches to make more room in the middle with my pocket knife. With some thick, coarse twine I had brought with me, I tied the branches in a way that no one could see me from the outside. When I was satisfied with my work, I left to go back to my cottage.

On the way back, I ran into Carrie. Literally! The path was narrow and she was running so fast she never saw me as she rounded a bend. I heard some footsteps, but before I could react, I was almost pushed off the path. I managed to stay on my feet, but Carrie fell to the bushes. She seemed uninjured, because she got up in a flash. After she had asked me quickly if I was okay, she took off again, this time without her bikini bottom. I wondered why she was running bottomless. Maybe another dare from Lisa?

After a few steps she stopped and hurried back. I noticed her bikini bottom lying in the bushes. Carrie picked them up and ran away. In a few seconds, I made the shocking discovery that the bush was full of poisonous Stinging Nettle. Carrie had just fallen into that bush, naked!

I hurried after her. When I got to the road, I met the girls there. Lisa was standing next to Carrie, trying to calm her down. Carrie was trying to hold back her tears, and clenching her fists in an attempt to not scratch herself. Her legs, arms, torso and even her chest were beginning to turn red from the plant’s poison. Carrie was in too much discomfort to care about putting her bikini back on.

Carrie ran to their cottage to find a first aid kit, and Lisa hobbled slowly after her, favoring her bandaged ankle. I picked up the chair to be helpful and followed them.

They looked through their first aid kit, but it turned out there was nothing usable for a rash there. I looked at Carrie: she was in pain. I told them I knew an old trick to ease the pain, and asked for a pair of gloves. They found these yellow plastic kitchen gloves, and asked me if they would do. I said "yes", and ran outside.

When I walked back to their cottage, Carrie screamed, "No, you are not going to touch me with those!" She immediately saw that I was holding a bunch of Stinging Nettles in my hands. I told her that the nettle plant has tiny hollow needles on the surface of the plant and if someone comes in contact with them, they break off and release the poison into their skin. The good thing about nettle is, though, that the antidote is also part of the plant, too.

I stripped off all of the leaves, and rubbed the plant with a gloved hand to safely break all of the stinging needles. I took one of the stalks, and walked towards Carrie. She jumped back in horror and yelped with apprehension. I told her to calm down, that I had done this before, and that it really does work. Finally she agreed to cautiously test it on her left arm. I twisted and squeezed the plant, and some drops of whitish sap dropped to her skin. I told her to rub the drops into her skin.

After a moment she relaxed and said it really did work, and it did not sting so much anymore. I gave her the plant and coaxed her to do it herself while I prepared another stalk. Carefully she touched it, but when she noticed it did not sting, she started gingerly applying the natural antidote.

I told her the stinging would go away in a few hours even without any treatment, but with this treatment the stinging wouldn’t be so bad, and it would go away faster. Lisa asked how long the stuff had to be on your skin. I said usually I left it on for hours. Typically I wash it off after I got home from my hike. If you wash it off too soon, the stinging will resume and be as uncomfortable as before.

As I was the only one with gloves, it was my job to make the other stalks ready. Each time I had cleaned the next stalk, I gave it to Lisa. She took it and started with Carrie’s back. After a couple of attempts to fling the drops of sap up onto Carrie’s back, Lisa figured the drops would be easier to get onto her skin if Carrie was lying down. She cleared the table off and gestured for Carrie to climb up onto it.

Carrie hopped on the sturdy table and laid down on her stomach, with her legs together. Lisa found it was much easier now. Then she undid the ties of Carrie’s bikini top and moved them to the side because she did not want to get stains on them. I expected Lisa to pull it away and leave her friend helpless and naked on the table, but she just left her laying on her top.

While we worked, Lisa asked how I knew of such a trick. I told her my father had told me about this, and I had used it on myself too. I told her after a few years of hiding in the bushes to photograph birds, I had learned a lot about plants and insects, especially the stinging and poisonous ones. I told them that many times the best hiding place seemed to be in the middle of something that will bite you or make you itch.

Carrie asked if I had been stung, and I said, “Of course… many times. That is why I typically will wear long sleeved clothes, but even that does not always help.” I told them once I had been crouched in a bush full of nettle, and I was eating my sandwich when I noticed my mouth started to burn. A leaf of nettle had gotten between my sandwich and the napkin I was holding underneath it. I tried to chew on some nettle stalk, but the pain did not go away, and the taste of raw nettle was not so good.

Soon I had prepared all the stalks, so I started to help Lisa. I took my position opposite her. I squeezed some drops onto Carrie’s back, and with my other hand rubbed it in. Lisa had started from Carrie’s shoulders, so together we worked slowly downwards.

Because Carrie had literally rolled in the bushes, she had a rash all over her body. I could tell that the antidote was making her feel better, because she started to relax while we worked on her back and arms.

When we got to her butt, I hesitated. Could I just grab her ass cheeks and rub them? Lisa did not hesitate, she just did it. She dropped some of the antidote right in the middle of Carrie’s right butt cheek and started to rub it in. Carrie did nothing, so I guess it was okay. I squeezed the stalk, and some drops fell on my side of Carrie’s ass.

It felt weird to rub someone else’s butt. I guess I forgot for a second what I was doing, because I just continued to massage her firm bum. It was obvious she was an athlete; her butt was amazingly tight and she had the most well defined muscles I had ever seen.

Lisa asked Carrie to move her legs a little. Carrie spread her legs a few inches, and Lisa and I continued our work down her legs. Lisa seemed to spend lots of time rubbing the insides of both thighs. I just kept working on the backs of the leg. Because I was working faster, I was almost at the ankle when Lisa was still above the knee. Carrie seemed very relaxed. Lisa just kept rubbing Carrie’s thighs.

At first I did not realize that Lisa was acting this way on purpose. I probably should have guessed right away… I knew that Lisa wanted to embarrass Carrie, and now she was pushing Carrie’s legs apart little by little. Lisa was aiming to give me another show of Carrie’s privates.

Carrie didn’t know what was happening, but after a moment I could see her pussy. I had seen it before, but this time it was for a long time, and even closer than before. Carrie’s clit peeked from the slightly spread pussy lips. Lisa kept massaging Carrie’s thighs, and with each stroke her pussy lips opened and closed a little.

Well, I didn’t know how far Lisa was going to take her little game, but I really was not going to play along. Carrie might have taken a dare, but this was not part of it. There was only one way to stop it without humiliating Carrie, and that was to finish up what we were doing. So I quickly completed massaging the antidote into the skin of the leg I had been working on, and continued to the other so that Carrie’s whole back side had been treated. I was a little worried about what would happen next. Would we have to do her front too?

Lisa slapped Carrie’s ass gently and told Carrie to wake up and turn around. Carrie rolled over and sat up.

When Lisa said her fingers are tired, Carrie suddenly got an idea. She said we were doing it wrong. “This can be done easier. Just a second,” she said. She gestured to the food processor they had used earlier to make their energy drinks. She put about half of the stalks that were left in it, turned the machine on, and in less than a minute we had a container of thick greenish mush. Then Lisa took a handful of the mush and squeezed. The liquid sap came out easily.

“Oh yeah, this is much easier now,” Lisa said. Suddenly she yelped and held her eye. “Oh shit! I got some of this stuff in my eye.” She rushed into the bathroom to wash out her eye, leaving us alone.

Carrie told me to help her. She had me take a handful of the mush and squeeze it. She held her palm under my hand to catch the drops, then rubbed it on her skin. I said maybe she could use the mush as a sponge. She took a handful of the mush and started to rub her body with it. She said it worked, and told me I was just full of good ideas.

She started with her stomach, and with each handful continued downwards. When she got closer to her crotch, I decided I would give her some privacy and turned to work with the machine. I took a plate and emptied the nettle mush on it. Then I took the last stalks and put them into the machine. While the machine was running, I glanced over my shoulder to see how Carrie was doing.

She was doing great. She had put her foot on a stool, and she was rubbing the mush in her pubic area and thighs. She reached for another handful of the mush and noticed me looking. I turned my head quickly away and apologized. She said not to worry and just continued what she was doing. She said thank God she at least had the bikini bottoms when she first fell into the nettle. Even though they are small, they did offer some protection when really needed. I knew what she meant, and shuddered from the thought of what might have happened.

It did not take Carrie long to finish her front side. When Lisa returned from the bathroom she saw that we had finished. Lisa walked around her friend and examined her carefully. She said it looked like we had given her a good treatment with all that green mush.

Carrie’s front was covered with tiny bits of the plant. Her skin had a greenish, almost alien glow. Add some pointed ears, and she could have been an elf. Her pubic hair didn’t look much like hair anymore either. There was so much of the mush in it. Only her breasts were their normal tanned color, but that was because she had a top on when she fell. She was more like a green elf with only a bra on, or as a woman with formfitting green overalls and bare tits.

Lisa asked Carrie if she was okay. Could she continue the exercise? Lisa reminded her that she still had two laps to run. Lisa asked if I could do her a favor and be the coach for Carrie while she finished these last two laps. Lisa said she had forgotten about her ankle when she was running after Carrie, and now it was a bit sore. She didn’t want to bother carrying the chair again, and further she did not want to stand with her sore foot. I hesitantly agreed, and Lisa gave me the paper sheet and told me to write down the lap times. She also gave me the red and green bottles.

Carrie said she felt much better, she would have no problem with the exercise. She reached for the t-shirt, but Lisa stopped her.

"No way you are going to put that shirt on you! You’ll get green stains all over it."

Carrie walked to the bathroom, but Lisa reminded her that she should not wash herself for hours or the stinging would come back. Carrie shrugged her shoulders and turned back. She grabbed the black bikini top and dangled it in front of Lisa. "May I put this on? Or will it get stains too?"

"It’s yours, I don’t care."

Carrie put the top on, and reached for the white bikini bottoms. This time she did not ask Lisa’s permission. She pulled the fabric between her legs. When she searched for the strings to tie it on place, she noticed the strings attached to the right side had ripped off.

“Oh no!” There was panic in her voice when she realized she had lost yet another item of clothing. All she had was the bikini top. I said it was no problem, just a few stitches and it was as good as new. Carrie said her sewing kit was in the car too, and she could not get to it. Lisa said she did not have anything useful with her, but I doubt she would have helped Carrie repair her clothes anyway.

I said I might be able to help, but Lisa said Carrie could not wait too long or else she will need to warm up all over again before the exercise. I thought that Carrie would have waited as long as needed, but when Lisa commanded us to get out and start the exercise, Carrie was the first one to go. She gave the bikini bottoms to me and said we could fix them after the run. I put them in my pocket.

We walked to the road. I neglected to bring the stop watch, so Carrie suggested that I use the second hand on my wrist watch and give the start signal. She also suggested that if I started her off at an even minute, it would be easier to calculate the lap time. It was 11 minutes past now, so I told her to get ready. She got in her starting position, and at exactly 12 past I shouted “GO!” She started jogging.

Again I was given an unbelievable view of her behind. She did not look any more naked that she had before. The fact that before she had the white strings of her bikini bottoms in her behind had somehow accentuated her nakedness.

I wrote the starting time to the paper, and saw that I had a couple of minutes before Carrie finished her first lap. Then a car passed me. It came from the direction where Carrie had been running and must have passed Carrie.

It had four persons in it, two adults and two kids. The adults looked tired. They did not even look at me. I guess they had not noticed Carrie running bottomless. Surely their faces would have had some other expression. I don’t know about the twins in the back seat though. Kids seem to have very sharp eye for anything unusual. The youngsters even turned to look at me through the back window as the car drove past.

Carrie had accepted a tough dare. She might get into big trouble if the other guests knew and complained that she was running around bottomless. She might be kicked out of the resort, and their exercise plan would be ruined. Or she could even be arrested by the police. So, I decided to check and see if I had anything to repair the bikinis.

I hurried to my cottage and found two safety pins. I tried to find something to replace the missing strings. All I found was a ratty old shoe lace in the bottom of a closet. The twine I had used to build my hideout would not do. It was too thick and coarse, and would feel awful against the skin. I looked at my watch and saw that I didn’t have time to search more, so I put them in my other pocket and

rushed back to the road. I got to the finish line. I looked around if anyone was looking before I took the bikini bottoms out of my pocket. It was an amusing way to behave. I was acting like a thief about to pick a lock or something. I attached the shoe lace to the bikini bottoms with safety pins.

Soon I heard familiar footsteps approaching from the path. Carrie leaped to the road, and crossed the finish line. The perspiration generated from her running had washed a great deal of the green mush off her body. She now looked more naked than ever.

She stopped to catch her breath and asked me the time. I looked at my watch, about five seconds too late. She was annoyed at me when she noticed I had missed timing the finish of her lap. She said I should have been waiting with the watch ready, but I said I had done an emergency repair on her bikini.

She was delighted, and I gave the bottoms to her. She tried to pull them on, but the new string was too short to get past her hips. She had to open the knots at her other side, pull the bottoms up and re-tie the knot.

But the front piece did not stay in place. It kept sliding to the side revealing one of her pussy lips. Carrie tried to pull it back, but the shoe lace did not stretch. I suggested that she should tighten the other side. She opened the knot at her hip, and tried to tighten the string. But the string ripped off, just like the other one.

Carrie said she could not believe her bad luck and took off the bottoms. I promised to repair them properly after the exercise. I had just been in a hurry to get back here, so I did not have any time to look for a better string than an old shoelace.

We had already used too much time trying to put the bottoms on, but I told her she had 20 seconds left of her two minute break before starting the next lap. She walked to the bottles, picked one, drank a few gulps and put the bottle back. Then she got to the starting position and waited. At my signal she took off again.

I was startled when I heard someone approach me. It was the twins from the car! Thank God Carrie had just left. They walked to me and asked why I was standing there. I tried to think fast. Why do people just “stand there”? The obvious reason was because they were waiting. So I told them I was waiting for a bus which would take me to the town.

I looked at the watch and saw that I had less than five minutes to get rid of them. I said the bus was late, I have waited here for half an hour already. The kids giggled and said I was waiting at the wrong place. The bus stop was on the main road, not here. I thanked them, sighed and said I had missed the bus, so I might as well go back. I said my good-byes and started walking towards my cabin.

They said I had forgotten my bottles. Bottles? Oh, the sport drinks. I grabbed them and tried to explain why I had two bottles. On a hot day like this you must drink a lot. They giggled at me, thinking I was funny because I had two bottles with me.

Of course they started to follow me. They said they were on their way to the main house to see the other family members. And maybe even find the naked lady. Had I seen her? She must have passed me.

Oh my God. As I had feared, they had seen Carrie earlier. I put on my best poker face and said I had not seen a naked lady. They insisted that she must have passed by me when she ran down the road. The boy said all the woman had on was a black bra, she did not have any knickers. Both of the twins giggled at the thought.

I said I had seen a woman running, but she did actually have the bottoms on. They were just green, and that’s why they must have thought she was bottomless. The girl accepted my explanation, but the boy was pretty sure he had seen what he saw, and thought he was right.

By then we were at the walkway to my cabin. I waved at them and moved towards the front door. When I looked back, they were walking towards the main house. I quickly went behind the corner, and using the hedge as cover, sneaked back to the road. I ran to the starting point just in time to see Carrie jump over the finish line.

Again I was late with the timing, but Carrie did not say anything as we both stood there trying to catch our breath. After a while, I got up and said we have to go. I told her about the twins and how I got rid of them. I was afraid they might come back.

She asked if I was able to fix her bikini bottom saying she was starting to feel a little weird running bottomless. I told her I was working on it and would bring it over when I was finished. Carrie seemed relieved that she would have something to cover up with even if it was only tiny, jury-rigged bikini bottoms. She thanked me and said she was going to take a shower and see how Lisa’s ankle was.

I hurried off to my cottage trying to avoid running into the kids again. Once inside I looked around for something to fix Carrie’s bikini. The only thing that I could find was some thin kite string, some rubber bands and some more bent safety pins. Surely there must be something a little more substantial, after all the bikini itself was barely anything at all.

Finally I stuck four safety pins through the edges of the bikini and connected the rubber bands to the safety pins. They weren’t much but I thought they’d provide some elasticity to hold the thing on a little better. I wasn’t sure of Carrie’s exact size, so I just cut two long pieces and let her make the final adjustments. I then headed over to their cabin to show her my handiwork.

Carrying the tiny scrap of swimwear was more like carrying a loose ball of string than something someone would actually wear.

Carrie must have just finished her shower as I got there because she still drying her hair with a towel. More noticeable was that the towel was all she was wearing -- if you could call it that. Lisa was sitting in a chair with her foot up, resting it on an end table. She greeted me saying, “She cleans up well, doesn’t she?” Carrie seemed a little embarrassed at Lisa’s comment but Lisa certainly was right. Fresh from a good workout and with all that yucky green stuff off of her, her perfectly tanned body looked like an ad out of one of those fitness magazines.

I asked her if she was still stinging from all those needles. She said she felt a little tingle but nothing bad. Lisa, assuming the role as drill sergeant, said jokingly, “Great so you’re ready to do a couple miles on the bike then.” Carrie just looked over in disgust and said she was done for today and she was ready for dinner.

Lisa got up and walked over to the refrigerator and grabbed two beers and a bottle of that goofy health food drink, saying, “Okay then, time to relax!” She handed one of the beers to me and the bottle of electrolyte mix to Carrie.

Carrie, seemingly totally oblivious to the fact that she was still naked when she said, “Man, you guys get a beer and I have to drink this crap.”

“Sorry but you’re the one in training -- not us,” was Lisa’s response.

When I accepted the beer from Lisa, I realized I hadn’t shown Carrie the repair work I did on her bikini. She was delighted as I handed it to her. I told her it wasn’t very sturdy but that it was the best I could do with what I had. She smiled and seemed relieved that she at least had something to wear again.

I tried not to stare but all cleaned up like that it was hard not to. I had always been strictly heterosexual but Carrie’s figure was something else. As tall as she was and without an ounce of fat, you’d have to be inhuman not to notice.

We chatted for about a half an hour and she never once made and attempt to get dressed. She did seem to get embarrassed when we started to talk about her workout and the great shape she was in. After it got a little personal, she suggested getting something to eat once again. I had to admit I was hungry, so it sounded like a good idea.

Lisa got up and walked towards the front door as if to leave. I couldn’t believe she actually expected Carrie to follow but neither of us moved. I looked on in disbelief as Carrie stood up and shouted, “You don’t exactly expect me to go to dinner like this do you?” Lisa turned around and snickered, “Well I guess not but you don’t have anything that’s clean.” Carrie seemed like she was pleading when she asked if she could borrow something. I said, “I have some stuff you can borrow.”

Lisa reminded her of the dare but gave in a little saying, “Okay, but only one article of clothing. That’s all that you’re allowed.” I felt sure Carrie was relieved, and I know I was. As much as I enjoyed seeing that fabulous body, I couldn’t imagine the embarrassment of her being seen in public. Besides, no respectable restaurant owner would have a naked woman in their dining room.

I offered to run over to my cottage to get something when Lisa suggested that Carrie go with me so I wouldn’t have to go back if it didn’t fit.

Carrie sneered at Lisa for a moment and then in what seemed like an act of defiance, just picked up her shoes and said, "I hope these are acceptable." She then turned to me and simply said "thanks" as I opened the door for her. I hurried ahead to my cottage so Carrie wouldn’t have to wait outside naked. Her face showed some signs of concern but who wouldn’t if they were walking outside between buildings with out a stitch on?

When we got there, I quickly looked through my drawers for the longest t-shirt I could find. Only being allowed one article of clothing made it difficult, especially since most of my shirts where kind of short. Lisa suggested just a pair of shorts or low cut jeans.

Eventually I found a long night-shirt that would probably work. I handed it to Carrie and she slipped it over her head. Well, a shirt that on me came to almost my knees, barely covered her ass. She pulled it down trying to stretch it out a bit but it kept springing back. Lisa looked over and said, "That’ll work. I liked what you had on previously but that will do just fine."

I couldn’t help but laugh when I heard Lisa’s reference to Carrie’s prior outfit. She was right in a way. No one looked better in just their skin than Carrie.

The shirt looked like a short dress in a lot of ways except that it was pretty transparent, especially when lit from behind. Carrie’s breasts were a little larger than mine so the shirt was a little tight across the chest and with her nipples poking little bumps in the top, it was obvious that she didn’t have a bra on underneath. At a glance she looked dressed pretty normally but anything longer would tell you that not all was as it first seemed.

So with Carrie finally dressed - if just barely - the three of us headed out to dinner.

**Day 1**

**In the Evening**

As we walked to where the vehicles were parked, I was lagging slightly behind. I couldn’t help but notice that the night-shirt I had lent Carrie was riding very high on her exposing almost all of her butt cheeks. This was caused by the length of her long athletic stride. Carrie had those legs that never seemed to end so it was no wonder she was a good runner. Only God knew how much of this beautiful young woman was being exposed to the world to see from the front.

As if she reading my mind, she glanced at me, and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll be more careful when we get to the restaurant.”

It probably wasn’t that difficult for Carrie to divine what I was thinking since she caught me staring at her with my eyes lowered.

I guiltily raised my eyes and murmured while flushing, “Oh, that’s okay. I wasn’t worried about it.”

The parking for the two cottages had a common space that lay between them. I was surprised to note that I had parked next to a brand new white, 4x4 Ford Explorer XLT. *‘Somebody has money here to be able to afford an SUV,’* I thought.

I was fairly certain that we would be riding in their car as mine was an old Ford. I could have afforded better, but I preferred to spend my money in different ways. I had no emotional investment in attempting to impress others with the style or year of my car. I viewed it solely as a way to travel from one place to another.

Sure enough, when we arrived by the side of the SUV, Lisa suggested she drive. I quickly agreed and waited for Carrie to climb in the front seat. I thought it only correct. Lisa was her friend and they had ridden here together.

Carrie was polite enough to hang back and looked askance at me. I quickly assured her I would be comfortable enough in one of the back seats.

As the beautiful young blonde clambered into the front seat stepping up the high step and then climbing in, I was again treated to an extra closeup view of her bare behind and slightly opened pussy lips before she sat down.

Lisa caught me stating at Carrie as she got in the front seat. Our eyes cross but I didn’t say anything. I quickly climbed into the back to avoid anything else from developing right then. I have to admit I have never met anybody as free and easy with their body in the natural state than Carrie.

I think I kind of envied her confidence. I’ve always been very modest and I think it has hurt me in my relationships with men in the past. Looking back, I think I was subconsciously hoping a little of Carrie might rub off on me in the next few days.

Lisa started the large vehicle and pulled out on the dirt road that would lead us back to civilization, such as it was.

Calling it a road was something of a misnomer since it was sometimes no wider than one lane. I’d decided that I would hate to see us meet a large truck barreling down on us as Lisa navigated one of the many curves on the winding country road.

In our favor, Lisa appeared to be a safe and conscientious driver, as she maintained a safe speed and kept her eyes peeled most of the time on the road in front of her. Lisa would only very occasionally glance at Carrie seated beside her or me in the back via the rear-view mirror as we spoke.

As soon as we began our journey down the road leaving the main house and cottages safely behind us, Lisa asked, “Well, where do we eat?”

When Carrie didn’t immediately answer, I tentatively broached, “There’s a real good pizza place in town.”

“Yeah, let’s go there,” Carrie enthusiastically agreed.

“No way, you’re in training. You can’t afford the calories” Lisa responded harshly.

Carrie quickly began to pout and complained in a small voice, “You’re such a tyrant and you’re not being polite to our guest.”

“I’m not a tyrant, I’m your trainer,” the brunette woman replied. “If you don’t want me to train you further for the triathlon, just tell me and you can eat whatever unhealthy and fattening food you want.”

“Oh, alright,” Carrie acquiesced in a subdued tone.

I couldn’t believe Lisa was concerned about Carrie eating fattening food. Carrie looked to be n better shape than anyone I had ever met. There wasn’t an ounce of fat anywhere on that beautiful body.

Upon second thought, I realized my suggestion of pizza hadn’t been such a sound idea because this particular pizza parlor had bright fluorescent lighting as I suddenly remembered from eating there in years past.

The bright lighting would surely have turned Carrie’s night-shirt completely transparent displaying every contour and nuance of her beautiful body beneath.

I certainly didn’t relish eating dinner some place where Carrie’s stark naked body was completely visible. Plus, the eatery was somewhat of a magnet for the village’s young hoodlums and ne’er-do-wells and God only knows what trouble we might have caused.

Luckily at that point, Lisa took charge and said we would eat at a rather upscale restaurant in town. Initially I was gladdened by the suggestion, although my heart sank when we pulled into the parking lot and I immediately espied the family sedan that had been transporting the twin children.

I recognized it, not only by the make and model of the car, but also by its’ license tag and bumper stickers.

“Oh no!” I exclaimed.

“What’s the matter?” Carrie naturally wondered.

I proceeded to tell them that the family whose children had spotted Carrie running half naked earlier must surely be inside and maybe we should consider eating somewhere else.

“Oh no, it’ll be fine,” Lisa insisted and smoothly parked the SUV. Shutting off the ignition and pocketing the keys, the young brunette woman opened her door and jumped smartly to the ground.

“Come on,” she ordered, and not waiting for us, began to stride toward the restaurant. I noticed Lisa was no longer having any difficulty in walking and idly wondered how it had healed so quickly.

Carrie and I had no choice at that point except to follow because there wasn’t any doubt in my mind that Lisa would eat without us and then not allow Carrie and I to obtain any dinner.

Now, I certainly could have used my own car once we arrived back at the cottages, but that would have been totally unfair to Carrie, who had trained so extensively all day and needed some sustenance.

Consequently I simply climbed down from the vehicle and waited for Carrie to dismount, which she did by gracefully jumping down. I was struck once again by her sheer athleticism, but was horrified to realize as we walked across the parking lot that Carrie appeared oblivious to the fact that her night-shirt was bunched around her waist leaving her in effect naked below the waist in public! Luckily it was now evening and darkness had fallen and there was no one in the immediate vicinity. I still blushed mightily at the entire tableau.

I lived a rather staid and conservative life due to my profession and I’d never dreamt that I would be socializing with someone who went nude in public. I shuddered to think what my business cohorts would think if they could only see me now.

I quickly reached out and pulled the night-shirt down to where, once again, it barely covered Carrie’s ass. I certainly hoped at that point that the beautiful blonde wasn’t prone to stretching her arms upwards since it would have caused her night-shirt to pull up high enough that her pubic thatch would have been completely visible to any onlookers!

As we continued across the property, Carrie turned and bestowed her beautiful smile upon me. Her entire countenance appeared to light up as she did such. I began to realize her lover was a lucky man, whoever and wherever he was.

As for me, I’d never had a boyfriend. I wasn’t a virgin by any stretch of the imagination having had several seriously flawed sexual encounters while in college, although I’ve never even been able to offer myself to a man with all my clothes off.

I’m just too shy and I was never close to experiencing an orgasm from a man. In fact, I had never had an orgasm at all, not even from masturbation. In the times when I had attempted it, I just became too self conscious, even by myself, before I could bring myself to fruition.

It’s not that I’m ugly. I’m not bragging, but men have let me know I have an attractive face and my figure is adequate. It’s just that for some reason I am completely repressed sexually.

But enough about me. Carrie smiled and expressed, “Thank you. I had forgotten how little I had on. I have to be more careful.” Her appreciation seem so genuine. All I could muster was, “Your welcome.”

As we drew close to the eatery, I became overpowered with an impending sense of doom that something terribly embarrassing was going to occur during dinner.

Pulling the door open, and allowing Carrie to step inside first, I was immediately encouraged by the fashionably dim lighting. That was quickly dashed when I observed the family from the afternoon seated in the far left corner.

Lisa was standing further inside the restaurant speaking with the hostess, when the twin boy and girl, being inordinately curious as children usually are, partially turned and immediately recognized us.

They quickly shouted to their parents that there was ‘the naked lady.’ I stood rooted in complete terror for a split second, but I quickly grasped what an overwhelming disaster it would be if we were seated next to them.

Surely Carrie’s night-shirt would be unable to protect her stark naked condition from the children’s close scrutiny and penetrating gaze.

I stepped up to the hostess and rudely interrupted. “We would like to be seated as far away as possible from those squalling brats,” I explained harshly.

The hostess’s back stiffened and she glared back at me. “But this young lady has already requested a table in the non-smoking section,” the hostess replied in an equally nasty tone.

“I don’t care,” I replied. “Unruly children should not be allowed in public and they would greatly interfere with the enjoyment of my meal.”

“Okay, follow me,” she snapped.

As the hostess led us to the far corner on the right side of the restaurant, she allowed her displeasure to be known by somehow managing to click her high heels sharply on the thick carpet.

I assumed she was upset with me because she was a parent or was just wanting to follow the dictum of her job by keeping both sides of the dining room balanced with customers properly.

Upon reaching the table, the hostess snapped the menus down hard and said tonelessly, “Your server will be with you directly.”

She glared at me once more and then marched away. I figured then from that reaction that she had children of her own and had put me down as a child hater.

I didn’t care at that point. At least we were seated far away from those nosy children. I realized, though, that they could certainly cause Carrie severe problems in the next few days. I hoped their parents had discounted their wild story as childish nonsense.

Carrie tugged the shirt down as she sat, trying without luck to pull it under her as she sat. She let out a little sound as her bare behind made contact with the cool seat. She looked around nervously to see if the children were watching. As we settled in at the table, Carrie smiled at me and said, “Thanks, that was quick thinking.”

She had such a beautiful smile. Before I could answer, Lisa complained, “Aw Becca, you ruined everything. I think it would have been funny if we had been seated next to them.”

“Yeah, real funny – Not!” Carrie retorted while glaring at her good friend.

Good spirits soon prevailed and Lisa and Carrie perused their menus while I glanced around the huge dining room. I was gladdened to observe that it was no more than half full as this village wasn’t much of a tourist attraction any more.

Most of the patrons were young couples who appeared to either be out on dates or newlyweds on their honeymoon. And none of them seemed to be paying us any particular attention.

I decided that this was very fortunate because it was extremely cold in the establishment. They must have had the air conditioning on high and Carrie’s nipples had become so erect you could plainly see them and even her aureoles through the thin fabric of the night-shirt.

I prayed we were assigned a woman server, but no such luck. A young man came romping up to our table almost as if he were a young puppy who suddenly had visitors in the house. I’m certain he almost stumbled in his haste to get to our table once he discovered Lisa and Carrie were to be his next assignment.

Arriving at our table in a flurry, (I fully expected a fanfare), he stammered, “M – May…I take your nipples, please?”

Our server was staring directly at Carrie’s visible erect nipples that were poking defiantly through the thin night-shirt. Carrie giggled, Lisa guffawed, and I buried my head in my menu.

I must say that I realized at that instant what a brave and daring young woman Carrie really was. In a situation where if my nipples and aureoles were completely visible in a public setting, I would have been burning in embarrassment, she just smiled up at our server.

“What did you say?” Lisa demanded, striving to make the episode as embarrassing as possible.

“I’m sorry,” the young man apologized, beginning to regain a little of his composure. I meant can, I take your orders, please?”

“Yes, you may,” Lisa replied sardonically as if she were an English teacher. “I want a double vodka martini, on the rocks,” she continued.

“Oh boy, me too!” Carrie exclaimed, “but make mine straight up.”

As the server nodded, Lisa contradicted, “No way, she’ll have carrot juice.”

“Ugh, carrot juice!” Carried complained. “I don’t want carrot juice. I want a martini.”

“Nope,” Lisa continued to deny. “It’s too fattening and bad for your overall physical condition to boot.”

“Oh, come on, one martini won’t hurt anything!” Carrie begged.

During this exchange, it was all I could do to keep from laughing as the young man’s head swiveled back and forth as though he were watching a tennis match. Of course every time Carrie spoke, he stared at her ample chest which was visible through the thin material.

“At least let me have an orange juice or apple juice,” the beautiful blonde entreated.

“No,” Lisa answered forcefully. “They’re too high in calories also. If you want, you can have prune juice instead.”

“Ugh, that’s worse than carrot juice,” Carrie complained. “I bet they don’t even serve carrot juice,” Carrie broached as a new ploy to obtain a martini.

Our server in an effort to please Carrie (he thought) insured us the bartender could probably be convinced to do something with the blender.

I ordered a glass of wine. I had never been much of a drinker. Our server was back in no time with our drinks including the carrot juice. I assumed he was in a hurry to gaze upon Carrie again. I was certainly correct in my assumption that we would receive good service with Carrie with us.

When we placed our meal orders, Lisa and Carrie had a similar argument as they did over the drinks. Carrie wanted a ten ounce steak with French fries, which is what Lisa had ordered.

Lisa again wore Carrie down and made her order a house salad. She wouldn’t even allow the blonde woman to have bleu cheese dressing on it, but insisted on oil and vinegar. I also ordered a ten ounce steak but with a baked potato and sour cream.

I felt as though I were being a traitor to Carrie, but I was starving. In the interim of waiting for our food to arrive, the three of us engaged in small talk. It turned out that we were going to be there for the same number of days and amazingly enough, I didn’t live that far from Carrie once we were back home. Talk about a small world!

Once the meals arrived, I fell greedily upon my steak. I ordered another glass of wine to go with my food, even though I was already feeling a little high. After all, I rationalized I wasn’t driving and I thought a little celebration was in order. I certainly hadn’t been expecting to make any new friends on my short vacation.

Carrie picked at her salad and Lisa droned on and on concerning training times and schedules. After polishing off half my steak, I came up for air for a moment fully expecting to see Carrie sitting with a glazed expression as a result of Lisa’s boring lecture.

Instead I was surprised to observe her smiling salaciously across the table at someone. I naturally glanced to my left and saw that a young couple had been seated to our direct left at some point since we had entered. The man appeared to be hypnotized by Carrie.

Smelling a rat, I “accidentally” dropped a salad fork on the floor and ducked my head under the table for a second. Just as I suspected, Carrie was flashing him with a beautiful look at her wide open pussy.

I sat back quickly and was going to caution her to not create a scene, when the date or wife of the man noticed what he was doing and whirled around to see what or who he was enamored with.

I decided it was his wife when she quickly turned back and proceeded to harangue him for his behavior. I couldn’t hear her words, but the tone surely indicated such.

After that minor catastrophe had been averted, all went well as Carrie fell back to eating her salad and Lisa and I finished our steaks. I had ordered one more glass of wine and was actually feeling quite inebriated, but was maintaining nicely. I didn’t think either of them suspected how drunk I really was.

Finishing our meals, Lisa smiled at Carrie and ordered, “When I’m paying the check, I want you to go into the women’s bathroom with Becca and give her the night-shirt back.”

“You want me to what? I will not!” Carrie exclaimed. “What would I wear when I left?”

“That’s the point,” Lisa grinned at her. “You walk out naked or you lose the dare.”

“You said I could borrow the night-shirt,” Carrie explained.

“Yes, I did,” Lisa agreed, “but I didn’t say for how long. You’re lucky. I could make you take it off right now. Then no one could possibly miss it. The other way you have a shot of hardly anyone seeing you in this dim lighting.”

I was appalled to see that Carrie was actually considering it. “Don’t do it, Carrie,” I entreated. “You don’t have to do any such thing. It’s my shirt and I say you can wear it.”

“That doesn’t matter,” Carrie answered me in a small voice. “Lisa’s right, if I don’t I’ll lose the dare. Your night-shirt wasn’t part of the original bargain.”

As Lisa sat back fully satisfied with her new chicanery, I attempted another tack. “What does Lisa have to do if you win the dare?”

Lisa sat up quickly. “That’s really none of your business, Becca. This is between me and Carrie.”

“Wait a minute,” Carrie said. “Becca has a good point. If I complete this dare, what are *‘you’* going to do. You never said.”

Lisa sat for a moment in silence and then answered, “I think Becca should have to do something if you complete the dare.”

“Wait a minute,” I protested. “I don’t have anything to do with this.”

“Yes, you do,” Lisa responded. “You’re the one who involved herself in this. You really shouldn’t have had any thing to say. This was between me and Carrie.”

“Lisa has a good point there,” Carrie agreed.

I was aghast at the turn the conversation had taken. I had just been attempting to help Carrie and she had turned on me. I just sat there with my mouth agape when Lisa said, “Don’t worry, Becca. Carrie will never finish the dare. I’ll make sure of that.” And she winked at me.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Ok, what am I betting?”

Carrie quickly answered, “If I complete the dare, you have to run nude from the spot where we collided today back to the cottage.”

Blushing furiously at just the thought of such a reckless enterprise, I exclaimed, “No way, I could never do that. Absolutely not.”

“Okay,” Carrie backed down a little. “You can wear a bra and knickers.”

If I hadn’t been so high on wine, I know I never would have agreed. But I did. “Okay, it’s a dare,” I replied.

Carrie seemed pleased that she had a goal to aim for now. I already had misgivings but I knew she would never let me back out now. When we stood up I staggered just a little but quickly caught my balance.

Lisa went up to the front register to pay for our meals and Carrie and I traveled to the women’s restroom. Luckily I thought at the time there were no other women present. I didn’t know Carrie very well yet and I had no idea if she might just whip that night-shirt off regardless of whoever was there.

Actually Carrie turned out to be quite modest in her own way. I looked at her in the garish light and couldn’t help but notice her beautiful face was very flushed and she appeared nervous and apprehensive.

“You know, you don’t have to do this,” I offered.

As if to distract from her hidden nervousness, Carrie smiled and said, “Oh sure, Becca you just want to avoid doing your dare.”

I said, “no that’s not it at all. I just can’t imagine you walking out of here completely naked.” As if confiding in me she lowered her eyes and said in a shaky voice, “I can’t believe it either but I just have to.”

I didn’t completely understand but I did see the competitive side come out and that look of determination in her eyes.

Her breathing seemed quick and choppy. Then she took a deep breath as if to calm her nerves and after a slight pause she lowered her hands to the hem of the night-shirt and in one motion simply removed her only piece of apparel she had baring her body to me.

I was blushing furiously to be standing so closely to her beautiful stark naked body in public and wondered what I would do if someone should suddenly enter the restroom.

I couldn’t believe how nervous I was for Carrie. It was impossible not to gaze at the beautiful body in front of me, such well defined muscles and not an ounce of fat anywhere. Her breasts were firm and tight and her nipples dark and hard like large erasers. Her labia was completely engorged and her pussy was open inviting my attention. I struggled to avert my attention back to her eyes.

Carrie took my hands as if drawing some sort of strength from me and drew another deep breath, expelled it, and murmured, “Wish me luck. Here goes nothing.”

With that, she opened the door and stepped out into the restaurant stark naked! As the restroom door slowly closed on it’s hinges, I stood momentarily stunned.

Until Carrie disappeared into the eatery I never really thought she would do it. My anxiety about what was happening to her galvanized me into action and I hastened to follow her.

By the time I entered the dining room, Carrie was halfway to the door. She wasn’t running as she instinctively realized it would attract more attention, but was stepping calmly walking along as if nothing was out of the ordinary or so it appeared.

The smooth fluid motion of her legs and tight butt cheeks momentarily mesmerized me as I followed a few steps behind. Then gathering my senses, I swept the room with a glance and I noticed over half the patrons had already spotted Carrie’s total nudity. Luckily the family with the children had already left.

Most of the young women were scowling at her, although several were smiling. All of the men sat stunned with their mouths agape. Lisa was still standing by the front register, I supposed to make certain Carrie followed through with her commitment. She was grinning broadly at Carrie’s antics.

The hostess was staring incredulously at Carrie’s stark naked body as Carrie approached. Carrie slowed her pace and seemed to stop as if something was wrong. She then began to run and crouched over slightly. Carrie ran out the front door.

Stepping into the parking lot, I was startled to observe Carrie still running hunched over halfway across the parking lot to the SUV. I became frightened that she was suddenly physically ill or something else was wrong.

I reached our vehicle last. And Carrie was leaning up against the SUV trying to catch her breath as Lisa opened the door. I thought that was strange for an athlete like her to be that out of breath from a short run across the parking lot.

Lisa was already seated behind the steering wheel and once again I was struck with how odd it was that she wasn’t limping from her ankle injury. I quickly climbed into the back.

Carrie jumped in and was bent over in the front seat and moaning, “Oh, oh, oh.”

“Carrie, are you in pain? What’s wrong?” I asked anxiously.

Lisa turned around in her seat and grinned at me. “Don’t worry about her silly. She’s just so excited that she’s having an orgasm.”

“Oh my God!” I exclaimed turning beet red.

“Oh God, that was unbelievable,” Carrie said in a quick and excited voice. “That was quick, I felt it coming on as soon as I walked out of the women’s room and thought I could hold it off until I got outside, but then when the hostess saw me I lost it. There was nothing I could do. I started cumming right there in front of the her.”

“See you owe me,” Lisa joked.

“Yeah, whatever,” Carrie retorted as she recovered and sat back in her seat still naked as the day she was born. “Let’s just go before somebody calls the cops or something.”

Lisa started the SUV and we were soon on our way back to the cottages. Lisa joked with Carrie saying that that was the fastest you’d ever cum.

Carrie went on to explain to me how she loves that sexual energy that she gets but then added. “That was too much though, Cumming in public. I didn’t even make it a minute.”

I just sat in silence completely befuddled and brooded. *‘Carrie can have an orgasm walking nude in public and I can’t get one from a man or even from masturbation. That doesn’t seem right to me somehow. What’s wrong with me?’* I thought.

Once Lisa parked by the cottages, I muttered, “Good night,” and jumped out. I ran to my cottage, unlocked the door, and fell onto my bed falling asleep instantly.

**Day 2**

**Part 1**

**In the Morning**

I awoke way too early the next morning to my way of thinking. Actually it was more accurate to say I regained consciousness because I realized then I hadn’t fallen asleep the night before. I had passed out.

*‘Never again,’* I thought. I felt absolutely horrible. My head was throbbing with pain, my throat was parched, my mouth was dried out, and my stomach was so upset I was afraid I might vomit if I moved too quickly.

And worst of all, I had slept in my clothes and they were now all wrinkled and nasty looking.

*‘And this was the only good outfit I brought,’* I thought ruefully.

Arising from the bed, I slightly staggered over to the kitchen sink. I turned on the spigot and splashed some extremely cold water on my face.

“Yike!” I exclaimed.

At least the cold water helped to clear my thought process a bit. I needed to wash up and badly wanted a cup of coffee.

I was in need of hot water for both tasks since I had brought a small coffee maker that was suitable for a short vacation although it didn’t have much of a heating element.

I really didn’t feel like walking up to the main house, particularly with the nasty looking outfit I had on. I peered through the small window over the sink and noticed that Lisa and Carrie’s cottage was awash with lights, which meant they surely were up.

*‘Of course they’re already up for the day,’* I thought sardonically. *‘They didn’t drink as much as I did last night.’*

I decided I could probably make it as far the cottage next door, so I picked up my two pails and stepped out the door.

I stepped up to their door and pressed my ear against it to learn what ever I could. I was feeling paranoid about disturbing them, but I could only make out a muffled conversation. I finally decided to knock on the door…but not loudly, my head couldn’t have stood it.

The door opened and there stood Carrie completely naked as I had left her last night! “Good morning, Becca. Come on in,” she invited with a cheery voice, bright smile. How could she be so bright and awake this early in the morning? Clearly she must be a morning person.

I quickly hurried inside banging the buckets against the doorframe in my haste to protect Carrie from public view.

I wondered how she knew it was me outside the door or even if she had. Carrie didn’t inquire who was at the door. Was she just opening it not caring whom was there? What if it had been the landlord or those nosy children?

I never did discover the answer to my questions as Lisa immediately asked with a malicious grin, “Are you okay, Becca? You were really plowed last night. We were really worried about you with the way you just ran off after we got back.”

Lisa was sitting in one chair with one of her legs straight out resting on another one. Her ankle was still tightly wrapped and she had an ice bag on it. I vaguely wondered what kind of game was being played since her leg seemed fine just last night.

I stood embarrassed in dumbfound silence to learn they had known all the time that I was severely intoxicated, but had been too polite to mention it. Beside me, Carrie laughed and I inadvertently glanced at her.

I couldn’t seem to tear my eyes away from the golden stark naked body of hers. I grew concerned that I may becoming a lesbian since I became aroused myself as I stared on at Carrie. Her tight body just seemed to draw my eye.

I finally was able to wrest my eyes away from my outright staring (which was embarrassing in its’ own self) and returned my attention to Lisa. Both she and Carrie were laughing at my befuddlement.

“Uh, I’m alright” I stammered trying to hide my confused actions.

Hoping to change the subject, I held up the two buckets and said, “I was wondering if I could borrow some hot water. I really need to wash up.”

“Oh Becca, you can use our shower,” the kind hearted Carrie said, touching her hand on my arm.

“Well, I don’t know -,” I began.

“Oh please do,” Lisa interrupted. “I insist,” she said smiling at me. “We’ve been giving you a hard time ever since you came in here this morning. Let us make it up to you.”

“But I don’t have any clean clothes with me. I’d have nothing to put on afterwards,” I complained.

“Lisa will lend you a bathrobe, won’t you Lisa?” Carrie responded.

“Uh huh.”

“Then ok. It will certainly be better then walking up to the main house,” I answered back.

“Good,” Carrie replied, “but leave the door unlocked. I need to finish up before my workout.

Apparently recognizing the uneasiness I was feeling about leaving the door unlocked reflected on my face, Carrie giggled and said, “Don’t worry, I won’t peek.”

I attempted to laugh it off and assured her I knew she wouldn’t.

After I entered the bathroom and shut the door behind me, I automatically went to lock it, but didn’t. I realized how foreign it felt to be using a bathroom and not locking the door.

I quickly removed my clothes and was standing in bra and knickers. I prayed Carrie didn’t come in right then. I wasn’t sure how I would react, but was certain that I would do something that would cause me to appear foolish in her eyes.

After all she been naked in public; why would she think anything about me standing in a private bathroom in my underwear? Worse of all when I peeled off my bra and knickers, I realized I had been ignoring my bladder that felt as though it were about to burst.

As I quickly sat down on the toilet seat I prayed that Carrie didn’t enter the bathroom and observe me in such a vulnerable and seamy position. I would have just died!

I quickly finished my personal business and went about beginning my shower. When that first warm water hit my body, it felt like heaven and I began to feel better immediately.

I realized how fortunate it was that I have naturally curly hair so I didn’t have to worry if it got wet. I wear it fairly short so it will help accentuate the appearance of my face being more round.

I have a long narrow face and if I wear my hair long I take on a slightly horsy appearance, although men have told me before that I resemble a young Carly Simon.

Personally I thought they were either insane or lying in an attempt to flatter me into bed. Men will tell you any crazy thing, if they think it will convince you to go to bed with you.

And Love! If I heard the word love mentioned I ran quickly in the other direction. I had already been in my one tragic love affair in high school. When he dumped me, it left me so completely shattered, I vowed never to have to experience those feelings again.

I had a perfectly full life or so I thought. I had my profession, my cats, and my hobbies. I didn’t feel sorry for myself or wallow in self pity. I felt as though I made a positive contribution to society and led a full and productive life.

It was just that I accepted the fact that love and sexual satisfaction were not for me; they were for other people. And I remained, if not happy, at least comfortable in this life style, until I met Carrie.

She seemed so full of love and excitement, it caused me to realize what a dreary person I really was. Carrie had so many friends and varied interests while I just had me and my cats. She could make the most ordinary occurrence extremely exciting as she had on the previous evening at the restaurant.

I had just began to lather my body with soap when I heard the bathroom door open and I froze in stark terror. I knew that whoever it was couldn’t see me through the heavy shower curtain, but Carrie must have realized from the complete silence except for the falling water what was going through my mind.

“It’s okay, Becca,” she said and then laughed. “I’m only bringing you the bath robe.”

“Oh thanks,” I stammered in a quavering voice.

“Well, have a good shower,” Carrie said in her cheery voice.

“I will,” I croaked while I heard the bathroom door shutting.

I was still so unreasonably frightened I stood completely still for several minutes listening for the slightest out of place sound. I was even afraid to peek out from behind the shower curtain.

I began to feel very foolish indeed and quickly finished my washing. I turned off the water and threw open the shower curtain. Of course the room stood completely empty of people and I laughed to myself for my own foolish fears.

I stepped out of the tub and glanced around for a towel and was surprised to notice there weren’t any available. I then stood aghast to observe that, not only wasn’t there a bathrobe but, Carrie must have removed all my clothes as well!

I was completely panicked and thought, ‘*I knew it. I knew it. When will I learn to trust my instincts?*’

I imagined Lisa had put her up to it, but still I bet that Carrie had gone along with it willingly as a good prank.

I crept to the bathroom door and listened intently. I couldn’t hear any conversation or anything else for that matter.

Screwing up absolutely all of my courage, I cleared my throat and broached, “Hey, is anybody out there?”

“Sure, Becca,” answered Lisa. “What do you need?”

“Well, I was wondering where the bathrobe was?”

“It’s out here,” Lisa replied. “We didn’t want it to get wet from all the steam.”

“Well, I need a towel,” I stammered.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Carrie said. “We had to put all but this one that I’m wearing out for housekeeping and didn’t get them back yet. You should dry quickly in this air.”

I was beginning to feel hysterical. I just knew they were playing around with me in a friendly manner, but on the other hand my natural paranoia made me assume direful things also.

“Well, where’s my outfit?” I asked in a quivering voice.

“Oh Becca, you can’t put them back on,” Carrie cheerfully explained.

“Well, could you please bring me the bathrobe?”

“Becca, you’re being silly,” Lisa responded. “Carrie’s fixing you some breakfast. Now come out here and get it yourself,” Lisa said in a teasing voice.

I realized I was between a rock and a hard place. I couldn’t very well stay in their bathroom all day, plus I was starting to become chilly as the heat from my shower escaped the room.

My only other alternative would have been to tear the shower curtain down and wrap myself in it; although I didn’t think they would think too highly of that, it would have served them right.

I had no choice but to open the door. I immediately observed Lisa grinning at me and I instinctively fell into a crouch with one hand covering my pussy and one arm thrown across my breasts.

My heart fell when I saw the bathrobe on the other side of room. I took a deep breathe and started to slowly and almost painfully cross the room taking small steps, which was the only way I could keep myself covered. I imagined I resembled a deformed crab to Lisa and Carrie’s amusement.

Carrie stepped from the small kitchen wrapped in a towel and, reaching out for me, said, “Oh, Becca, you’re being silly. Stand up.” And she took my arms and pulled me to my feet.

I stood before them totally nude and was blushing furiously from head to toe. Carrie informed me later that she had never seen anyone appear as embarrassed as I did. I was certain I looked ridiculous to them being as embarrassed as I was, but I couldn’t help myself. I realized, I didn’t have anything they hadn’t seen a million times.

“Oh, Becca,” Carrie spoke sincerely, “You have nothing to be ashamed of. You have a lovely figure.”

I felt myself blush even more and muttered, “Well..thanks, I guess.”

I felt myself beginning to perspire, but I couldn’t seem to get my feet to move across the room to the now utmostly important robe. Carrie took pity on me and retrieved the robe.

Handing me the fluffy white robe, Carrie said, “Now sit down at the table. Your breakfast is waiting.”

I quickly slipped on the robe, tying it extra tightly with the sash, and sat at the table. There sat in front of me a bowl of some unappetizing appearing mush. The taste was even worse and I correctly assumed it was a health food concoction.

It turned out that Lisa had already eaten a scrumptious breakfast of bacon and eggs, while Carrie had eaten the same mush. I felt it was only polite that I eat the breakfast and also act as though I enjoyed it. I almost painfully ate every bite, although I did it very slowly taking extremely small bites so I wouldn’t gag.

As I was eating, Carrie sat on the chair and chatted about the day’s plans. The towel opened wide as she sat exposing her whole side from her legs to just below her breasts. I couldn’t help but gaze as I tried to get the mush down without throwing up.

When I finished Carrie got up to clear the table, casually rescued the towel around her ample breasts as she stood. The towel which was solely supported by its pressure against her breasts just hang straight down occasionally brushing the front of her hips and stomach as she moved around the small kitchen. I was amazed that she could be so comfortable and casually walking around in something that barely covered her from her breasts to her hips.

Lisa asked, “I was wondering if we could ask you a big favor.”

“Oh Lisa, don’t. Becca has her own things to do,” Carrie protested.

“What is it?” I asked.

Lisa, paying her friend absolutely no attention, answered, “My ankle is still very painful and I feel I need to remain off it today, so would you be willing to go along with Carrie and time her?”

“Sure, it sounds more interesting than what I had planned,” I replied.

“Becca, are you sure?” Carried asked as once again she rescued the towel. “I wouldn’t want to impose.”

After I assured them both that it was perfectly alright and in fact sounded like more fun than what I was going to do, Lisa proceeded to explain to me what she needed out of Carrie for her morning’s training.

Carrie’s training today involved distance swimming and I was to time her and then, following that, she needed to work more on her running endurance. Lisa entrusted me with the all important stop watch and a small notebook to write down her times. I noticed the notebook also held some written instructions for me, so Lisa must have been fairly certain I would agree.

I got up and informed them I was going back to my cottage and getting dressed.

“You’re welcomed to just wear the robe if you want,” Lisa offered with a big smile.

I smiled in return refusing to be baited. “Thanks so much, but I’d rather wear a little more than this.”

Carrie laughed and said, “Wait to go, Becca. Don’t pay any attention to her.”

I returned to their cottage in fifteen minutes. As I waited for someone to answer my knock, I realized I had trepidations concerning what Carrie would wear this morning. I certainly didn’t want those children to observe Carrie with her being less than adequately covered. I also wondered what kind of game Lisa was playing with her ‘*sprained*’ ankle.

Carrie answered the door this time wearing her white bikini top and bottom. The rubber bands appeared to be holding okay, although the extremely small bikini bottom didn’t seem as tight around her hips as before exposing more of Carrie than ever. She had apparently shaved her pubic area even more because the bikini was now only covering her slit and I didn’t see any pussy hair leaking out.

I was confused as to why she was wearing her white bikini today since she said the white one didn’t offer much in the way in support.

Not that her breasts needed any support but I totally agreed it offered no support when I saw it. It was so tiny it barely covered her nipples and I swear I observed a slight part of her aureoles as she moved around.

“I’m ready!” Carrie exclaimed. “Let’s go.”

“Is that what you’re wearing?” I asked.

“I’ll be alright as long as I’m careful and besides Lisa won’t allow me to wear anything more.” was Carrie’s response.

Carrie handed me a small backpack which held the mysterious red and green bottles. I put the stopwatch and notebook inside it and then slipped it on. Thankfully it was extremely light.

“Good luck,” Lisa called out to us as we left.

After Carrie explained where we were headed, I offered, “I’ll follow you in the car,” assuming that Carrie would want to run there.

“Oh, Becca, that’s so silly. You look to be in good shape. Surely you can run that far.”

“Well, probably, but after last night I’m not feeling that well and I wouldn’t be able to keep up with you anyway.”

“Don’t worry I’m sure you’ll be fine. Now let’s go,” Carrie directed.

She immediately began running so at that point I had no choice but to run after her. Again I was memorized by motion of her long graceful strides and the rhythmic motion of her ass under the tiny bikini. How she managed to keep her breasts in that tiny top I will never know.

As she ran ahead, the tiny bikini appeared to disappear leaving the impression that she was running totally naked. I was becoming very tired and winded but managed to catch up to where she had stopped without getting sick.

When she suddenly disappeared, I realized she had been motioning to a path to the beach. I certainly hoped it was well marked or I would probably run right by it.

By the time I reached the path I was breathing heavily, although I realized I was at the correct place because there was a wide path that even I couldn’t miss.

I half walked, half limped down the path, which led to a beautiful beach of fair size that sat by one of the many small lakes that dotted the area. I wasn’t surprised to observe Carrie already in the water and waving enthusiastically to me.

She had probably been concerned as to whether I was going to show up at all since I had ended up finishing so far behind her. I wearily waved back and dropped the backpack to the beach beside me.

My heart leaped to my throat when I noticed Carrie’s bikini laying on the beach several feet away from me.

*‘Oh no’*, I thought. *‘She’s naked.’*

My mind was suddenly filled with the horrible vision of Carrie running back naked again. Or even worse, me lending her my bra and knickers, which would mean I would have to strip half naked in public for a second to take them off.

At that point Carrie waded out of the lake and walked up to me. “I took them off to save the wear and tear on them,” she explained, “plus I didn’t want to risk losing it in the lake when I swam. I’m sure you noticed they’re barely on as it is,” she grinned.

I’m ashamed to say now that I blushed, even at that. Laying them quickly back onto the beach, I asked, “Are you ready to start swimming for distances?”

I was feeling extremely anxious with Carrie standing completely bare on a public beach, even if it was totally deserted far deep in the New England woods.

Carrie laughed and answered, “Relax Becca, there’s no one around. I came out to put some suntan lotion on.”

Carrie proceeded to open the backpack and took out a small bottle of lotion. She squeezed some into her hands and began to rub it on her luscious body. When she reached her lower nether regions I glanced away to allow her some privacy.

“Becca, would you do my back for me?” Carrie sweetly asked.

“Oh sure,” I answered and turned back toward her. She poured some of the liquid into my hands and I rubbed it on her broad shoulders and back as thoroughly as I could as quickly as I could. Her shoulders were really built and her body was as tight as it appeared. I quickly did her back and hesitated as I went lower.

Carrie seemed to pick up on my hesitation and spared me any embarrassment when she finally said, “That’s enough, thanks,” and returned the small bottle to the backpack.

“Are you finally ready now?” I asked again trying to get her off the public beach as quickly as possible.

“Becca, relax, we’ve got all morning. Come on, please come in and we can have some fun,” Carrie said smiling and tugging on my arm slightly.

“What?!” I screeched. “I didn’t bring a bathing suit, you don’t expect me to go in naked, do you?”

Carrie was laughing at my reaction. “No Becca, I know you wouldn’t do that, but I do know you are certainly wearing a bra and knickers under that outfit so you can swim in that.”

“But what would I do afterwards, I wouldn’t want to wear wet underwear all morning.”

“Silly, you just take it off and put your outfit back on,” Carrie answered.

“I’m not putting my outfit over my wet body. I didn’t bring that many clothes you know for just four days,” I protested.

“There’s a towel in the backpack, you can use that. Now come on!”

Just the thought of me standing totally naked toweling off on a public beach sent shivers of fear and embarrassment through me, but I realized by now Carrie wouldn’t take no for an answer so I finally agreed.

I told her to go on down to the water and I would follow directly. I realize it sounds stupid but I just couldn’t remove my top and shorts with her standing there. Carrie ran on down to the water and entered the lake.

Completely crazed with paranoia, I glanced everywhere around even though I knew there probably wasn’t another person within miles of me. Finally ascertaining to even my crazy thinking that no one was looking, I removed my outer apparel.

As I stood there only in my bra and knickers on a public beach, I realized how completely foreign this felt to me. But strangely enough it also felt very exciting to me on a sexual level.

I grew afraid I was becoming some kind of a perv and I dashed down into the water to hide my semi-nakedness from public sight. Carrie was bobbing in the water at quite a distance from me and laughing I’m sure at my insane antics.

I quickly realized the lake water did feel wonderful to me in my over heated condition from the run and I began to swim out to Carrie. When I reached her and began bobbing with her, she asked, “Now isn’t this fun?”

“Yep, yep,” I agreed. “You were right.”

We played around and splashed each other and then Carrie jumped on me and began to wrestle. I grew immediately frightened that she was attempting to disrobe me, but such wasn’t the case. Carrie just wanted to have some fun before she began her strenuous workouts. She just had no way of knowing what a foreign concept that fun was to me.

I felt awkward because there was no place that I didn’t come in contact with Carrie’s naked flesh as we played. It was fun and Carrie was really enjoying the light-hearted play and unlike me was not the least bit affected by her lack of clothing.

At one point I got behind her and tried to pull her under. I tried to get her off balance by pulling on her shoulders but my hand slipped off her shoulder and slid down her chest and I ended up with two hands full of breast. I immediately let go and apologized profusely for my actions.

Carrie just turned around and laughed saying, “You don’t have to apologize, you didn’t do anything wrong silly.”

Not that I go around feeling women’s breasts, but I just couldn’t get the sensation out of my mind.

We finally stopped and floated around and made small talk for a while until Carrie suggested she begin her distance swimming. I informed her I would go up to the beach and put on my outfit and then come back down to lakeside to time her.

As I left the water I looked down at myself to see what picture I was presenting to the world and I was totally shocked to observe that my ordinarily totally respectable white bra and knickers had been rendered completely transparent by the water. I was in effect standing totally nude on a public beach!

I almost screeched out loud but managed to forbear myself. I then realized also that, while we were in the water, Carrie had seen a whole lot more of me than I realized and I began blushing over that too.

I raced up to my clothes, quickly removed my bra and knickers and was just reaching down to remove the towel from the backpack when I heard something that sent sensations of horror coursing through my body – voices!

I only had enough time to gather up my top and shorts and run off into the underbrush. I made it just in time as I observed, from my hiding place, two men and two women leave the path and enter the beach. They looked to be in their early twenties and were carrying a picnic container.

*‘Oh my God!”* I thought. *‘What am I going to do?’*

It was just like me to think about myself at the time and here I was completely hidden and not even think at that moment what Carrie was going to do totally naked out in the water.

I was so scared at being discovered I couldn’t make myself move and I was certain they could hear my heavy breathing as adrenaline raced through my body.

I watched as they slowed down when they came to my underwear, Carrie’s bikini, and the backpack just laying there on the beach. I’m certain they wondered what that was all about, luckily they didn’t disturb any of it and went a little further down the beach.

They pulled a blanket out of the top of the picnic container and spread it out on the beach. Sitting down, they pulled out some sodas and relaxed for a few minutes.

Then they stood up and pulled off their clothing revealing their bathing suits. The women wore tradition bikinis and the men wore those gawky looking boxer bathing trunks. The four of them were all highly attractive and I could already tell from their light flirting and cuddling they were two sexually traditional couples. Well, you can never tell right off nowadays.

The four of them ran down to the lake and entered the water. I quickly donned my outfit and then stepped out of the woods where I had been hiding. I had been in there about thirty minutes and I had quickly drip dried in the morning sun.

Now that I was safely secured in my clothes, I’m ashamed to admit that it was only then I thought of Carrie out in the middle of the lake without even her tiny bikini.

I was uncertain what to do to help her in her predicament. I didn’t want to go out in the water in my dry outfit and besides me going out into the lake carrying Carrie’s bikini would only give away the fact that she was naked.

We couldn’t begin her distance swimming because she would have to come in close enough to shore to hear me and her bare body would have been painfully obvious to the two couples as she swam by them.

And then of course the situation grew even worse because as soon as the young men spotted Carrie, even though they were with their girlfriends, they headed straight out to talk to her. I’m certain they were more than intrigued to learn the story of the bikini they had seen laying on the beach.

I wasn’t immediately worried for her because I knew she was in deep enough water that they wouldn’t be able to tell right off that she was naked, but what if one of them had a certain urge to check the situation out by looking underwater?

Luckily after only a few minutes the two young men were visited by their girlfriends who convinced them to rejoin them at another part of the lake. I breathed a sigh of relief at that but still had no idea how to help Carrie.

Then the situation appeared to rectify itself as the four young people left the lake and started walking further around the lake.

When they were a safe distance way, Carrie waved to me and I motioned for her to come in closer to the shore line. When she was in ordinary earshot, I asked, “What do you want to do?”

She answered, “I’d better do the swimming practice or Lisa will have a fit.”

“Aren’t you going to put you bikini on now that we aren’t alone” I asked.

Carrie yelled back saying. “I should be alright besides I don’t want to lose it.”

I laughed and agreed and Carrie began her practice. Carrie was to swim in half mile increments as quickly as she could. She appeared to me to be swimming very fast although I had no real knowledge of what constituted a good time for that distance.

As she was swimming the first ‘lap’, I took the time to peruse the written instructions that Lisa had left me. I was shocked, but not surprised at this point having grown used to Lisa’s quirky sense of humor, that Carrie was to run in only her bikini bottoms.

There was also an explanation that it was to discover if Carrie could run faster topless. I totally discounted this because Carrie could hardly compete topless so I failed to see how this information could help at all. I realized it was just Lisa upping the stakes of the dare and it angered me for Carrie’s sake.

Of course I realized how contradictory my feelings were. I should have been in favor of Lisa’s dictum because the more she could dare Carrie to do the more my chances of not having to participate in my own dare increased. I just couldn’t help myself, I had grown very fond of Carrie in a short period of time.

After about an hour of intense swimming Carrie was done and she was ready to come out. I ran up to our possessions and retrieved her bikini. As I turned to return to Carrie, I was totally disheartened to observe the four young people down by the shore line preparing to reenter the lake.

*‘It figures,’* I thought miserably to myself. I had already learned that Carrie was often plagued by bad luck in these types of situations, sometimes caused by her friends but often by fate itself.

There was nothing to do except to return to lake with the bikini. Maybe I could throw it to her, I thought. I then realized that would be way too risky. Suppose it was dropped and she couldn’t find it!

Luckily by the time I returned to Carrie, the four young people had waded out a little ways into the water and were no longer that close to where Carrie would need to come out at.

Carrie began wading out of the lake and I was hoping against hope that she would attempt to hide her lower nakedness by crouching over, but then I realized that would only have called even more attention to herself. Instead she seemed to simply walk up the beach as if she already had her bikini on.

Again, I was mesmerized by the full frontal view I had of Carrie’s lovely and completely bare body as she approached. It seemed like every muscles of her body was pumped from the strenuous swim. From her broad shoulder past her lovely breasts, even past her tight abs and down her long legs.

My admiration was only surpassed by my concern for her being seen by the others.

I quickly handed Carrie the bikini and, as she pulled the bottom on, I naturally glanced at the two couples to see if they were paying any attention.

It turned out they certainly were. The two young women were standing in the shallow water with their mouths agape. The two young men appeared highly interested. They were probably cursing their luck at being at Carrie’s back and were wanting to dash up on the beach but didn’t dare because of their girl friends.

After Carrie had pulled the bikini bottoms up as far as she could, I noticed as I walked slightly behind her up the beach that the bikini now provided such little protection, because of the makeshift quality of it, that almost all of her butt crack was clearly visible. I shuddered to think what it may have looked like in the front since she was still just carrying the top in her right hand.

When we reached the backpack and my wet underwear, Carrie pulled the towel out and began to towel off. “Well, that was interesting, wasn’t it?” Carrie asked with a grin.

I couldn’t tell whether it was the cold water or her own arousal but her nipples were once again very hard as were my own from looking at Carrie’s bare body.

I answered, “I’m not sure I would call getting seen naked on a public beach interesting but I will admit it was a little exciting.”

Carrie laughed and exclaimed, “Now you’re getting with the program, Becca. The thrill is in pushing your limits to the edge and then a little beyond.”

“Carrie, could we just go?” I asked plaintively. I was afraid the young men would follow us up from the lake and then the girlfriends would naturally follow them again. Once they got a good look at Carrie’s extremely scanty bikini there would be a big embarrassing scene.

I was certain Carrie knew what I was thinking as she smiled impishly at me and I suspected a trick coming, but she only quietly agreed.

Carrie simple wrapped the towel around her neck and draped it such that it covered her breasts and started walking like a prize fighter in the ring. We walked up the beach and back to the path leading away from the beach and toward the main road. Just as we left I looked back at the two couples staring on in disbelief.

As we walked side by side I asked her “How can you be so relaxed waking around topless.”

She answered saying, “I’m not as relaxed as you think but it’s a lot easier than being naked or bottomless.”

I said, “Aren’t you worried someone will come down the path and see you?”

“You worry too much Becca. I’m covered by the towel besides Lisa said part of the dare was to not wear my top for the run.”

“We should start the running portion of your morning training, shouldn’t we? I wonder what time it is”

“Don’t worry, Becca. We won’t miss lunch,” Carrie smiled. Let’s head back closer to the cottage before I start.”

“Why is Lisa making you run topless anyway” I broached timidly, I appeared so nervous when I was asked her I resembled a very solemn owl.

Carrie replied, “Don’t worry. It’s okay, Becca really. I’d rather run topless than worry about that flimsy top staying on.”

Carrie had a point there, the top didn’t exactly cover much to begin with and I seriously doubt it would stay on if she ran in it.

“But what about your breasts bouncing, isn’t that going to hurt?” I asked.

Carrie went on to explain, which was an understatement, that her boobs were pretty firm and should be ok. She then explained that the motion is quite distracting though. I didn’t know exactly what she meant by that but was too embarrassed to ask.

Carrie then suggested that we return almost back to the cottage before we begin her training. That way she would know the distance and be able to use the trail through the wood.

“That way I probably wouldn’t encounter anyone along the way, I hope.”

We stopped a couple of hundred yards away from the pull off that led to the main house and cottages. I began to become worried that Carrie might be spotted by someone from the cottages but it didn’t seem to be bother her. At least she did let it show as she pulled the towel off and handed it to me. She then tugged the tiny bikini bottom up as best she could as if somehow it would cover more of her.

I was once again staring straight at Carrie’s beautiful breasts and could scarcely pull my gaze away before I became embarrassed.

I placed the towel in the backpack and took out the red and green bottles, along with notepad, pen, and stop watch. I waited until the single hand had returned to zero at the top of the watch and I cried, “Go!”

She left immediately in her wonderful glide, her long legs just drinking up the ground causing it to look as it were effortless. In no time her all but naked form was out of sight.

Carrie was to run ten ½ mile laps with a short two minute break in between. Of course the goal was to run each lap as quickly as possible and yet hold something back in reserve for the last laps.

I fully expected her breasts to be bouncing wildly but as she came back into sight, but was astonished by how little they were actually bouncing. I honestly didn’t understand her concern about lack of support from the other day.

She look so exotic as her sweat soaked body ran towards me.

The first few laps went fine. Amazingly enough according to the data already entered in the notebook, Carrie was running faster not wearing a bikini top.

As she drank from one of the bottles, I inspected her bikini bottom. It appeared to be holding up well initially, but as time went on it was hanging lower and lower on her despite her adjusting it between laps. The rubber bands were just losing their elasticity and un able to keep up.

At the end of the seventh lap the bottoms were all but hanging off her. I could see all of her pubic mound and her slit as she bent over to pick up the red bottle.

I blushed in embarrassment for her and pulled the bikini bottoms up on her as far as it would go. Carrie shot me a look of irritation for disturbing her brief respite, but I couldn’t help myself.

Carrie had been standing for all intents and purposes totally nude by the side of a public road. After Carrie left on the next lap, I perused her figures closely of the morning’s training so far and was astounded to see she was only a few seconds slower each lap. Her endurance must have been extraordinary.

Suddenly I felt as though someone was watching me and I turned slightly around. I was horrified to observe the twins from the previous day approaching me!

*‘Oh no,’* I thought, *‘Not now.’*

Carrie was due back any time with her bare breasts and bikini bottoms hanging off. ‘We’ll all get asked to leave when this gets out,’ I realized miserably.

For the life of me, I couldn’t think of a way I could get rid of them in time, when suddenly and thankfully I heard, “Rachel! Robert! You come back here right this instant. Didn’t I tell you to stay away from that road?”

“Aw mom,” the boy whined.

“Do I have to go get your father?”

“No m’am,” they replied and then walked desolately back toward the cottages.

I sagged in relief and thanked their mother in my mind. This time when Carrie returned her bikini bottom was hanging even lower with all of her pussy visible.

It was unbelievable the bottoms hadn’t dropped off completely, but apparently were being held up by the size of her gorgeous well developed thighs. The rubber bands looked to be about to breaking point.

This time when I pulled her bikini up, Carrie muttered, “Thanks.”

“Carrie,” I said as she drank greedily, “We should go back right now. You’ve done eight laps and that bottom isn’t going to make it.”

“No, it’ll make it” she answered. “I’m determined to finish. If I don’t I will never hear the end of it from Lisa.”

Another minute passed and Carrie was gone on the next lap.

*‘She certainly is a competitive young woman,’* I thought.

A minute later someone said, “Hi, how you doing?” from the back of my shoulder.

I was so surprised I jumped about a foot off the ground.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you,” a deep masculine voice apologized.

I spun around and was confronted with the sight of one of the most attractive men I have even seen. He looked to be about six feet tall. He had blond hair, blue eyes, a well developed upper body, a narrow waist, and long sinewy legs.

The last three descriptions weren’t guesses because his only attire was a red speedo bathing suit. I felt myself blushing to be standing so close to a nearly naked strange man and I automatically lowered my eyes and ended up looking as his more than ample appearing “package” in his speedo, which appeared to be growing larger by the second. He must have been getting off on the affect he realized he was having on me.

Of course all this caused me to feel even more embarrassed and I quickly glanced up to observe him smiling at me.

“Hi, I’m Carl,” he brightly introduced himself and then held out his right hand.

I took it in mine and stammered, “Uh….Becca,”

I felt tiny shivers from his touch. Looking back later, I realized I hadn’t been touched by a man in any manner in quite a long time.

I wracked my brain, but couldn’t come up with anything to say. Carl filled the silence nicely by explaining, “I’m staying in cottage eight. Are you vacationing here too?”

“Cottage One,” was all I could eek out.

I had suddenly remembered Carrie would be returning practically naked any time now. This was a disaster in the making!

“Are you with that blonde girl I saw running?” Carl asked.

*‘That explains it,’* I thought. *‘He must have seen Carrie from down at his cottage and he’s come here to chit-chat me to wiggle an introduction to Carrie.’*

“Yeah, she is,” I replied sharply.

He looked at me rather strangely for a second after my retort and then spoke, “I’m busy tonight, but would you like to go out tomorrow night?”

*‘Oh my God!’* I thought. To say that I was completely surprised would have been an understatement.

“Uh…okay,” I stammered.

I couldn’t believe I had just accepted a date from someone I knew nothing about and, what was worse, he was one of those incredibly handsome guys who usually consider themselves to be God’s gift to women and would expect something in return for asking me out.

It’d be different if he was a mousy little guy who felt lucky just to have a date.

“Okay, good,” Carl said. “It’s date, I’ll pick you up at seven.”

I attempted to smile at him but I’m certain I appeared ghastly because he looked strangely at me once more. I was feeling hysterical about Carrie returning in who knows what state of undress and I was fidgeting and stammering.

Finally Carl took the hint and said, “Well, if I don’t see you around before, I’ll see you at seven tomorrow evening.”

He wished me a good afternoon and then headed off back in the direction of the cottages. I continued watching until he had entered his cottage.

*‘Oh thank God,’* I thought. Right then I heard Carrie arrive.

“Who was that?” she wheezed as she caught her breath.

Turning around I could see that Carrie was nearing a state of exhaustion because, for the first time, she was bent over and resting her hands on her knees with her legs spread wide apart. The bikini bottom has slipped down even further now.

The awkward position caused her clit to be visible between her pussy lips. It would have been a terribly embarrassing situation if Carl had still be standing there.

In answer to Carrie’s question, I informed her I would tell her at lunch. I again questioned Carrie if she didn’t want to stop after nine laps and she again adamantly refused.

While Carrie drank from one of the bottles I attempted to readjust her bikini bottom. I was dismayed to observe the rubber bands appeared ready to break. I was uncertain whether they would even hold up for another lap.

Sweat was literally running off her body in buckets as she stood there. The reflection of the sun off her glistening body highlighted ever muscle which by now was pumped but the exertion of the run.

Carrie rested for a bit more and then set off on her tenth and final lap. She had just vanished from my sight when I heard, “Is that young woman training for something?”

*‘Oh my God,’* I thought, *‘I’m drawing visitors like honey draws flies.’*

I glanced to my right and saw a middle-aged gentleman. “Yes, for a triathlon,” I answered.

“A triathlon! Why, that’s wonderful!”

The man had dark hair and an open friendly face. He was several inches taller than me and, despite being at least forty, it appeared he had kept himself in decent enough shape as I could tell from him being dressed in traditional boxer bathing trunks.

I must have been outright staring at him as he suddenly said, “Oh, I’m sorry. My name is Eric Stassen.”

“I’m Becca,” I introduced myself.

Eric proceeded to explain he was staying in one of the cottages with his wife and children and they had arrived on that very morning.

I was relieved that I hadn’t been approached by a dirty, drooling old man, but I was still very concerned as what might happen when Carrie returned.

I desperately attempted to think of a way to convince him to leave my side but he droned on and on about did I know what kind of activities might be offered and did I know where any of the lakes were.

Eric informed me he was a big fisherman, as if I gave a care. I was just going to suggest that he journey to the main house to see if they could provide him any information, when Eric exclaimed, “Hey! Here comes your friend.”

Sure enough Carrie has sprung into view and I couldn’t believe what I saw. She was sprinting as though she were running a hundred meter race. To think that Carrie had been nearing exhaustion before leaving on her last lap and, after running ten laps at what I considered to be an incredible pace, she still had enough ‘kick’ to sprint.

The other sight I observed wasn’t one I wanted to see. Carrie’s bikini bottom had slipped down to her thighs and was just barely hanging on. She was in effect running towards us in all her stark naked beautiful glory, breasts wobbling even more now with the increased pace.

Beside me, Eric couldn’t tear his gaze from her and a low moan escaped his lips. I could see Carrie’s erect nipples and engorged pussy lips as she drew closer to us and I realized that she must be sexually excited from the workout. I glanced down and noticed Eric had developed an enormous erection beneath his bathing trunks as well.

Just as she approached us the rubber bands, such as they were, gave up the ghost entirely and her bottoms fell into the dust and Carrie crossed out makeshift finish line totally nude!

I snapped the time on the stop watch and announced to Carrie, “Great timing…only on the run though.”

Carrie knew what I meant and cast a quick glance at Eric, who was now standing with his mouth agape. I laughed out loud when Carrie gasped saying, “Good to meet you, sir,” as she struggled to catch her breath. Then as quick as she approached, she ran off and didn’t stop until she had slammed into the cottage. Eric string in disbelief at her now completely naked butt as she ran off.

“Well, that’s our show for today, Eric,” I quipped and then I quickly gathered up the belongings including the broken bikini and followed Carrie to the cottage before he could respond.

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 2**

**In the Afternoon**

When I arrived at the cottage, Carrie was bent over with her hands on her knees catching her breath.

She wasn’t that out of breath when she finished her run. Could she have had another orgasm from running into Eric. Oh my, that girl is something else. She certainly looked excited after her bikini popped off.

“I had better, ah, get a shower, ” she announce in a broken voice.

“Make it a cold one” Lisa yelled as Carrie headed off to cool down.

Lisa offered me a warm smile saying, “Welcome back, Becca. How did the training go?”

“Wonderful,” I replied.

I fished the notebook from the backpack and handed it to Lisa. “But we had some difficulty with southern exposure.”

Lisa grinned and replied dryly, “Yes, I could see that when Carrie came in. She had a bit of a cumming out party in more ways than one.”

“How were her times?,” Lisa asked, while flipping through the notebook to the appropriate page.

After glancing through the figures, Lisa declared, “These are very good times. That new drink mix seems to be working.”

As if on cue, Carrie stepped out from the steamy bathroom clad securely in a towel.

“Oh God that feels better,” she exclaimed. “Those workouts sure are invigorating.”

Carrie then headed to the refrigerator in the small kitchen and was imbibing another health drink. She beamed at her close friend but didn’t say anything.

“Yes,” I added enthusiastically. “You were truly tremendous. I don’t know where you get the energy.”

Carrie actually blushed and turned away to the refrigerator. “What have we got for lunch, Lisa?”

I realized Carrie was embarrassed, the woman who could walk across a restaurant totally nude was shy when people began talking about her and paying her compliments.

*‘Well, I’ve got room to talk,’* I thought, *‘I can’t accept a compliment either.’*

“There’s three plates of lunch already prepared,” Lisa said in answer to Carrie’s question. “You will stay for lunch?” Lisa asked.

Remembering the awfulness of the breakfast, I stammered, “Uh, well,…I really think I should get back.”

Carrie laughed while placing the three plates of food on the table. “Don’t worry, Becca. This is real food not that stuff from breakfast. Breakfast was our little joke on you.”

And then she smiled at me as only she can. Her smile was always so wondrous I didn’t even feel irritated by the joke. I was just relieved that that I didn’t have to eat that incredibly foul tasting food from breakfast.

I think if Carrie offered me that smile she could tell me I had cancer, and I wouldn’t have minded. Her smile was so warm and accepting.

“Carrie, get me and Becca a beer, will you?” Lisa asked.

As Carrie returned to the refrigerator, I began to protest because I really didn’t like the taste of beer; but then I thought better of it and decided to go with the flow.

Carrie brought the beers over and we both sat down, the towel seemingly fastened to her powerful breasts. The sandwiches were made of some sort of soy meat, which actually tasted quite good. We shared from an open bag of dry roasted potato chips.

When I drank some of my beer, the alcohol went straight to my head and I felt a little woozy. I assumed it was from my physically depleted condition, although I vowed to stop at one. I wanted no repeat of the previous evening.

As we began to eat, Carrie looked at me and demanded, “Okay Becca, give it up.”

“What are you two talking about?” Lisa asked.

“Becca was talking to this guy, Lisa, and was he ever a hunk!” Carrie explained.

“Oooh la la, so who is he and what happened?” Lisa now asked.

I was blushing once again at their unrelenting attention. “Well, his name is Carl and he’s staying in cottage eight.”

When it appeared that I was dis-inclined to speak further on the subject of ‘the hunk,’ Carrie replied, “And?”

I took a deep breath and then spoke quickly, my words coming out all in a rush. “He asked me to go out with him and I said yes.”

It took Lisa and Carrie several seconds to decipher what I had said and then Carrie exclaimed, “Oh Becca, that’s wonderful.”

“What? That I’m an easy pickup?” I retorted bitterly upset with myself for agreeing to go out with someone who I knew nothing about.

“No,” Lisa answered me seriously. “It’s wonderful because you are going to go out and have a great time.”

I nodded briefly at Lisa in acknowledgment but explained, “That may be true but I’m going to call it off. I don’t have anything appropriate to wear. I only brought one good outfit and that’s wrinkled and dirty now.”

Carrie began to speak but Lisa interrupted with a twinkle in her eye. “Wear what Carrie did last night,” she said. “That will keep his interest.”

Carrie blushed at the reference but continued to say what she had intended in the first place. “Oh Becca, don’t break the date. You and Lisa are almost the same size. She brought several outfits that would fit you.”

Yes,” Lisa agreed. “I have an outfit that will look very sexy on you. Carl will be drooling when he sees it on you.”

I didn’t much care for the sound of that, but I had a more pressing question. “Why does Lisa have clothing, and yours’ are locked in the trunk?” I asked Carrie.

Lisa interrupted again. “Because Carrie brought so much, there wasn’t any room for mine so I had to put my suitcases in the backseat; although how bikinis, halter-tops, and short shorts could take up so much room is beyond me.”

“You should be glad they do or your clothes would be locked up too!” Carrie retorted with a smile.

Having finished my lunch and wanting to interrupt the conversation about my date, I stood up from the table.

“Thanks for lunch. I’m going next door and freshen up,” I explained.

“You’re welcome to use our shower,” Carrie kindly suggested.

“No, that’s okay,” I answered blushing at the memory of standing stark naked in front of Lisa and Carrie in the middle of their cottage earlier in the day. “But I will take those two buckets of hot water now, you don’t mind.”

“Oh certainly,” Carrie replied standing up from the table readjusting the towel as she did. She retrieved them from the corner where they had been sitting since early in the morning and moved to the sink to fill them.

As I waited for the beautiful blonde to complete her task, Lisa asked, “You’re willing to help Carrie with her training this afternoon, aren’t you Becca?”

Carrie turned toward me and was holding the now filled pails. “Oh Lisa,” she complained, “You don’t have to bother Becca. It’s just some endurance bike riding.”

Lisa offered her friend a quick wink connoting some trickery and answered, “I would like you to be timed at two mile distances.”

“No problem, I’d be happy to,” I replied. “When do we leave?”

“Oh, in about fifteen minutes,” Lisa suggested.

Carrie retrieved the two buckets and handed me them to me and crossed the room in front of me to open the door. I stepped carefully in order to not spill any.

When I reached the opened threshold, Lisa spoke, “If you want, Carrie can help you carry those to your cottage.”

Since Carrie was still only clad in only a short bath towel, I demurred and stated that I would be fine.

“Are you sure, Becca? I’d be glad to help,” Carrie implored.

I flushed uncomfortably at just the thought of Carrie stepping outside with me at this particular time. I thought it was bad enough she was just standing in the doorway as there was a number of people bustling around their cottages.

The towel was wrapped just above her nipples and then hung straight down from there to just below her slit. At least it was wrapped around her preventing anyone from seeing things they shouldn’t from the sides, although I was sure any unusual effort might cause the towel to fall completely.

Having already being informed of Carrie’s towel dare by a gleeful Lisa, I didn’t want to put her though that again with all of these people around in the middle of the day.

“No, that’s okay,” I insisted while blushing again.

Carrie seemed to understand exactly what I was thinking and grinned at me. She lowered her voice conspiratorially and said, “You don’t have to rush. We have all afternoon, you know.”

I stepped outside and Carrie shut the door behind me. I immediately heard them excitedly talking and thought with a sinking in my stomach, *‘Oh lord, what kind of scheme are they now hatching for me?’*

I crossed to my cottage as quickly as I could without spilling any of the contents of the buckets and entered my cottage.

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I set the two pails of hot water on my table and immediately whisked off my sweat soaked top and shorts and stood naked in the center of my cottage.

I’m ashamed to admit it now, but I was even embarrassed at doing that. I had always changed my clothes in the bathroom and standing totally nude in the center of the room just felt so unnatural to me.

It did excite me slightly to be participating in, what was to me then to be, the height of daring as I crossed to the bathroom momentarily and retrieved a wash cloth, a bar of soap, and a towel.

Returning to the table, I set the wash cloth, soap, and towel down beside the buckets. Without thinking about it, I began to rub my hands all around my naked body in a sexy manner. It felt so good to me I realized suddenly how long it had been that anyone had touched me like that.

My hand darted down as if on its’ own to my already slightly distended labia and I began to rub myself.

*“Good God!’* I thought. *What am I doing?’* I thought guiltily. *‘Standing in a room in the middle of the day with windows all around masturbating myself, I must be crazy!’*

I quickly dropped my hand and went about washing myself as best I could from the buckets. By lathering up the soap in the wash cloth and then rubbing it on various parts of my body, I was then able to rinse myself by wringing the soapy wash cloth out in the one of the buckets and then removed the soapy residue.

When I came to my vagina, I gave myself an extra healthy rubbing. I told myself I needed to be extra clean down there because of all the unusual perspiration I was experiencing, but God it felt good.

Finally I was able to do a pretty good job at getting myself clean and I felt much better physically, but I was still so turned on sexually that rubbing the wash cloth on myself had tingled.

After toweling off thoroughly, I crossed to my suitcase to locate a new outfit. Still feeling risqué, I chose a red bra and knickers to put on. I didn’t really know why I had packed them because I never wore them. Despite being red they were very sheer and consequently didn’t hide much of my body.

While growing up as a girl, my mother had always cautioned me to not go out wearing any underwear that I wouldn’t want anyone else to see in case of an accident and I had always followed that dictum.

I realized at the time I wouldn’t have chosen them if I hadn’t been feeling so sexually excited.

*‘What’s wrong with me?’* I wondered as I slipped the bra and knickers on.

I then picked out an ordinary tee shirt and shorts. I slipped on my socks and tennis shoes and headed back over to Lisa and Carrie’s cottage.

Naturally I announced my presence by knocking on the door and as I waited I found myself feeling anxious as to what Lisa would dictate to Carrie for her afternoon training attire.

Carrie answered the door still wrapped in the towel to my relief. “Hi,” she greeted me brightly as I stepped inside. “Are you ready to head out?”

“Yep,” I answered laconically.

After we were both safely inside, Carrie removed the towel and revealed she was only wearing the black bikini top. I instantly noticed she had shaved off the remainder of her bush and now was as bald as a baby in her nether regions. It seemed to emphasize even further her mound and perfectly shaped pussy lips.

“Oh, Um” I stammered as I stared at the stunning sight in front of me. Her legs were so long and well proportioned and with that tiny patch of blond hair gone there was not a single interruption in her silky smooth skin from her toes to her waist. Her pussy was like a magnet drawing my attention to it.

Trying to regain my composure, I suddenly realized with horror that the bikini bottoms were broken. Surely Lisa wouldn’t send her out looking like that! I thought.

“What are you doing?” I asked finally being able to tear my gaze away from the extremely erotic sight of her smooth pussy. I was of course blushing embarrassedly.

“Ask Lisa,” Carrie replied.

“That’s all Carrie has left to wear except for the white bikini top which I allowed her to trade for the black one,” Lisa responded smiling at me.

“Surely you’re not going out bicycle riding like that?” I asked incredulously. Her bikini was barely decent and would barely cover anything but at least they covered her sex.

“I’m not crazy about the idea but if I don’t I lose the dare,” was Carrie’s explanation. “It’s a little tough down there so I shaved. I hope that makes it easer on my bottom. That seat is pretty tough.”

As Lisa handed me the all important backpack from her chair, Carrie made a move toward the front door.

“Carrie! wait” I exclaimed, “I’ll bring the bikes around. “Where are they?”

“Oh, Thanks you so much. You’re such a doll.” Carrie replied with that incredible smile.

I was of course attempting to limit the time she was outside the cottage standing half naked. With a grin at my obvious extreme nervousness bordering on near hysteria, Carrie explained to me the bikes were locked up behind the cottage.

How could she be so casual about walking around in public half naked?

I was feeling so out of control emotionally at that point I bolted outside and around the back of the cottage only to discover that I had forgotten to obtain the keys to the locks!

I quickly scurried around to the front of the cottage only to discover Carrie standing in front of the cottage twirling on her finger the key chain that obviously held the lock keys.

“Forget this?”

Thankfully no one was in the immediate vicinity now that the lunch time ‘rush’ was over, but I still couldn’t believe my eyes that Carrie was standing there half naked.

Maybe it wasn’t that casual because I picked up a tint of nervousness in her voice and I could tell she was already growing sexually excited. Her breath was coming out in short gasps, her pussy lips were already engorged, and I’m certain I saw her nipples beginning to poke out of the bikini top.

How on earth could she do that and act so calm?

“Give me those,” I demanded and yanked the keys from her.

I ran back around to the back of the cottage and unlocked the bikes. Of course I was so flustered I dropped the keys a couple of times before I got the chains unlocked. Then I had to stop and put the keys and the locks in the backpack.

Once again I returned to the front of the cottage, but this time much slower since I was bringing with me the two bikes. After what seemed forever to me I brought them around front. Luckily no other people were present at the time, except for Carrie.

I handed Carrie the boy’s bike that I observed her riding on the previous day and climbed aboard Lisa’s bike. I hadn’t ridden a bike in a number of years, but it is true what people say – you don’t ever really forget.

After making a few awkward circles with the front wheel having a mind of it’s own and turning inwards, I began to pedal appropriately.

If Carrie was nervous about her exposure she kept it well hidden as she giggled at me while she stood there and watched my less than coordinated first attempts.

“Will you please get on your bike?” I asked, my exasperation at her still standing there naked below the waist evident in my tone.

“Okay, ok,” Carrie laughed. “I’m just a little nervous about biking like this.”

I breathed a large sigh of relief when Carrie climbed onto her bike, which turned into a gasp when I was treated to a view of Carrie’s wide open pussy. I was standing so closely behind on my own bike that her already distended clit was fully evident.

After alighting all the way on her bike, Carrie herself gasped at the rude shock of the cold bicycle seat on her bare bottom. I shuddered to think what would happen if we had to stop quickly because her bike was so tall she would to have step down off the seat onto the front bar that is added to boy’s bicycles and her open pussy lips would be smashed down on it.

There she was balanced on one leg with her bare bottom seemingly impaled on that tiny racing seat and her breasts all but spilling out of the bikini top as she reached for the handle bars.

“Ok, I think I’m as ready as I’ll ever be. What about you Becca?” Carrie asked while turning her head to smile at me.

“Yes!” I all but shouted.

“Okay, ok, you don’t have to yell,” Carrie replied with a nervous little laugh as she peddled off with those incredible legs that now seemed to reach to her neck without the interruption of a bikini bottom.

Just as we pedaled by the main house, out of the front door popped those two ever present twin children onto the front porch. *‘Oh my God!’* I thought. *‘They will never leave us alone.’*

Luckily Carrie was not only already far enough ahead of me that they didn’t have a good look at her, but also if she remained seated on her bicycle it just looked as if she were wearing an abbreviated thong; although her entire bare backside was still on display.

We set off riding down the main road and, after we had passed by two dirt paths that would have been perfect for her cross country bike training, I broached the subject as to where we were heading.

Her answer completely floored me! “We have to go into town first to get my bikini fixed,” she explained.

My mind was completely awhirl in shock and, I was afraid if I began to speak right then it would have just been babble, so I waited a moment to calm down.

Finally I said in a quivering voice in an attempt to control myself, “But Carrie, think about this. This is a small town. No doubt the story of your walking nude through the restaurant last night has circulated everywhere. In fact, we don’t know – maybe the police are looking for you right now. This certainly wouldn’t be the best time for you to go into town half naked, although I’m actually hard pressed to know when would be a good time, unless it was at midnight.”

“Haha!” Carrie laughed at me and then said, “I know how you feel, Becca and believe me I’m not crazy about it, but I have to get these fixed or I have nothing to wear except for the bikini top for the next two and a half days.”

That almost desperate statement painted quite a picture in my mind I’ll assure you. “Okay,” I conceded her point, “but let me take them to see if I can get them mended. You stay hidden out of town somewhere.”

Actually I was half afraid that the police had descriptions of me and Lisa also, but I felt I needed to make some attempt to offer a sane alternative to Carrie flashing her bald pussy in the middle of a summer afternoon in a New England town.

“Thank you, Becca. I appreciate that, you’re already turning into a good friend, but Lisa said that it is part of the dare,” Carrie replied.

“Oh dare – smare!” I exclaimed. “Is getting arrested part of the dare too?” I asked rather testily.

“No, Oh God I hope not,” Carrie sighed, “I don’t want to have an indecent exposure charge on my record.”

We rode along in silence for a while. Carrie seemed oblivious to the sight her, all but naked, body presented to anyone that happened to be looking but I was nervous enough for both of us. How could she be so calm when I’m was a nervous wreck and I’m not the one that was bare assed?

I was able to keep up much better with the bike than I had been on foot and, as we rode along, I finally realized what a beautiful summer afternoon it truly was; although there was a slight breeze disguising how hot it really was.

I suddenly realized that despite Carrie’s all over tan she might burn because fully ninety-five percent of her lovely skin was exposed to the sun, so I asked, “Shouldn’t you put some suntan lotion on?”

As we were riding together side by side, Carrie turned her head and smiled at me. “I thought you weren’t talking to me?”

I flushed and assured her, “Oh no, that wasn’t it. I just couldn’t thing of anything else to say on the subject.”

“Thanks for caring, but I’ll be okay for a bit. I don’t burn easily and besides I want to get there and get this over with,” the beautiful blonde woman explained.

As we entered the outskirts of the town I realized that she was really going through with this, just like she had on the previous evening when she walked completely naked through the restaurant.

Thankfully I noticed as soon as we entered the town that, being as it was a weekday, there wasn’t a lot of traffic or pedestrians, although there certainly was enough to cause problems for Carrie.

As we rode down the side of the street several cars and pickup trucks honked at Carrie but kept going, thank God. Yes, they really are pickup trucks that honk there, even in a New England small town.

The street we were apparently headed for was one block over as Carrie took a right and then a left leading me down a street lined with small craft and specialty shops. I had no idea how she knew where she was going, but I assumed she had been in the town before in the past.

We drew to a halt in front of a small town version of a cloth world. As there were several people walking towards us, I was grateful that Carrie waited to alight from her bike, even though I realized her pussy lips were probably painfully gripping the metal bar on her bike.

I noticed the old women who passed grimaced at Carrie who they supposed was wearing a very abbreviated thong bikini. *If they only knew,’* I thought.

The two men who walked near by seemed to sense something amiss as their eyes widened appreciatively when they passed her and I noticed they stopped and checked Carrie’s ass out from behind. God only knows what she looked like from that direction.

Before Carrie could step down from her bicycle and expose her naked nether regions to the populous at large, I reached out and touched her on the arm as I was standing next to her.

She appeared highly anxious and apprehensive over what she was about to do. Her face was highly flushed I supposed in sexual excitement because her nipples were poking out from beneath her bikini top as though they were hard erasers.

“Carrie, please wait a minute,” I entreated.

“What Becca,” she sighed as though she had heard it before but would listen once more. “I owe you because you didn’t have to come into town with me, but you did anyway; so what is it?”

“Wear my shorts,” I suggested. “You’re taller than me but my waist is thicker. I think they’ll fit you okay, though it may be tight.”

“Oh Becca, you’re such a good friend,” Carrie replied offering me a wondrous smile. “But you’ll only be left in your knickers. Can you stand the embarrassment?” Carrie naturally wondered knowing me the way she did.

“I just will,” I spoke sounding determined, although inside my heart was pounding and my pulse was racing.

“But what about the dare?” Carrie asked. “I’m don’t want to lose the dare.”

“Listen to me,” I spoke earnestly. “The original dare had nothing to do with you going into town half naked in the middle of the day, did it?”

“No,” Carrie replied, “it didn’t.” Carrie appeared to think for a moment and then responded, “Okay, you’re right, lend me your shorts.”

I attempted to convince her that we should do this down an alley somewhere but Carrie informed me she just wanted to get the whole thing over with as quickly as possible.

I could understood that plus I assumed I shouldn’t press my luck any further right then. I stepped off my bike and rested it on the kickstand.

As I hooked my thumbs into my short’s waistband, I couldn’t believe I was going to strip down to my knickers on a sidewalk in the middle of an afternoon.

I was even more in shock when my red sheer knickers sprang into sight and I observed my perspiration had rendered them nearly transparent. I was, in effect, now standing half naked myself.

“Oh my God,” I gasped, but I realized it was too late to take my offer back; plus Carrie really was half nude and could be arrested. I was certain if I were stopped for being in my knickers I could talk my way out of it by saying I had fallen badly on my bicycle and my shorts had been ruined or some such nonsense.

I was crimson with embarrassment as I pushed my shorts down to my feet and stepped out of them. I turned to Carrie to hand her my shorts and observed she had already stepped off her bike and was standing next to me.

Carrie looked me up and down and smiled. “Now you’re *really* with the program.” Despite my extreme embarrassment I could definitely feel a tingling in my pussy and realized I was growing sexually excited at being displayed in public so wantonly.

I could see Carrie was extremely turned on because her pussy lips were completely engorged and her breathing was really quick. I don’t see how she could stand this. I don’t know how she could think straight in this state. I was a wreck.

I hurriedly handed her the shorts and implored her to pull them on as quickly as possible. I breathed a sigh of relief when she had finally wrested the shorts up near her waist, which was short lived when I noticed the shorts were so tight her completely engorged pussy lips were outlined beneath them.

*‘Oh well,*’ I rationalized, *‘she can’t be arrested for that, except maybe for bad taste.’*

I couldn’t believe I was making jokes about the situation, even if it was just to myself. I was certainly glad at that point that I had thought to bring the bicycle locks.

Shrugging the backpack off, I literally dove into it and pulled them out. Handing one to Carrie, we quickly chained and locked the bikes around a light pole.

As one car went by, a rude guy hooted at me suggesting I had forgotten to put on something and that I had a nice body. I blushed although it caused me to feel warm inside. Certainly no man before had ever told me anything nice about my body, although to be fair no man had ever seen my body; at least not this much of it!

“Are you ready?” Carrie asked.

“For what?” I asked bewildered.

“To go in the shop, silly,” Carrie replied. “Surely you don’t think you’re going to stay out here, do you?”

Well, that was actually what I thought. I had decided I would rather put up with the honking of the passing cars or even the shouted catcalls rather than be confronted by who knows what inside the cloth shop.

I was just preparing to inform Carrie of that fact when I noticed with increasing anxiety that we were being rapidly approached by three teenage boys! They appeared to be around sixteen and all of their undivided attention was focused on me or rather my exposed private parts.

Carrie, as of yet, was not aware of their existence as they were approaching us from her back side. Before I could announce their presence to her, they stepped directly by her and stood gathered around me. I bet that was the first time Carrie had been participating in a dare and no one noticed her because they were looking at someone she was with.

I realize this doesn’t sound at all like me but I had decided not to crouch down in an attempt to hide my exposed pussy clearly seen through my transparent knickers. In the first place I realized it would call even more attention to me from the people in the passing cars and it might cause one of them to stop thinking I was being sexually threatened by the teenagers.

The other reason was I refused to act as if I felt humiliated in front of the pimply adolescents. I immediately noticed they had developed erections beneath their tight blue jeans, although as of yet their lengthening manhoods appeared to be nothing to write home about.

One of the three stepped closer to me and he must have been recognized as their leader by the other two as they stepped back a little.

“Hey, mama,” he said, “looking real good with that red pussy hair there, you dig? How about we go get a coke?”

Behind him his friends laughed uproarishly as though his wit was phenomenal. *‘Hell,’* I thought, *‘these kids can’t be real. They’re straight out of the fifties. They must have role modeled themselves after reruns of ‘Happy Days’.’*

I squared off in front of him, placing my hands on my hips and, looking him straight in the eye, retorted, “You know I might think about it if that erection you have in your pants didn’t look so much like a little mouse.”

Behind him his friends laughed uneasily and he snarled, “Listen here you bitch.”

Before he could say another word Carrie glided in front of him. I don’t know if you remember but Carrie is tall and she was actually looking down at him by several inches. I do know you remember that she is in superb physical condition and must have appeared to the now apprehensive teenage boy as a golden tanned Amazon.

Carrie spoke through clenched teeth, “Look, you have one second to move on before I plant my knee up in your balls so hard you won’t be able to stand up for months.”

The now totally frightened boy actually turned white. He quickly spoke to his comrades. “Come on, you all, they must be a couple of dykes out on a date.”

And he led them quickly down the sidewalk and they never even looked back. “Oh Carrie,” I praised. “That was awesome!”

“Haha!” she laughed. Carrie then stubbed her toe on the sidewalk and said in her best John Wayne imitation, “Oh shucks m’am, tweren’t nothing.”

I laughed and responded, “You’re a riot, you know that? Okay, you proven your point,” I admitted as I looped my arm through hers. “Lead on, McDuff.”

We walked into the cloth store and I was immediately confronted by a young saleswoman. Carrie quickly glided away from me. I realize you might think she had deserted me, but I realized such was not the case. And besides Carrie’s outfit wouldn’t pass close scrutiny either.

The shorter the time it took her to locate what she needed to repair her bikini bottoms the less time I would have to stand embarrassed in my presently see-through knickers.

I will say this for the young woman clerk, she attempted to ignore the obvious question as to why I was standing there with my sexual mound exposed. I couldn’t help but notice she was staring right at my exposed pussy. I began to feel even more sexually excited and realized my labia was opening even though I was standing in front of a woman.

The saleswoman finally was able to wrest her eyes away and I observed she was blushing. I thought to myself, *‘Been there, done that, got the tee shirt.’*

“Yes,” she gasped, “May I help you?”

Even though I’ve never felt any tendency to participate in gay sex, I must admit the young woman was strikingly attractive herself and as horny as I was feeling I wanted to respond, “Yes, you can. Do you offer full customer satisfaction?”

Of course I didn’t, as Rome wasn’t built in a day either and it was enough that I was standing clad only in my knickers in a store.

“No,” I replied. “I’m just waiting for a friend who’s looking for some items.”

“Oh, okay,” the pretty saleswoman said uncertainly.

She continued to stand in front of me as though protecting me from the other customers, but I had the distinct feeling she was dying to ask me what was going on.

The longer she stared at me, the more excited I grew until I was shocked to feel moisture beginning to drip from my distended pussy.

*‘Oh holy God, I’m not going to have my first orgasm here in front of this woman, am I?’* I thought panic stricken.

Once again Carrie saved me with her impeccable timing as she walked up carrying her small sack of purchases.

“Ready?” she asked.

“Yep,” I replied. Looking at the saleswoman, I spoke, “Thanks for everything,” and I winked at her.

The pretty woman’s mouth dropped open but no words came out. I had been hoping she would tell me to cum again.

As we walked from the store Carrie glanced down and couldn’t help but notice that I had been getting wet down there.

“Hey,” she said. “You got really hot in there, didn’t you?”

“Uh huh,” I answered. “Thank God you were done and ready to go. I might have cummed right in front of her.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Carrie expressed. “I should have waited.”

I looked at her strangely and said, “Don’t be sorry, I prefer to do my cumming in private.” Of course Carrie had no way of know that this was a lie. I actually didn’t prefer cumming any way or so it seemed.

“Were you able to get what you needed?” I asked as we unlocked the chains and placed them and the locks and keys back into the backpack.

Pedestrians were walking by us as we made our preparations to leave. Women were grimacing at me but men were smiling and I felt them stop and stare at my bare ass clearly seen through my knickers after they had passed.

“Yeah, I was able to get everything I needed,” Carrie replied.

We decided to just get the hell out of Dodge, so to speak, before attempting to repair her bikini bottoms. As we climbed up on the bikes, this time Carrie was completely covered and I was the one providing the show for any onlookers.

We quickly pedaled out of town without any further incidents and as soon as we reached one of the dirt paths leading off the road we traveled down it.

Carrie stepped down from her bike, but I remained seated on mine as she showed me her purchases. Carrie did have everything, she had extra heavy string enough for six bikini of the size of hers. I thought that was a good idea because they might break again before her vacation was over.

She had heavy thread, eyelets, plenty of safety pins, and a small sewing kit…the whole smear as it were. Carrie quickly set about repairing her bottoms and they were fixed in no time.

“Wait a minute,” I suddenly asked. “Where did you have the money to pay for all this?”

Carrie grinned and explained, “I had it tucked in my bikini top. Hehe, you should have seen the show I had to put on digging it out at the counter.

“Actually I’m glad I missed it.”

“Oh, I thought you liked looking at me,” Carrie teased acting as if she were hurt.

“I love looking at you, particularly your nipples when they’re rock hard, but just not in public.” I couldn’t believe what I had just said but it was out and there was no taking it back now.

I had been attracted to her since that first time we had met and I admired her bravery but before now would never dare admit it.

Carrie herself blushed as she asked me for the backpack in order to locate the broken bikini bottoms. It was then that I realized I had turned the tables on her. She had grown embarrassed when I began to compliment her on personal aspects of her beautiful body.

Carrie pulled the broken bottoms out of the backpack and quickly fell to her task. She was finished in no time and held them up in order for me to judge her handiwork.

“What do you think?” Carrie asked.

“Oh, they look great; in fact they appear stronger than originally.”

“Thanks,” the blonde woman replied, “I hope so, that didn’t hold up too well. Do you want your shorts back now?”

“No, keep them while you train, I’m okay,” I replied.

Carrie looked at me strangely at first but then offered me a small grin. She realized at that moment as well as I did, but would never have admitted to myself at the time, that I was deriving a strange thrill by continuing to wear only my knickers below my waist in public.

“Shall I begin my training now?” Carrie asked.

“Sure, whenever you like.”

With that we started the stop watch and Carrie set off on her first lap, which was carefully measured by her via the odometer she had attached to the bicycle. When she reached a mile she would reverse her field returning to me where I waited with the stop watch.

Needless to say with Carrie riding in two mile segments, she would be back quickly as she was riding in spectacular times. None the less in between her appearances, I found the time to rub my still engorged pussy lips through the material of my knickers. Each touch seemed to send an almost electric shock of a sexual thrill through me, although I never slipped my hand inside my knickers, much less myself. I may have changed my rigid sexual attitude a little but I certainly didn’t think masturbating myself in public was polite decorum for myself.

Each time past I logged her time in the notebook. I couldn’t believe the pace she was keeping. I would have died after one lap at the speed she was riding. With each lap I would alternately hand her one of the bottles filled with the drink mix.

After an hour and a half of intense riding, Carrie had fulfilled Lisa’s requirements for the afternoon training. As she pulled in from her last lap, Carrie was hot and sweaty but of course still looked spectacular. Her bikini top was soaked and her nipples were poking hard against the thin material.

Carrie dismounted from her bike and bent over as if to catch her breath after a last lap sprint. She was in incredible shape but still needed time to recover after her grueling training. She then straightened up and shimmed my shorts down over her shapely hips and legs and stood half naked before me once again.

I suddenly remembered, “Oh Carrie, you forgot to put the suntan lotion on. You must be burning up.”

“You’re right, I do feel a bit warm,” she agreed and reached down and pulled the suntan lotion from the backpack also.

After she had cooled down a bit she started rubbing lotion everywhere on her body that she could reach. She even pulled her top off so as not to miss any place leaving her once again completely naked outdoors. Luckily we were on a side trail that didn’t see much traffic; none the less I was worried someone might pick this particular moment to come around the bend.

When she finished she asked me again to rub some on her back. Being as horny as I was I readily agreed and she poured some of it out in my cupped hands.

As I rubbed it into her well developed shoulders I asked her if it felt cool at all and she agreed it felt very good on her hot skin. Her shoulders were broad and muscular from hours of swimming. I was already feeling a tingle down below as I worked my way down.

When I finished her back down to her waist, Carrie took a couple of steps away. I suddenly said, “Wait, I’m not finished.”

I really can’t offer any explanation of what came over me, if it was a combination of my feeling extremely horny and the closeness I was feeling for Carrie or what it actually was, but as she waited I began to massage her butt cheeks with the suntan lotion. They were tight and muscular as well, an extension of the muscle of her leg.

When Carrie made no initial protest, I continued with my task, rubbing the lotion in thoroughly. I was becoming very excited and my breath was coming quickly when I suddenly realized that Carrie also was breathing in the same manner. Her body, completely bare in front of me was like that of a race horse at its peak of conditioning. How was I not to get excited as I massaged in the lotion.

She suddenly widened the stance of her legs as if relaxing in the moment, allowing me a clear look at her as I also stepped a little further away. Her shaved pussy and open lips just captivated me as I looked on.

I took the hint and began to spread the lotion on her hips and upper thighs just below her slit.

“Oh God, that feels so good” was all she could muster as she was obviously getting more excited by the moment.

I stepped back momentarily and scanned the beautiful bare body in front of me. I could see her rock hard clit peeking out at me from her completely bare sex.

I accidentally nicked it with the tip of my finger as I was rubbing lotion on her hips and an electrical shock ran through me as if I had been stuck by lightning and I quickly pulled my hand away.

“Oh, sorry,” I murmured feeling completely abashed and embarrassed at my behavior.

“It’s okay, Becca,” Carrie replied as if in a haze. “It was so fantastic to have you rub the lotion on me. My sore muscles feel so much better.”

Carrie suddenly reached down to my shorts that were now laying on the dirt path and turned to hand them to me. I could see her face was highly flushed and her pussy lips were huge.

I said, “No, I don’t need them right now. Throw them in the backpack, please.”

Again Carrie looked at me rather strangely and then offered me a big smile. “Okay, Becca, whatever you want.”

Carrie put my shorts in the backpack and then pulled on her bikini bottoms for the first time in what seemed like a long time, although it really hadn’t been.

“I hope I don’t get a tan line from the shorts. I’m in trouble if Lisa finds out I was wearing them while riding.” Carrie said in a concerned voice.

They appeared to fit as well as could be expected given the small amount of material that was offered her to cover herself with. After tucking her fingers under the thin material and adjusting it to maximum protection, Carrie handed me the backpack and climbed back on her bicycle. The bikini still barely covered her but looked just fine despite the crude repair job. Certainly better that having her ride back with a bare bottom.

She jumped on he bike and was about to peddle off when I said, “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

She looked down at her bare breasts and said, “Oh my, I can’t believe I was about to ride off without my top. I no sooner fix my bottom than I almost lose the top.”.

I thought to myself ‘how could anyone be so relaxed about their body that they’d forget that they were topless.’

After she retrieved her top we slowly rode off towards the cottages. Me in my tee shirt and knickers and Carrie in her bikini.

We managed to reach the main house and cottages without being passed by anyone, either by auto, bike, or on foot, but the first thing I saw were the ever present twin children.

The boy takes one look at me and begins shouting out, “That girl is only wearing underwear!”

*‘I swear to God I could kill him,’* I thought.

Carrie and I rode quickly around the back of their cottage. We chained the bikes up and hurried around to the front. I offered to Carrie that I could cheerfully kill that urchin and she smiled and informed me to remember he was only a child.

As we entered the cottage Lisa was standing in the small kitchen and was wearing a killer outfit.

As soon as she got a good look at me standing there in my sheer knickers, Lisa commented with a smile, “Oooh Becca, I love your new look, but wherever did you get those sexy knickers?”

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 2**

**In the Evening**

Lisa had just inquired of me wherever did I obtain my scanty knickers. Since I was standing in red sheer knickers that were dripping with sweat and sexual juices causing me to appear, even more naked, it was a legitimate question; although I knew from the smile on her face that she was being flippant.

Consequently I answered her seriously, “I got them online from ‘Fredericks of Hollywood’.”

Lisa laughed from where she was standing in the kitchen. I must say she looked very hot. She was wearing a black mini-skirt with a slit halfway up to her hip and a nice T-top, which left just a tiny bit of her belly showing.

“What are you dressed up for?” Carrie asked.

“Because you worked so hard, I’ve decided we’re all going clubbing,” Lisa explained.

“Wow, That sounds fun”, Carrie went on, “but I’m exhausted. I don’t think I can make it dancing.”

“Don’t be silly. I know once you get out on the dance floor you go wild like you always do” was Lisa response.

Now I had known almost from the beginning that Lisa’s ankle injury was bogus but I just had to hassle her a little.

“How can you go dancing with your sprained ankle?” I asked.

“Because when you two were gone, I drove into town and saw a doctor. He gave me a cortisone shot and my pain is gone,” Lisa explained, while dancing a little two step to emphasize her point.

She had me there. Even though Lisa hadn’t passed us on the road as we were coming or going, we had spent enough time at the store or with Carrie’s training that Lisa’s story could have been true. I realized it would be futile to argue so I just said, “Oh.”

“I can’t go clubbing in this bikini, you and Becca go. I’ll stay here,” Carrie declared in a tied sounding voice.

“You don’t have to go in your bikini,” Lisa answered, while walking up to Carrie and me.

“Oh good,” Carrie replied in relief.

Lisa suddenly reached and untied one side of Carrie’s bikini bottoms causing them to plummet to the floor. When Carrie attempted to catch them, Lisa untied Carrie’s bikini top and pulled it off slick as a whistle. Carrie, once again, stood naked before me.

Even as tied as she obviously was her pumped body looked like it belonged on the cover of one of those fitness magazine or perhaps Playboy in its current state of dress.

“You can go like that,” Lisa smirked at the beautiful naked woman.

Carrie reached down for the bikini bottom that was now laying on the floor, but Lisa was quicker, picking them up and dancing away from her holding the entire bikini in her hands.

“Oh no,” she exclaimed. “You’re not getting these back until tomorrow if then.”

Carrie stood there defiantly, as only she could, with her hands on her hips and adamantly exclaimed, “I’m not going clubbing naked. I could be arrested, you know.”

“Then you don’t get these back,” Lisa taunted her friend although she was smiling at her.

“Wait a minute, I have an idea. I’ll be right back.”

I was so excited about my idea I raced out the door without really thinking I was still in my knickers, but thankfully the children were no longer there.

My only vice at the time was black silk sheets. I just loved the way they felt and I refused to sleep on anything else. Of course I had brought them with me on my short vacation. I thought with the help of some thread and safety pins we could rig a black silk dress for Carrie to wear.

I ran into my cottage and got a new sheet out from the small bureau in which I had carefully placed my belongings.

I then returned quickly to Lisa and Carrie’s cottage completely oblivious if anyone were watching me or not. Bursting into their cottage, I slammed the door shut behind me startling Lisa and Carrie.

I draped the sheet around Carrie’s naked body toga style.

“Hey, this is black silk,” Carrie said with surprise in her voice, while fingering the material.

“Yep, I figured we could make you a dress. We’ve got needles, thread, and safety pins,” I replied.

“Can I?” Carrie asked Lisa.

“Sure.”

“For the entire evening?” Carrie asked suspiciously fearing a repeat of last night.”

“Of course,” Lisa answered casually, “but no thread, just safety pins. I’m afraid we might not be able to sew it good enough to hold all evening. You don’t want it falling apart when you’re dancing.”

Carrie slightly shuddered. “No, that certainly would be embarrassing.” Carrie added with a grin.

Removing the sheet carefully and laying it on the table, Carrie announced, “I’m going to take a quick shower. By the way Becca, what are you going to wear?”

Before I could answer that I had nothing appropriate to wear, Lisa said, “I have the perfect dress for you, but you have to be careful. If you get anything on it, you won’t have any thing to wear tomorrow on your date.”

*‘Good,’* I thought. *‘I want a way out of the date anyway.’*

Lisa must have read my mind from the conniving expression on my face as she protested, “Oh no! If you do anything to avoid going, Carrie and I will tie you naked to a chair in your cottage and leave a note for Carl on the door to ‘Come on in’.”

I blushed considerably at just the thought of such a prank being played at my expense and didn’t doubt for a moment that they would do it.

Carrie hurried off to the bathroom to take her shower. Lisa pulled a zipped up clothes bag from the small closet provided each cottage.

Opening the bag she pulled out a dress, which I correctly assumed was to be my outfit for the evening. Lisa held it up for me to look at as she naturally didn’t want me to drop sweat on it.

It appeared to be made out of this silky type material and had a halter top with a tiny spaghetti strap that would be tied behind my neck.

It looked as if the neckline would plunge just below my breasts, which would preclude the wearing of a bra beneath it.

I wasn’t crazy about that idea. I had never gone without a bra and I couldn’t begin to imagine dancing in a club with my breasts flopping around in a vulgar display but figured if Carrie could wear a dress made out of sheets I could certainly wear this.

The rest of the outfit was a full skirt, but fairly short and would probably cover me to mid thigh.

Still all in all it was a beautiful dress and very nice of Lisa to let me borrow it. I expressed my thanks to her for her nice gesture. She smiled and explained that I could have it after I showered.

Lisa then returned it to the clothes bag and then placed the bag back in the closet. She then turned and stared at me appraisingly.

I grew extremely embarrassed because my feelings of sexual arousal had dissipated and I suddenly felt very self conscious to be standing in front of Lisa with my only attire below the waist being my socks, shoes and completely soaked knickers while she was almost formally dressed.

Lisa suggested, “Becca, you’d better get out of those wet clothes before you catch a cold.”

“No, I’m okay,” I protested even though she was correct in her assessment because I was slightly shivering.

“No, I insist,” Lisa replied. “If you get sick, you won’t be able to go out with Carl.”

Again I said I was okay.

Lisa responded, “Becca, I’m sorry if I offend you, you really do need to lighten up. It’s just us girls”

When I offered no response and instead stood silently in emotional shock, Lisa simply wrested my knickers off me. I was too surprised to move for a few seconds because, even though I had seen her do Carrie that way, I never supposed she would treat me the same way.

She also pulled my tee shirt over my head along with unclasping and removing my bra. I stood completely nude save for my shoes and socks.

I immediately reverted to my prudish ways as I attempted to cover my private parts with my hands.

“Oh Becca,” Lisa said, “I’ve seen pussies before you know.”

That caused me to feel even more embarrassed because I realized my actions looked extremely foolish in her eyes especially after Carrie’s carefree attitude towards nudity.

Lisa went to the closet and pulled out a light blanket and handed it to me.

I wrapped the blanket around me completely and murmured, “Thanks.”

Lisa smiled and said, “No problem.”

I had initially thought the whole scenario was a prank on Lisa’s part, but after she had gotten me the blanket I was completely confused as to her motives. To this day I have no clear understanding of it although I suspect it’s just Lisa’s way of having some fun and causing a little harmless trouble.

At that point Carrie came out of the bathroom wrapping a towel around herself as she did. “God does that feel better. Your turn,” she smiled at me.

“Okay, but I’m locking the door this time.”

Carrie’s incredible smile grew even wider as she replied, “Of course.”

I hurried into the bathroom and locked the door. I was relieved to note that there were plenty of towels available.

I jumped into the shower and wasted no time washing the sweat and grime off me. As I lathered my pussy I realized I was feeling nothing sexual at all and must have returned to my normal state.

*‘Thank God,’* I thought. *‘I wonder what the heck came over me, it must have been Carrie’s influence over me. I need to be more careful. That sort of behavior could ruin my entire life.’*

Visions of arrest for public nudity flashed before my eyes, then the embarrassingly day in court; my reputation eternally besmirched, my career ruined. It sent shivers down my spine.

I finished my showering and stepped out and toweled off completely. I fluffed my curly hair back into place and wrapped myself again in the blanket.

When I stepped from the bathroom clad in a towel, I observed that Carrie was standing nude in the center of the room. Lisa was draping the material this way and that on her as Carrie was serving as a live human clothes manikins that designers used in their work.

Lisa said without looking at me, “There’s a bathrobe over there for you. Hurry up I need some help.”

This change of heart was comforting. I know Lisa must be a wonderful person since Carrie spoke so highly over her. Why then was she being so mean to her friend.

I realized that Lisa had spoken the truth. It was going to be a difficult project to turn the silk sheet into a passable appearing dress and I didn’t need to be worried about what part of my body I might be inadvertently displaying.

After I put on the bathrobe, I joined Lisa and Carrie to brainstorm a number of possibilities for the design of the dress.

The main difficulty was the lack of buttons or snaps. For instance if the skirt didn’t fit snug around Carrie’s waist, no matter what it was safety pinned to, it would have hung awkwardly on her and risked slipping off her hips.

We could have easily made Carrie a sack dress by cutting a hole for her head to fit through in the exact center of the sheet, hanging the sheet then off her and cutting from it until it resembled a sack dress.

It would have been a simple one piece apparel with no need of safety pins, although it would have looked absolutely hideous to go clubbing in.

We finally decided on a narrow tube skirt. When we had finished it, it fit tightly around Carrie’s narrow waist with the help of three safety pins.

Naturally enough we cut it tightly enough that it hugged her hips and upper thighs. Carrie complained that she thought it was a bit too short. Lisa assured her that it looked great.

I didn’t say anything but I knew the skirt looked really short being silk it didn’t hide a think but I was hoping I was wrong. It was obvious she didn’t have knickers on under it.

*‘Maybe I shouldn’t have suggested the sheet-dress idea,’* I thought ruefully.

For the top we cut a single piece of material that would fit around the back of Carrie’s neck and then hang down her chest forming a V shape at her waist.

The material completely covered her ample breasts, but obviously didn’t supply any support what so ever.

By necessity it had to fit tightly around her breasts otherwise the may pop out when she was dancing.

I started to shape the material around Carries chess but stopped when I realized I was all but grouping this young ladies breasts.

The drawback to the design was, that with the dress top stretched tightly across her breasts, her erected nipples would push themselves out at some point in the evening and there would be no hiding them.

The V was joined at the *‘skirt’s’* waistband by three safety pins. Carrie’s back was totally bare, with six safety pins stood between Carrie dressed and Carrie standing stark naked in a club. I certainly hoped I hadn’t helped lead her down the path of destruction.

The dress appeared passable even in the bright light, but could never stand close scrutiny; however in the semi-darkness of a club it would look perfect.

Lisa returned to the closet and emerged with a pair of 4 inch black high heel shoes. “Here,” Lisa said, handing the shoes to Carrie. “You can wear these.”

Carrie slipped them on and being that she was tall to begin with she now towered over me.

She looked amazingly eloquent in the makeshift dress. “You look great,” I said.

Carrie smiled and thanked me. Lisa now returned to the clothes bag and retrieved the outfit I was to wear that evening. Lisa handed it to me with it still on the hanger.

Just before I disappeared into the bathroom to change, Lisa snickered and offered, “If you need some help getting dressed, just let me know.”

“Yep, well thanks, but I think I can dress myself.”

Carrie laughed and expressed, “It looks like Becca has your number.”

“It may look like that, but the jury is still out,” Lisa responded ominously.

*‘What in the world was that all about?’*  I wondered as I locked the bathroom door. I tied the top on first and adjusted it over my breasts as best I could. Since Lisa’s chest was bigger than mine I was adequately covered unless the tie came undone.

After I finished completely dressing I realized the skirt appeared much shorter on me than it did on the hanger. It felt as though I was wearing a top and nothing below the waist.

That’s when I realized I would have to return to my cottage to obtain some clean underwear and my low heels. I exited the bathroom and Lisa and Carrie were both generous in their compliments of my appearance.

Of course even that embarrassed me now that I had returned to my *‘normal’* self; particularly when Carrie concluded with declaring, “You look *‘so’* hot, Becca. They’ll be lined up to dance with you.”

I had never looked *‘hot’* in my life nor had I ever desired to and I wasn’t looking forward to dancing a lot either; at least not in that dress as short as it was.

I muttered my thanks and then explained I needed to return to my cottage for a moment.

“Wrong!” Lisa declared.

“What?” I couldn’t believe my own ears. “I can’t go out without knickers,” I replied haughtily.

Carrie smiled at me. “Oh don’t worry about it. I barely have a dress on. Besides I do it all the time. Its realy exciting.”

“Well, I need to go get my shoes. I know they won’t let me in barefoot and my sneakers would look ridiculous with this outfit,” I explained, attempting a different tack to return to my cottage.

“You can wear these here,” Lisa replied, holding up a pair of high heels that had been sitting on the table.

*‘Oh my God!’* I thought, *‘I can’t wear those. Their to high.’*

*“Come on Becca, Put on your dancing shoes. Us girls are going to have some fun tonight” Carrie yelled over.*

*Knowing the intensity of her workouts, I feared she put the same into her parting. What was I getting myself into. I barely knew these girls.*

Figuring it was useless to argue and a little intrigued by the whole situation, I slipped them on. My ordinarily high arches were already screaming for mercy and I wasn’t at all certain that I could walk in them.

“Give ‘em a spin girl,” Carrie suggested.

I wobbled badly all around the room as Carrie giggled at me, although thankfully I didn’t fall.

“Good enough, let’s go,” Lisa declared.

I finished a poor third in reaching the SUV. Lisa was already seated and the motor was running. Carrie jumped in and let out a little squeal as her bare back made contact with the cold seat.

Now I was confronted with climbing in with the five inch heels and I stood there hesitating.

Lisa exhorted, “Come on Becca, let’s go.”

I was so panicked that I took one step up and as I started to slip I dove into the back seat. This awkward maneuver caused my short skirt to fly up to my waist exposing all of my bare behind to the gaze of God knows who.

Carrie glanced back to discover why the door was still standing open and burst out laughing when she saw my predicament.

Blushing with embarrassment, I quickly righted myself and shut the door. On the way to the club I realized I should have slipped off my shoes before stepping in the vehicle.

I quickly removed the high heels off my aching feet for the duration of the trip.

Carrie asked, “Where is this club? I don’t remember a club in that town.”

I was relieved when Lisa answered that the club was actually located two towns over. I certainly had no desire to enter the local town that evening after Carrie’s nude performance at the restaurant during the previous evening and my panty exhibition that very afternoon.

The trip took about forty-five minutes and Carrie seemed to have com down off of her high. The exercise of the afternoon must have been getting to her as she appeared to be very tired. That gave me a good feeling that this would be and early nigh and I might suck out here with two wild partiers.

After we pulled into the club Lisa turned to Carrie and announced, “Before we get out, let me explain the ground rules.”

“What ground rules? You already said I could wear the dress all evening,” Carrie exclaimed sounding upset.

“Yes, I did,” Lisa agreed, “and you still can, but I didn’t have to allow you the dress to begin with so there are some conditions.”

“What are they?” Carrie asked, her voice laced heavy with concern.

“No matter what happens with that dress you are not to adjust it. If you do, you lose one safety pin,” Lisa explained.

It all became clear to me at that instant, why Lisa had insisted on no thread but instead to use safety pins. I suddenly had a very bad feeling about the next few hours.

“Oh, I think I can handle that.” Carrie said with a nervous laugh.

I wished I shared the same confidence, although I remained silent. It had nothing to do with me I figured. When Lisa and Carrie stepped from the vehicle, I dropped to the ground and quickly replaced my high heels.

On my trip across the parking lot I was wobbling all around when I walked and I wondered if I could even enter the club without appearing as a helpless drunk.

Lisa and Carrie walked ahead. Lisa look spectacular, but Carrie with that dress and that her totally bare back looked like one hot babe. It wouldn’t take long for the guys to be all over her. I just hopped those safety pins held or those guys would get a look at the rest of that fantastic figure.

They waited patiently outside the club for me to finally arrive on my erratic course. There was a doorman/bouncer standing outside the front door and he opened it graciously for us and indicated to go right in.

I was surprised that the club looked so hip. I hadn’t been expecting that in a small New England town. It was already more than half full with more people coming in every minute, it seemed.

Most of the young people were already on the dance floor. There was a DJ and a great sound system blaring out top 40 hits.

We gravitated first to the bar before locating a table in the semi-darkness. At least there was that going for Carrie. Her dress appeared perfectly alluring on her in the dim lighting.

We hadn’t even made it to the bar before a guy came to Carrie and asked her if she wanted to dance. I though Carrie was going to have to use some of her athleticism to fend off the guys as we made it through the club.

Finally we made it to the bar and I ordered my usual glass of wine and nearly choked when the bartender said, “That will be five dollars, miss.” *Lord,* I thought.

Even worse than that a moment later when I realized my money and credit card were in the back pocket of my shorts in Lisa and Carrie’s cabin!

As the bartender waited, I was frozen in shock. Lisa happened to glance at me to ascertain what the hold up was and she asked solicitously, “What’s wrong, Becca?”

I whispered to her, “I left my money back at your cottage.”

“Oh, is that all? Don’t worry, I can lend it to you until you get back,” she explained fishing out her money from her small beaded purse.

She held it out to me, but then spoke, “But there’s a catch.”

*I should have known,* I thought miserably. “What’s that?” I asked.

“You have to do whatever I tell you to throughout the evening,” Lisa explained.

I was totally aghast as such a suggestion and knowing Lisa I would be stripping myself naked pronto. “I’m not removing my clothing if that’s what you’re thinking,” I answered defiantly.

“No, of course not, I would never ask you to do that,” Lisa said sounding most sincere. “There just may be some little thing I might ask you to do.”

Well, I didn’t care for the sound of it at all, but with the bartender still standing there with his hand out and other people waiting to order, I didn’t see where I had much of a choice.

“Okay,” I agreed tentatively.

Lisa slipped me the money and I transferred it to the bartender. After we got our drinks we retired to a table near the left side of the club. Personally I was glad we weren’t out front and was hoping we could escape attention for a while, but of course no such luck.

Even before we sat down two guys asked Lisa and Carrie if they would like to dance.

Carrie and Lisa were both great dancers, but Carrie put that same level of effort and energy into her dancing that she did into her training. She has some moves and I don’t know were she got the energy. She looked so tied on the way over but now was like a wild woman out there.

I actually wished she would have slowed down a bit since the makeshift dress was only held together with safety pins. She was dancing as though it was a regular outfit.

I just sat quietly observing and hoping against hope that I would be ignored for two reasons; one I was always awkward in these situations and two, my five inch heels. I just knew I would make a fool out of myself on the dance floor wearing them.

But, alas, to no avail my wish did not come true, as a young man who appeared to be in his late teens approached me. He wasn’t unattractive, although he was short. Well, as short as me without the heels. If I stood up I bet he was in for a surprise.

“Are you a *‘wallflower’?”* he asked smiling at me.

“I beg your pardon?” I answered in what I hoped was a supercilious tone, but was probably just pathetic.

“Would you like to dance?” he asked, smoothly changing his approach.

Before I could decline, Lisa rushed to me from off the dance floor. She must have had a close eye on me the entire time. ”She would love to, wouldn’t you, Becca?” Lisa spoke while literally pulling me to my feet.

Of course it sounded like a question, although it really wasn’t. Lisa was telling me what she needed me to do and there was nothing I could do about it. I had taken her money and struck the bargain. Now I was going to dance to the fiddler, so to speak.

I was right in one assumption. His eyes did grow as big as saucers as he saw me towering over him. I suddenly realized something else. The extremely high heels really emphasized the length of my legs and how short the skirt actually was.

As he led me onto the dance floor, he introduced himself as Charlie and said that Becca was an unusual name.

“It’s short for Rebecca,” I snapped. I left off the word stupid from my statement but managed to imply it.

Observing the look of hurt on his youthful face and realizing he was just attempting to make small talk, I softened and said, “I’m sorry, it’s not you. My feet are killing me in these shoes. Please take it easy with me, I’m not used to wearing heels this high.”

Charlie offered me a smile and led me into the first dance. Luckily for my feet it was a slow number and he pulled me close to him; actually I thought it far too close but in those shoes I couldn’t pull back from him.

Plus he was running his hand down my bare back and attempting to insert his hand within my skirt waistband. He only succeeded in getting a small amount of his hand inside the skirt before I would pull it back, but it was certainly disconcerting. I was wondering if he was trying to ascertain what I was wearing beneath the skirt and I certainly hoped he didn’t figure it out.

Unfortunately my luck ran out with the next song as it was a fast number. As Charlie and I danced in a much faster step, I felt myself losing my control of my feet entirely because of the high heels. When Charlie whirled me one time too many I totally lost my balance and fell legs straight out onto my back. My short skirt ended up riding up exposing my wide open pussy to Charlie’s gaze. I had no idea how many other people saw me, but I heard a few gasps.

Charlie stood stunned with his eyes protruding and he was making no effort to help me up. I quickly pushed my skirt down but it took me far longer to regain my feet because of my awkwardness due to my shoes.

I finally stood up and began to march off the dance floor. Charlie grabbed me by the arm and asked, “Where are you going? I didn’t do anything.”

“That’s right,” I retorted bitterly. “You did nothing to help me, you just stood there and stared. Now bug off!”

I wanted to say something much harsher but despite my lack of knickers I still considered myself a lady. I returned to my seat at our table and sat down. Charlie immediately followed me and attempted to cajole me to change my mind. I finally had to threaten him with calling for some help to aid me in his harassment. He then took the hint and left my side, although he came back at least two more times during the evening. What a glutton for punishment! I thought.

After I had calmed down some and people in the crowd quit staring at me, I began to look out at the dance floor in an attempt to search out Carrie and Lisa. I suddenly observed Carrie dancing with an incredibly handsome tall man who looked to be in his early twenties.

*‘Boy, she sure can pick ‘em,’* I thought feeling just a little jealous.

Carrie got the studs and I got the Charlies. I could tell that Carrie was really enjoying the dancing. She appeared as if she were in another world, whirling and dancing all around. Again I wondered where she got the energy.

Her partner took her by the hand and spun her and when she came back around to him, her top had slipped out of place completely exposing her left breast.

You should have seen the look on the guy’s face when he got a good look at Carrie’s incredible breast and her lovely nipple and aureole. Naturally enough Carrie tucked it back in as quickly as she could but not before several other noticed.

It was only then that she glanced around the room. I understood that she wasn’t looking to see how many people had seen her but rather whether Lisa had observed her adjusting her dress.

After a few more dances, Carrie returned to the table with the young man and introduced him to me; Larry, I think his name was. Actually I wasn’t paying much attention to his name after seeing him close up.

Carrie explained to him that she needed a short break. He disappointedly left the table and went off I suppose to seek out another partner. Men are so fickle.

Carrie teased, “Hey, Becca, I saw your little show. Pretty wild!”

“You have no room to talk,” I retorted. “Flashing your boob that way!”

As Carrie laughed I continued, “And by the way you owe me, I’m not going to tell Lisa I saw you adjust your dress.”

Carrie suddenly turned serious and said, “Thanks, Becca. You’re a good person.”

I thought Carrie was going to say more but right then Lisa approached carrying three drinks on a drink tray. After setting them down on the table, she sat down. I could instantly tell she had been dancing as much Carrie had from the perspiration on her brow.

“Whew,” Lisa exclaimed. “Just about wore myself out.”

Carrie grinned and said, “You better start training with me. You’re too young to be so out of shape.”

“Just for that I may not give you your drink I just bought and besides there’s nothing wrong with my shape, is there Becca?” Lisa placed her hand on her hip and flaunted her upper body at me.

“You look very lovely to me,” I replied.

“Stop it, Lisa, be nice to Becca.” Carrie spoke.

“I’m sorry Becca,” Lisa responded. “Here take this wine as a peace offering.”

I really hadn’t been planning on drinking more as I still had memories of last night, but I was extremely thirsty and it would have been completely rude of me to not accept it.

Lisa then handed Carrie her drink and sat back in her chair. She then spoke to Carrie, “I saw you out there. You looked as if you were having a great time.”

Carrie didn’t answer, but appeared immediately uneasy. “Yes,” Lisa continued, “I was watching when your left boob popped out and you adjusted your top.”

Before Carrie could respond from her stunned silence, I interjected, “You can’t blame her for that. Carrie certainly couldn’t have continued dancing with her breast hanging out.”

“That’s to bad – a deal’s a deal,” Lisa responded with a big grin on her pretty features.

“Does that mean I have to remove a safety pin.” Carrie said softly.

Lisa just shook her head.

Carrie finally decided to remove one of the pins that were holding her skirt waistband together.

“There, satisfied now?” Carrie asked sarcastically while sticking her tongue at Lisa.

“Not yet, but I will be,” Lisa responded and stuck her tongue out at Carrie in return.

“Now children, behave,” I exhorted.

They both laughed and I felt better. We sat for a few minutes imbibing our drinks and watching the other dancers, occasionally saying something cutting about another dancing couple.

Lisa finished her drink and stood up. “I’m going to the ladies room, anybody need to join me?”

Carrie and I declined and Lisa stopped behind me on her way. “Becca, sit still a moment. Your top is beginning to become untied. Let me fix it.”

A second later my dress top was laying on my lap in front of me. Lisa had untied it and I was sitting there half naked!

“Oh my God!” I squealed sitting there in shock for a longer moment as if paralyzed.

Carrie was laughing and so was Lisa as she stepped away. I finally thought to cover my bare breasts with my hands. Carrie finally stopped laughing and stood up to help me. As she held the top up for me I had to remove my hands for a couple of seconds leaving my naked breasts were completely visible.

Most the clubbers had gone back to dancing by then, but a few diehard guys received another good look at them before Carrie was able to secure my top. She accidentally brushed one of my nipples and realized I they had become rock hard.

She whispered in my ear, “I won’t tell Lisa, but you got off on that, didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” I sheepishly whispered back.

Lisa had since seated herself and spoke, “Secrets? I don’t like secrets.”

“That wasn’t funny, Lisa, what you did,” I said attempting to control my anger. I was pissed.

“I’m sorry, Becca, but it was kind of funny,” Carrie admitted sheepishly.

I sat there and steamed. *I’ll get you back, I promise you that,* I thought as I glared at Lisa.

I had now shown both halves of my naked body, although thankfully not together and not for very long. Larry came back and asked Carrie if she were ready to return to the dance floor and she accepted.

A line of guys had shown up at our table to dance with me. I sighed in frustration but realized I would have to choose one of them or Lisa would just tell to me dance with one anyway.

I chose a guy in the middle of the line because I liked the shape of his hands. I have a thing for men’s hands and his were quite beautiful. He was okay looking and was at least taller then me, even with my five inch heels on.

As he led me onto the dance floor, he spoke, “You are very beautiful.”

“Yeah,” I replied cynically, “particularly with my top off, huh?”

I will say this for him, he didn’t miss a beat and responded, “Your breasts are quite lovely.”

Of course by now I was blushing furiously so I just said, “Let’s just dance.”

Before we started I asked him to wait a minute and I reached down and slipped off my shoes. No more teetering around for me! I held them by their thin straps in my right hand as we danced and I actually had a good time after I overcame my initial embarrassment.

I remained on the floor dancing with him until I noticed Lisa had left to go back dancing. I thanked him for a good time and returned to the table. As I seated myself, I noticed Carrie sitting there looking extremely glum.

“What’s wrong and why aren’t you dancing?” I asked her.

“My breasts slipped out three more times and each time I had to tuck them in. Lisa caught me all three times. I only have two safety pins left, and I’m afraid this outfit won’t stay together if I try to dance anymore. I didn’t mind having that towel-dress pulled off me because I wanted to do that, but I don’t want Lisa getting any ideas about trying that tonight.”

Carrie was speaking of a past adventure she had told me that involved her wearing a towel for an entire weekend and wearing it to a nightclub to go dancing. It was disguised as a dress and it was arranged for one of her friends to pull it off her leaving her stark naked except for her high heels. She told me she had really gotten off on that.

It wasn’t long however before Larry was back and was asking Carrie to dance again. She had been dancing almost continuously since we had arrive. Couldn’t this guy give he a break.

I figured he, as most guys, just wanted to see more of Carrie as the dress was starting to loose form. She reluctantly headed back to the dance floor but this time danced a little more conservatively. As she danced close by I noticed her nipples had become hard showing her obvious arousal over her precarious situation.

Luckily there was serious of slow dances which hid her chess from site. Larry was using the dance however to all but make out with her on the dance floor. His hand were all over her bare back and were caressing her butt thought the thin dress.

I wanted to go out there and slap him but though it prudish of me so I waited hoping she song would end. The next song was a fast dance song and Carrie seemed lost in the moment as she twisted and twirled. All at once the top came lose from the skirt. Somehow the skirt stayed up but the top swung out wildly before she realized what had happened. There she was all but topless in this thing makeshift skirt in the middle of the dance floor.

Luckily she realized what had happened and ran off the floor holding the top to her chess.

“Oh lord that was close,” she said in a shocked but excited voice.

Lisa immediately came over and demanded another pin.

Carrie reluctantly took out the second to last one leaving only a single safety pin holding the whole outfit together.

After another minute had passed, I said, “Listen, it’s almost closing time anyway lets get out of here. Where’s Lisa?”

Carrie explained Lisa was still dancing with a guy that she really appeared to be digging on. I leaned over closer to Carrie and waved to her to do the same. I didn’t want to chance being overheard. I then whispered to her my scheme and she was all for it.

We stood up casually and glanced nonchalantly around the dance floor intently searching for Lisa and her dance partner. Carrie walked very gingerly not wanting her whole dress to fall off right there in the middle of the club. Finally we spotted them in the very back part of the club. Lisa had probably maneuvered him there away from us. This was turning out to be even better and played right into our hands.

I walked along one side of the club and Carrie walked along the other. We met behind Lisa and I realized she hadn’t spotted us as of yet. Much to our good fortune there was a slow song playing on the jukebox and the DJ was on a break. This meant that Lisa and her dance partner were wrapped around each other barely moving and there was even less of chance that she would notice us until we had struck.

Now moving very quickly, I stepped up behind Lisa in my bare feet. I squatted down and, after unhooking the clasp and pulling down the short zipper, I pulled her mini-skirt down to her feet! Meanwhile as Lisa was momentarily distracted by my actions, Carrie began to remove Lisa’s top.

While Lisa was fighting a losing battle for her top, I was able to then whisk her skirt away from the area completely. Her dance partner stood as if he were totally paralyzed and he was smiling while staring at Lisa in her underdressed condition.

Unfortunately for Lisa, although fortunate for everyone else who gazed upon her lovely form, she had chosen an abbreviated thong to wear. From her backside she looked completely naked as it had slipped up her crack.

I stepped around front of her and saw it barely covered her bush and her bra was very minimal also only covering her nipples and aureoles.

“What are you guys doing?” Lisa screamed. “Give me those back!”

Practically everyone in the club had stopped dancing and were staring at the three of us but, of course, in particular at Lisa, who looked quite sexy standing there in only her bra and knickers.

Carrie and I were laughing and carrying on by waving her clothes at her. Lisa must have figured out we weren’t going to return her skirt and top anytime soon and fell into a crouch attempting to protect herself from the stares.

Carrie explained, while she waved Lisa’s beaded purse at her, “Becca and I are leaving. You might want to come along.”

We quickly retreated to the front door of the club. I stopped on the way to pick up the shoes from beneath the table where I had left them. Carrie and I hesitated at the door to see what Lisa would do when suddenly she burst through the crowd running as fast as if she were participating in an hundred meter dash.

Lisa flew by us and out into the parking lot. Carrie and I looked at each other in surprise. I don’t think either one of us thought she could run that fact. “We’d better go,” Carrie suggested.

By the time we reached the SUV Lisa was hiding along side the car. Carrie grabbed the keys and jumped in the driver seat. Unlocking the doors Lisa jumped in the front seat and crouched down behind the dash board. Still grinning I climbed in.

Lisa looked at Carrie and hissed, “I can’t believe you would treat your best friend that way.”

On our way to the car in the parking lot, Carrie and I talked about how made Lisa was going to be. I offered to take the heat but Carrie wouldn’t let me take all the blame myself.

Consequently Carrie replied, “Ah come one Lis, after all the things you’ve had me do you could use a little in return.”

Lisa contradicted, “No, you get off on this. I don’t.”

I could see Carrie just barely holding her laughter in. “Ok it was Becca’s idea but you deserve it.”

Lisa glanced back at me.

I could tell Lisa was pissed at me, but you know the old saying payback is a bitch. “Just give me my clothes back so we can get out of here.”

Lisa snatched them from Carrie’s hand and started to put them on as we pulled out of the lot. There was absolutely no conversation on the way back. In fact there wasn’t even any sound other than mine or Carrie’s occasional giggle as we thought back to how stunned and embarrassed Lisa had looked standing there in the club in just her undies.

When we reached the cottages, Lisa just jumped out and ran to their cottage. I began to worry that maybe I had gone too far. Lisa was a sweet young woman underneath it all and I wouldn’t have wanted to lose her good graces.

“Is she going to be okay?” I wondered.

Carrie replied, “She’ll get over it. You should hear some of the things she has done to me in the past.”

Carrie reached down and undid the last safety pin and pulled the material off. She stood there totally nude with the moon light kissing her body softly. She looked so gorgeous standing there with the soft shadows crossing her every curve that I couldn’t believe it.

Wow, I was in stunned silence as I took in the sight in front of me. I didn’t know what to make of my feelings as my nipples grew hard and my labia started to swell in excitement.

This wasn’t right I said to myself and Carry broke the tension by asking, “Don’t you want your sheet back?”

I pulled myself together and softly said, “Un, No, um, you can keep it.”

I turned and ran toward my cottage before I did something I didn’t understand saying, “Well, um, good night then, um, maybe we can do something tomorrow.”

“Ok, Good night,” Carrie called out as she turned towards he cottage.

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 3**

**Part 1**

**In the Morning**

I woke up a little after nine o’clock the next morning. I was a bit confused as to why I was lying beneath the covers totally nude. I had always slept in a nightgown before.

I grew more awake and suddenly remembered the evening before. I suppose I had been a little more blitzed on wine that I had thought at the time.

I more or less slithered out from between my sheets and stood up. Suddenly panicked as to what hideous thing I might have done to Lisa’s outfit that she lent me, I crossed to my closet and was relieved to observe that I had hung it up.

Seeing it hanging there reminded me of what we had done to Lisa the evening before. Even though I was alone, the memory of it caused me to blush.

What had I been thinking, for God’s sake? We all could have been arrested or at least Carrie and I for assaulting Lisa. Although it had been quite hilarious to see the look on Lisa’s face when we had stripped her down to her bra and knickers.

I sincerely hoped that Lisa wasn’t taking it out on Carrie this morning. In fact, there really wasn’t much she could do to punish Carrie except to take away her bikini and push her out of the cottage.

And at that Carrie probably would have grown excited. I was positive if Lisa had taken such drastic action Carrie would have ran into my cottage eventually.

Thinking about Lisa and Carrie caused me to wonder what they might be doing, so I crossed to kitchen window over the sink and peered through it.

Their lights weren’t on and I saw no other signs of life. I imagined they had already gone out for the morning, as I had noticed on the past days they didn’t waste any time beginning their day.

I decided that I should resume my former activities, which was why I decided to journey to this place in the first place, ornithology. Not only was my co-worker, who shared my passion for birdwatching, going to be expecting photographs of the various birds in the area, I also belonged to several online ornithology groups and had foolishly left messages that I was hoping to locate a rare species or two on my trip. And so far I had taken no photos.

After washing up a little in cold water and brushing my teeth, I laid out my outfit for the day. I then dressed in a sensible white bra and knickers. The rest of my outfit consisted of a buttoned long sleeve shirt and long pants along with my boots.

I realized I would be hot but I needed to dress that way in order to protect myself against anything I might find in the woods.

Looking into the mirror, I then completed my outfit by placing my pith helmet on top of my head and putting my sunglasses on. The mirror now reflected the *‘real’* Becca and not the one of the past two days.

I crossed to the door to leave and I was surprised to see a white envelope had been left under the door. On it was written, *Becca, here’s your money and credit card I found in the back pocket of your shorts. Lisa seems to have a full morning of training prepared for me, but I thought you might want to meet at the beach from the other day around noon to go swimming. Love, Carrie p.s. Lisa said to please buy some rope and some heavy duty scissors at a hardware store if you get a chance.*

I hadn’t even thought to bring a bathing suit with me because I hadn’t included swimming in my plans. I knew I certainly wasn’t going to swim in my bra and knickers as I had done previously.

‘Why don’t I go into town and look for a bathing suit? If I hurry I could still have time to get in a little birdwatching before meeting them at the beach.’

I decided also that it might be good to drive my car a little since it had been sitting idle since my arrival. It was an old car and really needed to be started everyday.

Putting my money and credit card back into my small purse, I went outside and got in my old Ford. It did take a little convincing to start and then run consistently so it was good that I had made that decision, certainly not wanting to be stranded there on the day I was to leave.

I didn’t pass Lisa or Carrie on my way into town, nor did I see any evidence of their SUV being left anywhere as it hadn’t been parked back at the cottages.

I assumed Lisa hadn’t felt like traipsing behind Carrie on foot as I had done. Once I pulled into town I drove down main street as far as it went to the other side of the town limits and I didn’t observe one shop along the way that looked as if it sold bathing suits.

Disappointed because I was hoping to avoid the street Carrie and I had been on the previous day for obvious reasons, I pulled a U-turn and drove back to whence I had started.

I took a left and then another left and immediately espied a shop called ‘The Bathing Tog Place,’ and pulled my car next to the curb.

Grumbling to myself because I strongly disliked cutesy names of businesses and also realizing it would probably be very expensive, I exited my car and entered the shop.

When I entered the shop the lone salesclerk wished me a hearty “Good morning,” which I returned, although albeit in a flat voice. I’m not one to get swept up in a salesperson’s phony greetings.

After perusing the contents of the small shop I was dismayed to discover they sold no traditional bathing suits, having only bikinis. And very small ones at that!

I was preparing to leave the shop and look somewhere else when I thought to ask the young woman behind the counter, “Is there anywhere else in town that sells bathing suits?”

“No, I don’t believe so,” she said thoughtfully. “But I’m sure you could find something here that would tickle your fancy. We have a wonderful selection.”

*‘Tickle my fancy?’* I thought. ‘*Good grief!’*

“Well, I didn’t see any, but I’m looking for a traditional swimming suit,” I responded.

The young woman actually had the nerve to giggle at me. “Ma’am, no one buys those anymore.”

The salesclerk insulted me twice in my opinion, first by giggling at me and then calling me ma’am as if I were some old lady.

I was considering marching right out of the store when I remembered Carrie would probably make me strip down to my bra and knickers again if I didn’t buy a suit. And I certainly didn’t trust what Lisa’s retaliation might be after what we had done to her on the previous evening.

I returned to look at the bikinis again. ‘*All of these are so darn small*,’ I thought while holding up the largest bikini I had seen so far.

It was only big in comparison to the other bikinis, which I considered to be miniscule. It was only held together by string, much like Carrie’s white bikini but at least there was more material to it than that. It actually would cover me legally front and back although just barely.

I took it over to one of the small dressing rooms and entered. I had felt the eyes of the bemused saleswoman on me every step of the way.

I realized she was just doing her job as required to prevent shoplifting, but it still embarrassed me to think I would have to reenter the shop part to look at myself in the mirror with her intently staring at me. There was no way I was going to purchase it without trying it on.

The next difficulty lied in the small size of the dressing room and it didn’t have a door, only a curtain. Anyone walking by could have caught a glimpse of me between the curtain and the dressing room door frame.

What was worse was I barely had enough room to turn around in and I had worn so many clothes in preparation of my squatting in the woods while looking for birds.

I managed to get my long sleeved shirt and long pants off without any problem and hung them up on the hook attached to the wall board.

I next sat down on the small bench provided and pulled my knickers down and off; and then unhooked my bra. I was in a frenzy for a moment when I couldn’t locate the bikini I had brought in with me. That’s how upset I was to be standing there naked in a store behind that flimsy curtain.

Finally locating the bikini I pulled it on and felt better enough to smile then at my panic. I realized I needed to leave what little safety I had in the dressing room from the saleswoman’s prying eyes and journey out to the mirrors to see what it looked like on me.

I attempted to adjust the bikini bottoms so I was receiving maximum protection. The problem was if I pulled up the front, the back disappeared up my butt crack. And if I attempted to adjust the back, my front was pulled down too far and my pubic hair became visible.

*‘And to think that this was the biggest bikini I saw,’* I thought.

I decided I had wasted enough time and had to step out and face the music. The first thing I was confronted with was there were now several more young women in the store where I had been the only customer a few moments before.

When I walked to the mirror to check the bikini out, they naturally glanced at me, but it appeared to me that their gazes seemed to linger on me.

*‘I wonder what that’s all about?’* I thought.

Because I felt so stared at, I quickly cast a glance at myself in the mirror and, in the dim lighting in that portion of the store away from the sunlight of the front window, it looked good enough. After all, I assumed I would only be swimming in it and not having to do all the things required of Carrie while wearing her bikini.

I decided to pay for it and then pull my shirt and pants over it as I realized there would be no dressing rooms out on the beach. I ducked back into the dressing room for a second and retrieved my small bag and proceeded up to the front counter.

I was immediately uneasy at the way the young woman behind the counter was looking at me. She stepped from around the counter and walked up to me.

“Ma’am, I know you’re unfamiliar with bikinis, that’s why I’m giving you the benefit of the doubt that you don’t realize you’re flashing everyone in the store.”

I quickly looked down and saw my bikini was hanging lopsided off me and exposing almost all of my pubic hair! No wonder those other young women had been looking at me so strangely. Thank God there were currently no men trailing behind their girlfriends or wives. Due to the poor lighting by the mirror, I hadn’t been able to see my peccadillo.

The salesclerk reached down and untied both sides of the bikini bottom, I assumed to quickly retie them. Instead she pulled the entire bottom down to my knees thereby exposing all of my vagina to the viewing of the other people in the store. I heard one young woman gasp.

I was blushing furiously and hissed, “What do you think you’re doing?”

The woman coolly explained, “I’m demonstrating how you should have put these on to begin with.”

She proceeded, to my great relief, to pull the bottoms back up on me, although she seemed to take a great deal of time tying the two sides evenly and once ‘accidentally’ placed her hand inside the bikini bottoms as if she were getting ready to ‘knock on heaven’s door.’

“Okay,” she finally said. “Good enough, that should hold alright. That’ll be eighty-nine dollars.”

*‘Eighty-nine dollars!’* I thought aghast. I actually believe she was milking the situation realizing I just wanted to get out of the store as quickly as possible. I’m sure she put an amount of that price into her own pocket at the end of the day, but I had no choice but to pay it.

Handing me my change, the salesclerk said, “Come again.”

I thought, *‘Like hell I will!*

I hurried back to the dressing room and donned my apparel. I could still feel the stares from the other customers in the store but I chose to ignore them.

When I went to leave I realized I didn’t have a bag to put my bra and knickers in since I had bought the bikini right off the rack.

*‘Oh well, I’ll just have to carry them with me in my hand,’* I realized.

I stepped out and everyone glanced up to look at me one more time. I thought to myself, *‘For God’s sake, get a life.’*

I was even more embarrassed than before because I was now carrying my underwear in my hands in public, certainly a new experience for me.

As I exited the shop the young woman behind the counter wished me to have a nice day. I just stared at her balefully. She certainly had had her fun at my expense.

Not having any idea where a hardware store was, I decided to just drive down the street. After regaining the use of my car, I located one a block away on the same side of the street.

I quickly purchased the rope and scissors having asked for help as soon I had entered the store. I had little interest in perusing the many aisles of hardware searching for what I needed.

As I returned to my Ford, I vaguely wondered why Lisa needed those particular items for. Maybe something back at the cottage had broken or needed something done to it, I decided.

Once I reached the dirt road that would lead past the cottages, I drove slowly because I didn’t want to miss the turn off to the beach; that is if I were going to the right one.

No one passed me in any direction on my trip and by driving slow enough I finally came up on the turn off. I knew immediately that I was at the right place because their SUV was parked in the pull off leading down to the beach.

I decided to park beside them and walk down the path to the beach. I decided to remove my outfit and leave my clothes in my car. I gathered up my purse, the rope and the scissors and locked the doors to my Ford. I didn’t think anyone would want my clothes or my car but there wasn’t any reason to take chances.

I stepped further down the path heard Lisa’s voice yelling encouragement towards Carrie who was approaching in a flat out sprint. What a sight. There was Carrie running completely naked down this small trail towards us, breasts bouncing with every step. Her body was flushed red and dripping with perspiration from what had obviously been quite a strenuous run.

As she passed Lisa she all but collapsed in front of me, resting her arms on her knees as she struggled to catch her breath. From her awkward position of being bent over her knees, I could see that despite her exhaustion she seemed quite sexually excited. He nipples were extended and her pussy looked engorged.

Carrie’s was so beautiful especially when her muscles were pumped from a good workout and her nipples were so extended. I felt a tingling inside of my pussy just staring at her totally buff nude body.

“Oh, um good, Becca, you um, wore a bikini.” Carrie struggled as she slowly regained her breath.

“Have you been training nude again?” I couldn’t help but ask. Even with her skin dripping wet and red from being over heated she looked like a goddess, an exhausted goddess, but a goddess none the less.

“Oh, Yeah, Lisa wouldn’t return my bikini this morning unless I beat my best time by five minutes and on top of that she had me doing sit ups and pushups at the crack of dawn. She’s such a drill sergeant.” Carrie spoke. “By the way Lis, how’d I do?”

“At least I let you run on the trails and not the street.” was Lisa’s response.

Lisa was holding the stopwatch in one hand and Carrie’s bikini in the other. She handed the bikini to Carrie saying, “Not bad, 6 minutes and twenty seconds under your best. We may have to add this to your program to supplement your drink mix.”

I wasn’t sure she meant by that. She couldn’t expect Carrie to train in the nude from now on. How could she possible do that?

Six minutes less was quite an accomplishment and especially since we were out dancing until the early hours of the morning and she was up at dawn to start her grueling workout.

I congratulated her on her accomplishment and asked her how she did it. I was shocked with what she told me.

She said, “Lisa has this theory that by elevating my sexual excitement it will increase my performance levels, like when you’re having sex and your body pumps adrenalin into the system. The problem is it leaves me so horny afterwards.”

I thought to myself that that could explain while Lisa was having Carrie train in her bikini and in the nude. But how cruel was that and Lisa couldn’t actually expect her to run the actual race that way did she, and what was the connection to that funky sports drink she kept experimenting with?

While my mind was struggling with what Carrie had just told me, Lisa walked over and began to stare at me, stepping all the way around me and complimenting me saying, “You look great, Becca and you surprise me. I never thought you would wear such a daring bikini.”

I blushed but murmured my thanks. Lisa was attired in a more traditional white bikini. I held out the rope and scissors to Lisa. “Here,” I said.

“Oh, thanks, look Carrie,” Lisa spoke taking the items from me.

I couldn’t help but notice that Carrie’s beautiful face fell when she observed the rope and scissors in Lisa’s hands. She had since pulled her bikini back on making herself legal again. I breathed a little easier, but already missed the sight of her beautiful naked body.

“I was hoping you would forget them,” she murmured.

“What’s going on?” I wondered.

“You tell her, Carrie,” Lisa suggested, as she was preoccupied with measuring the rope by hand and then beginning to cut it.

“I made the mistake of telling Lisa about a dare that had been sent me that I never did. When she heard about it she insisted I do it as punishment after the embarrassment I caused her last night.”

That reminded me that I hadn’t, of as yet, apologized to Lisa myself about our prank of stripping her down to her bra and knickers in the dance club the night before and so I interrupted Carrie.

“Lisa, I really want to tell you how sorry I feel over what I did last night. I had no right to embarrass you that way,” I expressed.

Lisa smiled and spoke, “Let’s just let bygones be bygones.”

I realized that Lisa hadn’t actually accepted my apology, but I felt as if it had been just as good. How little did I know. I asked Carrie, “So what’s the dare?”

Carrie flushed and said, “To participate in some form of bondage in public.”

“Bondage!” I exclaimed, aghast at what I was hearing. “Surely you’re not to be beaten!”

Lisa laughed, “No, of course not, Becca, but a good spanking might be in order for what she did.”

“Carrie, why are you doing this?” I asked plainly.

“I felt badly over what I did to Lisa and I told her she could add something to the original dare. Now, if I don’t do this, I’ll looks the dare.”

*‘Good grief!’* I thought. *‘Things just keep getting more and more bizarre.’*

Lisa had apparently cut the rope in the appropriate length for what she had in mind and held it up while calling Carrie over to her.

“Turn around and put your arms behind your back,” Lisa directed.

After Carrie complied, Lisa tied the rope around Carrie’s wrists. As she finished, Lisa tested it to see if Carrie could escape. Satisfied that the knot would hold, Lisa returned to measuring out another length of rope.

I had a really bad feeling about all of this as I looked at Carrie. With her hands tied behind her back her chest was forced out emphasizing her sizable breasts. She was looking at me flushed and her breathing was again quickened, but otherwise she appeared to be in control of herself.

Carrie’s right nipple was threatening to pop out so without thinking I tugged the tiny piece of cloth over her breast, accidentally rubbing part of her exposed breast in the process. What was I thinking? Obviously I wasn’t as I cringed with embarrassment, but Carrie being the gracious friend she was simply said “Thank you” in a sheepish voice.

Lisa knelt down behind Carrie and tied her ankles together in the identical manner as she had her wrists. Once again she tested the knot to discover if it would hold.

Lisa regained her feet and directed, “Now kneel down.”

I could see now that Carrie was even more embarrassed to be in such a helpless and vulnerable position, particularly in front of someone else, besides Lisa. Lisa was now free to do whatever she desired to Carrie and she couldn’t prevent her.

“Kneel down,” Lisa said again.

Naturally with her ankles tied together, Carrie was left no alternative except to drop straight down on to her knees. Luckily it was only a sandy beach she was falling on.

As Carrie landed, she immediately began to fall off balance but Lisa was kind enough to catch her before she toppled over. It was then that I heard with horror the voices of others coming down the path toward the beach.

Carrie, despite all she had been though already, appeared to panic at the sounds of the voices. It’s one thing to be naked on a public beach. It’s quite another thing to be tied up with rope and forced to endure who knows what indignity in front of strangers.

We didn’t have long to wait as the four young people from the previous day came into sight. Their conversation died away when they got a look at Carrie kneeling there tied with rope.

Carrie was now extremely crimson in embarrassment and was breathing even more rapidly, but she still looked straight ahead with a smile on her pretty face. What a brave young woman she was.

The four young people then resumed their trip across the beach, thankfully away from us. I heard one of the women say, “Now what the heck is that all about?”

“I don’t know, but I’m sure I’m going enjoy it,” one of the young men replied.

He must have been the boyfriend of the woman who had spoken first, because she offered him a shot in his left bicep with her closed fist.

“Ow!” he complained. “I was just kidding.”

“Yeah, right.”

To my relief they set themselves up on the far side of the beach, as they had on the previous day, with a blanket and a picnic container. They soon stripped off their clothing down to their bathing suits and went down to the lake. But I knew they would be back and shuddered to think what might be happening with Carrie by that time.

While all this had been happening, Lisa was measuring out by sight an extra long piece of rope and then cutting it. She then proceeded to tie it loosely around the rope holding her wrists together. Lisa then drew the rope down to Carrie’s ankles and tied it around them forcing her to arch her back. This forced her breasts out even further to the point they were once again threatening to explode out of her top.

This position put quite a bit of strain on her upper leg muscles and abdominal muscles, which seemed to tremble under the pressure. It also opened up a considerable gap between her flat stomach and the tiny bikini bottom that was stretched tight across her hip bones. Had she not been completely shaven, I’m sure some of her pubic hair would have been exposed.

The position looked very tiring and how she could maintain it as exhausted as she must have been from her workout was a tribute to her strength.

“Well, Becca, imagine running into you here. I’m eagerly awaiting out date tonight,” a voice said, sending shivers of surprise up my spine.

I turned and of course observed Carl standing behind me. He was looking very strangely at Carrie kneeling on the beach tied up with rope.

I took him by the elbow and led him away a distance from Carrie. “What’s going on?” he naturally wanted to know.

Carl was again wearing his extremely small speedo, and I flushed to be standing so close to him as minimally dressed as I was also. There was actually not much material separating us from standing there completely nude.

“Carrie lost a bet,” I attempted to explain.

Carl laughed, and exclaimed, “Wow! Well, I wish her the best and you look great in that bikini, by the way.”

I began to blush as he stood there and ogled me. I know men and I knew he was picturing me naked in his mind.

“I’ll let you go back to your friends. I think she could use your help. I just came down for a quick dip,” Carl explained.

He then walked down near the water before he lay the towel he was carrying with him down on the beach and then went down to the lake.

I hurried back to Carrie and Lisa just in time to hear Carrie asking if this wasn’t enough. I mean she was tied up with rope on a public beach in front of strangers.

Lisa answered, “The bindings are just half of the bondage. You have to be punished now for you causing me embarrassment last night. Why do you think I should do, Becca?”

Before I could answer, I heard a number of voices entering the beach area and turned to see Eric Stassen and his family entering the beach area.

Apparently he was accompanied by his wife, a moderately attractive middleaged woman, and three reasonably attractive teenagers, two boys and a girl.

Naturally Eric was immediately drawn to me as the rest of his family, (thank God) walked further down the beach. Striding up to me, he greeted, “Well, hello there again.”

Not waiting for my answer, he looked at Carrie and asked, “Is this part of her training?”

“Why yes,” I answered coolly. I was becoming very used to these types of situations from hanging with Carrie, even from the short period of time that I had known her.

“For endurance, I suppose?” Eric asked.

It’s amazing how people will act like they understand something, no matter how insane it actually is. I readily agreed with him. Luckily I thought at the time, his wife called out to him and he wished me farewell. I had no idea at the time how embarrassing everything was about to become.

Turning back to Carrie, I heard Lisa say, “I think you’re overdressed for this bondage dare.”

And I could scarce believe my own eyes as Lisa leaned over and removed Carrie’s bikini top causing her breasts to pop free. I could tell she was very embarrassed to be in this position, but at the same time she was very turned on sexually as evidenced by her nipples becoming totally erect.

Her beautiful breasts were arched forward and totally exposed. Her perky nipples were almost pointing skyward as if she was gathering strength through them from above. What a sight. Once again, I couldn’t believe how excited I was getting from what I was seeing.

Carrie’s will was strong and she fought hard to hide her embarrassment as she just smiled benignly at Lisa and I. That may have been a mistake, because Lisa then quickly untied Carrie’s bikini bottoms and removed it as well leaving her completely bare and totally vulnerable to anyone on the beach who wanted to look.

The naked beauty couldn’t hide her emotions or anything else for that matter as she left out a gasp at Lisa’s last move. The poor naked girl had no secrets from anyone now. Everything was on display for anyone who chose to look.

As I gazed upon her awesome, now stark naked body, I embarrassedly felt myself at become aroused at a sight of a naked woman. What was happening to me? My nipples were hardening and my labia was opening despite my attempts to hide my feelings. I tried to look away but just couldn’t.

What was even worse was the four young people had returned to their blanket to begin their picnic and they were outright staring at Carrie’s predicament.

Carl had returned from the lake also and laid his towel down about twenty feet away from us. He had sat down and was staring right at Carrie also. I mean, you could hardly blame him, here was this beautiful young woman tied up and completely naked kneeling before him as if a sacrifice to the gods or something.

Even Eric was watching avidly. I noticed his wife had turned her back to the whole proceedings.

Just when I was preparing to offer a plea to Lisa in behalf of Carrie, since her dare-punishment couldn’t grow any worse – things grew worse. Or maybe better, depending on your view point.

Three young men walked up having been walking along the beach. To my shock I observed that one of them was Larry, Carrie’s dance partner from the evening before! The other two young men must have been his friends.

“Carrie, I was hoping I would run into you today, but I never dreamt it would be like this.”

Carrie blushed an even deeper color, but smiled and said, “Ah, Hi Larry. Um, I, ah, didn’t expect to run into you here either.” Her voice was low and husky obviously having some feelings for Larry and not wanting him to see her like this.

Carrie was obviously extremely sexually excited by all that was going on. Her nipples were as hard as I’ve ever seen them, her pussy lips were completely engorged, her breathe was very quick now and perspiration was starting to form all over her gorgeous body. Her leg and abdominal muscles were also starting to quiver and I wasn’t sure how much longer she could hold that position.

This wasn’t lost on Larry as he was abjectly staring at the lovely body in front of him. He also was obviously becoming sexually excited himself as easily seen by the large erection he had developed beneath his swimming trunks.

It became obvious that Carrie had imparted some knowledge to him concerning her dares when Larry asked, “Is this one of your dares?”

Carrie nodded shyly, incongruously I thought since she was kneeling there in front of him stark naked. I realized she couldn’t miss the effect she was having on him as her eyes were slightly above the now huge bulge in his bathing suit.

“Have you completed the dare?” Larry wondered. “Can’t you be untied now?”

Before Carrie could explain, Lisa spoke up. “The dare is a bondage dare and anyone can do anything they want to her, outside of serious physical trauma and rape.”

“Rape?!” Larry exclaimed. “I would never do anything like that to this precious flower.”

I think that made Carrie blush the most of all. Larry dropped to his knees in front of Carrie. He leaned over and attempted to kiss her. With his approach Carrie fell back into more of a sitting position with her butt on the backs of her legs trying to fight off Larry’s advances. She protested, saying, “No, Larry not here like this, not now.” But tied the way she was there was precious little she could do except accept his kiss.

Carrie continued to wiggle and protest, if now only in silence, as Larry continued to passionately kiss Carrie. She fell silent and still as I could hear him murmuring something in her ear telling her how beautiful she was and how completely captivated he was with her adventuresome personality.

It was just so romantic. I realize that it sounds insane to say that given the circumstances, but the strange situation made it even more romantic in my eyes.

Larry continued with another full face kiss that seemed to go on forever. Carrie put up no resistance at that point seemingly becoming more passionate herself. I was amazed at how long she could hold her breath. Larry then pulled back and kneeled up straight looking Carrie in the eye.

Carrie, seemingly lost in the moment, opened her eyes as if wondering where her partner had gone. She pulled herself up to a kneeling position as best she could only to be stopped inches short of Larry’s mouth by the rope connecting her wrists to her ankles.

Those same muscles that moments ago seemed strained beyond their capacity struggled without success to bring her wanting lips in contact with Larry’s.

Things grew even weirder when Larry wrapped his arms around Carrie in an embrace and pulled her bare body next to his lifting Carrie’s feet off the ground. Carrie would have fallen had it not been for the controlling power of Larry’s arms. I could see his chest was rubbing against her rock hard nipples.

A moan escaped from Carrie and then another as he set her back in her original position. “Larry, please, please, Larry” Carrie begged with her head extended to its limit, her muscles straining to bring her to his lips. Carrie’s nipples were standing out further than I had ever seen them and that was really saying something. She was totally overcome by passion and oblivious to all who looked on.

Carrie was now jerking at short intervals as if she were being struck with an electrical shock. I could see her lower abdominal muscles trembling under the strain. I then knew what was happening and I was embarrassed for her and yet envious and excited at the same time.

I could now observe Carrie’s clit peeking out between her completely engorged pussy lips. It seemed to quiver as she began to loose control of her body.

She was an athlete with incredible control of mind over body, but so overcome with emotion that her body was acting on its own, desperately trying to fulfill it’s needs.

Larry must have realized it too as he once again pulled her forward and continued to kiss her while beginning to rub his chest against hers’. That was all the stimuli Carrie’s overloaded body could absorb.

Her entire body appeared to tense as every muscle seemed to tighten. She was then racked with a series of short spasms. Her entire body suddenly pulled tight and all the ropes tying her burst asunder. Carrie was climaxing! “Oh, oh, oh God,” she groaned.

I realized she was attempting to hide her passion by keeping her voice low, but it was a futile attempt as far as the people gathered around her was concerned.

“Oh God,” Carrie moaned as she continued to climax, way over a minute. I wondered whimsically if I shouldn’t have timed it with Lisa’s stopwatch.

Even though she was having an incredible orgasm right there in front of others, I was so completely envious of her. She appeared completely swept away in sexual passion, oblivious to her surroundings.

My glance swept the beach beginning with our small group and then to include everybody present and there were a lot of mouths hanging open after what they had witnessed.

Without saying a word, Lisa leaned over and pulled all the ropes away from Carrie’s now glistening body. Carrie certainly had fulfilled all the requirements of that dare and then some!

After seeing the strength of this girl’s passion Larry may need to tie her up to protect himself from her enthusiasm.

Carrie immediately crumpled on to her back, seemingly oblivious to the risqué picture of her body that the position presented.

I located Carrie’s bikini on the beach behind Lisa and picked it up to hand to her. She held it loosely in her hand, for the moment as she came down from her rush of emotions.

The three young men and Lisa and I made embarrassed small talk about where they were staying, blab, blab, blab as Carrie recovered. We all were making a conscious effort to not speak of anything that had just occurred out of concern for Carrie.

Finally Carrie coming back to reality spoke. “Wow! That was incredible. I can’t believe I did that.” Carrie remained flushed and light headed, but her nipples and pussy were beginning to return to normal, no longer providing the show that they had.

Slowly she tried getting to her still wobbly feet. I hurried over and helped her steady herself as she tried to regain her composure. Suddenly she must have felt very embarrassed to be standing there completely nude while everyone standing around her staring at her was dressed in swimwear. I know I certainly would have been!

“Oh man, I need to cool off after that. Come on, let’s go for a dip,” she called out to us.

Boy, I didn’t miss the irony in that statement. I was pretty hot myself as I suspect were the others as well after seeing that performance. Of course, Larry and his two young friends ran down behind her.

Lisa grinned at me and said, “When in Rome.” And then she walked down to the lake also.

Carl invited, “Come on down with me, Becca, the water’s great.”

And then he took me by the hand, which stuck me as sweet so I agreed to go with him. We walked down slowly together to lake side. I was relieved to see that Carrie had gone out deeper, although she was standing with her beautiful breasts still in sight since she still hadn’t bothered putting on her bikini.

As we entered the lake side by side, Carl spoke, “Your friend is surely uninhibited, isn’t she?”

“That’s just her way. She’s a very sweet person,” I retorted rather sharply.

Carl threw his hands up as if in self defense. “No offense,” he replied.

*‘Suure,’* I thought sarcastically.

As soon as we waded deep enough I swam away from Carl and out to Carrie. Of course she was surrounded by Larry and his two friends.

They were laughing and talking, but I still wanted to pull Carrie out to deeper water; not for herself, but for me. I was embarrassed in front of Carl and I didn’t want him taking any more cheap shots at Carrie either.

I realized I could never convince her, plus Larry and his friends would try to discourage me besides. “You wanna chicken fight, Carrie?” I asked her.

I was referring to an earlier adventure of Carrie’s that involved her and Lisa. Lisa quickly agreed, “Yeah, let’s chicken fight!”

Carrie blushed bright red remembering her past experiences with chicken fighting and backed up into deeper water while she protested. Larry and his friends were strongly going along with my suggestion.

Of course I hadn’t been serious, I was attempting to push Carrie out to deeper water. The entire thing became academic when suddenly I felt someone tugging at my bikini bottoms!

“Eeek!” I shrieked. And somehow out of total fear of awful embarrassment I managed to flounder about ten feet away.

I quickly glanced around and realized Carl was the only person who wasn’t currently present, besides Carrie and I knew she had been there just a second before because I had been looking straight at her.

*‘That bastard!’* I thought, ‘*Trying to get an advanced look.’*

Carl must have run out of air because he suddenly stood straight up. Before I could chastise him, his red speedo was pulled down and off his body!

“Damn it!” Carl cursed. He stood in shock for several seconds and my attention, was naturally drawn immediately to his penis that dangled beneath his patch of blond pubic hair.

Carrie emerged from the water waving his bathing suit in her hand. “Looking for these, Carl?”

Of course everyone except me was laughing at Carrie’s prank. There were even some people on the beach laughing. Carl put both his hands over his crotch and turned toward Carrie.

“Give me those!” Carl demanded and moved toward Carrie.

Of course Carrie didn’t care since she was already stark naked but I didn’t want this silly prank to continue.

He had the cutest ass so I pointed out, “Nice butt, Carl.”

I couldn’t see him, but Carrie told later that he had looked very embarrassed when I said that. He might have been because he moved one hand behind him trying to cover his butt.

Carrie suddenly threw Carl’s speedos over to Lisa right at the second he reached her. Lisa caught them, giggling all the time and ran up to the beach with them.

“Your suit’s up here, Carl, if you want it,” Lisa called out to him.

I’ll say this for him, Carl accepted his punishment like a man. He just casually walked up to the beach with practically everyone having a crack to make.

He must have had some exhibitionist traits himself because the longer the time he was exposed to public viewing the more his penis grew until it was sticking out seven inches long!

“Hey Becca,” Carrie cracked. “Good news for tonight, huh?”

Everyone laughed and I blushed even more at her implication.

After Carl reached his suit, he pulled it on and called out to me, “Remember Becca, I’ll pick you up at seven.”

Carl picked up his towel and left the beach area, presumably to go to his car. Carrie turned to Larry and his friends and warned, “Now no more grabby-feely or the same thing could happen to you.”

The young men held their hands up in the air to prove their innocence.

After that we all loosened up we started clowning around and splashing each other until someone grabbed a ball. We all started playing a poor man’s game of water polo.

I found it almost impossible to actually swim and keep my bathing suit in place so I wasn’t much of a player. I kept tossing the ball to someone else whenever it came my way. I guess in this situation Carrie had the advantage not having to worry about losing her suit.

I still couldn’t believe the energy this girl had, especially after her exhausting workout and other activities. She played with such reckless abandon, while Lisa and I mostly watched for the most part.

Larry, along with his friends, appeared to be a good swimmer and went after us girls every time we got the ball. I wonder why. I know I got groped a couple of times so I can only imagine the liberty they were taking with Carrie.

We were playing in fairly deep water, so Carrie was covered most of the time but her stretched out frame including her breasts were exposed every time she’d leap for the ball and her bare butt was totally exposed whenever she’d swim. I heard her leave out a yelp and play slapped Larry several times after he apparently got a little too friendly.

At one point all three guys ganged up on her and she didn’t give up the ball until after she came up choking for air. God only know the groping that went on in that exchange.

After playing around for a while everyone started to get tired and decided to call it a day. Carrie must have totally forgotten that she didn’t have a bikini on, because she didn’t even pause as she just casually walked from the water up the beach stark naked, totally oblivious to the sight she was presenting to everyone watching. I was a nervous wreck just because I was wearing such a small suit and she didn’t even have one on. She was really awesome, let me tell you. Really, who would complain about seeing her walk around naked.

Larry and his two friends had afternoon plans and bid us good bye, but not before Larry and one of his friends named Jess asked Carrie and Lisa out on a double date for dinner. They accepted and Larry’s other friend, the third wheel, looked on sadly realizing that I had a date with Carl.

How comfortable do you have to be with your body that you can stand there completely naked in font of this hunk of a guy as he asks you out on a date? I would have melted under normal circumstances. I really must find out how she does it… for my own sake.

After they left, Carrie finally toweled off and put on her bikini. I’m sure to the disappointment of all the men left on the beach and maybe some of the women for all I knew.

“Well,” I said, “I guess I’ll see you all back at the cottage.”

Lisa had the last word. “No, we’re going to a place this afternoon where Carrie said she observed some exotic appearing birds.”

I attempted to beg out feeling that I would rather go back to the cottage for some lunch and then some rest before my date. Lisa wouldn’t hear of it and replied, “If you’re as sorry as you profess for what you did to me last night, then you’ll be glad to accompany us.”

Lisa had me caught and she knew it. As she smiled at me, I was forced to agree that I would come along.

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 3**

**In the Afternoon**

When the three of us began walking back to where our vehicles were parked, Lisa suggested that she drive. It was fine by me. My car didn’t have good air conditioning and the day was beginning to heat up.

I went over to my Ford to open it desiring to put on my clothes that I had brought with me before leaving for lunch.

“Oh don’t bother changing, Becca,” Lisa called out. “Its way too hot and we brought plenty of towels for the beach. But bring your purse, you’ll need money for lunch.”

Despite what Lisa said, I reached into my car and pulled out one of my cameras. In case one or more of the birds Carrie had spoken of turned out to be either a rare species or one I had never photographed, I wanted to be prepared.

“Lunch?” I exclaimed, while walking around to the SUV. “I’m not going in anywhere dressed in only a bikini.”

Since Lisa and Carrie were already in the vehicle, I climbed in also. Lisa glanced back at me, “We’re not going in anywhere, silly. We’re going to eat at the Taste Freeze in town.”

Lisa started the SUV and pulled on to the main road. A short while later, we were parked outside the Taste Freeze and sitting at one of the stone picnic tables. The bench felt rather hot through my flimsy bikini bottoms, but it wasn’t unbearable by any means; although I still felt very vulnerable wearing so little.

I felt very exposed yet my suit was twice that of Carrie’s. Her’s barely covered the essentials and what little it did cover could be seen through the thin material without much trouble.

For once full accordance had been reached regarding the meal and we were all eating cheeseburgers, french fries, and chocolate shakes. We didn’t talk much as we tore into our food. I don’t know about them, but I was famished.

Once we finished we chatted for a little bit before getting up. We all did the mandatory bikini adjustment to tuck ourselves back in.

We then threw our trash away and got back in the SUV, Lisa drove us back out of town and down to a pull off on the left that I had never noticed before. I assumed correctly that this was part of the area that Carrie had conducted her morning training in.

After we got out of the SUV, Lisa cautioned us to remain quiet so, if the birds Carrie had seen in the morning were still there, we wouldn’t frighten them away.

I was excited when we entered the woods, because I was particularly on the lookout for a Red-throated Loon and it sounded as if Carrie might have seen one.

A half an hour later, the three of us were hot, sweaty, scratched by bushes, and eaten up by insects, but had experienced no sightings of what I was looking for.

The only pictures I got were of Carrie and a couple of Lisa as we stumbled through the bushes. Such a contrast with all that bare skin with the woods as the back-ground.

Carrie pointed out that if we walked a little further down the path it would be crossed by another path that would lead us down to a lake. A quick swim certainly sounded good to me, so we returned to the SUV and I dropped off my camera.

At the time I thought it surprising that Lisa suggested leaving the towels, but I figured in this heat it wouldn’t take us long to dry anyway. I did remember to caution them to bring the sunscreen.

We set off walking down the path and, sure enough, a short while later another path crossed the one we were on. We took the right path and in no time we were gazing at another beautiful beach beside a quiet lake.

Not only was there nobody else present, judging by the pristine appearing beach no one had been there all summer. Carrie quickly ran down to the shore and stripped off her bikini, taking her from nearly naked to completely naked, as she ran laughing into the water.

I looked at Lisa and shook my head, and said jokingly, “That girl, you just can’t keep clothes on her can you?”

Lisa laughed and replied, “Yeah, you’re right, but today I kind of envy her.”

I looked at Lisa puzzled. All along she had struck me as rather modest, certainly not as modest as myself but then nobody was.

“Well, it is so hot and every thing, plus you can tell this beach is totally deserted,” Lisa went on to explain. “And Carrie is always daring me thinking I would never do it. I would love to see the look on her face if I did.”

I wasn’t certain how to respond, so I said, “If you feel like it, go ahead and do it.”

“Oh, I never could by myself,” Lisa replied. “But if you would, I would.”

When the full implication of what she had just said hit me, I blushed considerably and protested, “Oh no, Lisa, I could never do that…ever.”

“Oh come on Becca, it’ll be fun, plus it’s not like Carrie and I haven’t already seen you naked. I mean, you don’t have three boobs or anything.”

I still insisted, “No.”

“On the other hand,” Lisa continued, “I could just do this.”

Lisa quickly reached down and untied one side of my bikini bottoms and pulled them completely off me. As I moved to recapture them, she danced behind and stole my top!

“Lisa!” I screamed and then fell into my traditional crouch. “Give those back!”

“Oh no,” Lisa laughed while backing away from me several steps.

I realized that there was nothing I could do. After all I could never catch her, certainly not judging by the speed she had shown dashing out of the club on the previous evening.

“Well, then play fair, you said you would take yours off if mine was off.”

To my very great surprise, Lisa agreed and quietly removed her bikini leaving it laying on the beach. She was quite a beauty in her own right, let me tell you.

Lisa was a little shorter than Carrie and had dark hair. She had a nice figure but not as buff as Carrie’s. Unlike Carrie, she seemed to keep her suit on, which was evident by her noticeable tan lines.

She looked even cuter blushing at being totally naked on a public beach, unlike Carrie who obviously took a lot more to blush.

“Come on,” she yelled and ran down to the lake with me following right at her heels.

When Carrie finally observed us running towards her completely naked, a look of total amazement crossed her beautiful features.

“Wow! What’s gotten in to you two?” she asked in amazement.

*‘Good question,’* I thought.

Lisa giggled and said, “Don’t you mean, what have we gotten out of?”

Even though I was embarrassed, I couldn’t help but laugh at Lisa’s response. I immediately went out into the deeper water because I didn’t want to be seen. I didn’t know about Lisa, but I wasn’t going to be looked at naked for one minute more then was necessary – not even it was just Carrie and Lisa present.

Carrie and Lisa had remaining standing knee high in the lake and were arguing over what clothing Lisa might allow Carrie to wear on her double date. Carrie suddenly noticed that I was not standing there with them and glanced around until she spotted me way out in the lake.

“Hey Becca,” Carrie called out. “What are you doing way out there?”

“Just cooling off,” I answered.

After Carrie and Lisa’s argument wound down unsatisfactorily, Carrie swam out to me in her long swimming strokes. Carrie reach my side in just a couple of smooth strokes when I noted with horror that Lisa had left the lake and was sprinting up the beach towards our swimming suits!

Lisa reached our bikinis, bent down and picked them both up. She turned around and jumped up and down excitedly, waving our bathing suits at me.

“Hey Becca, gotcha’ back!” Lisa yelled and then she turned and disappeared from the beach running down the path leading to the SUV.

“Oh my God!” I shrieked at an ear splitting volume scaring Carrie half to death. “She stole my bikini!”

Carrie laughed hysterically at me until tears ran down her face. *‘Well, that nice!’* I thought. *‘She isn’t even sympathetic.’*

Carrie was finally able to stop laughing enough to say, “Relax Becca, you can wear my bikini if you want.”

*‘Oh sure,’* I thought ungratefully. *‘That bikini of yours is so small, I may have well be naked,’* but I had enough grace to answer, “Thanks, but only if you’re sure.”

“Becca, calm down. Its just the two of us and it is so beautiful. Beside skinny dipping isn’t the worst thing in the world.”

‘*Easy for her to say*,’ I thought. “What about walking back to the cottage?” I asked.

“Don’t worry. I ran it this morning. I know a couple of trails were we can avoid the road.” Carrie said in a reassuring voice. “But what’s that laying up there? Did she leave part of your bikini?”

“No,” I explained, “that’s the sunscreen.”

“That’s good,” Carrie pointed out. “We’re going to need a lot of that.”

“We may as well go,” I said. “The sooner we leave, the sooner we get back to my car. Oh no!” I remembered, “My car is locked and the keys are in my purse in the SUV!”

“Don’t you have a key secured somewhere outside your car for when you get locked out?”

“No,” I admitted.

“You should, you know,” Carrie declared, “for whenever something like this happens.”

“I don’t usually get locked out of my car naked,” I retorted.

I instinctively tried to cover up as we walked up the beach even though I didn’t think there was anyone around. Carrie just looked back with her warming smile at my unjustified modesty.

Carrie in the mean time didn’t even bother with her bikini as she walked over to the bottle of sunscreen. Carrie retrieved the lotion and poured some into her hands and then handed it to me.

She proceeded to rub it on her body extensively. I wish I could report that I looked away, but that would be a lie. I stood there and abjectly stared as Carrie rubbed on copious amounts over her breasts, belly and pussy. I felt myself become ablaze with sexual tension and embarrassedly noticed my nipples were hardening, but I still couldn’t turn my head away. Her golden brown body didn’t have a single sign of a tan line, nor a single ounce of fat.

Carrie must have felt me staring and looked up at me and smiled. She looked so beautiful I couldn’t pull myself away. Carrie retrieved the bottle of sunblock from me and said, “Hold out your hands.”

When I complied, she poured some of the lotion into them. “Would you please do my back?” she spoke.

“Sure, um, ok” I replied in a quavering voice.

Carrie turned her lovely naked backside to me and shifted her legs to a wider stance. She continued to work on her front as I looked on in awe.

I began to rub the sunblock lotion down her beautiful back until I reached her waistline. I stood for just a second and when Carrie didn’t say anything or move away, I knelt down and began to massage the lotion into her buttocks and then down her long beautiful legs.

When I ran my hands back up the inside of her muscular legs, I noticed she had spread them even a little wider. I took the hint and rubbed Carrie high up between her legs just below her pussy. I swear I heard her moan softly and I noticed that she had her head back and was breathing more rapidly now. I think she was getting off on my attention and I know I was feeling sexually excited myself from the encounter!

I happened to glance down at myself still kneeling on the beach and saw my pussy lips were completely engorged and my clit was entirely distended. ‘*God,’* I thought, ‘*Am I* finally going to have an orgasm here with another woman?’

I bent around to work on the front of her legs and couldn’t help but stare at her perfectly shaped pussy. It was completely engorged and opened completely. How could I not stare? On top of that her clit was sticking out hard from its’ little hood.

I could hardly believe how horny I felt as I looked up the entire naked flank from below. Her pussy was right there in front of me and I was ashamed to admit that I had lost all control of myself. Then without being invited, I began to move my finger against her swollen sex.

“Oh God, Becca,” she moaned.

I instantly noticed she had become very wet, as wet as I was myself. As I continued with my ministrations, Carrie began to twist and writhe becoming more and more wet. She was on the verge of climaxing at my touch. Then her entire golden brown body appeared to clench as if it was one large muscle. Then her climax exploded from her as she twitched her hips in spasms.

“Oh God, it feels so good, Becca” she gasped as she started to come down from her release.

At the same time I was feeling an orgasm building from deep inside of myself; at least I thought so, never having had one, I couldn’t be positive at the time.

Suddenly I heard Lisa’s voice from behind me saying, “Well, isn’t this something? I wondered why you hadn’t come down the path yet. Wait ‘til your Bob (Carrie’s boyfriend) hears about this.”

My potential orgasm had fled completely. Blushing furiously in embarrassment at being caught by Lisa, I quickly turned my head to see her grinning at me and still waving my bikini in her hand. She now, of course, was dressed in hers.

“I’ll leave you girls to your fun,” she taunted and turned and ran back down the path.

“Oooh!” I exclaimed in extreme frustration and anger.

Carries body was now covered with sweat from her body’s emotional release. She was still recovering as she extended her arm and pulled me up to my feet, despite appearing rather weak kneed herself. She proceeded to hold my body next to her in her strong embrace. Her warm body and tender embrace felt so damn good all my rage melted away.

“Wow, that was something,” she said. “I’ll have to let you spread lotion on me more often, thanks.” Carrie winked at me.

Stepping back from me, Carrie reached down and picked up her bikini. I slid it on and she helped tie it on me as I stood embarrassed, in lust, horny, in love, who knows what I was feeling then. Probably all of them at the same time.

The bikini was barely worth the effort since it really didn’t cover much It was mostly string running between a couple of tiny triangles. I struggled to get the most coverage out of it, but it still left me feeling naked. I honestly don’t know how Carrie managed to keep covered in this tiny suit.

My breasts were at least a cup size smaller that Carrie’s and they felt like they were spilling out of the tiny top and the bottom left most of my butt exposed.

Carrie looked so beautiful smiling at me, her buff golden tanned stark naked body totally on display before me. ‘*Wow*, *maybe if I had a body like hers, I wouldn’t be so nervous,’* I thought. ‘*I have to find out how she does it.’*

“Let’s go, Becca,” Carrie suggested. “I think I know where the path that will take us back to the beach near where your car is. We just have to find were it starts.”

Oh, great, The only thing that could make things worse would be getting lost. I asked if there was another way, but Carrie explained that that would put us right on the road for most of the trip so I agreed and we set off on our journey. At least I sincerely hoped that it was to the cottages and not to jail because of Carrie’s complete nudity.

We jogged along the dirt road that we came in on as Carrie searched for the trail back to the beach and my car.

I quickly became very worried about the jogging portion of our trip, as I was already experiencing difficulty with Carrie’s miniscule bikini. Even when the bottoms were on correctly I had pubic hair sticking out at different places and suddenly *‘really’* understood why Carrie had kept her pussy shaved.

Besides that problem, they kept slipping even lower from the motion of my legs walking. God knows how Carrie managed to successfully run in it.

I also constantly felt as though my nipples were going to burst out of the tops and I wasn’t anywhere near as endowed as Carrie was. I had no idea how she wore it and remained covered.

When we finally reached where the SUV had been parked, it naturally was gone. I had been hoping that Lisa maybe had taken mercy on me, but no such luck.

Carrie must have been reading my mind because she turned to me and grinned ruefully. “Oh well, there’s nothing to do now but run back.”

“Do you need any more sunscreen on before we leave?” I asked Carrie.

“No thanks. I think you put on more than enough the first time.”

I was blushing once again, thinking how that sounded like a come on.

“We’ll just run a slow steady pace Becca, but let me know if you start getting too tired and need to take a short break,” Carrie suggested.

I assured her I would and we set off down the main road basically jogging. Well, Carrie was jogging in first gear and I was already in third in an attempt to keep up with her. I was already beginning to breathe heavily, but I wanted to allow Carrie to return to her cottage as quickly as possible since she was totally nude on my account.

As we ran, I couldn’t help but be amazed by how little her breasts bounced as we ran. I was probably staring but I couldn’t help myself. Her breasts bounced less completely unconstrained than mine did in the bikini top. At least she didn’t have to worry about them busting out at any moment.

We had run no longer a time than ten minutes when Carrie stopped and with a puzzled look said, “I could have sworn that trail was around here. I wonder if we passed it.”

I certainly didn’t want to run back, but I also didn’t want to expose Carrie to running down the road naked as she was.

“I think the trail runs parallel to this road. If we cut across through the woods we can’t help but run into it,” she explained.

Now hiking back dressed as we were was one thing but going trail blazing through the woods was more than I bargained for.

“I’m nearly naked and you’re completely naked. How are we suppose to cut through all those trees and bushes?” I asked.

“Its not that bad, Becca, and besides the only other choice is continuing down till we run into the road.” Carrie went on.

With the heat and the exertion we were quite the sight as we stood there. I was completely covered with sweat as was Carrie. I couldn’t help but pause as the sun reflected off every subtle curve of her glistening body. It was starting to affect me so instead of continuing my staring I agreed and followed Carrie into the woods hoping she was right.

She was right, the brush wasn’t that dense so we moved along fairly quickly; at least at first.

Then disaster struck! Just as I stepped off a rather large fallen tree the ground below me gave out and I slid down an embankment that we were walking along side of. Before I know what happened I was laying in a heap at the bottom of the hill.

Carrie screamed, “Oh Becca, are you hurt?” And she rushed to my side.

“I twisted my ankle,” I told her.

As I attempted to stand, Carrie placed her hand on my shoulder and said, “No, don’t, let me look at it.”

Carrie knelt down in front of me and gently took my injured ankle in her hands and looked at it closely from different angles. She spoke, “It doesn’t look too bad, more likely a slight sprain; although if you try to walk on it right now it will swell up like a balloon.”

My mind drifted from the pain in my leg to the view Carrie was presenting me as she knelt with her knees on either side of my leg. With one knee on the ground and the other raised she unintentionally presented me with an unobstructed view of her slightly open pussy.

As she shifted her weight such that she was now on both knees, my mind snapped back to the real world.

“Oh, um, that’s, um, great,” I responded collecting my thoughts once again. “How am I supposed to get back to the cottage now? Fly?”

Carrie laughed and answered, “That’s a good idea, but in case that doesn’t work, I’ll carry you back.”

“Oh Carrie, I can’t ask you to do that,” I declared.

“What else can we do?” she asked plaintively.

“Here let me help you up.” she said extending her arm to me.

I hobbled to my feet and said, “Let me try walking first,” but with the first painful step it was obvious that I needed help.

“Here, put your arm around me and I’ll give you a hand.” Carrie responded.

I wrapped my arm around her back as she helped me. Not thinking about what I was doing I accidentally grabbed her left breast in the process.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that,” was all I could muster as I flushed with embarrassment.

“That’s ok, I know it was an accident and besides it’s not like I’m wearing anything,” Carrie said with a small smile.

It wasn’t like me to grope someone, especially another woman but the feeling of Carrie’s firm breast in my hand resonated through me and cause a strange warm feeling to overcome me.

Blushing furiously, I explained, “You’ll just have to leave me here and run back to the cottage and either get my car keys or just bring the SUV back for me. You can take my, oops, your bikini and come back for me.”

“No! No,” Carrie replied loudly and excitedly. “That’s way, way too dangerous. You’d be naked and unable to run. No, that’s absolutely out!”

We walked that way arm in arm at a pain taking slow pace; all the time with me fighting the urge to further explore Carrie’s firm body that was pressed up against my almost as naked body. The heat of our bodies closeness only added to my difficulties.

The whole time I barely thought about the pain in my ankle. Finally we reached the trail and stopped for a rest as my emotions were beginning to rise once again. I say down and calmed my body and then examined my ankle. It had only swollen a little, and I was certain that once I put some ice on it and then a wrap, I would be able to walk on it with a minimum of discomfort.

Carrie explained that this was the trail we were looking for and that it wasn’t that far.

“How about you climb on my back. I can carry you and we can be back in no time,” Carrie said with a big warming smile.

“I’m going to bend down and you climb up on my back. Put your legs over my hips and hold onto my shoulders,” Carrie explained.

“Wait a minute,” I cautioned. “You should take the bikini.”

“Becca, are you sure?”

“Of course, I’m not sure,” I replied feeling embarrassed at just considering being stark naked in public. “But if you’re carrying me, you couldn’t cover yourself if someone sees us. I’ll be mostly covered by you.”

“Okay, I see your point,” Carrie agreed.

I couldn’t believe what I was doing as I stripped the bikini off and stood stark naked in public at the side of the road. I handed the bathing suit to Carrie.

Carrie accepted it and spoke, “Becca, you better put some sunscreen on. Even though you’ll be mostly leaning over me, you still could get a burn. And you want to be in good shape for your date.”

Carrie giggled at the expression on my face as I suddenly remembered my impending date, or should I say doom, with Carl. She poured some of the lotion into my cupped hands and I began to rub it tentatively around on my body.

“Do you want me to turn my back?” Carrie asked politely.

“No, that would be silly.” I attempted to smile but probably failed.

“I don’t know why you’re so embarrassed, Becca. “You’re very pretty,” Carrie praised. “you should loosen up a little and enjoy yourself.”

That along with my beginning to rub lotion into my breasts caused me to flush even more. I realized that Carrie couldn’t miss that my standing stark naked in front of her, as well as touching myself had caused my nipples to become rock hard.

“Thanks,” I murmured. I began to rub the lotion into my pubic area and immediately realized I was becoming even more sexually excited as my pussy opened.

I quickly grew even more embarrassed and stopped immediately. “Are you ready to go?” I asked Carrie.

“You’d better let me do your back,” she answered. “That’s the part of your body that will be most exposed.”

“Oh yeah, you’re right,” I agreed and turned my back to Carrie.

She began at my shoulders and then moved further down my back. Her strong touch felt heavenly to me, although of course as soon she touched me I felt my entire body tighten up in embarrassment.

“You didn’t do here at all,” Carrie spoke, as she rubbed lotion into my ass cheeks. Oh my God! I couldn’t believe how turned on I was becoming.

I must have been lost in my feelings as I asked Carrie, “How can you be so confident when you’re naked. I get so embarrassed.”

Carrie went on to explain. “I’m not as confident as you seem to think. It’s just that a woman needs to project confidence in order to maintain a level of control. Guys go nuts at the opportunity to see something they shouldn’t. That’s a woman’s source of power as long as you remain in control of your own emotions.”

“But, you always seem to be in control.” I countered, “Where as I’m always a nervous wreck.”

“Well I wasn’t exactly in control this morning,” she said.

This girl talk was intriguing but believe it or not, I suddenly remembered that we were both standing nude at the side of the road. I could now understand how Carrie could literally forget her surroundings at times. I suggested to her that we should be on our way.

Carrie slipped her bikini on one more time and I certainly hoped she would retain it this time until we got back to the cottage. She bent down in front of me facing away and I climbed on to her back.

Carrie grabbed my legs with her arms as I grabbed her shoulders. She was so strong she stood up with me resting on her without any difficulty. She set off down the road at a fairly fast clip. Despite her holding my legs tight, I was still bouncing all around.

The more Carrie ran the harder it was to stay in place. Her body was becoming slippery and difficult to hold onto as a sheen of sweat formed across her. I struggled to keep my legs on her shapely hips and I kept changing my grip in a hope to keep a hold on her sexy shoulders.

It was probably a little gross that I was hanging on her sweat soaked body but the fact that she was running carrying me was a feat that overshadowed everything else. Everything except the fact that I was getting excited by the situation.

From my vantage point I was looking over Carrie’s shoulder and down between her breasts which were just barely concealed by the tiny top. How they stayed in is a mystery I still haven’t been able to figure out.

It was quite a sight that only served to get me excited once again. I was trying to think of anything but my sexual arousal but being naked in public while being carried by Carrie made it difficult. The more my pussy jostled against Carrie’s skin the more I became excited.

Carrie was breathing hard from the exertion so I wasn’t really expecting a response when I said, “Carrie, I honestly don’t know how you do it.” After all she wasn’t exactly a muscle woman or what you might call an Amazon. She was really quite trim. She was just strong and determined.

After a moment, she slowed down a little and responded between gasps, “Oh, you’re not that heavy.”

I was getting a little antsy myself as I noticed her top sliding south. Both her areolas were now in view and her right nipple was about to pop free.

Carrie in her typical casual manner asked, “Becca, would you be a dear and tuck me back in, I’m afraid I’m going to loose my top and I don’t have a hand free.”

‘*Oh my, I can’t just grab her boobs, what is she thinking?’* “Why don’t you stop and put me down?”

“I’m afraid if I put you down, I may not be able to get you up again,” was her response. “Go ahead, I won’t be offended.”

With that her right breast popped free. Not wanting her to be seen since she had no way of covering up I reached over and cupped her breast with my hand. I only had one hand since I was still trying to hold on with the other, so it wasn’t a straight forward task and combined with my own excitement I found it very distracting.

It was extremely embarrassing and I tried to ignore my feelings but I couldn’t. My hands lingered a little longer that they probably should have and I hoped Carrie didn’t think I was using this as an opportunity to feel her up, but I finally got her top back in place.

By then though we were on the short distance of road that led back to the cottages. I suddenly realized there was a fast moving vehicle gaining on us as I tried desperately to clear my head and settle my emotions. I had just managed to warn Carrie, when a car full of gawking teenagers drove by us at a fast rate of speed.

The mystery of whether they had noticed my nakedness or not was immediately answered when one of the teenage boys called out, “Hey baby, I love your bare ass!”

Carrie began to laugh, while I embarrassedly squirmed some more upon her back. I realized that the constant rubbing on my nether regions was causing me to feel more and more excited. I became frightened that Carrie was going to feel the moisture that was dripping from me.

Just when I felt I couldn’t possibly stand any more stimulation and I was going to cum right there on Carrie’s back, we entered the cottage grounds.

There was presently no one around to witness my extreme mortification, except of course for Lisa who was waiting patiently by the cottage for us to arrive…and those same damn children.

In fact, the two little brats appeared to be engrossed in a conversation with Lisa. I instantly knew she had set the whole thing up for our return and had probably called the children over to talk.

As tall as Carrie was, there was no way with me being carried for me to fit under the door frame so unfortunately Carrie had to let me down right in front of Lisa and the two children.

“Well, Becca, I see you finally made it back, but why in the world is Carrie carrying you,” Lisa asked, grinning at me.

Before I could do or say anything, the boy shouted, “I knew I saw a naked lady!”

The girl was just standing stunned, thank God and not shouting. I managed to slide by her and into the cottage, followed closed by Carrie who shut the door behind her.

Carrie laughed and spoke, “Becca, I think your whole body is blushing.”

It was true, I looked down at myself and my whole body was flushed and it didn’t have anything to do with sunburn. Suddenly the door opened and Lisa walked in. I was surprised she hadn’t invited the children in with her.

I glared at her and said bitterly, “That was a dirty trick you pulled stealing my bikini.”

“Yes, wasn’t it?” Lisa grinned. “There’s no use being angry at me, you all started it and you know what they say – payback is a bitch.”

Carrie began to laugh and soon I joined in too. It had been a good prank on me alright, one that I wouldn’t forget for awhile. Carrie brought two chairs over to me and made me sit in one and put my ankle up on the other.

“Becca twisted her ankle on the way back,” Carrie explained. “I’ll go get some ice.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry, what happened?” Lisa asked sounding completely sincere. I supposed that, since she had gotten her revenge, everything was forgiven.

“I fell down an embankment as we tried to find the other trail through the woods,” I answered.

“Oh my God!”

Carrie brought over a towel in which she had knocked out a tray of ice cubes into. “Yeah, she could have really been hurt, so easy with the pranks from now on.”

I winced much more from Carrie’s vivid turn of phrase then her placing the ‘icebag’ on my ankle. Carrie dropped her bikini on the floor and said she was going to take a quick shower before their dates showed up.

As Carrie was entering the bathroom, Lisa called out, “I’m going to rinse out your bikini so it will be clean for tomorrow.”

Carrie began her shower and Lisa immediately went outside with the bikini. I knew something was rotten in Denmark when she didn’t rinse it out as she had told Carrie. A few minutes later, Lisa entered the cottage without the bikini.

Carrie came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, which caused me to remember that I was sitting in their cottage stark naked! Man, a couple of days with Carrie and I certainly had changed. She’s starting to rub off on me.

“Could I please use the bathrobe?” I asked timidly.

Lisa laughed and said, “From the casual way you were sitting there, I thought you were finally comfortable being naked.”

“No, no,” I protested and reached down with my hands to at least cover my pussy.

“Stop it, Lisa,” Carrie responded, “You’re embarrassing Becca again.”

Carrie was kind enough to bring me the bathrobe and helped me put it on since I was still sitting in the chair with my leg up. Lisa left the room and returned with an ace bandage in her hands.

Removing the towel full of ice off my ankle, I could see it had almost returned to normal. Lisa expertly wrapped my ankle with the ace bandage and when I stood up and stepped on it there was only a modicum of discomfort.

Carrie had just asked me if I wanted to use the shower when someone knocked on the cottage door. Lisa reached out and pulled the towel off Carrie leaving her stripped once again.

“Hey!” she complained. “What are you doing?”

“I’ve already told you that you get no clothing for the date,” Lisa explained.

*‘Oh my God!’* I thought. ‘*Carrie’s supposed to go out on a double date to dinner stark naked?!’*

“And, I’ve already told you that I’m not going anywhere naked,” Carrie retorted in no uncertain terms.

“We’ll just see about that,” as Lisa hurried across the room and answered the door opening it wide open before Carrie had a chance to move.

Larry and Jess stood on the threshold with smiles on their faces, which grew even larger when they saw Carrie standing there stark naked.

“Don’t stand on ceremony, come on in,” Lisa invited.

Once they were inside and the door was shut, Larry immediately moved to Carrie who just stood there making no real attempt to cover up. “You look lovely, as usual,” he complimented as his eyes scanned her bare body from head to toe and back.

Carrie blushed from head to toe embarrassedly standing there totally nude in front of her dinner date and the rest of us.

“Are you guys ready?” Lisa asked with a smile on her face.

Before Larry and his friend could respond, Carrie said, ‘*We’re’* not going anywhere. Larry and I are staying here, aren’t we Larry?” and Carrie smiled winsomely at him.

“Uh…yeah, sure, whatever you want, Carrie,” Larry stammered, probably not even believing his good luck at what he was hearing.

I could tell Lisa was pissed that her latest scheme had fallen so flat and she snarled to her date, “Let’s just get out of here.”

After they left, Larry and Carrie were already involved in an embrace and a long passionate kiss, Larry’s hand already surveying Carrie’s bare body.

“Oh, I have to be going too, I have to get ready as well.”

I stood up and walked to the door. My ankle felt almost normal pain wise. Carrie broke the passionate embrace and invited, “Becca, don’t you want to use our shower before your date?” she asked me as Larry continue to rub his arms up and down Carrie’s bare flank.

“No, I can take a sponge bath,” I replied not wanting to interrupt their passion.

“Don’t be silly. Use our shower, at least we have warm water,” Carrie insisted as Larry sensuality rose. He was now massaging her bare breasts and abs as he worked his way south.

I was making my way to the door with my back turned when Carrie left out a squeal signaling Larry had hit his target.

“Oh boy, slow down there,” was Carries muffled response as her voice faded away by yet another passionate kiss.

I guess it’s difficult for a guy to not expect the most when his date greets him naked at the door. I suspected Carrie was in for yet another workout before the evening was out. She really was super woman in many aspects.

Envisioning in my mind being trapped in the bathroom following my shower by Larry and Carrie’s unmentionable activities, I hurried to the door and said, “I’ll be fine. You guys have fun.” As if they needed my encouragement.

I bid them adieu and stepped outside. I immediately heard Carrie squeal and coo, “Oh Larry, you bad man!”

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 3**

**In the Evening**

When I entered my cottage, I realized I had an hour and a half to get ready. Believe it or not, that wasn’t very much time.

I went immediately into the bathroom and ran some cold water into the bathtub. After filling it half full, I got down in the tub. God, it was cold! I placed my left foot up on the side of the tub to keep the ace bandage from becoming wet.

I know you’d believe I didn’t take long in that cold water to scrub my body down with soap. Boy, it made my nipples stand out though.

I got out of the tub carefully and toweled off immediately. I slipped the bath robe back on and went and retrieved Lisa’s outfit from my closet.

I first put on my underwear, no exotic knickers this time. I had learned my lesson with that, just some plain white cotton. A bra would have been larger than the top and would have looked extremely tacky to say the least, so unhappily I had to go without one. Slipping off the bathrobe, I then put on the rest of the outfit. I took particular care in tying on the top and adjusting it over my breasts.

I chose a pair of black flats to wear on my feet. I realized they wouldn’t look good with my outfit, but there was no way I was going to try to wear heels with my left ankle being slightly damaged.

I then applied the minimum of makeup that I usually wore and fluffed up my hair. I went over and lay down carefully on my bed so as to not wrinkle my outfit.

*‘Carl and I were sitting in his car in the parking lot outside the restaurant where Lisa, Carrie, and I had eaten the first evening. I had no idea how we had gotten there and I was worried about going in that particular eatery for fear they would recognize me; although I couldn’t think of one reason to explain to Carl why we shouldn’t eat there.*

*Carl stepped out of the car and walked around to my side. He opened my door and I swung my legs out of the car being careful not to show too much leg in the process. I smoothed my skirt down before standing up. Carl shut the door quickly before I could step away. The door slammed on the back of my skirt.*

*Before I could complain, Carl took me by my arm and began to walk toward the restaurant with me. My skirt caught in the closed car door and in less than an instant it was pulled completely off my body. I stood wearing only white knickers and shoes below my waist!*

*There were several other couples in the parking lot and they all immediately recognized my dilemma. They laughed and pointed at me. I was so embarrassed and dropped my free hand down by my knickers, even though I knew no one could see anything through them.*

*I attempted to explain to Carl what had happened, but he laughed and said that I looked fine. We walked into the eatery as I attempted to loosen my grip from his hand in vain. He was actually pulling me around.*

*Even though I was feeling extremely embarrassed, I also was beginning to feel sexually excited. Everyone in the restaurant noticed me as soon as we walked in. I heard them all murmuring about me and some of the women were calling me a slut among other things.*

*Once the hostess got a good look at me, she said that we couldn’t enter with me in my knickers. Carl laughed and, then before I could move away, he pulled my knickers completely off! I stood there half naked for everyone in the establishment to see. I felt myself becoming very wet as all the men stared at me with lust written across their faces. I felt my pussy lips engorging and my labia opened.*

*I complained most vociferously to Carl and the hostess, but they paid me no mind. The hostess said that it was now okay for us to be seated. I walked past all the diners blushing furiously at being seen half naked, but moreso since my wetness had become obvious to anyone looking closely. I heard several women point out that I was getting turned on by being naked in public and what a pervert I must be.*

*Carl helped seat me and at least my half nakedness was out of the public eye. Or so I thought. Once I was completely pushed in my chair up to the table, Carl leaned down and untied my top and kept it with him! I sat with my breasts completely exposed to everyone in the restaurant!*

*I was now completely nude in public. I couldn’t believe what was happening and then it became much worse. Carl began to rub his hands over my nipples and they grew instantly erect. They were longer then I had ever seen.*

*The waiter approached our table and Carl seated himself across from me. Naturally the waiter couldn’t take his eyes off me and I grew even more embarrassed when I saw he was obviously developing an erection beneath his black trousers.*

*We placed our orders and the waiter left our table. Carl looked across the table at me and smiled. He told me I looked very beautiful. He then ordered me to stroke my pussy lips. Of course I told him no. He explained to me if I didn’t do it, then he would get up and come over to me and do it himself.*

At this point I didn’t doubt him and I began to do as he ordered. It was so embarrassing and yet felt wonderful.’

**Knock! Knock!**

‘What was that? I wondered while continuing with my task. I was growing extremely wet.’

**Knock!** came again and I woke up. I had my skirt pushed up above my waist and my hand down my knickers. I was extremely wet. *‘Oh my God! What am I doing?’*

I quickly arose from the bed and straightened out my skirt. I went to the door and Carl stood outside smiling at me. “Ready?” he asked.

I was so embarrassed with my knickers sticking to me and I was afraid he could smell my arousal. “Almost,” I answered and in my panic I closed the door in his face.

I flew to my suitcase and retrieved a fresh pair of knickers and hurried into the bathroom to change them and clean myself. I returned to the door and opened it. “Sorry,” I murmured.

He stood looking strangely at me but assured me it was alright. We were soon on our way into the small New England town. I don’t know a lot about cars, but I did realize he had a brand new red Corvette. Now you all know about these guys that own Corvettes and particularly red!

Carl attempted to make small talk on our way, but I just there like a bump on a log. It wasn’t that I was feeling shy, I was still so overwhelmed by my dream. *‘I wonder what in the world that was all about, it felt so real.’*

I realized with a jolt that of course it had felt real, I had actually been playing with myself when I woke up. I’d never had a dream like that before. I realized it must have been a repressed desire.

“What are you thinking about?” Carl asked breaking into my thoughts.

Of course I flushed embarrassedly and I said, “Oh nothing really.”

“I don’t buy that,” he replied good naturedly, “because I’m thinking about the same thing.” *‘Good lord, I hope not,’* I thought.

“I wouldn’t count on it,” I answered him and temporarily wiped that smile off his face.

To say I had a feeling of de’ja vu would have been an understatement when Carl pulled up in front of the same restaurant Lisa, Carrie, and I had eaten at earlier in the week. As in my dream, I couldn’t think of one earthly reason to protest going there. I certainly wasn’t going to tell him about Carrie walking stark naked through the place.

You’d better believe I was extra careful of being clear of the car door before I allowed him to shut it. There were some other couples in the parking lot, but I couldn’t remember if they resembled the people in my dream or not; although overall the entire coincidence struck me as eerie.

After entering the restaurant, Carl stepped up and spoke with the hostess. She looked at me oddly, but didn’t say anything. I glanced around the dining room and was relieved when I didn’t see that family with those awful children.

We were seated and ordered without incidence and conversed until our dinners arrived. It turned out that he was a fairly nice guy and he apologized again for trying to pull my bikini bottoms off. He said he just got carried away after seeing Carrie and he appeared sincere to me.

I made a very small joke about being Carried away and the matter seemed settled. It turned out he was involved in a business that was closely related to my career and I began to think we had more then enough in common for me to want to see him again.

Cutting to the chase in this narrative, we ate our dinner and left the restaurant shortly there after. I had elected to have two glasses of wine with dinner in order to possibly loosen up some.

We were sitting in his car in the parking lot and Carl asked, “What would you like to do now?”

“Go back to your cottage,” I answered him.

Carl looked at me in surprise but simply said, “Okay.”

What Carl didn’t realize was I was looking at this as the last opportunity to see if I could have a normal sex life. If this one didn’t work out, I was finished with it. I would become an old maid and have forty cats surround me in my home.

Carl drove back in record time and we entered his cottage. I had glanced around and observed no one watching me when we arrived.

“Would you like a drink?” he asked me.

“No, I’m fine,” I answered.

I could tell he was a little nervous and didn’t know where to begin. I’m certain I had thrown him off balance with my former behavior and then the way I was acting now. I decided to take the bull by the horns and I asked if I could see his bedroom. Subtle, wasn’t I?

We walked into his bedroom and I immediately laid down on the bed. Carl murmured something about getting comfortable and disappeared into the bathroom. I don’t know what I expected, but I was totally shocked when the bathroom door opened and Carl stepped out as naked as on the day he was born. I don’t know what he had been doing in there, but he was fully erect and hung like a horse.

I was speechless and blushing bright red.

“Oh,” he spoke, “I’m sorry, I thought you knew what I meant.”

I understood that he fully expected to find me as naked as he was and waiting for him. How little did he understand about me. He crossed the room and lay beside me on the bed. Before he could do anything, I ordered, “Turn the light off.”

I could tell from the expression on his face that he was disappointed but he did as I asked plunging the room into darkness. It was already night out and the curtains were tightly drawn. Carl began to kiss me, but I was totally unable to respond. Believe me, I wanted to…I so desperately wanted to, but I just lay there like a board.

He attempted to force his tongue between my clenched teeth to no avail. I suddenly spoke, “I can’t do this without protection.”

“Of course,” he murmured. He rolled over to his bedside stand and opened the drawer. I heard him open the packet and roll the condom down his erection. Carl leaned back to me and this time he reached up under my skirt.

As soon as I felt his touch on my hips, I began to weep quietly. I think I was crying for myself. I so wanted to do this and just couldn’t. I couldn’t understand what was wrong with me. I don’t know if he didn’t hear me or didn’t care, but he proceeded to pull my knickers down and off my body.

Carl rubbed his hand gently on my pussy lips and I swear they shrunk in size. I began to sob hysterically and I felt so sad. Carl finally couldn’t ignore that and he asked with some anxiety in his voice, “What’s wrong, Becca?”

“I’m – I’m,” I attempted to say. Suddenly I jumped up and fled his cottage, still crying hysterically. I stumbled out into the dark night and ran haphazardly up towards my cottage. I must have been very confused and instead of running into my cottage, I veered into Lisa and Carrie’s.

I threw open the door and ran right into Larry who was standing on the threshold in just his shorts. Now I was totally embarrassed that I was interrupting their private moments. I don’t know what I was expecting them to be doing with Carrie naked and Larry seeming very interested when I left them.

I was apologizing profusely to Larry for barging in when Carrie walked out of the bedroom to see what was going on. She was completely naked as she had been when I left and appeared total flushed and a little out of it.

She appeared a little wobbly and probably stunned as she came out to see what was going on, “Oh, Becca, ah, what’s the matter?”

I realized I had probably interrupted their love making so I ran straight into their bathroom and locked the door behind me.

I heard Larry exclaim, “What the-.”

“It’s okay Larry, I’ll talk to her,” Carrie answered. “You just go on and I’ll see you tomorrow like we planned.”

“Okay, thanks for a wonderful evening.”

“My pleasure,” Carrie answered seductively.

I was so embarrassed for interrupting them, I could have shriveled up and died.

I heard the cottage door shut and then Carrie spoke to me through the bathroom door. “Becca, what’s wrong? Did that bastard do something to you?”

No matter how hard I tried I couldn’t quit crying. I just felt so ashamed about everything. I next heard Carrie rattling the locked door handle.

“Becca, either answer me or open this door,” Carrie ordered, “or I’m going to knock this door in.”

There wasn’t a doubt in my mind that she would do it or at least vigorously attempt it, so I managed to get my sobbing under control enough to speak. “I’m ok, give me a minute and I’ll come out.”

“Okay.”

After a couple of minutes I came out of the bathroom sheepishly and went over and sat on a chair by the table. Carrie had a glass of ice water waiting for me in her hand. I drank it straight down and thanked her.

Carrie sat down next to me and stroked my hair gently as she quietly asked, “Did he try to force you to have sex?”

“No,” I explained. “Quite the contrary, I forced myself on him…I couldn’t follow through. I froze just like I always do.” And I began to weep quietly again.

Carrie appeared stunned and I didn’t blame her. I’m sure she had never heard anything of the sort before. She slid next to me and took me by the hand and said soothingly, “It’s okay, Becca. It’ll happen when it’s suppose to.”

“No, it won’t,” I wailed. “It’ll never happen. I’m doomed.”

“Oh my God, Don’t say that Becca. It will work out believe me. I’ve had my share of bad dates. You’ll find someone that makes you feel special and it will all come together.”

Carrie was such a sweet friend. I still found it hard to believe Carrie would have ever had a bad date, but her comforting was most reassuring.

Just them, Lisa walked in carrying a grocery sack. “Oh, what’s wrong?”

I was really embarrassed now.

Carrie explained, “I’ll tell you later. If that’s alright Becca?”

“Sure,” I answered with a slight sob as Carrie reached out and pulled me tight. Her concern was so genuine that I couldn’t help but feel a little better.

Forgetting for a moment that she was still naked, I squeezed her tight and simple said, “Thanks. You’re a good friend to have.”

“Well, I have some cheer up juice right here,” Lisa explained and she set two gallon jugs of wine on the table. “Carrie, get some glasses.”

Carrie brought over three 12 ounce tumblers and Lisa filled them up from the first jug. “Bottoms up,” she directed. “No one is leaving here tonight sober.”

I took a rather large swig for me. Despite it being inexpensive wine, it tasted quite good to me in my present condition. I knew I wasn’t going to allow myself to become intoxicated, but felt a little wine would help the situation.

We sat and drank while Lisa talked about her date. It sounded as if she had had a very good time. “Well, did you?” Carrie asked.

Lisa flushed slightly and asked, “Did I what?”

“You know.”

“What about you, miss meets her date naked at the door,” Lisa responded impishly.

“Well what do you think?” Carrie protested.

“What do you know about this, Becca?” Lisa inquired.

“All I know is Larry couldn’t keep his hands off her when I left and she looked very satisfied when I barged in,” I joked.

“You barged in on them?” Lisa asked. “Tell me all about it.”

“Well they weren’t, ah, you know having sex when I, ah, saw them, ah, but ,ah ..”

“Ok, out with it.” As Lisa laughed. Carrie told me to shush.

“Ok, ok, what do you think we did for 4 hours, sit around and play cards. But enough already, I don’t think Becca wants to hear about this, ” Carrie said shyly as she blushed.

“Oh go on,” I said, “maybe I’ll learn something.”

Carrie seemed to grow embarrassed and blushed even more as we interrogated her about her night with Larry.

“Was he good?” Lisa asked inquisitively.

“Well, let me just say, I’m probably going to be a little sore in the morning,” was Carrie’s only explanation.

We laughed and joked for a while and against my better judgment I had two more glasses of wine. Carrie and Lisa had drank even more than I had and they were both slightly flushed and perspiring.

The effects of the wine were starting to show its affects on all of us as we all got more and more animated and silly. For me at least it didn’t go unnoticed that Carrie was still sitting there naked as the day she was born. She looked so lovely and her body was just screaming for my attention, but somehow I resisted that unexplained feeling that I had boiling within me.

Then in one of my over enthusiastic moments I accidentally brushed Carries bare breasts, which reminded both me and her that she was still sitting there naked. She then asked Lisa about the whereabouts of her bikini.

“Your bikini is hidden somewhere outside and you can find it in the morning if you want to wear it tomorrow,” Lisa answered grinning crookedly at Carrie.

I’m ashamed to admit that I was already so sloshed I found the entire situation eminently amusing, which I don’t think Carrie found amusing. At least she was not laughing or appeared happy about it.

“But I’ll tell you what I’ll do to make you feel less uncomfortable,” Lisa spoke. “I’m getting too warm anyway and I’m afraid I’m going to spill wine on myself, sooner or later.”

Lisa stood up and carefully removed her outfit. She folded it carefully and placed it on an empty chair. Lisa was now only dressed in a very revealing bra and panty set as having already kicked her high heels off before.

As I’ve already mentioned, Lisa was beautiful in her own right and had a wonderful figure. I suppose because I was drunk, I continued to stare at her in befuddlement and some appreciation of her near nudity. I was amazed that she had stripped down because I knew she was almost as modest as I.

“It looks like Becca is enamored with you, Lisa,” Carrie said in a laughing tone.

Lisa cast a glance at me and I began blushing again. “Well, she can look but she can’t touch. By the way, why should she sit there completely dressed?”

“Good point,” Carrie agreed and quickly stood up and turned to me.

“No, no, wait,” I protested, completely panicked realizing the little amount of clothing I was wearing beneath the outfit.

Carrie stepped behind me and pressed both of my arms tightly to my body. I stood up to attempt to counteract, which turned out to be a big mistake. Lisa simply untied my top and then slid my skirt leaving me standing in my cotton knickers.

“Oooh, Becca, topless, I’m impressed,” Lisa declared.

I couldn’t believe it when my nipples became hard, which caused me to feel even more embarrassed. I mean after all it was just us women and they had seen me previously wearing less then that. I drunkenly wondered again if I were becoming gay.

Carrie had me secured with her arms wrapped tightly around mine. I could feel her firm breast pressed hard against me back as I struggled to get free with no luck.

“I still think she’s still wearing too much, Lisa,.” Carrie yelled.

“I agree,” her friend acquiesced and before I could move Lisa has whisked my knickers down and off leaving me stark naked except for my shoes and the ace bandage.

Now I was completely embarrassed and blushed furiously but more over apparently being under their complete control than being seen naked.

I said bitterly, “You’re forgetting my shoes and the ace bandage. Don’t you want to remove them too?”

Carrie laughed and said, “No, you can keep them.” And she stepped away from me releasing my arms.

As Lisa very carefully folded up her outfit, which just so recently had adorned my body, she continued to stare at me and laugh at my obvious discomfort. I had once assumed my crouched position.

Carrie joined in the laughter at such foolishness on my part and I thought, *‘Hell, enough is enough!’* I brazenly stood up and cupped my breasts and pushed them out at them. I was obviously more drunk then I had realized and worse was yet to come.

I felt totally vindicated when their laughter died on their lips, but then Carrie smiled and said, “Now you’re getting into it, Becca.”

Lisa turned away I’m certain to go use the bathroom but she had made a fatal mistake given my present temperament. I motioned to Carrie what I intended to do and she nodded her head in affirmation.

I stepped forward and grasped Lisa by the arms much the same way Carrie had done me and in a trice Carrie had successfully stripped Lisa. She stood there is all her glorious nakedness appearing completely stunned.

Lisa turned to me appearing highly flushed herself and began to speak in protest when I interrupted her. “What goes around comes around,” I reminded her.

Laughing, Carrie filled the three large glasses to the brim and ordered, “Drink up, me hearties!” as she raised a toast to her two naked companions.

Throwing caution completely to the wind, I sat back and did as directed. Carrie and Lisa did also, but I noticed Lisa was leaning forward in an attempt to protect herself. In my presently drunken state, I thought that was funny and told her so.

Lisa looked at me strangely but didn’t say anything. I proceeded to tell them about the erotic dream I had had just prior to Carl arriving for our date. I told it in great detail and when I was finished I could tell it had excited them. Hell, it had excited me to admit to it and I had the overpowering urge to do something about it.

What I really wanted to do was masturbate right there as I told them about the dream but even I wasn’t that drunk. I stood up quickly.

What’s wrong, Becca?” Carrie inquired. I’m positive she had seen the excitement I was feeling cross my face.

“I’m going down and see Carl,” I explained and before Carrie or Lisa could act in any manner I had lunged out into the night stark naked.

It had grown somewhat chilly even though it was the summer because it was so far north. My nipples immediately responded to the cold by growing even longer. I looked about me in wonderment as I stood outside in public completely nude.

Luckily for me, there didn’t appear to be a soul stirring outside, although I observed lights on in a few of the cottages. It had grown quite late. I began my journey down to Carl’s cottage, but with each step I took the more the reality of the situation pounded through my drunken state.

I had only taken about a dozen steps away from Lisa and Carrie’s cottage when I grew so paranoid I was hearing footsteps and voices. I glanced wildly around me but of course there was nothing except a slight wind. I could suddenly visualized myself being arrested stark naked and taken to jail completely nude with my hands shackled behind and my breasts and my pussy on full public display.

I could suddenly hear my co-workers’ sharp wit when they heard about it and demanding pictures of me while on vacation. I realized I would have to resign in shame and become a recluse.

I panicked completely, almost hysterically and I began to breathe so swiftly I was afraid I was going to hyperventilate. I desperately desired to return to my cottage. Being drunk and panicked is not a good combination and I immediately got all turn around and headed off in the wrong direction.

The more hysterical I grew the less I understood where I was headed until I found myself in front of Carl’s cottage. *‘Oh my God, what am I doing?’*

I was finally able to comprehend that I had ran off in the wrong direction. I managed to stagger up to my cottage and I fell into it and passed out immediately on the floor.

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 4**

**Part 1**

**In the Morning**

“Becca, are you alright?”

That was the first words I heard the next morning. I was completely hung over. I’ve heard it said that a hang over is nothing more then a complete instant withdrawal from the drug alcohol and I could believe it.

My head was killing me, my mouth was completely dried out, my stomach was doing somersaults and I felt as though I was going to vomit.

I regained consciousness enough to realize I was laying stark naked on the floor in front of the door to my cottage. I glanced back and observed Carrie standing there in the doorway totally nude as well.

“I happened to notice your door wasn’t closed all the way and you were just laying there,” Carrie explained.

“Oh my God,” I mumbled as I realized I had been laying stark naked in public sight.

As I pulled myself slowly and painfully to my feet, Carrie entered my cottage and shut the door.

“Are you okay?” she asked again.

“I’ve been better,” I muttered.

“Well, I got scared when I saw you lying there like that. I thought maybe something terrible had happened to you.

Now that I see you’re okay, I’ll be going.”

“Wait a minute!” I exclaimed, panicked to hear Carrie was going back out in public stark naked on the cottage grounds. “Where are you going?”

“Oh, I have to go find my bikini that Lisa hid,” Carrie answered.

I slightly staggered over to the kitchen sink and drank water straight from the faucet. It wasn’t a very lady like thing to do, but I desperately needed water so I could speak and be understood.

Turning back to Carrie, I suggested, “Hang on a minute. Why don’t you wait in here? I’ll get dressed and go look for it.”

“I can’t ask you to do that, I would lose the dare and this is my last day.”

The dare! I had literally forgotten my part of the dare. If Carrie made it to late in the afternoon, I was going to have to run down the path and then out in the public road and back to the cottages in just my bra and knickers! *‘Oh my God,’* I thought as I realized more embarrassment was probably coming my way.

“Then wait a minute, and I’ll go help you,” I offered. “Surely that isn’t against the dare, is it?”

“No, I guess not. Thanks, Becca,” Carrie replied and again she offered me that big smile.

I always seemed to melt inside when I observed it. Even though I felt as though I had been run over by a large truck, I attempted to hurry.

How was it that Carrie was not hung over as I was. Surely she and Lisa had had at least as much to drink as I had, yet she seemed fine, even cheerful despite having to search for her only clothing naked.

I decided to just pull on my bikini, although I would have rather not done so. I just couldn’t deal with deciding what else I should put on to become dressed quickly.

I stepped outside in front of Carrie and took a quick glance around. Luckily there wasn’t anybody in our immediate vicinity, although there were some people farther down around the area of Carl’s cottage. I certainly hoped that they remained down there; at least until we could locate Carrie’s bikini.

Carrie impatiently stepped by me and casually walked around me towards their cottage as though she was completely dressed. I quickly followed her amazed that she didn’t seem the least bit concerned that she didn’t have a stitch on.

We looked behind the cottage for a bit when I stopped to ask, “Do you have any idea where she might have hidden it?”

“Nope, not a clue.”

“Try thinking like Lisa for a moment,” I suggested.

Carrie stood thoughtfully for a few moments, much longer than I wished her to, with her being presently totally nude. As she did though, I couldn’t help but take in the sheer beauty of her form as the early morning sun shined off her.

“Okay,” she finally said, “You say that Lisa went outside and when she returned she didn’t have it in her hands, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Did you look at her closely? Is it possible she had it hidden under her clothes?” Carrie asked.

When I thought back I realized I hadn’t really paid much attention to Lisa at the time, except to notice that she wasn’t carrying the bikini.

“Well, she could have,” I answered tentatively.

The entire situation grew extremely worse as I observed Larry and his two friends in a green Land Rover towing a long power boat with twin outboard motors pull into the property.

I was anxious to convince Carrie to return to her cottage before they pulled right up to us. I mean I realized that they had seen more then everything on the previous day, but there was no sense starting out that way today.

I pointed out to her that Larry and his friends had arrived and Carrie dashed into their cottage with me following at her heels. Lisa was seated at the table and she appeared to be enjoying the cup of coffee she was currently imbibing. That reminded me that I could certainly use a cup of that myself.

Lisa smiled at Carrie and snickered. “I see you haven’t found it yet. You’d better hurry or you’re going to be spending the day at the lake naked you know.”

Carrie just smiled in return and walked to the other room. Both Lisa and I could see her through the opened doorway. Carrie picked up Lisa’s suitcase and set it up on the bed and opened it.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Lisa protested.

Carrie didn’t answer, but instead began to take Lisa’s clothing out and set it on the bed. Lisa stood up and exclaimed, “Stay out of my suitcase!”

By this time, Carrie had emptied the suitcase and was standing triumphantly with her bikini in her hands. Just then a knock came on the cottage door and Lisa hurried to open it. I just as quickly moved to the room Carrie was standing in and shut the door thereby thwarting Lisa’s latest attempt to embarrass Carrie.

Lisa opened the door and Larry was standing outside. Jess and the other young man, whose name turned out to be Jack, were waiting by the Land Rover.

“All ready to go water skiing?” Larry asked with a big smile.

“I am,” Lisa answered. She was wearing a matching shorts and top set which accentuated her figure nicely. I assumed she was wearing her bikini underneath.

“Just let me call Carrie and we’ll be on our way,” Lisa said.

Just then the door to the other room opened and Carrie stepped out dressed in her minimal bikini. It barely hid a thing but at least she was covered for a change. As usual she appeared absolutely beautiful, especially with her athletic body and tan that had even grown deeper over the past few days.

“Hi Larry,” Carrie announced cheerily.

“Good morning, sweetmeat,” Larry replied grinning back as if they were embarrassed.

*‘Oh lord, Sweetmeat!’* I thought. *‘I wonder where that came from?’*

“Well, we had better get going before we can’t pry them apart!” Lisa yelled.

“Ok, you all have a great time, I’ll see you when you get back,” I offered.

“Oh no,” Lisa countered. “You’re not getting the chance to check out early and duck out of your dare.”

“But I don’t know how to water ski.”

“That doesn’t matter. Carrie can show you. You’ll pick it quickly,” Lisa responded.

“I can’t go water skiing on my ankle,” I replied. I was really attempting not to go. My hang over was still just as bad and I really wanted to go lay down for awhile.

Lisa spoke, “You certainly looked cured to me when you hurried to shut the door on Carrie.”

Lisa stepped up to me and knelt down on one knee. She lifted up my left foot gently and removed the ace bandage. “There, see,” she said. “No swelling at all.”

I had to admit my ankle looked fine and I, in fact, hadn’t felt any pain from it since waking up. Of course that was the only area of my body that hadn’t hurt. I realized there was no way out of it and I sullenly tagged along behind the rest of them.

Larry and Carrie of course sat in the front. Lisa and Jess sat in the middle leaving Jack and I in the back. We both formally introduced ourselves and then Jack proceeded to attempt to make small talk, which I had absolutely no interest in because of my still badly hung over condition.

I did think to ask Larry where we were headed because none of the lakes I had seen so far had the facilities to launch a boat the size of one that they had.

He explained to me that there was a fairly large lake about thirty miles hence that had a boat ramp. *‘Oh great,’* I thought.*‘There will probably be a lot more people there to witness whatever new trick Lisa decides to play on Carrie.’*

“Well in that case, I could certainly use a cup of coffee before we get there,” I commented.

Larry replied, “Sure thing, I’ll stop at the first convenience store we come to.”

The first 7-11 we happened upon was in the next town. Larry pulled into the store’s lot and parked. He started to open his door to get out when Lisa said, “Here’s some money, you and Becca go in,” Lisa spoke while handing a twenty back to Carrie that she had just taken out of my small bag!

“Give me that!” I shouted and attempted to stand up and lounge forward in the large vehicle when I suddenly remembered I was still safely belted in.

Everyone started laughing and Lisa teased, “Come on, Becca. I’ve looked in here and you have plenty of money.”

“That’s not the point,” I insisted. “I want my bag back.”

“I’ll give it to you after you and Carrie come back out of the store.”

*‘Oh great,’* I thought. *‘Now I’m going shopping wearing only this damn bikini. Oh well, with Carrie along I doubt anyone will be looking at me anyway.’* Compared to me, Carrie was practically naked in her tiny string bikini.

I realized Lisa was beginning her tricks early on, but at that point there was nothing I could do but accede to her demands. Carrie, I noticed, didn’t appear to mind at all, although she was a little put out after everyone put in their orders too and they of course were all different and wanted two or three things.

Carrie and I walked towards the store to the cheers of a group of boys in a nearby car. Carrie just looked over an smiled, as I held my head in shame.

I was hoping the store would adhere to the no shoes warning that was posted on the door and throw me out directly. I was willing at that point to trade my desire for coffee versus not being embarrassed.

The sidewalk was already extremely hot on my feet, even though it wasn’t even midmorning yet. Just my luck, we walk in and there is a young male clerk and he certainly wasn’t going to tell Carrie she couldn’t enter because of lack of shoes.

‘*Lack of shoes hell, Carrie is all but naked,’* I thought, *‘and I’m not much better.’*

He couldn’t help but immediately notice us as we walked in. I was surprised to notice that he kept alternating his glances between Carrie and I, but I took that to be just an indication of how poorly covered I was myself.

The cool air conditioning of the store had the expected affect on both Carrie’s and my nipples. Mine were at least camouflaged under some level of padding. Her’s were right there in your face sticking out so you couldn’t help but be drawn to them. It wasn’t like that suit of hers had any padding or anything to help in these times.

As we walked around the store gathering the different items on our order, I noticed with a sense of foreboding that Carrie was not carrying the twenty in either hand. I remembered from the day at the cloth store that Carrie had unique ways of carrying money and I wasn’t sure I wanted to be a witness to it.

We picked out everything we needed, including my scalding hot cup of coffee. You know, the kind that will give you third degree burns if you drop it on yourself? We brought it all up to the front counter and laid it down.

I realized the moment of truth had arrived. The clerk spent an inordinately amount of time since he was still preoccupied with looking at both Carrie and I and he finally rang up a total of $19.54.

These type of stores are such incredible ripoffs. I was attempting to keep my eyes forward on the young male clerk while glancing peripherally at Carrie.

While looking straight into the eyes of the young clerk, Carrie reached down and pulled the front of her bikini bottom out with one hand and reached her other hand in and extracted the twenty. She extended her arm and handed the twenty to the clerk. It seemed like an eternity while this took place and Carrie restored her bottom to its proper place. Now Carrie’s bottom barely covered her slit when it was in place so this action surely allowed the male clerk to see every thing down there.

I know because I was looking right at him. He immediately began to develop an erection judging from the outer appearance of his pants.

After he accepted the money from Carrie, he stood stunned as if he had no understanding of what he was to do next. Finally he glanced at the total change due on the register and reached in to take out the forty-six cents due us. He then proceeded to hand Carrie back the twenty and the change.

“Could we have a bag, please?” I asked.

“Surely,” he muttered and he somehow placed all our items in a bag, except for my coffee, without ever removing his eyes from Carrie.

I picked up the sack and Carrie and I walked out doing all we could to keep from burst out laughing, which only lasted until we exited.

Still laughing, we climbed back into the Land Rover. Lisa immediately demanded, “What’s so funny?”

“Private joke,” I rejoined.

I gave the bag to Jack for him to retrieve what we had bought him and Carrie passed back my twenty saying, “Here’s your twenty.”

Your twenty?” Lisa questioned. “What did you all do in there? Shoplift?”

“Hehe, we’ll never tell,” I teased Lisa. “Now give me my bag.”

It appeared to me that Lisa passed it back to Carrie reluctantly. She probably felt as though she was trapped into doing what she had promised because of the presence of the young men.

After everyone had acquired their orders, we resumed our journey. I sipped my hot coffee feeling its’ healing powers working against my hang over until I almost felt normal again – whatever that is.

We reached the lake forty-five minutes later and after Larry pulled into the main parking lot, he stopped so we could all alight from the Land Rover. I slipped my bag underneath the seat in hopes of retaining it this time. I still needed to go back to my car and return it to my cottage for my trip homeward on the morrow.

I was correct in my assumption that there would be more present at this lake because of the boat ramp. There were well over fifty people on the beach and in the water and there were several boats out on the lake.

Before Larry began the process of launching the boat, Lisa stood outside the vehicle and slipped off her outfit leaving her wearing a pretty one piece bathing suit. As soon as I saw it on her, I began to grow suspicious of her insisting I go water skiing when all I had was a bikini.

I was also learning the precariousness of Carrie’s situation, as she whispered to me that she had gone water skiing before and lost her bikini while doing it.

“Oh no, that’s terrible,” I responded.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Carrie said, smiling at me. “It was kind of humorous and I got a date out of it after.”

Lisa walked over to us and asked with a smirk on her face, “Are you telling Becca how to water ski?”

“I’m not going to water ski in this bikini,” I said forcefully.

“Why Becca, I think it would be a lot of fun,” Lisa answered coolly.

“Well, if you think it’ll be so much fun, I’d hate you to miss out. Why don’t we go over in the bushes over there and trade suits?”

Carrie grinned broadly at my response and Lisa realized she had missed her opportunity to talk me into water skiing. Walking over to Larry, Lisa began to speak with him in low tones. I instantly began to worry for Carrie’s sake because I had a good idea that there was some mischief being planned and Carrie or I was probably the target.

Larry and his friends finished launching the boat and had tied it to a short dock by the ramp. After getting in, he exclaimed, “Come on everybody, get on board.”

Walking down to the dock, I noticed that we had the attention of every eye on the beach. Lisa and I climbed in, but Carrie seemed a little reluctant saying, “This bikini isn’t exactly made for water skiing. Maybe I should just work on my tan up here on the beach.

“Don’t be silly Carrie,” everyone shouted, “You’ll be fine.”

“Just get in Carrie. Its not like the guys haven’t seen you without your bikini already.” Lisa exclaimed loud enough that half the people on the beach heard as well.

Carrie blushed with embarrassment.

I knew that Carrie winter and summer skied and that she was quite skilled, but any fall would probably be curtains for that tiny suit. I was sure it couldn’t possible stay on if she went down.

Eventually she climbed into the boat and Larry started up the engines. Larry then took off towards the middle to the lake.

“Ok, who’s going first?” Larry asked.

“Carrie will,” Lisa volunteered, not surprising me in the least.

“Oh no you don’t, I’m just going to work on my tan.” She countered.

“Oh come on”, everyone insisted.

“OK Becca, what about you then?” was her next demand.

“No she’s never skied before.” Carrie replied, “Someone has to at least show her first.”

“Well go ahead then.”

“Ah,ok”, Carrie said reluctantly.

Larry stopped the boat and Carrie made her way to the back, stepping by Lisa in the process. Just as Carrie went to jump into the water, Lisa moved and quickly untied the sting across Carries back! I expected nothing less from her and Carrie probably didn’t either, as she didn’t appear surprised in the least as she jumped into the lake.

Lisa wasn’t quick enough to untie the tie behind Carrie’s neck but with the one tie undone it surely wasn’t staying on. Sure enough Carrie’s top floated free as she disappeared under the water. Of course the young men on our boat were watching intently for Carrie to resurface from her jump into the lake.

Carrie came up, her beautiful breasts completely evident and her nipples were already fully erect, probably from a the cold water. Everyone on our boat was laughing, except for me. I was enjoying looking at Carrie as much as anyone - who wouldn’t, but felt for her as she looked around for her top.

“Lisa, you rat,” Carrie yelled with a touch of anger as she grabbed it. ”God, you never stop do you?”

We were all laughing, including myself, as the poor girl struggled to put it back on while treading water. Anyone else would have probably downed, but somehow she managed to pull the top over her head to the disappointment of the guys. She kicked hard when she needed both hands to tie the strap behind her back.

After she got all tucked back in, Larry handed the two long skis out of the end of the boat to Carrie. I could certainly tell she was experienced as she had them on in no time flat. Larry then threw Carrie the end of the tow line and eased ahead with the boat. Carrie raised her hand to signal him she was all set and he took off quite fast throwing open the throttle almost all the way.

Carrie rose out of the water and to her feet without appearing to have any difficulty except perhaps in keeping her bikini on. One breast had popped completely out and was on full display and her bottom had slipped dangerously low. Once we were up to speed she simple let go of the tow rope with one hand and tucked her bare breast back into her top and adjusted her bottom as we all looked on with interest and amazement.

She was soon riding back and forth from the end of the boat looking magnificent wearing only the tiny bikini. Her long muscular legs looked terrific as they took up the strain of skiing. I was certainly hoping that nothing happened to cause her to fall because she has no backup clothes if she should lose that bikini.

Larry seemed to take persistent delight in running as close as he could to the other boaters without upsetting them in our wake. I was certain this was what Lisa had spoken to him about. In fact, from the expression of the faces of the men we passed and some of the women, I don’t think they would have minded some rough waves if it would have meant they could acquire a closer look.

After a few minutes, Lisa exclaimed, “Ok, Larry, signal Carrie to drop off so I can come in too. I want to ride doubles with her.”

Larry waved his hand palm down at Carrie to indicate he was going to cut the speed and let go of the tow-line and slowly settled into the water. Of course Carrie was soon submerged up to her shoulders in the lake while Larry circled back to where she was.

I could tell from looking at her that Carrie must have been busy getting her bikini back in place from the way she was struggling.

“Are you alright?” I yelled as we came to a stop alongside.

“Yeah fine, why did you stop? These starts and stops are killers with this bikini you know.” She yelled back over the sounds of the motors.

Lisa jumped off the end of the boat and was soon in position to receive the skis, which she did when Larry handed them to her. She soon had placed them on properly and Larry flung her the ski rope.

Once Lisa signaled she was ready, Larry revved the engine and took off fast. Carrie and Lisa rose up on their skis together. I noted with worry that the guys appeared to be taking an especial interest to see if Carrie’s bikini was still on as she got up.

To my relief is was, but just barely as both of Carrie’s breasts threatened to bust out of their inadequate confinement. Again she causally let go with one hand and made the necessary adjustment to maintain her decency.

They skied alone in tandem for a couple of minutes when sure enough, right when Larry drew close to several boats, Lisa reached out with her right hand and untied Carrie’s bikini top once again. Carrie looked startled as it came loose and reached quickly to grab it, but lost her balance in the process and went down hard bouncing across the water before going in completely.

Lisa dropped off more gracefully and could be seen laughing as the boat circled back. Larry immediately brought the boat back to where Carrie had crashed to make sure she was alright. She seemed ok, but looked a little frantic as she kept looking around her.

Larry yelled, “Are you ok?” as we came alongside.

“Yeah, I’m ok. I just lost my suit when I fell”. She explained between breaths. She swam back to where she originally went in, which only brought her bare butt to the surface for all the guys to see. The water in the lake was actually very clear so there wasn’t any hiding the fact that she was completely naked.

I yelled, “Over there, I see it, there it is.”

I had already positioned myself at the end of the boat near Larry as soon as Lisa had entered the water. As soon as I saw the bikini begin to blow away, I dove off the boat and began to swim as quickly as I could toward the spot where I had last seen it.

I am an excellent swimmer, being a childhood veteran of many summers spent at the municipal swimming pool. I dove downwards into the lake and was extremely fortunate to catch sight of it and I soon had Carrie’s bikini bottom in my possession.

I swam back to the surface and felt good at successfully rescuing Carrie from having to spend the day, at the very least, half naked because she had nothing left to wear. I figured Lisa would be plenty angry at me and that I had better keep my own bikini out of her reach.

I swam toward the idling boat and tossed Carrie’s tiny bikini bottom up to Larry and continued to help Carrie look for her top, but with no luck. I was afraid it was gone forever at the bottom of the lake somewhere.

Finally we gave up and headed for the boat. Lisa was already safely aboard when I pulled myself into it. Carrie swam over and hung along side, not exactly eager to climb in completely naked, especially with several boats close by taking in what was going on.

I went to look for her bottom but I imagine Lisa had already confiscated it. I pictured myself in Carrie’s situation, completely stark naked in the middle of a lake with a boatload of guys waiting to see what you will do next. I was embarrassed for her myself, but, strangely enough, a little excited with anticipation as well.

Eventually she yelled, “Well, if no ones going to offer me anything, you’ll just have to deal with what you get.”

With that Carrie climbed up the ladder and out of the water for all to see. And what a sight it was, as the water dripped off her completely bare body. The guys’ jaws dropped and not a word was said as she climbed in and made her way past our looking eyes and sitting on the floor of the boat. She may have been out of sight of the surrounding boats, but not the eager eyes of everyone on our boat.

Carrie sat in the bottom of the boat with everyone staring intently at her fully erect nipples and her swollen pussy lips.

Lisa was sitting on a seat slightly above her grinning like the Cheshire Cat. “Was it good for you? I know I enjoyed it.”

Carrie just smiled shyly as only she can but didn’t say a thing. Eventually the attention shifted to getting Jack and Jess in the water so they could ski. I’m not sure they were still as eager with Carrie sitting there naked, but Larry was eager to get their attention off his girlfriend’s body.

As soon as they were ready, Larry took off fast and they were off. I had to admit that it did look like great fun.

I crouched down by Carrie and handed her the bikini bottoms that I found sitting next to Lisa as we sat. Carrie bestowed on me her grandest smile and again I just melted inside.

“Oh, thank you so much, Becca. I thought I was going to be left naked for the rest of the day. You’re such a dear,” she expressed with the sincerest of thanks.

“Yes, thanks so much, Becca,” Lisa retorted sarcastically.

I grinned evilly at her and said, “Hehe, you’re welcome,” dishing it back to her.

Carrie managed to pull up and tie her bikini bottom while sitting in the boat. Her breasts were still bare for anyone to see, but at least she had some measure of coverage, if ever so slight, as we raced around the lake.

“Okay, when Jess and Jack are finishing with their turn, you’ll be next,” Lisa stated.

“Oh no, I won’t,” I protested.

“You really should, Becca. It’s great fun,” Carrie suddenly said having by now totally forgotten that she was topless.

*‘Oh great, now I’m going to have to try,’* I thought unhappily.

“Okay, ok, I give up. But I’m not going in with Lisa beside me, that’s for sure,” I said.

I waited until Larry had taken his turn and then I went. Carrie gave me a bunch of pointers and I don’t mean her nipples this time. I did manage to stand up, but after that it was ‘Becca fall down and go splash.’ I was pretty much a miserable failure, but it was an experience, that’s for sure.

At least I provided some real merriment for the people in our boat and at long last in my opinion, but I think it was probably only about fifteen minutes they allowed me back in the boat.

After my water skiing debacle, Larry explained that he had a picnic packed in a cooler back at the Land Rover and as it was already past noon everyone was in favor of returning to shore for the time being.

Larry pulled the boat to idling at the dock and everyone got out except for him and Carrie.

Carrie said, in an unusual show of modesty for her, “I can’t just walk around here like this. I don’t even have a top to wear.”

Lisa said, “Come on Carr, who’s going to complain about seeing a little more of that bod. You look fantastic and it’s a good opportunity to work on your tan.”

I had to agree with Lisa, Carrie looked fantastic and I couldn’t see anyone objecting. I felt for her embarrassment, but just wanted to enjoy her charms as much as any of the guys.

Larry seemed to calm her fears by saying, “Don’t worry baby. You have the best looking breasts I’ve ever seen. No body’s going to complain about seeing them.”

Carrie seemed to blush at hearing that from Larry and slowly climbed out of the boat and didn’t bother with the towel. Instead she walked with Lisa up to the Land Rover with her glorious breasts and most of the rest of her bare body on proud display.

I don’t know how she did it, I would have died from embarrassment. She was truly something else.

I know for one that I certainly enjoyed the view as it appeared everyone else on the beach did also as they were all pointedly staring and whispering to each other. At least no one shouted out any vulgarities and no young men came over to her because of the possessive presence of Larry, who was now standing beside her.

Oh how I wish I had her confidence to walk around nearly naked on a public beach. It was strange, but I was getting excited for her as she casually walked along as if completely dressed.

We all walked further up the beach in the direction of the parked vehicles. Larry and Jess retrieved the cooler and a blanket and spread it at our feet.

We were soon munching on cold fried chicken and repast such as, Cuban sandwiches and beer and colas. I wisely stuck to drinking a coke because I had absolutely no idea what the afternoon would hold for me.

After we had eaten, Lisa and Jess went for a walk down by the shore.

Carrie lay on her stomach on the blanket while Larry rubbed generous amounts of sun block on her back while sensuously kissing the back of her neck intermittedly. They were whispering and laughing as I looked on. I sat mesmerized watching them without a shred of embarrassment, I’m ashamed to say.

After finishing her back, he moved to her long athletic legs. He worked his way up from her ankles to her upper thighs. Carrie just seemed to smile with appreciation, as he worked the inside of her thighs right up to her bikini. Larry then worked on the parts of her butt that the bikini didn’t cover darting his hand under her bikini bottom along the way.

I saw his hand massaging her butt beneath her bikini and Carrie was squirming and mildly protesting, but nothing that would indicate she was serious.

I felt my nipples grow erect and my own breath was growing shorter as if Larry was working on me. Larry didn’t remove his hand, but on the contrary I drew the distinct conclusion that it had now entered another area.

This I concluded by Carrie’s low moaning and her beginning to move her hips almost completely off the blanket rhythmically. Larry increased his motion with his hand, so much that most all of Carrie’s beautiful butt was showing. I was frightened he might end up ripping Carrie’s bikini bottom off completely by his actions!

Beside me, Jack was staring just as intently as I was and suddenly Carrie stiffened as in the beginning of an orgasm. All at once I understood that Jack and I were the third and fourth wheels and suggested to him that we go for a walk ourselves, which he quickly agreed with.

I walked away feeling very sexually stimulated and also very jealous.

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 4**

**Part 2**

**In the Afternoon**

While Larry and Carrie continued to frolic on the blanket, Jack and I walked down to and then along the lake front. Neither of us had very much to say, since I think Jack was as sexually turned on as I was from the display back at the blanket.

Finally he invited me in for a swim and I quickly agreed, just to be doing something more than standing around like a sore thumb.

As we entered the lake, I wasn’t surprised to observe Lisa and Jess far out in the deeper water. I suggested to Jack that we not go out to them, because they too appeared to be involved; not as heavily as Carrie and Larry were, but they were certainly obviously hugging and kissing.

We went out just far enough to where I was almost up to my neck in the lake. Of course Jack was several inches taller than me. We stood and made strained small talk; at least it was strained on my part until suddenly Jack blurted out, “I just want you to know Becca, that I think you’re real hot.”

I, of course, blushed like an idiot and was finally able to reply, “Uh…well, thanks.”

With that stupid statement of mine ringing in my ears, I was more than relieved than shocked to see Carrie standing topless down by the waterline waving at us all to come in for some reason.

Once we were back on the beach, I noticed that Carrie was helping Larry string up a volleyball net between two portable poles. ‘*Like the remains of Carrie’s bikini, it didn’t look very substantial,’* I thought.

After finishing setting up the net, Larry took a long stick he must have found in the nearby woods and drew out in the sand a rather makeshift version of a real volleyball court.

Even though I was gladdened to be rescued from the chore of the empty conversing Jack and I had been engaged in, I wasn’t happy to realize I was probably going to have to play volleyball with them.

Have I mentioned that I’m not very athletic out of the water? Well, I’m not. In high school, I was always one of the last girls chosen when they were dividing up for teams. And besides that, I was worried for Carrie’s sake, as to how this entire volleyball scenario would play out, since she was still only attired in an extremely skimpy bikini bottom.

There was still a number of people scattered around the beach and, of course, most of their attention was directed at Carrie’s partially nude state.

By the time the four of us had arrived back up by Carrie and Larry, they had completed setting up the net and Larry was busy pumping air into a regulation volleyball. I didn’t like the looks of that either, those things are too darn hard for me.

Once Larry had completed his task, he asked, “Okay, what it’s going to be? Men against the women?”

I was going to be quick to agree, but Lisa beat me to it. “No, no,” she protested. “It should be Carrie, Larry, and Becca against you, me, and Jack. That way we’re evenly divided by the couples playing each other.”

I certainly didn’t care for the sound of that because of Lisa being on the opposing side of the net, but since everyone else quickly agreed, there was really nothing I could say in protest.

Of course the area of beach that we were going to play on was nowhere near as large as a regulation volleyball court or there would have been no way that only three people on a team could cover all the area.

The players on both teams crossed to their respective sides of the beach court. I couldn’t help but notice that we were beginning to draw more than a small crowd to watch the game. And that was causing me even more concern.

Both teams decided on a 1 – 2 formation; in other words for the volleyball uninitiated (as though there is someone like that alive) the lone player would guard the front line, with the other two players having the responsibility of ‘setting up’ the player in front for ‘kills’ or slam winning points.

Noticing instantly that Lisa had placed herself on the opposing team’s front line, I suggested that Carrie begin in our back to keep her away from any possible chicanery on Lisa’s part.

Of course what I had forgotten was, since I certainly didn’t desire to lead off the game in embarrassment by making a fool of myself by demonstrating to all that I couldn’t serve worth a whittle, this caused Larry to move to the very back to serve. And that left me on the front line facing Lisa square in the face and she was grinning maliciously at me.

I was feeling very uneasy playing in my bikini. I couldn’t imagine how Carrie must have felt with no top at all to restrain her more than ample breasts, not to mention the tiny bottom that barely concealed her remaining anatomy.

Larry served a very powerful overhand line drive that just cleared the net. Lisa jumped for it, but missed although Jess made a dive for it and managed to keep it alive high up in the air on their side of the net.

Jack centered himself under it and set Lisa up in the front. She hit it back over to Larry, who immediately hit it high in the air to set me up for a slam…as though I could do that.

All of my attention was focused on the volleyball, which was headed downwards at my face at an alarming speed causing it to appear to me to be as large as a pumpkin.

Just as I went to strike it, I felt my bikini bottoms fall to my feet! I naturally screeched outloud and was even more embarrassed, if that were possible, by the laughter of the crowd.

I looked down in time to observe Lisa returning to her side of the net from underneath it, where she had crept to perform her dirty deed.

As I bent down and quickly pulled my bikini back in place, (and let me tell you, I was blushing so badly my face must have resembled a tomato), the ball came straight down on my head and knocked me down!

“Ow!” I cried out in pain and, as I was lying flat on my back, I watched the ball fly over the net. It turns out Jess, Jack, and Lisa were laughing so hard the ball fell harmlessly to the beach scoring a point for our side.

“Our point!” Carrie exclaimed, while doing a little bit of laughing herself.

“No, it isn’t!” Lisa protested. “You have to hit the ball over with your hands, not your head.”

“Who says?” Carrie asked, while helping me up. I was too embarrassed to look around at the grinning (I’m sure) crowd. “You were under the net, that would make it our point any way.”

“Aw, alright,” her good friend grumbled.

As Larry prepared to serve again, I now realized my problems had multiplied. Not only did I have to worry about making a fool of myself with my poor play, but I also had to watch out for any tricks by Lisa and attempt to not stray too close to her.

Larry scored two more points with his vicious serves, but then placed one too long past the back of the court. I was relieved to see that they were following the strict rules of volleyball and rotating their formation, which caused Lisa to have to go back to the server’s position.

Lisa used the more old fashioned serve, striking at it with her closed fist in a underhand manner, causing the ball to come over to our side resembling a pop fly in a baseball game.

I had already earlier spoken to Carrie and asked her to please handle anything she could to save me from embarrassment and also from our team losing.

The beautiful blonde was as good as her word and she very successfully reached most of the balls that would have been considered mine, except for the dreaded(only to me) setups right by the net.

Carrie was amazing as she dove and jumped for balls that were rightfully mine. I found myself mesmerized by the strain of her athletic muscles as she stretched for balls that I though she couldn’t get to. I found her performance was quite erotic and arousing since it was truly the female body at its best. If only I could look that good.

I think the guys on the other team were distracted as well, especially by the movement of her bare breasts. They seemed a little late in reacting to our returns, especially when Carrie handled the ball. That was probably what was keeping us in the game at that point since I wasn’t contributing much.

I couldn’t believe how well she played with her unbridled breasts bouncing unrestrained with every move. There were a couple of nice long volleys that ended unfortunately with points for the other team.

By then the heat of the day was apparent, as a sheen of perspiration formed on all of us. This, in conjunction with the bright sun, only brought more attention to Carrie’s sexy form as she stretched for ball after ball. In addition, the heightened activity made it even harder for her tiny bottom keep her charms adequately covered. It seemed like after ever shot she needed to tug he bottom back in place.

Finally Lisa hit her serve into the net and the ball returned to our side for service.

*‘Oh my God,’* I thought when I realized it would be my serve. Well, there was nothing I could do about it. I went to the back and promptly blew my first serve into the net.

Neither Carrie nor Larry said a thing about it, which caused me to feel even worse than if they would have joked about it.

Carrie was very competitive in everything that she did, so I’m positive she wasn’t very amused by my lack of good play, but was too polite to let me know.

With much misgivings, I now noticed that this pushed Lisa up to the front row as their formation rotated and she was now standing in front of Carrie at the net.

I was positive Lisa was going to attempt something with Carrie, just as she had with me and unfortunately my prediction came true with a vengeance right away.

Jack placed his first serve low enough so it just crossed over our net. As Carrie leaped straight up with her arms extended in an attempt to block the hard hit ball directly back over the net, Lisa leaned down quickly and pulled Carrie’s bikini bottoms down!

Carrie was caught completely off the ground at the time and, not only defenseless but, also unable to even keep her bottoms around her ankles. They easily slipped off her entire body into Lisa’s hands.

Lisa quickly scampered off the court with the bikini bottoms in hand and disappeared into the van. Naturally the crowd went wild in their enthusiasm at seeing Carrie’s beautiful body in all its naked glory. Not that there was much left to imagination before, but now that it was totally availed to them their enthusiasm seemed doubled.

I’ll say this for Carrie, She operated extremely well, considering the circumstances. If it had been me and I had just been stripped totally naked on a summer afternoon while in public, I would have ran off into the woods screaming hysterically.

Carrie just casually blipped the volleyball over the net first so they didn’t score a point, along with everything else that was going wrong.

I’m certain that Carrie was embarrassed since she momentarily turned away from the crowd watching our game and suddenly appeared bright red in places that I knew weren’t from sunburn.

But by now, I’m certain that any reader realizes that Carrie is a very proud young woman, who would never give Lisa the satisfaction of appearing embarrassed.

Lisa, of course, had now returned to the ‘court’ without Carrie’s bikini bottoms. Carrie didn’t say a word to her, but did flip her the bird quite elegantly, which continued to amuse the crowd.

I knew Carrie wasn’t going to complain, so I spoke for her in her stead. “Lisa! That was so unfair! Now return Carrie her damn bikini right now!”

I realize this doesn’t sound like me, but I was angry. Lisa just grinned at me and replied, “I’ll return it, only if you all win the game.”

Despite her being embarrassed, I could tell that Carrie was also excited. Her nipples were as hard as small erasers and I would swear her pussy lips were somewhat swollen from all the attention she was getting as every eye was on her. Of course, I was staring at her naked beauty just as intently as everyone was, even though I was very embarrassed by this and felt as though I was betraying my new friend in some way by doing so.

We all paused briefly as everyone wondered if Carrie would continue in her now completely naked state. Carrie seemed a little reluctant at first as she passed around nervously seemingly not wanting to put on an exotic show for the increasingly large group of fans that we had picked up.

I went over to comfort her and told here how outlandish Lisa’s actions were as I myself stared on. I found myself hoping she would continue for my own sake. In the back of my mind I wanted to tell her how beautiful she looked and I actually started to encourage her on by saying, “Don’t worry we can beat her.” ignoring the other members of the team.

It wasn’t until Lisa yelled over, “What’s the matter. Are you chicken?”

The challenge is what seemed to clinch Carrie’s decision as she yelled back, “That’s it. We’re going to whip your asses for that.”

It was an amazing sight to see her standing there defiantly at the net bare assed naked with the rest of us at least covered by bathing suites. The crowd that had gathered was really into it as the naked beauty took her position, breasts thrust proudly forward as if daring Lisa to try something else.

No longer having the distraction of losing her bottom, Carrie played with renewed vigor. She seemed oblivious to her own nude state, which seemed an advantage as the other team seemed distracted as was I. She held back nothing as she leapt and dove for ball after ball. It was truly the female form in action. Nothing held back and nothing hidden.

We played of a good half an hour with our naked superstar leading the charge. Her bare body dripping with sweat from the energy expended, but not showing any signs of tiring. I’m sure there wasn’t a limp penis anywhere in sight of this game.

Despite Carrie heroic playing like a whirling-dervish and bouncing all over our side of the ‘court’ in an attempt to win the game, my poor play weighed us down into a loss.

Even in her nude state Carrie didn’t lose a bit of her competitive nature, as she demanded a new game forgetting that she was standing completely bare in front of beach full of people. Lisa just laughed at her and waggishly shook her head no. I’m ashamed to admit now that I did something that just played into Lisa’s hands by suggesting a new kind of competition in order for Carrie to earn her bikini bottoms back. Lisa quickly agreed.

Knowing Lisa the way I now did, I should have been instantly suspicious, but I wasn’t. I was just relieved to hear that Carrie still had a shot of winning at least one half of her suit back; that is until I heard what Lisa’s plan was – a game of chicken.

I’m certain that most people know what it is, but I’ll explain for the water challenged reader. Chicken is really a very simple game played in a body of water, such as a pool or lake, or even the ocean.

The women would climb up on the shoulders of the men and then each team would attempt to win by upsetting the other teams by pulling the women down into the water.

I realized I was in a lot of trouble myself in this sport, much less worrying about Carrie. I figured she could hold her own in any kind of fight. I knew I was at a disadvantage wearing a bikini, instead of a one piece suit as Lisa was wearing.

I rightly assumed though that Lisa’s main point of attack would be pointed at Carrie, rather than me. The crowd appeared more than slightly disappointed to learn that the stark naked beautiful young woman was going down into the lake, but they trailed us down nonetheless.

They were rewarded for their persistence immediately, as it appeared we weren’t going out very deep into the lake. This was because the men didn’t want to go out to their shoulders, where it would be too difficult for them to maintain their footing easily; plus it would be deep for us women as it would be over our heads, particularly mine as I was shorter than Carrie or Lisa.

To say that I was looking forward to this with great trepidation would be an understatement. I finally got up on Jack’s shoulders with a great deal of trouble. In fact, he literally had to duck his head entirely under the water in order for me to climb on.

Once I was finally situated on Jack’s back, I immediately began to have misgivings over the entire thing. My entire crotch area was resting on his neck, while he held my legs closely to his body. I certainly hoped in the struggle to remain on that I didn’t have to move around too much in that position for obvious reasons. I was still feeling very horny from watching Carrie’s beautiful nudity on the volleyball court.

Once Lisa and Carrie were atop their respective team mates, Lisa announced that the fight was on! I saw right away that I was correct in my assumption that Lisa would begin attacking Carrie immediately.

Jess had maneuvered slightly to Larry and Carrie’s left and Lisa was attempting to grab on to Carrie, but was having little success as the beautiful blonde had nothing for her friend to get a firm grip on anywhere.

Suddenly Lisa began reaching out and attaching Carrie’s most vulnerable spot – her bare breasts. Lisa landed several good shots that brought a audible “ah” from the group gathered to watch. It was a vicious attack but it didn’t seem to phase Carrie, except that it stopped her from reaching for a good hold on Lisa. The assault on her sent chills up my spine as I watched but didn’t it seem to bring any significant reaction from Carrie, except for her nipples which were once again fully erect.

Carrie attempted to shield her breasts somewhat from Lisa’s onslaught and that was all the distraction Lisa needed to really gain a good grip on Carrie’s one arm. She yanked Carrie halfway off Larry and it looked to me as if she were going to be pulled down into the water any second.

I was upset to think that Carrie would lose this game also and be condemned to be naked for the rest of the day. I instructed Jack in a low tone, so as to not be heard by Lisa, to move up behind her and Jess.

By the time we had maneuvered behind them, Lisa had Carrie almost half way off Larry’s back and it was just a matter of time until Lisa had won again. Realizing I was placing myself in jeopardy by calling attention to myself to Lisa, I decided to heck with it and I grabbed Lisa by the shoulders.

She, of course, was very surprised to say the least and even more so a second later (as I was myself) when in my attempt to pull Lisa backwards off Jess’s neck, I inadvertently grabbed her shoulder straps to her one piece suit and when I thought I was pulling her off, I really just pulled the top half of her suit down to just above her pubic area!

For several seconds Lisa’s beautifully formed breasts were totally exposed to the sight of everyone present and a great hooting arose from the crowd on the beach. Apparently that was the sort of action they had been waiting for.

Lisa shrieked, “You bitch!” and then she quickly covered herself. In order to do so, of course, she had to relinquish her hold on Carrie, who quickly took the opportunity to right herself once again on Larry’s neck.

I suggested to Jack rather heatedly that we back away from Lisa and Jess as quickly as possible, as Lisa struggled to cover herself by pulling her suit up without showing too much of her naked breasts.

Carrie was laughing hysterically to see Lisa for once be pranked herself and she offered me a thumbs up. Sure enough, as soon as Lisa was fully covered again, she twisted around on Jess’s shoulders to see where we were.

Jack had managed to back us off several feet, but I could tell from the mad gleam in Lisa’s eyes that several yards wouldn’t have been far enough away at that particular moment.

She reached down and swatted Jess on his rump, as if he were a race horse and ordered him to gallop. They were upon us so fast, I didn’t even have time to mount a decent defense.

I had wrongly assumed that Lisa would just dump me off into the water as revenge, but I was badly mistaken; when Lisa reached me, she didn’t attempt to pull me off at all. Lisa went straight for my bikini top and had it completely off in no time flat.

I sat on Jack’s neck so shocked, I forgot even to cover myself, and Lisa swung my bikini top around in one hand, yelling something like, “Ya Hoo!” And then she flung it away from her about fifteen feet away into the lake.

I was quickly galvanized into action, as I heard the hooting and hollering from the beach crowd, and I quickly slid down from Jack’s shoulders. I dove into the lake and swam underwater in the direction that Lisa had thrown my top.

Fortunately as it was not an ocean, but a placid lake, my bikini top was still floating near the top of the water. I arose to stand with my back turned modestly to the other participants in the game of chicken and also, more importantly, the crowd on the beach.

I quickly pulled my top back on. I just didn’t know how Carrie did it – how she could go topless so much in public, and even act as if she enjoyed it. I just felt embarrassed and humiliated, but even though it was an accident, the memory of my pulling Lisa’s top half of her suit down brought a smile to my lips.

I rightly assumed I was out of the game by, in effect, dumping myself into the lake. Actually I was gladdened by now being out of danger of any more ‘accidents’ of losing my suit and my win or loss wouldn’t affect the bet between Lisa and Carrie in the least.

As I turned back in the direction of the continuing chicken fight, I observed that Lisa was once again attacking Carrie with renewed vigor. In fact, she had Carrie by the arm so securely that the beautiful blonde young woman was practically half hanging off Larry’s shoulders.

She had been dragged so far off him that only the fact that Larry still had secure hold of Carrie’s left leg was the only reason she hadn’t been dumped in the lake. As it was, she was hanging split legged and her pussy lips were clearly pulled apart and Carrie was showing a lot more than even she might have realized. There was just no gracious way for a naked women’s body to stretched as Carrie’s was without showing her open sex. She was stretched such that the lovely pink of her vagina was in plain view for anyone that was in the right position to see. In fact, it could be readily seen that her clit had shed its hood and was extremely sexually aroused.

Knowing Carrie as I did, I realized she would never allow herself to be pulled off no matter what, so I decided that cheating or not I had better help her out; because what she was showing was more than simple nudity and I didn’t want her to get into any trouble.

I swam over to Lisa as quickly and quietly as I could and, once I was behind her, I grabbed her around the waist and attempted to pull her away from Carrie.

It turned out to be a misjudgment on my part as things turned out. Even though I had a firm grip on Lisa and was pulling her backwards, she still managed to remain atop Jess’s shoulders by his stepping slightly backwards a few steps.

In the mean time, Lisa still had a death grip on poor Carrie, who was by now just barely hanging on to Larry’s shoulder with an ankle and foot, which he was desperately hanging on to.

Just at the last second, I managed to wrest Lisa completely away from Carrie. Carrie still would have fallen off at that point, due to the centrifugal force left when her friend let loose, except Larry grabbed Carrie’s dangling right leg and somehow placed it up on his left shoulder in the front.

Of course, Carrie now had to place her left leg on Larry’s right shoulder and she was now riding Larry backwards or forwards depending on how you want to look at it. Just as I though she was going into the water she pulled herself upright with her strong abs and grab Larry’s head. Since she no longer had his neck to rest on, Carrie had to hang onto the back of Larry’s head and it appeared to me that Larry’s face was squarely mashed into Carrie’s *‘you know where.’*

I think that Lisa would have normally renewed her attack against Carrie immediately, although in this instance she was slowed for a few seconds as she was laughing hysterically at Carrie’s ludicrous position. Meanwhile Carrie was loudly exhorting Larry to at least turn his back to Lisa, so Carrie could attempt to defend herself.

As Larry did as so, Jess carried Lisa slowly over to the beautiful blonde to supposedly deliver the ‘*coup de grace.’* It seemed to me that with each step, he and Lisa were drawing closer to Carrie’s doom.

Carrie attempted to stop them from getting in too close to her, where Lisa could easily pull her from the awkward position she now had on Larry’s face, by using her strong abs and long arms to good advantage. Carrie had so far been able to hold Lisa at bay by grabbing her friend’s arm each time it came close to her and using it to push them away from her and Larry for a step or two.

Suddenly I, along with Lisa and Jess, noticed that Carrie’s breathing had quickened significantly, while her face not only became very flushed, but also the area of her upper chest.

“Oh my God,” she moaned. “Not again.”

*‘Not again?’* I thought. *‘What does that mean?’*

I was even more confused when Lisa suddenly ceased her attack of Carrie and instead just sat contentedly upon Jess’s shoulder with a little smirk on her face.

It instantly became clearer to me when I observed Carrie’s muscles contracting all over her body, as she now resembled a drawn bow.

“Stop it, Larry! Stop it!” Carrie protested, and to emphasize her point, the beautiful blonde began to batter the top of his shoulders with her clenched fists.

Larry began to lose his balance, due to Carrie’s attack and his attention literally being preoccupied with his obvious manipulation of her clit with his tongue.

Carrie somersaulted into the water spread eagled , as Larry collapsed into the lake. Jess, Lisa, and Jack were uproarishly laughing, but I was just happy that Carrie had been able to save herself from any further embarrassment.

Carrie was completely bent over at the waist and breathing heavily still. I’m certain she was attempting to forestall an orgasm.

Lisa exclaimed, “You lost! I’m keeping your bikini bottoms.”

Carrie struggled to straighten up and complained, “I, ah, didn’t lose. You, ah, never pulled me off!”

“No,” Lisa laughed. “You pulled yourself off, almost literally in two ways, by the way.”

I saw the broad grins on the faces of the three young men at that ‘bon mot.’

“Then I demand a rematch,” Carrie protested.

“I’m sorry, Carrie,” Larry explained with a woebegone expression on his face. “We have to leave. I didn’t know we would be staying all day, I just thought we were going to be doing a little water skiing in the morning. And I promised someone they could use my boat later this afternoon. They’re waiting for me right now at another lake in the area.”

I could tell from the expression on her face that Carrie was disappointed, although she didn’t complain. “Well, I guess we’d better go,” she said softly.

“Lead on, McDuff,” Lisa said grinning and waving her arm in the direction of the beach and of course the waiting crowd.

“I’ve got an idea,” I suggested. “We could all form around Carrie in a tight circle and walk her back to the van. That way, she would be mostly protected from the sight of those drooling cretins.”

“That’s a good idea, Becca,” Lisa answered smugly, “But she’s already left.”

“What?” I exclaimed in surprise and turned toward the beach and sure enough, Carrie had almost reached the shore. She was striding confidently, her head held high and she looked almost regal as she walked past the now silenced crowd.

*‘She really is incredible,’* I thought. ‘*Her self confidence has totally quieted the crowd – just like ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes’.’*

By the time we had all trudged back up to the van, the crowd had dispersed and most of them had returned to their own interests.

I could tell that Carrie was more upset with Larry ending their day together early than she had let on. While the men were helping Larry take down the volleyball net and loading things into the van, instead of helping which I’m certain Carrie would have ordinarily done, she had chosen to lay on the blanket on her back, exposing her total nudity.

She appeared to have closed her eyes, but seemingly was idly holding the bottle of sunblock lotion. A jolt of recognition passed through me like lightning and once I had thought of it, there seemed to be nothing within my power to prevent myself from following through.

I walked over and stood by Carrie without saying a word. Carrie seemed to feel a presence close by and she opened her eyes, squinting into the sun.

“Oh, hi Becca, what’s up?” she smiled at me.

“Uh…well…the sun is rather bright, and I thought if you were laying here all exposed, you might better put some lotion on, don’t you think?”

My heart was skyrocketing and my mouth had completely dried out, making it difficult to speak further. I wondered if Carrie had caught my innuendo, and I also wondered what the hell I was thinking of.

*‘I must be completely insane,’* I thought as I stood there hemming and hawing, as well as blushing bright crimson.

“Why, that’s very thoughtful of you,” Carrie expressed. “Here,” she said, handing me the bottle of lotion!

I nervously glanced around and saw the men were still involved with loading the van. I didn’t see Lisa anywhere and supposed she was secreted away in the van hiding Carrie’s suit somewhere safe.

I took a big gulp and thought *‘To hell with it!’* and fell to my knees between Carrie’s legs which suddenly spread as if to accommodate me reaching her entire body more easily. In the process, Carrie had exposed all of herself to me.

*‘Oh my God! She is so incredibly beautiful,’* I thought momentarily in lust for this woman. I couldn’t explain my feelings yet they were genuine.

With my hands shaking, I poured some sunblock lotion into them. Carrie giggled a little at the state I was in and retrieved the bottle from me. She set it next to her on the blanket before I dropped it.

I realized everyone would soon be finished with their tasks, so I needed to hurry. I leaned over and began rubbing the lotion very softly all over Carrie’s bare chest. Her breasts were wonderfully firm under my shaking hand.

“Ooh,” she murmured. “That feels so good.”

“Is it too cold?” I managed to stammer out, as my palm passed over her delicate nipples. I felt them rise to the occasion beneath my hands.

“No, I feel great” she answered in a slightly husky voice.

I, of course, was pretending to myself that I was just rubbing some lotion on a friend and was attempting to speak accordingly, even though my heart was racing at the feel of this woman’s luscious breasts and hard nipples below my palms.

I applied the lotion thoroughly, then moved further down her chest and began to rub the sunblock onto her stomach and her lower belly. Her muscles were incredibly tight and pronounced. I slowly circled her belly button in increasingly wider and wider circles until I was approaching her smooth mound.

I replied in a shaky voice, “Oh, that’s good.”

As I began to rub the lotion in the area where her pubic hair would have ordinarily been if she hadn’t been shaven, Carrie spread her legs slightly wider as if inviting me to do what ever I wanted to her. I gasped as her erect clit lay before me.

I was getting up my nerve to rub lower when I suddenly realized I didn’t hear any more hustle and bustle happening, and I looked up. The other four of our party were standing by the van and watching us intently.

I dropped my hands from Carrie’s naked body, as if it were a hot stove and sat on my knees blushing uncontrollably. Carrie sensed what had happened and merely turned her head and smiled sweetly at Larry, as if to say – *‘See what you will have missed by leaving early?’*

“Are you coming with us, Carrie?” Lisa asked, while wearing a huge grin.

*‘Obviously not right now,’* came quickly to my mind to say, but of course I didn’t. I was already more than embarrassed.

I stood up quickly and helped pull Carrie to her feet. She was obviously enjoying the moment as much as I from the looks of her aroused body.

She bent down and gathered up the blanket and sunblock lotion and I followed her over to the van, mesmerized by the rhythmic motion of her tight little butt as she walked ahead of me.

“Here, I’ll take that,” Lisa said, while taking the blanket from Carrie. “There’s no cover charge,” she explained in a quip.

I wanted to complain to Lisa, but I bit back my response. After all, it didn’t have anything to do with me and Carrie and Lisa were good friends, to boot.

Jack and I clambered into the back seats, followed by Lisa and Jess. Carrie seemed to hesitate to get in the van naked, but had little choice in the matter having nothing to cover herself with. After Carrie carefully got in the front seat with Larry, he started the van and away we went.

The van was high enough that Carrie would be hidden from sight by other cars, but a truck or SUV would have a pretty good view in the passenger side window. Carrie still made no attempt to cover up and ever seemed to use some of her more than ample sex appeal to try to sway Larry’s decision to go see his other friend.

How he could leave her naked and as willing as she seemed to be for someone else seemed contrary to their earlier encounter.

I quickly checked to see where my purse was and I breathed a sigh of relief once I was holding it in my hands. I didn’t want any more ‘accidents’ with my money or, more particularly, my car keys.

Everyone was rather subdued on the return trip, I suppose because of the afternoon being cut short. I’m certain Larry was torn between spending more time with Carrie and getting to his next destination, where people were already waiting for him.

I was just glad to be going back to my cottage to get some well deserved rest. I took the opportunity to ask Larry to drop me off at my car, where it had been left deserted.

I was relieved of my worry when I observed it still sitting unharmed in any way where we had left it. I bid adieu to everyone and thanked Larry for a great day.

After I had climbed into my car and started it, Larry drove on; I supposed satisfied that he had observed my automobile running satisfactorily.

By the time I reached the cottages, Larry’s van was not in sight and I assumed they had already gone on their way after dropping Lisa and Carrie off.

Not observing Carrie or Lisa any where, I decided to beat a hasty retreat to my own cottage. Not that I minded their company in the least, but because I was feeling rather done in after the day’s rather strenuous activities, in combination with my hangover; at least, for me, it was strenuous.

As soon as I entered my cottage, I stripped off my bikini and went directly to the bathroom. There I proceeded to take a quick ‘sponge bath’ out of the tub, by sitting on its side. It had to be quick because the water was so cold!

After drying myself, I wrapped the towel around me and lay on my bed, falling asleep immediately. I awoke to someone knocking long and hard on my front door.

I lay there for a moment, hoping whoever it was would go away, but, alas, no such luck. Whoever it was, just continued rapping on the door even louder, if that was possible.

Suddenly I heard Carrie call out, “Becca, it’s us, let us in.”

The very thought of Carrie standing there still completely nude in the late afternoon outside of my cottage galvanized me into getting up and quickly pulling on a robe.

“Alright, I’m coming. Quit banging on the door, you’re making my head hurt.”

I could hear their laughter on the other side of door. Yanking the door open, I reached out and grabbed onto Carrie’s wrist, pulling her inside my cottage. Lisa followed her and I quickly shut the door.

Lisa had changed into a pair of shorts and T shirt, but Carrie was still naked. How she be so casual about walking around completely bare was beyond me.

“What’s up?”, I asked

Lisa smiled at me and replied, “Well Becca, Carrie has done everything that I asked of her, except for one last dare.”

“And what might that be?” I asked nervously.

“I’m supposed to run back from where we collided that first day,” explained Carrie.

“Oh?” I questioned, wondering what it had to do with me.

“Yes, so now it’s time for you to pay up,” Lisa announced, a big smile on her face. “You lost your bet!”

*‘Oh my God!’* I thought. I had forgotten about the entire thing in the excitement of the day.

“You mean after all this, you two really expect me to go through with it?” I asked incredulously.

“Yep,” Lisa and Carrie answered simultaneously, both wearing huge grins.

“Oh, okay, you win,” I spoke resignedly.

I turned away to go back to my dresser and pull out the most ‘industrial strength’ set of bra and knickers that I owned.

“Where are you going?” Lisa asked innocently.

Turning back to her and Carrie, I answered sarcastically, “Where do you think? To get some underwear.”

“Oh no, Becca, we have your bra and knickers right here,” Carrie explained.

She handed the underwear to me from where she had been hiding it behind her back. I held it up and looked at it in sheer horror – and I do mean sheer.

The bra was only half cupped and would at best only cover my nipples, and the knickers were worse than that. In the back they were nothing more than a strip of fabric and the front was only slightly better, but at least my pussy would be covered.

“I’m not wearing these!” I screeched in protest.

Amidst their hoots of laughter at my response, Lisa insisted, “Oh yes you are. You promised to run back in ‘a’ bra and knickers – not your bra and knickers.”

Thinking back to that night caused me to realize that they had tricked me from the beginning. I had been putty in their hands.

With no reason for any further modesty at this point, I just took off my robe and threw it on the table. I then pulled on the bra and knickers. I spent a great deal of time attempting to pull the fabric of both to cover more of myself than was actually possible.

“Move your hands away, Becca,” Carrie ordered.

When I did so, she exclaimed, “Oh you look great!”

I glanced down at myself and observed that the minimum amount of apparel I was now wearing did very little to hide any part of my body.

“You mean I look naked, don’t you?” I asked sarcastically.

“Same thing,” Lisa laughed. “Let’s go,” she directed.

“Wait a minute, how are we doing this?” I demanded.

I wasn’t willing to just go waltzing blindly out in the public grounds of the cottages. Not that I thought Lisa and Carrie were capable of a practical joke – no, that couldn’t have been it, could it?

“The SUV is right outside your door,” Lisa explained. “I’m going to drive you and Carrie as close as I can to the spot where you are going to set off from. Then I’m going to follow you two just to make sure you all don’t get in any real trouble or if you decide you want to quit.”

“You mean I can quit?” I asked surprised.

“Oh sure,” Carrie answered. “Quitting is always an option, but rest assured we have something much worse planned if you do.”

“Well, let’s get this over with,” I spoke resignedly.

After Lisa opened the cottage door, I ran down the steps and literally dove into one of the back seats of the SUV. I sat all crouched over so no one could possibly see me from outside of the vehicle.

Lisa and Carrie entered the car laughing at me as they did.

“Comfortable, Becca?” Carrie asked.

“Har, har, very funny,” I retorted sarcastically.

Glancing around from my lowered position on the seat, I didn’t espy anyone in the immediate vicinity of my cottage. I’m certain that it was just the effect of my anxiety but it seemed that it took us no time at all to reach our destination.

Lisa pulled over to the side of the road and pointed down the trail. “Okay, there’s where you go, when you come out on the other end and start back to the cottages, I’ll be following you in the SUV.

Carrie jumped down, totally naked, and pulled open my door. “Come on,” she encouraged me while I was glancing around nervously. Observing no one in the immediate vicinity, I finally deigned to step down on to the ground.

“Let’s go,” the beautiful blonde suggested, while taking me by the hand and leading me down the path.

Once we were safely inside the woods, Carrie explained, “I’ll do my best to stay with you, but I think you should try and run as quickly as you can, considering everything.”

I nodded in agreement and we took off running down the trail. I jogged desiring to save my energy until we reached the part of the journey where I was to run along the public road. I guess I was still in some sort of denial, because I just couldn’t believe I was actually going to appear in public in the miniscule underwear.

We quickly reached the end of the trail that came out on the road. We reached the side of the public highway and as I glanced around, sure enough, I spotted Lisa in the SUV parked by the side of the roadway about twenty feet behind us.

“Let’s go!” Carrie encouraged me and she grabbed ahold of my right hand and yanked me along until I began running to keep up.

“Okay, ok,” I exclaimed, finally jerking my hand away. As I began running along the side of the road, I noticed with some surprise that Carrie had lingered behind me. After I thought about it, I decided that was a good idea so she would be there to help me if anything weird started happening.

I have to admit that after I had been running for a few moments, it did start to feel rather exhilarating running in my scanty attire. It felt so light on me that I actually couldn’t have told the difference between what I was wearing or if I had been running completely nude.

Glancing down at myself, I noticed it apparently didn’t matter either as far as what I was showing of my body. I had perspired enough that my bra and knickers, what there was of them, had been rendered completely transparent!

I also noticed that my nipples were completely erect so I had been feeling excited, after all. Carrie suddenly said, “We’ve got about a mile to go.”

Turning my head slightly, I replied, “You know I’m almost disappointed that it’s over. This actually turned out to be a lot of fun.”

I realized in another few seconds that I never should have made such an admission as Carrie responded, “I’ve been waiting to hear you say that.” And she reached out and unclasped my bra and removed it from my body!

“Carrie!” I screamed in protest, while attempting to continue running while holding my hands over my bare breasts. “What are you doing?!”

“Oh, come on,” she laughed. “You could see everything anyway.”

Right then I couldn’t believe my luck as a car quickly approached us from behind and then sped by. My heart leapt to my throat, but it appeared the occupants somehow hadn’t noticed us. Before I could thank God for small favors, another car went zooming by us.

Again a tired looking young couple who inhabited the auto didn’t observe us running by the side of the road. I’m certain that Lisa back in the SUV was laughing uproarishly at the whole situation as Carrie was while continuing to run behind me. I just couldn’t understand how she could be so carefree at a time like this.

When we were a couple of hundred yards from the turnoff to the cottages, I began to think that at last my ordeal was over and I was going to make it back to my cottage without further embarrassment. How little did I know!

Carrie suddenly reached out from behind me and grabbed the top of my bikini bottom. She proceeded to yank upwards with it giving me the world’s largest wedgie! I attempted to run away from her but she easily was able to keep up with me and she continued to yank my bikini upwards rubbing my erect clit with each thrust.

I could feel my sexual feelings building from deep within me and they were growing stronger with each step. I became extremely frightened that I was going to experience my first orgasm ever right here in public and I attempted to concentrate my energy on running as quickly as I could.

As soon as I entered the turnoff leading down to the cottages, I observed that my luck had run out completely. There were people standing everywhere in the early evening supper hour! Eric Stassen and his family were packing the trunk of their car, apparently in preparation of leaving.

The family with the two children were also gathered around their car. I assumed they were going out to eat. For once, the children were not yelling anything, but instead just stood flatfooted staring at me with their mouths agape.

There were also other people around whom I had never seen. The two young couples who had passed us on the roadway without noticing us certainly noticed us now. The men were smiling at Carrie and me in our natural states and the young women were scowling, naturally.

I realized that with Carrie still running behind me, most people couldn’t see her as of yet, so I was even more embarrassed, if that was possible, because most people in the crowd were staring at me.

Just as I had reached the center of the parking lot, Carrie’s still continuing to yank upwards on my bikini bottoms caused them to rip completely apart leaving me stark naked.

I had just decided to not even bother attempting to cover myself, but just to run to my cottage as quickly as possible when my orgasm hit me! I had been ignoring the signs of its impending arrival through my emotions of embarrassment and exhilaration, but it no longer could be ignored – by me or the crowd.

The full impact of it brought me abruptly to my knees and I lay hunched over, the complete feelings of my first orgasm hit me like a freight train. As my body went through a series of involuntary spasms, I couldn’t believe how good I felt at that second. My entire reality of kneeling in a dirt packed parking lot, completely nude, in front of strangers strangely receded away into the background as I just experienced the incomparable sensations.

The first thing I ‘knew’ for certain was Carrie leaning over me and asking me solicitously if I was okay. I assured her that I was better than I had ever been. My new friend helped me gently to regain my footing. As soon as I stood up and glanced around at everyone still staring at me, I was embarrassed all over again.

A sudden wild thought illuminated my consciousness like a lightning bolt and I took off running in a sprint; no doubt leaving a very surprised Carrie standing behind me. I kept my eyes down for two reasons, one being I certainly didn’t want to trip and fall at that point and two, I didn’t want to look anyone in the eyes.

I didn’t stop running until I was standing in front of Carl’s cottage. Banging as loudly as possible on his door, I certainly hoped that he was ‘home’ and it was with some relief when I heard him answer from within the cottage. He opened the door and stood in complete shock at the sight of me standing there stark naked.

Carl was wearing a fluffy white bathrobe and appeared to have recently exited from a shower because he was still somewhat dampish looking. Since he had been so surprised by my unclothed appearance he had been unable to articulate, I reached within the folds of his bathrobe and grasped his now rapidly lengthening erection.

“I see at least one of you is glad to see me,” I managed to quip, although I was so nervous I was literally shaking apart. What if he was horrified and just slammed the door in my face? What would I do then and how would I ever live with that shame?

I guess I didn’t need to worry because Carl found his voice at that point and suavely invited me to enter – which I did, now in a great hurry to get out of public sight. I am not going to shame myself any further by telling of our evening and night together, except to say that both Carl and myself had a very satisfactory experience; in fact, we had a number of them.

**Carrie in Training**

**Day 5**

**In the Morning**

I crept from Carl’s cabin in the early morning hours, after exchanging phone numbers and email addresses with him. I was uncertain at this point whether anything would further develop in our relationship, but I was certainly willing. In fact, I imagined that I could fall for him hard, if I received half an invitation.

When I reached my cottage and opened my unlocked door, I was horrified to discover the absence of everything I owned, including my car keys. I had left my cottage unlocked, because naturally I hadn’t chosen to carry the key with me on my and Carrie’s running jaunt. Once I was with Carl, I had completely forgotten about it.

At this point, I became angry to think it was the action of Lisa and Carrie, but at the same time I was hoping it was them and not some common thieves. If it were, I had no earthly idea of how I would reach my home stark naked, and no money or transportation.

I had no earthly idea of what to do or whether Lisa and Carrie had even arisen for the day, but I decided to creep out into the predawn darkness to their cottage and discover if I could awaken them. I assumed that would be better and more safer than waiting later in the morning when people would be up and about.

Stepping outside into the still crisp darkness, I glanced around nervously to discover if anyone was about or if any lights were on in the other cottages. My bravado from the previous afternoon had all but fled. I was feeling highly embarrassed to be standing out in public naked, even if it was still night and no one was there.

I hurriedly crossed to Lisa and Carrie’s cottage, but hesitated at the front door. Leaning my ear against it and listening, I heard nothing. *‘Well, I’ve got to do something. I can’t just stand here totally nude and wait for someone to see me,’*. I thought.

I attempted a soft knock on the door and almost passed out in astonishment when Carrie instantly pulled the door open. “Come on in out of the cold, Becca,” she smiled at me. “We’ve been up packing and were waiting for you to stop by.”

There was one small light on in the cottage, which explained why it had still looked dark from outside. I quickly stepped inside and Carrie closed the door behind me. I noticed that Carrie was dressed for once, but only minimally in my opinion.

The beautiful blonde was wearing a very sheer white blouse through, which her taunt breasts could easily be seem and a pair of extremely low hip hugger jeans. They were so low I didn’t see how they stayed up of their own accord. I couldn’t help but be captivated by the immense amount of Carries showing below her cute little belly button. I tried to avert my stairs but I couldn’t help myself. Had she not been completely shaven I’m sure her pubic hair would be showing.

Lisa appeared attired in a stylish pair of warm up for traveling.

Lisa smiled and said, “So Becca, where did you run off to last evening? Carrie and I couldn’t find you anywhere. We were worried about you.”

I replied, “I’ll tell all in a moment, but first did you take did my things?”

They both began to laugh, and I actually breathed a sigh of relief to realize all of my possessions were safe. I wasn’t even angry at them. I had suddenly realized that Carrie and Lisa had helped me to change my whole direction in life. No longer was I a sad lonely, frigid bird watcher, but for the first time in my life, I actually felt a living, breathing woman. I was so happy I met them even if they seem to enjoy pulling little jokes on me.

“Becca, when we couldn’t find you at your cottage, we were worried you might be ripped off during the night, so we decided it was our duty as your friend to take your things for your protection,” Carrie explained, while grinning broadly.

“That’s right,” Lisa chimed in. “You know sneak thieves haunt tourist places.”

I realized that it was all nonsense, that they were just pulling another prank on me, but instead of arguing, I said, “Thank you so much, you all are such good friends. So can I have my stuff back now, I’d like to get on the road as early as possible.”

“Oh, it’s so early yet, there’s plenty of time for that,” Lisa answered. “First tell us about your evening.”

I stood blushing with embarrassment to be the only one present without any clothes on, but by this time I figured there wasn’t an inch of my body that my two new friends hadn’t already seen.

“Okay,” I agreed.

Carrie asked solicitously, “Would you like a cup of coffee, Becca?”

“Yeah, that’d be great. Thanks.”

“Sit down at the table and make yourself comfortable,” Lisa invited.

After I had seated myself and Carrie brought the cup of coffee over for me and then sat down herself, I began to explain the happy events of the night to them. By the time I had finished, Lisa and Carrie were smiling broadly at me.

“I’m so glad for you, Becca,” Carrie expressed. “You’re a good person and you deserve some happiness.”

I let that statement wash over me and for once in my life I found I agreed with it. Realizing by this time that there certainly was some prank involved to getting my possessions back, I asked, “So what do I have to do to get my clothes?”

Lisa smiled shark like and spoke, “See, Becca’s getting with the program, Carrie.”

“What’s your dare?” I suddenly asked Carrie. “I know there has to be one.”

Carrie grinned sheepishly and replied, “I have to wear this see-through top and these jeans all the way home. If the jeans fall off, then I lose them for the rest of the day, but if I pull them up at any point, I lose my blouse too.”

“And we’re going out to eat breakfast,” Lisa explained, while laughing.

“Well, good luck,” I offered.

“Oh no,” Lisa protested. “You’re going with us.”

“Not naked, I’m not!” I screeched.

“Haha, no, of course not,” Carrie responded.

“Well, what?” I sighed resignedly.

“Oh, we have something picked out for you to wear to breakfast,” Lisa explained. “I’ll go get it.”

She arose from the table and disappeared into the bedroom, reappearing a few seconds later. It was obvious to me that the entire prank had been well set in advance. I realized it was useless to say I didn’t want to go to breakfast. Lisa and Carrie were like a runaway locomotive once they were set on something.

Lisa handed two pieces of apparel to me. I held them up for inspection and saw a very minimal halter top and a blue denim skirt. Obviously there was no under apparel.

My first response was, “I’m not wearing these with nothing underneath.”

“You will, if you want to get your stuff back,” Lisa answered.

“I’ll call the police to get my stuff back if I have to,” I bluffed.

“Do that, why don’t you?” Lisa grinned. “But you know these small towns, they’ll take forever to get here and we’ll be long gone. You’ll still be here of course, but you might have to explain your slight problem of nudity to them, hehe.”

I knew what I was whipped, so I proceeded to pull on the top and skirt. To my horror, it was worse than I first expected. The halter top was loose due to somehow having extremely stretchy strings and it would take all I could do to keep my showing my nipples at any given opportunity; as it was, a hint of my large aureoles could be readily seen.

The skirt was even worse. It was extremely short and, even worse, it had a slit up the side. This outfit was unreliable and to be wearing it without bra and panties.

“Oh my God!” I exclaimed. “Where do you find this stuff?”

“Oh, I find all sort of things for Carrie’s dares in the Internet,” Lisa snickered. “Shall we go?”

“You’ve actually worn this outfit Carrie.” I asked.

“Yea, once, It was certainly exciting.”

We walked outside and I was disheartened to realize the full light of the early morning was fully upon us. Climbing into the SUV was quite a struggle for me and when I was halfway in, Lisa grinned and said, “You look so much better now Becca, now that you trimmed down there.”

Seating myself, I fully realized what had been on display, but said nothing in return. Instead I just sat there blushing. Carrie and Lisa carried on an animated conversation about plans for after they returned to their homes on the drive. Lisa drove two towns over from where the cottages were located, and finally pulled into a large parking lot in front of an International House of Pancakes.

*‘Oh my God!’* I thought. *‘Not some place like this. I thought we were going to a greasy little diner somewhere.’*

I realized it was useless to argue and as Lisa had already brought the vehicle to a halt and turned off the engine, I alighted from the SUV without a word of protest. Walking into the large restaurant, I felt a small amount more confident as I noticed there weren’t many patrons present at such an early hour. There were scattered young and not so young couples around the establishment, and a number of solitary young men. I assumed they were men who had stopped in for breakfast on their way to their work.

Standing at the hostess desk, I attempted to stand behind Lisa and Carrie, but it probably didn’t matter anyway. The middleaged woman who was serving as hostess was already glaring at Carrie. The eatery was so cool inside that Carrie’s nipples were already protruding against her transparent blouse.

The woman didn’t say a word, much to my dismay, because I was hoping that we would be asked to leave. She instead turned up in her nose in distaste and silently led us to our table. On the way to the table, I couldn’t help but notice that Carrie and I were attracting a lot of attention from everyone present. And why wouldn’t we be?

My top kept slipping below to display my nipples as I walked, despite my constantly pulling it up and Carrie’s jeans were sinking lower and lower. As I was walking behind her, I could already catch a glimpse of Carrie’s butt crack and I shuddered to think what it looked like from the front.

When we were sitting down with me seated in a chair across from Carrie, I was horrified but also excited to see the beginning of Carrie’s slit as the jeans had rode that far down on her.

I was certain that Carrie was fated to not make it out the door safely, even if she limited herself to just sitting there sedately through our breakfast, not with the way things had been going for the beautiful young woman over the last week. The hostess slammed the menus down on the table and stalked away.

“Hehe, you two have made another fan,” Lisa said sarcastically.

“Thanks to you,” I responded.

“Now now, don’t be bitter, Becca,” Lisa replied. “You’re better off than Carrie is, even though your tits are showing right now.”

“What?!” I shrieked, looking down at my top. Sure enough, both nipples were in plain sight. Quickly pulling my top up, I just stuck out my tongue at the laughing Lisa and Carrie.

Luckily our server was a young woman and she paid no attention to the attire of me or Carrie. After she brought our breakfasts, we all dug in to our large portions. I noticed that most of the men were still stealing glances at Carrie’s transparent blouse, but now that I was careful to remain legal they had forgotten all about me, thank God.

Finally the time of reckoning had arrived, as far as I was concerned. We had finished our meals and placing the tip on the table, Lisa stood up and announced, “Let’s go.”

As soon as Carrie and I stood up also, I saw it was the beginning of the end, so to speak, as Carrie’s jeans were slipping even lower. Now half of her slit was readily seen and as she began to cross the restaurant, the jeans fell even lower beginning to clear her entire pubic mound. Despite that, Carrie continued to attempt to walk, knowing that if she touched the jeans in any way, she would have to ride home stark naked.

As we neared the cash register, Carrie’s jeans slipped even further now only being held on by her upper thighs. Her entire slit was in evidence. The cashier’s eyes were as big as saucers. I assumed he had never observed a customer dressed such as Carrie was before.

Lisa stepped up to pay the check and naturally Carrie continued to move toward the front door. People, mostly men, were standing now at their tables to obtain a better view of her as she pulled the front doors open. Her jeans were now history as far as covering was concerned, since they now had fallen below her knees.

Once we were outside, the jeans took their final plunge to her ankles. As there were customers heading in her direction, Carrie pleaded, “Becca, help me.”

I quickly bent down and removed Carrie’s jeans off her feet. Carrie sprinted by several people who stood and stared stunned as she ran by them naked below the waist. Reaching the SUV, she yanked open the door and jumped in. I was surprised Lisa hadn’t thought to lock it, probably an oversight on her part.

By the time I climbed into the vehicle, I found Carrie hunched over in the front seat, obviously just finishing the contractions of her orgasm. I allowed the beautiful young woman as much privacy as possible and sat back in the seat silently.

Finally Carrie straightened up into a sitting position, and gasped, “Wow, that was so intense. I didn’t think I was going to make it out of the restaurant. It didn’t really hit me until I was outside. Thanks so much for helping me, Becca.”

“My pleasure,” I smiled.

Lisa had finally reached the SUV and got in behind the wheel. She turned her head to look back at me and spoke, “Well Becca, you pulled off your dare. We’ll give you everything back when we reach the cottage, but you have to admit this has been a vacation to remember for you.”

I laughed and agreed. Turning to Carrie, Lisa said, “You did your’s too and for that, you’ll be allowed to wear your blouse home. We should only have to make a few stops on the way, starting with gas soon.”

Carrie just laughed and replied, “And of course, it’ll be me that has to get out for it.”

“Of course,” Lisa grinned.

That’s really the end of my tale. We were back at the cottages in no time and I quickly packed and prepared to leave. I said my fond farewells to the two young women who had been so instrumental in changing my outlook on life. I told Carrie that I hoped I would see her soon and I hugged both of them.

Stepping to the door in preparation of opening it, I turned and took one long last look at Carrie standing there virtually nude, in her transparent blouse through which her high taunt breasts were completely visible and, naked below the waist. A wave of lust passed over me and caused me to feel weak in the knees. I certainly hoped that I would see her again some time. As I was driving away, I was sorry that I would miss their ride home. I bet it was something memorable, knowing Lisa and Carrie the way I now did.

The End