**Catching My Girlfriend Naked**

By Phil

I was 17 at the time, and I had been dating Becky (also

17) for about one month. We really liked each other a

lot, but had not become any more "intimate" than a few

feels through clothing, no flesh. I could tell, though,

that she enjoyed it as much as I did, so soon enough I

knew we could expect a little more.

It was a Saturday night, and I went over to Becky's house

to pick her up for a date. When I got there, her sister

Dawn greeted me at the door. Dawn was 16, and she and

Becky were very close-best friends, in fact. Dawn let me

in and told me that Becky was still in the shower and

would be ready shortly. She said that their parents had

gone out for the evening and that I was welcome to wait

in the living room, which was just inside the front door,

next to the stairs that went up to the second floor of

the modest-sized house.

Dawn went upstairs, shouted through the bathroom door to

Becky that I was there, and I had a seat on the couch,

relaxing and watching the clock and the pictures on the

wall, mind wandering. After a couple of minutes there, I

heard the bathroom door open, and after a moment or two,

Dawn shouted out, "Phil, come quick! Becky's naked!"

Well, like any red-blooded American boy, I was off the

couch like a shot to the stairs to see what was going on.

Obviously, Becky reacted to Dawn's news brief and darted

for her bedroom, which was maybe 10 feet from the

bathroom, out of my view unless I was already on the

stairs, which I wasn't. By the time I had gotten to the

stairs, I heard Becky's door slam shut.

I had missed her, but I decided to pursue the issue. I

went up the narrow stairs, passed the bathroom at the top

and did a u-turn to the left, heading right for Becky's

closed door. Although I had no intention of going in, I

rattled the door handle slightly and Becky screamed at me

to stay out as I heard her body slam against the door to

keep me from entering.

Rather than force the issue, I instead offered an

interesting idea. I dared Becky to run back to the

bathroom naked, but this time to give me a fighting

chance of seeing her. I told her I would go back

downstairs and sit on the couch, which was on the far

wall of the living room. Then I asked Dawn if she would

stand at the top of the stairs and tell me when Becky had

emerged from her room, at which point I would make a mad

dash for the stairs again and try to see her before she

gotten to the safety of the bathroom. After a long pause

on the other end of the door, Becky excited said she'd do

it.

I dashed down the stairs and Dawn took her place at the

top of them. Dawn looked down and, seeing me seated on

the couch, told Becky I was in place. After a few brief

moments, I heard the door start to open and Dawn yelled

down that Becky was out. I sprinted for the stairs as

Becky sprinted for the bathroom, my only hope being that

she'd trip and fall along her way.

Alas, she did not fall, and as I got to the bottom of the

stairs, I looked up and saw the bathroom door slam shut.

Damn! I missed again. But I wasn't going to let this die

away. I knew that she was still naked in the bathroom and

that her clothes were in her room, so there was still

hope. I slowly ascended the stairs, trying to think of a

better plan. By the time I reached the top, I had it.

I knocked on the bathroom door and asked Becky if I could

come in.

"No!" Again, her body banged against the door to keep me

out.

I told her I had one last request. I would go down into

the kitchen, which was just past the living room heading

to the back of the house, and I would stand in the far

corner, which obstructed my view of the stairwell

completely. Dawn would be standing at the bottom of the

stairs, where she could see both the bathroom and that I

wasn't cheating in the kitchen. Becky would come out of

the bathroom and go down the stairs as far as she was

comfortable before heading back up or I started over from

the kitchen, at which point Dawn would tell her and Becky

could try to reach her room without being spotted.

I guess the plan sounded safe, because without pause

Becky said she'd do it. I decided to liven up the moment

a bit first.

"Okay, just let me in to grab all the towels or anything

else you could cover up with so that you don't cheat."

"No way, Jose!"

I grinned at Dawn.

"Okay, how about Dawn comes in and does that for me?"

"Okay, but no funny business."

"I promise I'll be good."

With that, I stepped back into their parents' bedroom,

which was just to the left of the bathroom, and Dawn

slowly opened the bathroom door, letting Becky see it was

her, before going all the way in and closing the door

behind her. After a few seconds, she emerged with a

handful of towels, smiling at me. I knew from her look

that Becky was without protection.

Now I know I could have overpowered Becky and barged

right in to have my look, but I had other ideas that were

less intrusive but more devious.

I asked Becky through the door if she was, in fact,

naked, and she said she was.

"Okay, then, we're going down now."

I looked at Dawn, who had put the towels in her bedroom,

winked, and motioned for her to go down alone, indicating

that I was going into their parents' bedroom instead.

A look of shock came across Dawn's face and I thought she

wouldn't go for it, but a devilish grin quickly emerged,

she winked back and noisily went down the stairs, making

it sound like both of us were going down. I guess there's

nothing better than putting a good one over on your

sister.

I went into their parents' bedroom, behind their bed, and

waited. After a few seconds, Dawn shouted up that we were

both in place.

Becky, though, was suspicious, and asked me to yell up

that I was in place, I guess so that she could tell how

far away I was.

Looking around quickly, I spotted the heat vent on the

floor. I leaned over it, cupped my hands around my mouth,

and shouted in that I was in place.

Pause.

Nothing.

Did she buy it?

She did!

After a few seconds, I heard the bathroom door handle

slowly open. From my vantage point, I couldn't see the

bathroom door, but I would easily see her as soon as she

emerged.

Following several more anxious moments, when I suspect

Becky was working up her nerve, I saw the top of her head

poke out of the doorway. I backed out of view, suspecting

that she was surveying the situation to make sure I

wasn't hiding around the corner. I waited until I heard

more movement before peeking back from around the bed. I

could now see the back of her head, but nothing else as

yet.

Let me take a moment to describe Becky's appearance. She

was on the petite side of a medium build; about 5 foot 3

inches and maybe 110 pounds. She had shoulder-length

sandy brown hair and was athletic, participating in

gymnastics- overall a very attractive young lady.

Now, back to the story.

Slowly, Becky began to emerge from the bathroom, looking

down the stairs and not back at me to her right. After

her head, her bare shoulder appeared.

My heart was pounding out of my chest. She was actually

going through with it!

Becky was crouching slightly, and after a few more

seconds I could see almost her entire bare back. Her arm

reached out for the top of the banister, and I caught a

glimpse of the side of her right breast, the tip of her

nipple poking out in profile.

It was all I could do to contain myself (literally and

figuratively) as she continued out, standing up a little

straighter and now exposing her full butt to me. Her rear

end was just as I had imagined and hoped, curvy but not

very large. She hips were smooth and not terribly

rounded, and her thighs tight with the muscle lines she

had developed in sports.

She was now completely in my view as she stood at the top

of the stairs, facing slightly away from me. Hoping not

to make any noise, I slowly stood up and started toward

the door to follow her as far as I could. Had she asked

me to identify where I was, I would have been screwed,

although I had already gotten more of an eyeful than I

had hoped for.

But Becky said nothing and slowly continued on, giving me

an incredibly long look at her naked backside. She moved

down one step, then another, then another, crouching only

slightly to see if I was cheating downstairs. She paused

and mouthed something to Dawn, and Dawn must have

responded, as she continued on down the stairs.

By now, I had emerged from her parents' room and was

standing about 10 feet behind her. I had just gotten into

Dawn's view, and her eyes spotted me and quickly looked

back into the kitchen. She was playing along very well!

I started down the stairs slowly behind Becky, and as she

got about four steps from the bottom, she either got cold

feet or had grown suspicious, as she stopped cold, trying

to look into the kitchen for me. Even if I had been

standing in the doorway of the kitchen to the living room

I would have only been able to see her from her butt

down.

However, in turning to look into the kitchen, which gave

me another profile view of her right breast and nipple,

she spotted me behind her out of the corner of her eye.

She froze for a moment, realizing that I had been

watching her all along and tried to figure out her best

route to safety.

Dawn, recognizing that the secret was out, stepped up to

the bottom step to prevent Becky from darting downstairs

and into the security of the spare bathroom off the

family room in the back. Becky saw that she couldn't get

past Dawn and turned toward me, facing me fully, but

covering herself as best she could with her arms and

hands. She had fully covered her pubic hair with one hand

and had her other arm across her breasts, leaving me

little to see other than A LOT of skin.

Becky stood there for a moment, then decided she only had

one way to go and she'd better get on with it. She

dropped her arms, giving me a full view of EVERYTHING,

her soft, round breasts that were just enough to fill my

hands, her well-trimmed pubic hair, and all of the soft

and smooth skin that you'd hope for in your 17-year-old

girlfriend.

The view was fleeting, though, as she started barreling

up the stairs at me, breasts bouncing up and down and

arms pumping. I was about four steps above her, so she

was on me quickly. She tried to move to one side to get

by, then the other, but I moved back and forth, blocking

her all the way.

Having little other choice, she ran right into me,

tackling me on the stairs, her full naked body resting on

mine, our eyes inches away from each other. She propped

herself up with her arms for a moment, then released her

body to rest completely on mine, giving me a full open

mouth kiss as I wrapped my arms around her and placed my

hands on her bare rear end, squeezing its firm, athletic

shape.

Then she was off again, but instead of crawling around,

she went right over me, giving me the thrill of my young

life as she let her breast slide right across my face. I

tried to capture her nipple with my lips, but it was past

me before I could do so. Then her belly ran across my

face, followed by her pubic hair.

But now she was at the top of the stairs, had stood up,

and darted for her bedroom. The door slammed behind her

and she let out a string of profanity, telling me what a

pervert I was and chastising her sister for tricking her

so cruelly.

Dawn and I went up to her room, apologizing profusely. I

told her I never would have done it if I knew it would

have bothered her so. After a few seconds of silence, the

door opened a crack and Becky's faced peered around it.

She grinned.

"Paybacks are a bitch! And neither of you will be

spared!"

I went downstairs and waited for Becky in the living room

and, about ten minutes later she came down, smiling

broadly.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"That depends. Are you okay?"

"I'm great, because I can't wait for the paybacks."

"Then I guess I had a wonderful time. Thanks for being

such a sport."

We talked for a little while with Dawn and continued on

with our date. At dinner, Becky hatched a plan for Dawn's

payback.

It would come soon...

\*\*\* Sister's Turn \*\*\*

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It didn't take long for Becky's payback to Dawn to take

place. And lucky me, I got to be involved.

As I mentioned before, Dawn was 16 at the time, but

didn't resemble her sister that much. She stood about 5

foot 6 inches and must have weighed about 120 pounds. She

was on the thin side with dishwater blond hair, but not

as firm and athletic as Becky. She did have a very

attractive body, though, fully developed in all the right

places.

The plan worked this way. Oftentimes on weekends, their

parents would go out for shopping or to visit friends or

relatives. Dawn was a suntan nut, so she would sunbathe

as often as she could. Becky said that when their parents

were gone, Dawn would wear the skimpiest bikini she owned

and lay out in their backyard, which was surrounded by a

pretty tall wooden security fence. Once out there, she

would lie on her stomach and undo the straps of her top,

giving her the full tan effect on her back. What was

best, though, according to Becky, is that Dawn would

often fall into a deep sleep for hours on end there.

So we hatched our plan, and two weeks after the adventure

with Becky, I came over at about 1 p.m. on a sunny

Saturday afternoon to make it happen.

Becky had called me to let me know Dawn had gone outside

in her skimpy bikini. I got there as soon as I could and

Becky let me in the front door. We walked through the

living room, past the kitchen, and through the family

room to the back door wall. From there, we could see Dawn

lying out on her lounge chair about 15 feet away. Her

head was nearest us, her feet furthest away. Like Becky

had said, Dawn had undone her straps and appeared to be

sleeping.

We opened the door wall, making a little noise to see if

Dawn would stir. She didn't move, so we came out, leaving

the door open. We approached Dawn on either side, and

knelt down near her waist.

Like I said, Dawn had already undone her top straps, so I

was able to see her bare back, well tanned and

unblemished. Her arms were resting under her head, so I

was able to see just the side of her right breast, but it

was nothing to speak of as yet, being mostly hidden

underneath her.

I didn't stare too long at Dawn because I was dating her

sister, of course, who was only a couple of feet away.

Besides, we had to move onto the next step.

As Becky had described, Dawn's bikini was skimpy, and to

provide as much skin exposure as possible, she had bikini

bottoms with straps that tied. Slowly, Becky and I

reached on either side for the strings dangling from

Dawn's hips. We pulled them, gradually undoing the knots,

until finally they were undone.

Dawn was definitely sound asleep, as she never moved.

Again in unison, Becky and I reached for the remaining

loop holding the front and back of the bottom together

and, only slightly touching Dawn's skin, we pulled the

strings until they fell loose, completely undone.

Next, we returned to the front of the chair, where Dawn's

head was. Dawn was deathly afraid of snakes, so Becky had

picked up a realistic looking fake one and placed it

gently on Dawn's hand, right in front of her eyes. About

the only thing that could ruin this stunt would have been

if Dawn had screamed when she woke up, but Becky assured

me that her sister was not a screamer. "We'll see," I

replied.

Becky stepped to the foot of the chair and I bent over

and softly hissed into Dawn's ear. After a few moments,

Dawn's eyes opened and she focused on the snake just

inches away from her face.

She gasped and quickly sprang from the chair, not aware

yet of who was there and how she was (un)dressed. Dawn's

bikini top had remained on the chair and her bottoms had

flipped down, caught between her tightly clenched thighs.

I was able to take a good long look as Dawn came to the

realization of what was really going on. Her breasts were

slightly larger than Becky's, but because she was a

little taller, they were in perfect proportion to the

rest of her body.

Her nipples were standing at erect attention-from the

shock, I suppose-and she trimmed her pubic hair in much

the same way as her sister. Dawn was slightly more hippy,

but I marveled at what a good job their parents had done

of creating two nearly perfect specimens of young women.

From behind her, Becky reached down and yanked Dawn's

dangling bikini bottoms from between her legs. As Dawn

spun around to see what was going on, I took the

opportunity to lean forward and swipe up her bikini top

and towel from the chair, leaving her completely exposed

in her own backyard.

Again, they had high wooden security fences, so most of

the neighbors had no idea what was going on. The house

kiddie corner to theirs, though, was a two-story

structure, so technically they could see what was going

on if the were in the right place at the right time.

Dawn was still not screaming, thankfully, but like Becky

had done on the previous occasion, she tried to cover

herself with her hands and arms, still allowing me a view

of A LOT of skin, but no "private parts."

She demanded that I give her the towel, but I refused,

telling her that she needed to come and get it. I

instructed her instead to drop her arms and slowly turn

around, then she could have her towel. She paused for a

moment, realizing that she had little alternative. She

looked at me with a scowl on her face, and did what I

requested.

She slowly dropped her arms and began to blush, but

rather than stare at her face, my eyes wandered

elsewhere. This time, I got a good long look at her full

and soft breasts, smooth and curvy hips, and cute little

strip of pubic hair. As she turned around, I was able to

appreciate the curves of both her breasts and her butt,

and when she was totally facing away from me, I admired

her soft, round rear end. She stopped moving as she faced

away from me, put her hands on her hips, and gave a

little butt wiggle.

Boy, she was taking this very well!

She turned around quickly and darted for me and,

presumably, her towel. I was only a few steps from the

door wall, so I quickly made it inside and slammed it

shut behind me, fiddling with the lock as I held it

closed and she tried to pull it back open. I got the lock

engaged and stepped back, holding up the towel as she

continued struggling to pull the door back open. I had a

full view of her body and her breasts leapt playfully as

she yanked at it time and again. Becky was in the

background, laughing hysterically and I heard her telling

Dawn that paybacks were, indeed, a bitch.

After about 30 seconds of Dawn alternating between

pulling on the door and standing with her hands on her

hips as she told me to unlock it, I gave in. She was

breathing heavily and her breasts eased up and down with

every breath. If Becky had not been my girlfriend, I

would have found a way to hold that beautiful body,

because it really had me excited.

But, instead, I unlocked the door. As Dawn opened it, I

ran to the base of the stairs, knowing she had to go

upstairs at this point. She ran up to me grab the towel,

but I held it behind my back. She reached around either

on either side, but I kept it out of her grasp. Finally,

she reached around with both arms, fully pressing her

chest against my own. I felt the cushioning of her

breasts as she pushed against me, and I remember wishing

at that instant that I had somehow removed my shirt

before we had begun, because her bare breasts against my

bare chest would have an experience for the ages.

As she reached around, I dropped the towel to the floor.

She stood there for a moment, arms around me, and looked

back at Becky, who had run into the living room behind to

her watch what happened. Dawn stepped back, put her hands

on her hips, and said, "Last look!" She stood still for

maybe two seconds, letting me get a final glimpse of her

naked body just inches in front of me, then ignored the

towel on the floor and bolted up the stairs stark naked,

allowing me a view of her bare backside before she turned

the corner and ran into the privacy and security of her

bedroom.

A little while later, Dawn came down and the three of us

talked about the experience. She was very good-natured

about the whole thing, and said that she felt very safe

because Becky was there, and it actually gave her a

thrill to be vulnerable and exposed to a member of the

opposite sex, at least under these circumstances. Both

Dawn and Becky lamented, though, about how they had no

way of catching me naked. I felt kind of bad, yet still

looked forward to the thrill it might bring, so I

promised them that, when the moment was right, I'd give

them their show.

Not long after, I did just that. But Becky and Dawn had

other ideas...

\*\*\* My Turn \*\*\*

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I waited for more than a month after Dawn's "exposure" to

fulfill their wish/need to see me naked. Despite what I

thought was going to be a sexual awakening for Becky and

me, we hadn't yet gotten fully undressed with each other.

The furthest we had gone was a little under the clothing

feels, but nothing that had brought either of us to

climax. Just some experimentation.

Anyway, Becky had started to complain that I had lied to

them about letting them catch me naked, and honestly I

was feeling a little guilty. I kept putting her off and

telling her "Soon, soon." Understandably, though, I was

not in that great a hurry to let two cute young girls

look at my naked body while they were still fully

clothed. I was in good shape, but at 17 I just didn't

have a whole lot of self-confidence where my body was

concerned.

It was a rainy Saturday afternoon and I had come over to

Becky's to spend the day. Her parents had gone out, so we

just hung out with Dawn in the family room watching

television and talking.

At a commercial break, I decided it was now or never and

said I was going to the bathroom, going into the one that

was attached to the family room right there.

The way their house was laid out, you enter through the

front door with the living room on your left and the

stairs leading up to your right. As you continue straight

ahead you pass the kitchen on your left, then enter the

family room with the door wall to the backyard right in

front of you. Facing the door wall, the family room is

laid out with the television set on the far left wall and

the couch sort of in the middle of the room, facing the

TV, and forming a walkway behind it from the kitchen to

the door wall. Whereas the back of the couch would be

immediately to your left if you were coming from the

kitchen, the bathroom is to your right, maybe six feet

from the back of the couch.

So there I was in the bathroom, Becky and Dawn sitting on

the couch, facing away from the bathroom door. I closed

the door behind me, my heart pounding out of my chest

from nervousness about what I was about to do. I had

planned it well, though, making sure I was in charge of

how long they could look at me (VERY brief, I promised

myself).

I quickly and quietly stripped down to my birthday suit.

I looked in the mirror to make sure I looked as good as

possible, then reached for the door handle.

I took a deep breath.

This is it!

The door opened to the left into the family room, so I

pushed it open slightly, poking my head out to make sure

they were in place. I could see the tops of their heads,

so I swung the door wide and stepped out a couple of

feet.

Before I said or did anything, I quickly thought to

myself that there were two teenage girls a few feet away

from me who had no idea I was standing behind them stark

naked.

What a rush!

Not wanting to prolong this too much, I took a deep

breath and spoke.

"Hey ladies!"

They both swung around, kneeling on the couch to look at

me behind them. I put my hands on my hips and pumped up

my chest a bit, giving them a chance to see a fine male

specimen. They grinned and hooted in unison, pumping up

my confidence. Becky urged me to turn around so she could

see my butt.

I obliged, turning around as I started to feel myself

getting excited and hard. I thought to myself that I

would just turn around again quickly, let them see my

penis starting to become erect, then dash back into the

bathroom, lock the door, get dressed, and be done with

it.

But they had other plans...

As I started to turn back around to face them, the door

swung hard back at me. Instinctively, I jumped out of its

way (big mistake!) and it slammed shut, another young

lady standing solidly between me and the safety of that

bathroom.

"Have you met Cathy?" Becky asked.

I had seen this girl around school, but I didn't know who

she was. Of course, that was the least of my worries at

that point in time, standing naked in front of now three

young women and no longer having my escape route in front

of me.

Becky and Dawn, in the meantime, had gotten up and walked

around either side of the couch, Becky preventing me from

darting into the kitchen and Dawn keeping me from

escaping around the couch-not that I'd want to go into a

room with NO outlet.

I was facing Becky when Cathy suddenly grabbed my right

arm. I looked down - what is she up to? - and Becky

lurched toward me, as if to tackle me. Instead, she

barreled right into me, knocking me toward the door wall,

which Dawn had conveniently opened.

Becky let up, but my momentum and Cathy's guiding hand

cast me through the doorway and into the yard, falling

into the grass below with an unceremonious thud. I looked

up to see the door wall slide shut and heard the lock

click.

So there I was, sitting on the wet grass in a steady,

cold rain, and three teenage girls were looking at me

through a locked door wall.

I quickly covered myself as best as possible with my

hands while staying seated. I looked around for an

escape, but their privacy fence appeared to come right up

to the house on either side. Of course, I wasn't going to

hop a fence and ask a neighbor for help, so I looked back

to the door wall, wondering how long I'd be stuck out

there and what I'd have to do to be allowed back in.

Through the door wall, all three were urging me to stand

up. I sort of turned away from them as I did, allowing

them to get a full view of my dripping wet backside. I

cupped both hands around my crotch, trying to cover

myself completely. I turned around to face them again,

confident that they couldn't see much of anything.

Becky told me if I wanted them to unlock the door, I was

going to have to drop my hands. I thought for a moment

and, realizing I had no alternative, I did so.

I was now quite hard, so my penis pretty much stuck

straight out. I looked at the three of them standing in

the doorway and could see that their eyes were glued on

my penis. They giggled and pointed, saying things I

couldn't quite make out, then Dawn motioned for me to

slowly turn around.

Again, I obliged, having no other choice. I stopped as I

faced away from them, looking around to make sure no one

was peeking over their fence for a free show, but the

coast was clear because of the rain. I put my hands on my

hips, and as Dawn had done before me, gave them a little

butt wiggle.

I heard them howl with delight through the door wall and

then continued turning back around. As I faced them

again, I covered myself with my hands and demanded that

they open the door for me. I was now drenched from head

to toe and must have looked like some kind of drowned

rat.

But nobody made a move for the lock. They just kept

grinning, telling me to drop my hands again.

I was stuck. What could I do? Oh well, I thought, might

as well give them a show...

I turned back away from them and backed up to the door.

Leaning back, I pressed my butt firmly against the glass,

flattening it out.

"Ewwwww!"

I stepped forward again, smiled at them, and stepped

forward to the glass. I dropped my hands and this time

pressed my crotch against the glass, flipping my penis up

so that it was pointing straight up.

Again with the "Ewwww!" but this time accompanied by

giggling. I stepped back from the door, placing my hands

on my hips, and gestured to the door for them to open it.

Becky and Dawn turned toward each other and said a few

words, keeping a look at me the whole time out of the

corners of their eyes. Finally, after maybe twenty

seconds, Becky clicked the lock and they backed away from

the door a few feet.

It would have been nice for them to open it, of course,

but I suspect they wanted to see me strain a bit while

pulling it open. As I slid it open, they applauded. I

closed it behind me, being sure to lock it myself this

time, and turned back to go into the bathroom, get

dressed, and put this moment behind me.

Instead of giving me an opening to go in, though, the

three of them blocked the door of the bathroom,

preventing me from getting at it.

"How much would it cost to keep you naked all day?" Dawn

inquired.

"There's not enough money in the world," I replied,

stepping toward the door and trying to reach its handle

from between Becky and Dawn, who wouldn't let me at it.

With an opening toward the kitchen, I decided to bolt for

upstairs, where at least they'd have a towel to wrap

around myself. I got as far as the kitchen before I

realized that I was enjoying it almost as much as they

were. I stopped and turned around, offering to bargain

for my getting to the bathroom and my clothes.

"Okay, what'll it take for me to get back into that

bathroom?"

"What do you have to offer?" Becky replied.

"How about I stay naked all day if you three do the

same?"

I heard Cathy gasp, but Dawn quickly chimed in.

"No way. Remember, you're the one in the vulnerable spot

right now. Why should we have to put ourselves in that

same spot?"

Cathy finally spoke up, "How about we line up, blocking

you from the kitchen into the family room. If you can get

past us, you can get to the bathroom."

The other two looked at me for my answer and, after

trying to quickly come up with an alternative and

failing, I agreed.

They looked at each other and, staying shoulder to

shoulder, moved to the kitchen doorway, completely

covering it.

I still hadn't covered myself back up with my hands. Dawn

had been right, I felt vulnerable and exposed, but yet

quite safe. They hadn't made fun of me and I knew that

their laughter was from seeing someone in the position I

had been in. Besides, they almost never let their

attention divert from my crotch. I actually felt quite

proud of my body at that moment.

But I still needed to get by them and to my clothes. For

a nanosecond I had considered taking them up on their

offer of staying naked for them all day, but I wasn't

ready for THAT kind of extended exposure. I think we-

especially I-had had just about enough.

Although they blocked the doorway to the family room,

there was probably still a good eight to ten inches

between their shoulders. It would be a tight foot, but I

could squeeze through if I moved quickly.

As if they were reading my mind, though, all three put

their hands up slightly, meaning if I tried to squeeze

between them, two would get a handful of me.

Not having any options, I decided who would get the

handfuls and what they'd get a handful of. I stepped up

to Becky, leaned down slightly, and gave her a big kiss

on the lips. After a couple of moments in the kiss, I

felt her hands on my butt, squeezing hard as she pulled

my cold wet body against her own warm and dry one. Rather

than put my arms around her, though, I just backed away a

foot or two and she returned her hands to her side, open

and waiting for me.

I stepped in front of the opening between Becky and Dawn

and saw Dawn's eyes light up a bit. I turned sideways,

facing Becky, and eased between them. Both of their hands

caught my bare hip, and as I slid between them, Becky's

hand rubbed across my pubic hair and penis while Dawn's

felt my bare behind. I stopped momentarily when I was

directly between them, catching Becky's look of shock, as

if to say. "What am I going to do now?" before I moved

through completely and scooted into the bathroom.

I dressed quickly, but waited for my penis to relax

before coming back out. When I emerged from the bathroom,

the three girls were sitting on the couch waiting. I sat

down on the easy chair facing them, and we talked about

it, much as we had with Dawn and her exposure.

It turned out that Cathy was a neighbor friend of Dawn's.

Becky and Dawn had successfully guessed that I would do

something like this and, just to be prepared, they had

invited Cathy over to view-if not participate in-the

attraction. Like Dawn, Cathy was 16 and a very attractive

young lady. She was on the petite side-a little over 5

feet tall, maybe 100 pounds-with long blond hair. I

believe that she was also on Becky's gymnastics team. She

certainly had the body for it.

Anyway, as the conversation wound down, Dawn surprised me

a bit, because I had been planning to say what she did.

"Well, Cathy, We've all been naked in front of each

other. Now it's your turn..."

\*\*\* And Now It's Cathy \*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"Well, Cathy, We've all been naked in front of each

other. Now it's your turn..."

Dawn's words seemed to smack the life out of Cathy. She

went pale as a ghost, a look of shock and wide-eyed

disbelief occupying what moments earlier had been a cute

and colorful face.

"W-w-w-what??!!"

"You heard her," I chimed in. "Didn't these two warn you

that once you're in, there are certain things you might

have to do?"

Cathy looked from Dawn to Becky, mouth opened wide.

"Sure," Becky said. "I told you that there was a risk

that you might have to go too."

"Well, I didn't think you were serious," Cathy came back.

"Besides, even if you were, why so quickly? Can't we just

bask in the moment?"

"No time like the present," Dawn replied. "So how are you

going to do it?"

"I'm not!" Cathy shouted as she started up from the

couch.

Anticipating her move, I had already stood up and was

blocking her exit from the room to the kitchen. Taking my

cue, Becky had stood up and was doing the same toward the

door wall.

Cathy looked at the two of us and sat back down. For the

next several minutes we discussed what Cathy would have

to do. She shot down one idea after another until finally

settling on one.

Because she had only been a part of the last "exposure,"

she wouldn't have to be chased around naked like the rest

of us were. Cathy would go upstairs to the bathroom, take

off her clothes, and wrap herself in a bath towel. She

would come down to the family room, where the three of us

would be sitting on the couch, and she would stand in

front of the TV. Facing away from us, she would unwrap

the towel, exposing her naked backside to us-well, me,

specifically; at least I was hoping the other two weren't

interested in seeing her bare ass. After that, she'd

simply cover back up and go upstairs and get dressed.

Cathy headed upstairs and the three of us looked at each

other on the couch and whispered, "Sucker!" While she got

ready upstairs, we concocted our own plan downstairs.

After about ten minutes (we were patient) we heard

Cathy's footsteps coming down the stairs. Looking over

the back of the couch, I watched Cathy enter wrapped in a

bright yellow towel. As petite as she was, the towel

extended from under her arms and below her bare shoulders

to just above her knees.

Cathy was blushing slightly as she came into the room, so

I believed that she was, indeed, not wearing anything

underneath her towel. Just to be sure, though, I pushed

the envelope.

"You know, Cathy, if you're not completely naked under

there and you don't show us your completely naked behind,

we will completely undress you right here and won't let

you put your clothes back on."

With nervous eyes, Cathy assured me she was naked and

we'd see what we were promised. And with that, she

stepped in front of the TV and turned to face away from

us. Before opening her towel, she asked how long it was

required to stay open. Becky replied that she couldn't

close it until we told her to or if one of us-namely, me-

got up for a better look at more than her backside.

Cathy said okay and put her hands up to the top of the

towel, one behind her and one in front, to where the end

was tucked in under her right shoulder and arm. She

loosened it, took a deep breath, and began to pull it

open.

Her hand behind her moved slowly-at least for my tastes-

revealing first a bare shoulder, then gradually the full

right side of her back, rear end, and leg, then her left

side, rear end, and leg. She kept her arms up, holding

the ends of the towel in each hand at shoulder height, as

I stared up and down at her pretty young woman backside.

Her back and shoulders were well defined and slightly

muscular from her athletics, and her butt was firm but

smooth. Her hips were relatively flat and her thighs and

calves sported good definition. Simply a pleasure to look

at.

Becky obviously didn't want me to get too good a look,

and she also knew it wasn't over, so she told Cathy to go

ahead and cover back up.

Much more quickly than she uncovered herself, Cathy

wrapped the towel back around, tucking it right in front

of her this time. As she turned to head back toward the

kitchen and upstairs, though, the three of us had gotten

up and blocked her path by the couch. Cathy's face again

went pale as she realized that she was far from done.

Dawn shared the obvious with Cathy, telling her that

there would be more, that we weren't going to let her off

that easy. She instructed Cathy to head toward the door

wall as Dawn herself went over, unlocked it and slid it

open wide.

"You're not going to make me stand out there without any

clothes on, are you?" Cathy asked, voice trembling.

"Relax," Becky replied. "You're already not wearing only

clothes. The towel will just help you to stay dry."

Cathy must have thought that she was simply going to have

to step outside in her towel, because she started for the

open door as if to go outside. Dawn stopped her from

stepping out, though, instructing her to instead stand in

front of the open door and face Becky and me, who were

now right behind the couch, about five feet away.

Standing in the open doorway leading outside, Cathy

shivered slightly, keeping a death grip on the towel with

arms crossed in front of her. While Dawn stood to the

left of her, Becky stepped to Cathy's right, leaving me

alone in front of her.

Dawn instructed Cathy to drop her arms by her side, and

slowly she did, staring at me all the while.

"Drop the towel," Becky ordered.

Cathy didn't move.

"Drop it," Dawn echoed.

Again, Cathy didn't move, continuing to stare straight at

me.

Becky and Dawn quickly reached down and each grabbed one

of Cathy's hands.

"Okay," I said. "Then we do it the hard way."

While trying to keep her arms pressed against her sides,

Cathy resisted Becky and Dawn's attempts to raise her

arms, but not for long. After a few seconds she let up

her resistance and they lifted her arms several inches

away from her sides. I smiled at Cathy, and she smiled

back slightly, as I leaned forward, took a handful of her

towel in my hand, and pulled down and back.

The towel immediately untucked itself and dropped from

Cathy's body. I draped it over my arm and stood back a

couple of feet, Becky and Dawn still holding her hands to

prevent her from covering herself back up.

I looked over Cathy's naked body, up and down. Just as

athletic looking in front as behind, her breasts were

small but stood right up. Each was a perky little handful

with an erect nipple from both the chill of the outside

air and the excitement of the moment.

Cathy's stomach was firm and flat, with some muscle

definition. She did not trim her pubic hair in as closely

as Becky and Dawn did, but it was still well trimmed.

And she was a natural blond.

Like from behind, her hips were thin and her thighs

muscular. For her size, Cathy was very well proportioned

and could be very proud.

Were we done with her?

Nope, not yet.

"Would you two let me go? I'm not going anywhere and I'm

not going to cover myself. He's had enough of a look that

there's nothing more he hasn't seen."

"Well, we'll let you go," Dawn replied. "But he hasn't

seen you all wet yet."

As she spoke the last line, Dawn and Becky flung Cathy

into the backyard and quickly slid the door closed. Cathy

didn't fall, like I had, but was not able to make it back

to the door before it was closed and locked. She pounded

on it once, but realized that made quite a bit of noise,

so she didn't do it again.

Covering herself with her hands and shivering slightly,

she asked if we would open the door and let her in. I was

now standing at the door with her towel, shaking my head.

She asked what she had to do for us to open the door back

up. I smiled, and told her she needed to lie down on the

wet grass on her stomach lengthwise, so that I could see

her from head to toe. She took a deep breath and did as I

said, even "posing" by propping herself up on her elbows

and putting a foot up.

Lying on the grass in that way gave Cathy's butt a little

more oomph, as it bubbled up, raindrops dotting the goose

bumps that covered it. I motioned for her to roll over

onto her back. She gave me a dirty look and asked me if I

thought she was a dog or something.

"Far from it," I replied as I held up the towel to remind

her of my power.

After a few seconds, she rolled over onto her back, lying

flat for a moment before again propping herself up on her

elbows and bringing up her far (right) knee in another

centerfold pose.

Having been lying on her front on the wet grass, many

blades stuck to her chest, belly and legs. She tried to

wipe them off, but they pretty much just kind of moved

around instead. I enjoyed watching, though, as her

breasts moved around and her muscles tightened and

relaxed. After a few seconds of trying, Cathy recognized

the futility of her efforts and stopped.

It suddenly dawned on her that she was out in the open

and she sat up, covering herself with her arms and

quickly scanning the perimeter of the yard. As was the

case when I was out there without anything on, there was

no one around.

Then she surprised all of us. Apparently confident that

no one but us could see her, Cathy started running around

the yard with nothing on, like a three-year-old who gets

away from her parents and discovers the freedom of being

undressed.

She ran right along the fence line, occasionally jumping

to look over to the other side for anyone that may be out

in the rain over there. There must have been no one,

though, as she worked her way around the yard, not

stopping once. She ran by the doorway, slowing slightly

and raising her arms, saying, "I'm free!" in a muted

shout of joy. Then she cut across the lawn diagonally

doing a couple of gymnastic leaps followed by a flip.

Boy, I thought to myself, if anyone is looking out of

that two-story house behind Becky's, they were getting

quite a show. Hell, we were all getting quite a show.

Paying such close attention to Cathy's gymnastics, I

didn't realize what was going on right beside me. Becky

and Dawn were actually disrobing on either side of me,

urging me to do the same.

"Come ON, Phil," Becky pleaded. "How often do you get a

chance to run around in a rainstorm naked?"

"You forget, I had my chance a little while ago and I

decided not to."

Dawn was down to her bra and panties by now and grabbed

my by the arm.

"Don't make us undress you and throw you out like

before."

"No, no. You guys go ahead." Deep inside, though, I

wanted to take this risk.

Becky was down to her underwear, too, by now, but neither

was going any further until I proceeded, as well. Out in

the backyard, Cathy was on her back, doing backward

somersaults over her head.

God love a gymnast!

Throwing caution to the wind (besides, I had told them

earlier that I'd stay naked if they all got naked; here

was my chance), I unbuckled my pants and started to

undress. When I had gotten down to my boxers, I paused

and put my thumbs inside my waistband, waiting for Becky

and Dawn to continue, as they had waited for me to catch

up. They both reached behind their backs and undid their

bras, holding them in place in anticipation of who was

going to make the next move.

We stood there for a second, looking at each other.

Finally, Dawn spoke up.

"Okay, one, two...THREE!"

With that, I slid my boxers down and Becky and Dawn

whipped off their bras. Standing naked with my shorts

around my ankles, I waited for each of them to pull down

their panties-which they did. Becky unlocked the door

wall and slid it open and the three of us darted into the

yard, three teenagers freed from the shackles of

clothing.

We danced around the yard, Becky and Cathy doing their

gymnastic moves while Dawn and I just sort of improvised.

There was nothing sexual about our interaction in the

yard. We'd hold hands and swing each other around, a few

times one of the girls bounced into me or I into them,

but there was no groping or freebies. We were simply

having fun in the rain.

Stark naked.

After a while, I stopped and sat down, watching the other

three flit about me, dancing and bouncing. It was as I

was sitting that I grew quite excited, seeing various

female body parts bouncing, tensing, and relaxing. Their

young, nubile bodies put on a heluva show, and I found

myself again completely erect, enjoying myself immensely.

Becky soon discovered my "condition" and sat down next to

me to observe a little closer. I told her she could look,

but not touch, and I looked her over as well. We were

both sopping wet, and it really turned me on to see her

that way. Had there not been two other people in the

yard, I would have rolled over and taken her right there.

But because we were not alone, I controlled myself and

let her keep on looking.

After a few more minutes, Dawn and Cathy discovered that

Becky and I were just sitting and they joined us.

Everyone cooled down in the rain, no longer concerned

that the one neighbor's house was still within view of

all of us. So what, we said. Let them look.

Once we had all cooled down enough, we went back inside,

drying off one by one with the towel Cathy had initially

brought down. Before getting dressed, though, the girls

sat on the couch and I faced them on the easy chair and

we talked about the experience. We all had felt very

free, running around like that. We were turned on by the

slight risk that was involved of being caught (thank God

Becky and Dawn's parents hadn't come home!).

I felt rather proud of myself as the three of them

complemented me first for having the nerve to go out and

do it, and second for having such a nice body. While it

had been obvious with Becky, Dawn and Cathy both

confessed that they had wanted to run up and hold me out

there, they were so turned on.

Of course, just hearing that made me stiffen up again

right there in front of them, and they giggled and

apologized, keeping their stares right on my crotch as my

eyes shifted from one bare chest to the next.

We finally decided not to tempt fate and further and get

dressed before the parents returned. As much of a thrill

as it is running around naked with three pretty young

women, I found myself just as turned on getting dressed

in front of them and watching them dress, as if I was

getting a sneak peek into their bedrooms.

Finally, we were all dressed, Cathy came down to rejoin

us, and we chatted some more. Our timing was very good,

as not five minutes after we sat down, Becky and Dawn's

parents came in the door, asking us how our afternoon had

gone.

"Oh, okay," we said in unison.

You might think that we went on to have other adventures

of this sort over coming weeks and months, but that was

the end of it. I dated Becky off and on for about another

year, and then that was it.

But what an experience!